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JULY 1916

The

PRICE TEN CENTS

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



PREPARED PARADES

THE LIES WE BELIEVE

THE FLAG FOLLOWS THE INVESTOR

The INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

By **COL. MULHALL**



NEW YORK
PUBLIC
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SAVAGE SURVIVALS

By **PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE**

A new and important work, advance extracts from which have appeared in the *International Socialist Review* during 1915. The entire work contains about double the matter thus published, with twenty new illustrations from original drawings.

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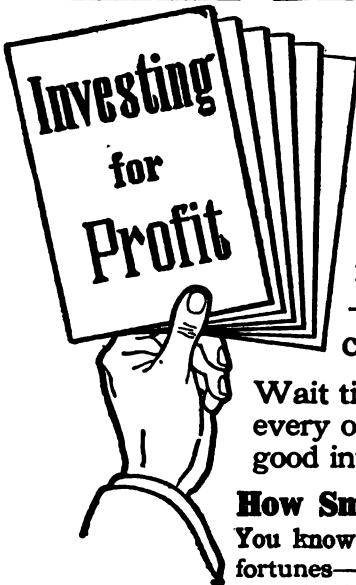
Professor Moore, as Jack London says of him, "uses always the right word." No other scientific writer possesses half his charm of style or his simplicity of expression. This new book is full of science that reads like romance; the author handles his facts in a way that will command the respect of naturalists, and at the same time makes the information fascinating to the young.

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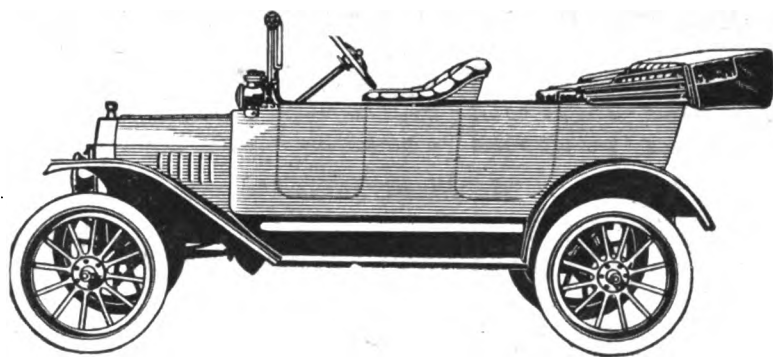
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July

1916

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The Editor is responsible only for views expressed on the editorial page and in unsigned department matter. Each contributor and associate editor is responsible for views expressed over his own signature.

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Art by Robert Minor.

From the Masses.

Army Medical Examiner: "At Last a Perfect Soldier!"

WARS

By Carl Sandburg

In the old wars drum of hoofs and the beat of shod feet.
 In the new wars hum of motors and the tread of rubber tires.
 In the wars to come silent wheels and whirr of rods not yet dreamed out in
 the heads of men.
 In the old wars clutches of short swords and jabs into faces with spears.
 In the new wars long range guns and smashed walls, guns running a spit
 of metal and men falling in tens and twenties.
 In the wars to come new silent deaths, new silent hurlers not yet dreamed
 out in the heads of men.
 In the old wars kings quarreling and thousands of men following.
 In the new wars kings quarreling and millions of men following.
 In the wars to come kings kicked under the dust and millions of men follow-
 ing great causes not yet dreamed out in the heads of men.

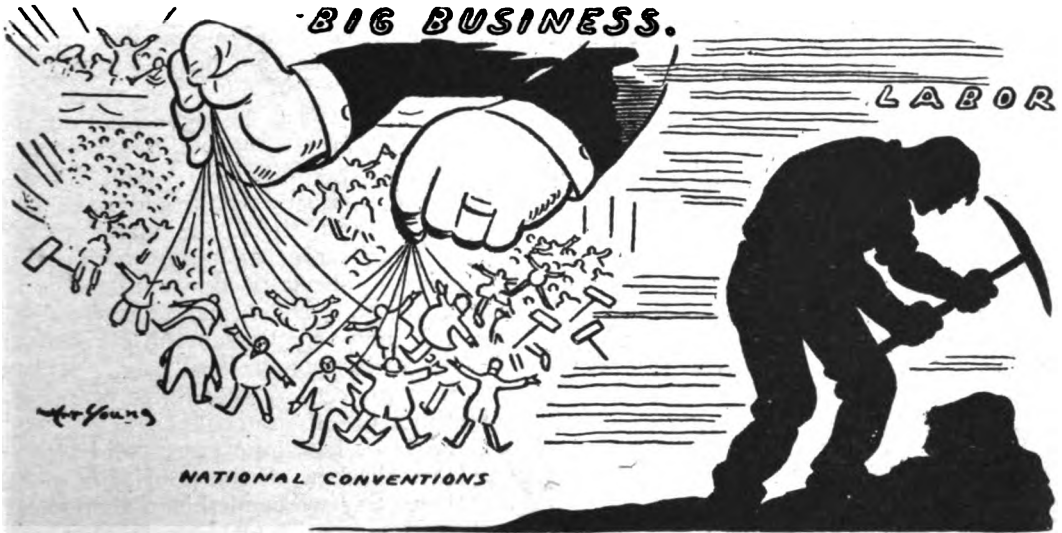
—From Chicago Poems.

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DOINGS OF THE MONTH

By Jack Phillips

THE Chicago folks who packed the Auditorium last winter to hear Irvin S. Cobb lecture on war, will never forget his terrific indictment of war and the promoters of war. He talked straight from the heart and the head and without resorting to any of the cheap oratorical tricks of our famous silver tongues. He walked straight into the hearts of the big audiences that greeted him. All the glamour, glory and cheap tinsel with which the campaign orator will enshrine the average soldier was shown up as counterfeit when Cobb described the men who are doing the fighting in the trenches of Europe today, as looking like a bunch of sewer diggers after a hard day's work in mud and water.

His lectures were the biggest thought-bombs of the season, and so a multitude of people were waiting to read what he had to say about the big political conventions of the year. They felt and knew they would hear the truth. We were, therefore, not surprised to find him writing the following in the *Chicago American* of June 13:

"The most foolish, most time-wasting, most money-squandering institution known to these United States at the present time is the National convention. All of us were converted to this regard by what we saw at Chicago last week. Our opinions are being strengthened by what we are seeing in St. Louis this week.

"There may have been logical excuse for the Progressive convention. Its dele-

gates really had something to thresh out upon the floor of their meeting place; they really had a mission to accomplish, or anyway they thought they did, until that sad hour befell when their candidate stepped nimbly out from under, leaving them with the bag to hold and nothing to speak of in the bag, either.

"But the Republicans could have accomplished all they did accomplish without bother and tumult by asking Senator Reed Smoot and Senator Murray Crane and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge to meet somewhere in a quiet room and spend a congenial and fruitful afternoon in drafting a platform and naming the candidates, because in the final analysis it amounted to that anyhow.

"And now here are the Democrats on the eve of repeating the same giddy farce. There is no opposition whatever to the nomination for re-election of President Wilson. There is no real opposition to the renomination of Vice-President Marshall.

"Over the principal points in the platform there is but little difference of opinion. In the proper stage of those proceedings those points of dispute will be thrashed out by a group of men whose names might be ticked off on the fingers of your two hands.

"The delegates aren't needed. So far as the outcome is concerned, so far as the results in November are concerned, they might as well have stayed at home. The entire business could have been transacted by mail much more expeditiously. Of course, it would have facilitated matters perhaps for the leaders of the party to hold a conference before putting the O. K. of their sanction upon the candidates and the platform, but the matter could have been settled through an interchange of letters.

"But, of course, it would be folly to dream of such a thing coming to pass—almost as great a folly, in fact, as the spectacle of this week's doings here in St. Louis will be.

"To the number of a couple of thousand, the delegates and the alternates are assembling. They will perspire and cheer and stand around all day in crowded hotel lobbies and at night they will sleep three in a bed. They will tag along behind blaring brass bands and they will

emit an unfathomable number of cubic feet of hot air. And because it is in accordance with the ethics of traditions and the custom they will drag out over a period of four days proceedings which any live business organization could dispose of in one afternoon and one evening. And when it is all over they will go back home, just as the Republicans have done, solemnly to tell the boys at the post-office and around the general store that a great deliberative body has done a great job of work."

We Socialists can be thankful that we escaped the farce of a National convention this year. We have saved \$25,000 which the rank and file would have had to dig up and there are many places where it will come in handy during this campaign,—especially down in Indiana, where Comrade Debs can be sent to Congress, if the party bosses will consent to blow a little money that way. It has generally gone to Wisconsin to "capture" something or other.

Gene Debs has done more solid propaganda work than all the politicians piled together. Say we send this coal-shoveler to Congress!

T. R. is a dead fish. The Roosevelt whom Labor has fought and denounced for years as a double-crosser and a faker, is down and out so far as any of his old-time leadership is concerned. He pulled a big bluff in the Chicago conventions. His bluff was called. And he quit. Quit yellow. Sneaked out of the game. Took his cards and chips out of the game just the minute all his oldest and strongest worshippers of the Progressive Party wanted him to run.

First, he showed his yellow streak in offering Henry Cabot Lodge, the Massachusetts capitalist codfish, as a fair compromise choice for Republican Presidential candidate.

Second, he tried to chloroform and kill and deliver the Progressive Party movement to the Republicans.

Third, he stood out as the pet hound and nice doggy of the Steel Trust and munitions interests and preparedness fakers as embodied in George Perkins, the Morgan, U. S. Steel and Inter-

national Harvester magnate head of the Progressive National committee.

T. R. bungled the job of delivering the goods. The machinery he was working on broke and everybody saw him for a quitter. Labor men got his number long ago. Now the whole country sees his yellow streak. He may come back a little ways. But among the real people of this country from now on he's a goner.



THE greatest mobilization of the working class of Chicago ever seen in that city took place on June 3. Never before has working class power been massed anywhere in the United States since the Civil War as on this day.

It was a day to make any thoughtful man or woman do a whole lot of thinking about the mass power of the working class. Though the occasion was a Preparedness Parade, engineered and dominated by the economic masters of Chicago, it was a good and proper time for every live working class fellow to look at the marching platoons passing by hour after hour and gazing on miles and miles of workmen moving elbow to elbow, then say to himself:

"Here's power! This is a human Niagara. If we can only harness this up to a solidarity of action! Look at 'em. They can tear the town down and build it again. These moving masses of mechanics and day laborers, they can pull the skyscrapers to pieces and stick up new skyscrapers any time they want to."

They marched by industries. That was the most significant feature of the parade outside of its display of human mass power. The meat industry was there. Not by crafts, but with pig-stickers, ham-bone cutters, hog hair shavers, fertilizer laborers, steer driers, beef truckers, quarter-beef luggers, and second assistants to sheep shank handlers, marching together. No such American Federation of Labor craft divisions in this parade. It was the whole industry, all the crafts that take

the bellowing steer and the grunting hog and change them from animals on the hoof into food commodities going forth hung on hooks or packed in cans to feed the world.

An aviator, Capt. Horace B. Wild, hung a sign out in front of the Lake View Building. It was addressed "To the Marchers" and said:

"Five million farmers and a half million mine workers are against what you and Wall Street are marching for."

Ted Richardson, police captain, saw the sign. He asked some cavalymen about it. They agreed with him it ought to come down. So the cop ordered the sign down and hauled the aviator, Capt. Horace B. Wild, to the station, where he was booked under the charge of "disorderly conduct," and the Chicago Tribune the following day put the headline "Treason" above the story of Wild's arrest.

It didn't make any difference that Wild was the first airman to fly over the city of Chicago. Nor did it bother any police skulls that Wild is a Spanish-American War veteran and served in the Eighth Army Corps, U. S. A. Nor was it any of their business that he is now a member of the United States Army Aeronautical Reserves, and holds a government license as one of only five "Master Pilots" in the United States of America who have qualified by flying feats in balloons, aeroplanes and dirigibles.

Let the record stand. The bone-headed police of this country stick their fists into a thing when they want to and it doesn't make any difference what a man is in the way of an intelligent, courageous human being. If he does something that their ivory domes don't see clear, they pinch him and slew him into the stink-house.

Mrs. W. I. Thomas, secretary of the Woman's Peace Party, stood in a window of the Lake View Building, just across the street from the main reviewing stand at the Art Institute.

"What is it?" a man asked Mrs. Thomas.

"It is a mobilization of stomachs," said

the woman. "The only thing they are sure they are marching for is that they have been told to march, and by obeying orders they hold their jobs."

"The Spirit of 1776" was the slogan for the big Chicago Preparedness Parade. Yankee Doodle fife and drum corps were scattered through the line of march and the brass bands played Yankee Doodle.

Was there any banner reading, "Taxation Without Representation Is Tyranny," the slogan of the Boston Tea Party? None at all.

Was there any banner saying: "To hell with tyrants, kings, kaisers, czars, and all hereditary forms of government and all rights of entail," which would have voiced the Declaration of Independence and the fundamental spirit of 1776? No, my boy—and nix, my girl—and again nix-nix, kiddo—there was no such sign. Nothing at all speaking the rebellion and the iconoclasm of those who fought an eight-years' war repeating the trilogy of the French philosophers who cried, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

MANUFACTURERS' NEWS, official organ of Illinois Manufacturers' Association, springs this one under the head of "Organized Labor's Idea of a Good Time":

"No police.

"No militia.

"Low tariff.

"High wages.

"Cheaper rent.

"Cheaper food.

"An hour for lunch.

"Six hours a day work.

"Minimum wage of \$5 a day.

"Eventual elimination of all work.

"Let no young workers learn a trade.

"Keep all immigrants out of this country.

"Abolish all taxes except for employers.

"Laws applied to employers but not to employees.

"Legalized boycotting of unmanageable manufacturers.

"Prohibit all time clocks, stop watches and efficiency systems.

"No children allowed to attend public schools without a union card."

And to all but one or two of these

every real working class man says, "Why not?"

But if the working class can TAKE less than six hours for its fixed workday,

Or if it can TAKE more than \$5 a day for its fixed wage,

Or if it can TAKE anything else it wants,

Why stop at any point where a sponging parasite like Marshall Field III is in the way?

Or where an intensified cunning WOP like Charlie Schwab is in the way?

Why shouldn't the working class TAKE what it needs and wants?

YOUNG MARSHALL FIELD III has quit Chicago and is going to live in New York "for keeps."

When this kid is 50 years old he will step into the ownership of a fortune of more than \$350,000,000.

There is no record, report or rumor that at any time anywhere in his life he has done a day's work.

An army of people work for him.

A brigade of 8,000 pour into the doors of the retail and wholesale establishments of Marshall Field & Co. in Chicago every week-day morning.

Thousands of the girl slavies of the Field store get under \$6 a week for pay.

This \$6 covers room rent and food and car fare.

And clothes, music and fun must come from somewhere else for a lot of these girls.

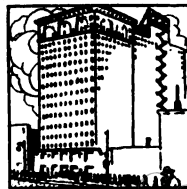
So the talk is that the young man, Marshall Field III, will have his fingers on a lot of dirty blood money when he's fifty years of age.

Something about Chicago he didn't like.

Too close to his girl slavies?

Too much talk about what a cheap imitation he is of his brainy, cunning, brutal, two-fisted fighting grandfather, Marshall Field I?

Hail, American prince of the thin blood!



CYRUS H. McCORMICK, head of the Harvester Trust, and Julius Rosenwald, head of Sears-Roebuck, were leading speakers at the dedication of a new \$1,350,000 hotel to be managed by the Young Men's Christian Association at Wabash Avenue and Eighth Street in Chicago.

Bedrooms at 30 to 50 cents for a night. And 1,821 such bedrooms. That's what this Y. M. C. A. hotel offers.

Its announced purpose is to provide a "temporary home at low cost to the young man starting life in Chicago, through which he can find good associations and come into contact with the city's best agencies."

We almost forgot John G. Shedd. He's the president of Marshall Field & Co. He spoke at the dedication of the hotel and complimented the Y. M. C. A. on the fine work it is doing in training young men the way they should go.

Would it have been honest and open-hearted if McCormick, Rosenwald and Shedd had all blurted out:

"God bless this slave-kennel!"

IN Kansas City on June 9 the Reverend William A. Sunday preached to an audience of women only.

He went after the assemblage of skirts hammer and tongs and said there wasn't enough of Jesus in the lives of men and women and for that reason men with rotten diseases were infecting women with rotten diseases, and if they would all get more of Christ in their lives everything wouldn't be so rotten as it is.

At the high peak of this sermon there were fourteen women keeled over in a dead faint.

At other points in the sermon more women keeled over. A total of thirty-five (35) went down for the count, slimsy and exhausted. The thirty-five (35) mothers and daughters were carried away in stretchers to the tabernacle emergency hospital.

Some day this foul-mouthed, ruthless savage whose regular game is to knock women silly with rotten talk, will get what's coming to him.

We don't know what it will be. But the frothy-mouthed, violent blatherskite

of this type always gets binged. According to physiology and psychopathy, Billy Sunday is scheduled to collapse in convulsions on the platform, foaming with human hydrophobia.

To knock down thirty-five (35) women with a sermon on venereal diseases may be a good record, but it doesn't thrill men with real sporting blood.



A CONTRACTOR, Patrick Dignan, shot and killed George Hammond, business agent Excavators and Asphalt Teamsters' Union of Chicago.

Evidence at the inquest over Hammond showed he didn't have a gun at the time he was killed by Dignan.

At the trial nearly two years later, in April, 1916, there was no evidence to show that Hammond had a revolver on him.

An employer slipped a lead slug into the body of a union official—and a jury brought in a verdict that it was not murder and the employer was not guilty of any crime against the peace and decency of the state.

Two weeks after the jury brought in its verdict setting Contractor Dignan free, somebody placed a bomb under the front porch of Dignan's home, blew the front part of the house off, and came close to killing the contractor and his wife and children.

Whereupon the Daily News, run by a Christian gentleman named Victor Lawson, came out with a loud howl that organized labor should be law-abiding and should not "seek to dominate by terrorism."

A FEUDAL lord is dead. An American Stars and Stripes feudal lord. He owned a town. The town was named after him.

They made an article of commerce in the town. And the article was named after him and sold round the world.

Thirteen hundred men and women

worked for him. And the last Saturday in July every year they would all come together and he would bless them. This day, in celebration of his birthday, was named after him.

He aimed all his moves at having his personal psychic phizzog dominate, control and commandeer every one of his Twentieth Century slaves.

John V. Steger was his name. He made pianos at Steger, Illinois, where they made Steger pianos and celebrated Steger Day and worshipped in a Steger Church, went to Steger Schools, and heard lectures in Steger Halls.

He was found one morning floating face up in a fish pool at a country house. He had been out feeding goldfish in this pool. A coroner's jury decided his heart got jerky, stopped running, and weakened him so he fell in the pool.

He was buried in a coffin and laid in common dirt of the earth like any one of the 1,300 slaves who are to die and be laid away.

He lay in state and hundreds of his slaves came and looked on his face for the last time. And this satisfaction of having your face looked upon by crowds who view your remains in a coffin—this, of course, will be refused the minions at life's end.

The local editors of his local newspaper will say that he always fought for the rights of labor, that when a strong labor union appeared, he rose like a noble gladiator and crushed it and thus preserved the right of any and every man to work without being forced into membership in an organization.

GOVERNOR DUNNE of Illinois has signed extradition papers toward bringing Guy Biddinger from New York to Chicago for trial on charges of bribery and running a confidence game.

Biddinger is the guy who did the star dictagraph work for the Burns Detective Agency in the McNamara cases. According to States Attorney Hoyne of Chicago, Biddinger was crooked as a corkscrew or a dog's hind leg. While wearing a detective sergeant's badge in Chicago, Biddinger was a pal of and sharer with thieves, the state charges. Yet the accused man was a leading witness against

Frank Ryan, Billy Redding and the group of workmen now in Leavenworth prison.

"BOOTH the managers and the men owe it to their own interests to respect the interests of the whole country. There must be no general railway strike or lockout. If agreement cannot be otherwise reached, there must be arbitration."

This is the line of argument popping up in editorials of the railroad-fed daily newspapers. Arbitration is the last leg the railroads stand on now. The deep call for arbitration will be sounded louder and louder the closer the danger of a strike comes. Any time we are wondering just what is going on, whether the threat of strike will be more than a threat, we can tell exactly how near the railroad brotherhoods are to a strike by the kind of noise for arbitration made by the railroad-fed newspapers. When there's no call for arbitration, and the usual stories are appearing about the splendid organization of the railroad workers and "wise, intelligent, well-directed leadership" of the brotherhoods, we know the railroad managers have 'em where they want 'em. But when the deep guttural cry of "Arbitrate! Arbitrate!" comes rolling from editorials and from business men in interviews on the news pages, then we know something's gone wrong. Somebody is holding out.

THE birth control movement is being attacked by moving picture censors with curious explanations.

Movie censors of Chicago shut off the production of a film entitled "Where Are My Children?" with this comment:

"Permit refused because this film tends to open up for general discussion a topic that can lead to no good and will certainly do harm. It indicates numerous murders by abortion, the great frequency of the crime, and ease and safety with which it may be perpetrated."

With more than 250,000 abortions and 50,000 resulting deaths in the United States yearly, where is the evil in a film that "indicates numerous murders by abortion?"



THE FLAG FOLLOWS THE INVESTOR

By Frederick C. Howe, Ph. D.

The investor ventures forth to new (foreign) fields only when he has his country behind him. Left to the ordinary civil proceedings for the collection of his debts and the protection of his concessions, he would be at a sorry disadvantage with foreign states and weaker nations. * * * The nation has become an insurance and collection agency for the investing classes. The doctrine only applies, however, where weak and defenseless nations are involved. This is the keystone of high finance. * * * It is the basis of the aggressive policy of the investing and exploiting classes. * * * As it works in practice, a government is seldom called upon to protect the *lives* of citizens in foreign countries. * * *

The second element in the programme (of imperialism) is the organization of forces for the promotion of overseas

finance under the guise of promotion of trade. The first expression of the movement is the organization of a gigantic \$50,000,000 international corporation, organized and financed by interests closely identified with the munition firms and the financing of the present war. This organization, as its promoters announce, is for the purpose of enabling the United States to take a larger part than heretofore in the industrial development of other countries where capital is needed.

The countries where "capital is needed" are the weak and helpless peoples of Mexico, Central and South America, or Morocco, Tunis, Persia, Africa, China and the insular possessions of the U. S. and elsewhere. * * *

A Patriotic Sanction.

As happened in Europe, it is necessary to give a patriotic sanction to financial

imperialism to identify the nation with its programme. Wall Street can easily finance a dozen \$50,000,000 corporations. But that would leave them Wall Street corporations. The flag would not willingly follow their investments; the nation would not be a complacent collection agency for such questionable claimants; so the new international corporation is to include as many other interests as possible.

Such strength is needed, the announcement says, as can only be found by arousing the interest and securing the co-operation of the entire country. It is necessary to make it a national undertaking and appeal to the confidence, enterprise and patriotism of the American people. * * *

This is the programme of preparedness offered by those who have monopolized the railroads and public-service corporations, who have seized the iron ore, coal and copper deposits of the nation, who have enclosed the public domain (land) and laid their hands upon the banks and credit resources of the nation, and who, having exploited prostrate America, are now turning wistful eyes to the virgin opportunities of weak and defenseless peoples in other parts of the world.

It is these that are now active in urging a colossal naval programme and a large standing army.

The Issue That Confronts Us.

Certain forces have been set in motion by the European war whose coincident appearance seems hardly a matter of accident. These forces are:

1. The billion dollar war orders that have filled every available shop and factory with the most profitable orders they have received in years.

2. The agitation for preparedness involving the expenditure of billions of dollars for an increased army and a navy equal to that of the strongest European power.

3. The promotion of powerful financial organizations for foreign exploitation and overseas financing.

These, as we can see, are the forces of imperialism. Colossal profits in munitions, the agitation for a great navy, and the organization of overseas trading cor-

porations were so simultaneous in their appearance as to suggest cause and effect, especially as the classes most active in promoting preparedness include the leading stockholders in the new promotion corporation, the *munition factories*, and banking institutions which are reaping such colossal profits from the present European war.

Here is the same merger of interests, here is the same "invisible government" which for the past twenty years has been waging war on democracy. It is the merger responsible * * * for the monopolization of industry that menaces our life and our institutions. It is an old enemy in new clothes. It is the same merger (war munitions, industrial capitalists and financiers) that for thirty years has involved the greater powers of Europe in war and preparation for war.

The Munition Makers and Their Profits.

Since the outbreak of the war, European war orders have been placed with American firms in excess of \$1,000,000,000. The profits on these orders are colossal. War securities have advanced in price on the stock exchange by nearly \$1,000,000,000. This much has been added to the wealth of a small number of persons who had the controlling interest in the greater companies which have the important war contracts. * * * The largest orders have been placed with the Bethlehem Steel, Midvale Steel, General Electric, du Pont Powder, Westinghouse Electric, and American Locomotive Companies, all closely identified with Wall Street interests. Hundreds of millions have gone to lesser companies.

Before the war Bethlehem Steel fluctuated around \$40 a share. It has since sold as high as \$600 a share, etc., etc. * * *

One of the results of the war has been to identify the financial powers with the munition makers as in the warring nations of Europe.

Coincident with the advance in the value of war stocks, the cry of unpreparedness was raised against an unnamed power that threatened us. The cry sprang as if from the earth. It was born with the formation of various leagues for its promotion whose officers and promoters are closely identified with the great bank-

ing houses and munition makers of the East. The press echoed the hue and cry. The navy, which, prior to the war, was said to be second only to that of Great Britain, is now said to be that of a third or fourth power. The army is a paper army. Our coast defenses will not withstand an attack. Any one of the great powers could land an army on our shores and bring us to our knees in a few weeks' time, and 100,000,000 people, separated from these powers by 3,000 miles of sea, would be powerless to prevent it.

We must have a navy equal to that of the greatest power on earth, is the demand. Even that seems far from adequate to some. Hundreds of millions must be immediately spent. There must be a large standing army, some say, of 400,000, others of 1,000,000 men. Universal conscription is insisted on by some. The whole nation must devote itself to preparing for an invasion, no one knows from where, and no one knows quite how it will come. * * *

No device of the munition makers of Europe for awakening fear, in the promotion of war scares, in the agitation to "scrap" existing armaments, in the lobbies and press control is wanting in the campaign that has been systematically carried on for the last few months. Every attack on the alleged weakness of the army and navy can be duplicated in the disclosures of the tactics of the war traders of England and Germany. * * *

Only a handful of congressmen have exposed the activities of the munition makers and their practices in this and other countries; they have shown the international monopoly which exists, the colossal profits enjoyed, and the gains to be expected from the thousands of millions to be spent on the army-and-navy programme of the next few years. * * *

If we give any thought to the subject we probably think of the makers of war munitions as rather unimportant concerns that sell to their respective governments along with other private customers. As a matter of fact, the munition makers form one of the most powerful industrial combinations in the civilized world. The capitalization runs into the thousands of millions. The companies include among their stockholders and di-

rectors the most powerful individuals in their respective countries. * * * Their annual contracts, even in times of peace, approximate a thousand million dollars. The profits are colossal, and the munition makers (in peace times) approach very closely to a world monopoly. * * *

Directors and stockholders of the munition companies are closely related to the owners of the press in their respective countries which are active in the promotion of preparedness and the stirring up of war scares. * * *

Firms of different nationalities cooperate in raising war scares across each other's frontiers, and transmute national jealousies into gold for themselves. The German Arms and Munition Factories, which is not a single firm, but a group of firms forming an organization second only to Krupp, and having the Mauser and Dollingen Works among its members, wrote to its agent in Paris a year or two ago:

"Get an article into one of the most widely read French newspapers—the FIGARO if possible—to the following effect: 'The French Ministry of War has decided to accelerate considerably the provision of new pattern machine guns, and to order double the quantity at first intended.'"

The news was intended for German consumption. * * * This and similar scandals were exposed by Dr. Liebknecht in the Reichstag and published in the Socialist Vorwaerts. * * *

No other business (as the manufacture of war munitions) has such an easy entry into the public prints; no other group is so immune from criticism or investigation; no other class is so eminently respectable or powerful. It is possessed of unlimited resources. It can maintain publicity agencies and propaganda organizations for national defense, for peace through preparedness, for the maintenance of the dignity and honor of the nation.

Their Patriotism.

There is no narrow-minded patriotism, no insularity among the armament makers and war traders. The whole world is their fatherland. The ensigns of every country fly from the mastheads of their battleships, and men of every race and

creed man the guns made by German, English, French and American. * * * The intelligence and the capital of the war traders (and munition makers) are for sale to the highest bidder. * * *

Among the revelations of Dr. Liebknecht in the Reichstag a few years ago was the fact that preferred shares in the steel-plate works of Dollingen were in the hands of Frenchmen, who enjoyed the profits from the exorbitant prices paid by the German Government for armor-plates. * * *

In the United States patriotism should rise to exalted heights in such companies as the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Midvale Steel Company, and the du Pont Powder Trust. * * * They have been permitted to acquire vast iron ore, coal and other deposits. * * * The U. S. Government spends annually \$240,000,000 on its army and navy, a large percentage of which goes to the four firms mentioned, which constitute the ammunition syndicate. * * *

In 1893 the American Armor Syndicate sold armor to Russia for \$249 a ton, while at the same time it charged the United States \$616 a ton. * * * The armor syndicate is active in Washington. In 1913 the War Department purchased 7,000 4.7 inch shrapnel from the ammunition ring at \$25.26 each. At the same time the government in its own arsenal at Frankford was able to manufacture the same article for \$15.45. And this instance of excessive profits is not the exception. It is the rule. * * *

From the foregoing discussion it is apparent that the people do not make war. War has little or nothing to do with national ambitions; it has nothing to do with the desires of peoples. It is in no way related to their needs, their safety, or their lives. Wars and preparations for

war are economic. They are born of privilege in politics, privilege in finance, privilege in trade. All other causes have become secondary. In many ways war is more selfish, more cruel, and more senseless now than in any previous age in history. In the distribution of burdens it is far more unjust than it was in the Middle Ages.

Privilege is as ruthless in its international activities as it is in domestic politics; as it is in Germany under the Junkers; as it is in Great Britain under the aristocracy; as it is in Russia and Austria; as it is in the United States * * * The ruling classes supported armed rebellion in Ulster. And privilege has not hesitated to go to similar lengths in (Ludlow) Colorado, in West Virginia, in city after city where its power was challenged by the community. * * *

People do not want war. War springs from causes wholly outside the lives, interests, and feelings of the people. * * * The present European war was not made by the people. In none of the warring nations were the people considered, in none of the countries was there any discussion. * * * Tens of millions of men have been taken from their homes and sent to the trenches for reasons which have not been explained to them or by virtue of secret alliances in whose making and as to whose propriety the people had no voice. * * * Wars are made by irresponsible monarchs * * * by privileged interests, by financiers, by commercial groups seeking private profit in foreign lands. Wars are made in the dark behind closed doors.

(This article is composed of extracts from "Why War?" by Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D., the best book giving the economic causes of war that has yet appeared. The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and sells for \$1.50 net. It is worth nearly all the other books on the war combined. Ask for it at your public library, or order a copy.)

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

IF Col. M. M. Mulhall, who for ten years was lobbyist and field worker for the National Association of Manufacturers, and who in June, 1913, created so much consternation among the politicians of this country by his disclosures made before the Washington Overman lobby investigation committee, were to take the stump this campaign, he could flood the country with a wealth of illuminating facts, backed up by over 200,000 letters, that would show the working class just who runs this "free" republican United States of America.

Some of you may still fondly believe that we possess a representative government, a government representing the People. But the letters of Col. Mulhall prove beyond the whisper of a doubt, that we possess only government of, for and by, the capitalist class today.

THE REVIEW staff had the pleasure of several visits with Col. Mulhall during his recent trip to Chicago and our hope is that his volume of letters and other documents may be printed in book form before the coming fall and that every workingman who can afford to buy one will possess himself of a copy. These letters show you better than we ever can just what the producing class is up against today.

Col. Mulhall claims that: the National Association of Manufacturers is composed of a membership of 350 organizations embracing 4,000 individual members, employing more than 5,000,000 persons and representing a capital of \$10,000,000,000. It claims to be a non-political business and trade organization.

But that for more than ten years it has secretly played an important and generally decisive part in promoting labor and general business legislation favorable to its own interests; and,

The N. A. M., together with a "paper organization" called the National Council for Industrial Defense, also maintained a lobby at Washington for the purpose of defeating all legislation hostile to the

interests of this group of manufacturers, and that for these purposes, against the interests of the working class, it has always managed to secure control of the committee on labor and the committee on the judiciary of both the senate and the house of representatives.

Col. Mulhall said: "The generals of the National Association of Manufacturers are the multi-millionaires—the steel, oil, hardware, banking, railway and other great corporations—and its corporals the political bosses and ward heelers of the big cities."

According to letters in the possession of Col. Mulhall it was the National Association of Manufacturers that has killed all eight-hour legislation ever since its inception. It has been long known by the people on the Inside, as the greatest strike-breaking and labor-crushing agency in the world. From 1909 to 1912 with John W. Kirby, Jr., as president; Geo. S. Boudinot, secretary, and John Phillip Bird, general-manager of the lobby and strike-breaking agencies, the organization perfected and enlarged the ramifications of its strike-breaking departments.

In 1905, during the strike all over the country between the job printers and the bosses' organization, Col. Mulhall was advised that the center of the fight would occur in New York and in Philadelphia and that if the strike could be broken at these two points and an "open shop" established in them, this would mean a ten-hour day and the destroying of the printers' unions all over the country. A big bunch of money was paid over to hire thugs to break up all meetings of the printers for the purpose of organization and to buy over the police.

The St. Louis shoe strike of 1907, in which the workers went out against the piece-work system, for higher wages, etc., etc., was broken by bribe money freely used at the instance of members of the N. A. M.

Their work in the Danbury Hatters' strike is too well understood to need

much comment. It is generally known, however, that the N. A. M. not only broke the strike, but backed the manufacturers in securing the heaviest judgment ever returned against any union. This judgment resulted in the attachment of small bank accounts of the union men and forced many of them to lose their homes. This was one of the greatest blows ever delivered against union labor in this country. The A. F. of L. has already raised thousands of dollars to help the Danbury Hatters in an effort to save as many of these little homes as possible, while the National Association of Manufacturers and their work of putting the state and the government on record *against* the working class, goes merrily on.

But the N. A. M. did not confine its activities alone to labor difficulties. That William Howard Taft was the presidential nominee of the N. A. M., and that this organization felt that he would best serve the interests of its members, who could hope for a willing servant in the highest office in the United States, the following quotation from a letter written on June 24, 1912, by Ferd C. Schwedtman, chairman, assistant to John W. Kirby, Jr., president of the N. A. M., will attest:

Mr. John Kirby, Jr.,

My dear Mr. Kirby:

First let me congratulate you upon your nomination of President Taft.

Since you have nominated him so successfully, you will, no doubt, also elect him successfully, at least this is my great hope and wish. I haven't seen the platform in detail, but I am confident that under the conditions it is as good as could be expected and that you and your able lieutenants are in no small measure responsible for the various planks affecting our activities. I note with interest that Workmen's Compensation Legislation is covered in the platform.

Col. Mulhall understands that the reason the findings of the investigation committee were never reported upon was because almost as much bribery, treachery and anti-labor activity were proven in one of the old political parties as in the other.

"The Invisible Government is as powerful today as it was in the summer of 1913 when the Senate Committee undertook the investigation upon President Wilson's complaint against the lobby. In fact, it is making a supreme effort this year to clinch its hold on Washington and the life of the Nation." Col. Mulhall continued:

"In a sense the Invisible Government is not my story at all. The men who constitute it have written its history in their own signed letters and documents. Many of their authors are today candidates and nominees for election to high office in Washington."

A Disgraceful Episode

ON Friday, May 5, 1916, there occurred in the United States House of Representatives an incident which is well calculated to fill us with a sense of shame, and must rebound to the discredit of all concerned.

The House had under consideration the Porto Rico bill containing a provision for the disfranchisement of about three-fourths of its male population of voting age. In speaking against this provision of the bill Congressman London threw the House into a tumult of excitement by saying:

"I say you assassinate the rights of these Porto Ricans by depriving three-fourths of those people of the right of

franchise, and I will tell you what you are accomplishing. *You will be the cause of organized insurrection in Porto Rico. Three-fourths of the working people who will be disfranchised will have the right to use the revolver and will have the right to use violence and will have the right to kill governors.* Do you deny a man the right to press his views through civilized methods, through the medium of the ballot? *He has the right to use every weapon at his command and every protection. The man whose vote you take away will have the right to put the knife of an assassin into the heart of any man who attempts to govern him against his will.*"

The debate on the Porto Rico bill was

suspended and the House entered upon an excited discussion as to what to do with the recreant Congressman, whose utterances were characterized by Mr. Austin of Tennessee, a Democrat of light and leading, as "a disgrace to the American Congress." This characterization was undoubtedly correct. But only in the sense that it was a disgrace to the American Congress to have to be reminded that according to the American theory of government the sanction of governmental power rests in the consent of the governed, and that where that sanction is wanting the "governed" have the right to use all means at their command in order to overthrow the iniquitous government. But Mr. Austin did not mean it exactly that way. What he meant to say was that the affirmation of this doctrine—which is the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence—by one of its members was a disgrace to the American Congress. He therefore expressed the very laudable wish to be able to move the expulsion of London from the House. And in default of such power he desired to have London made to apologize for thus "insulting" the House, in which desire many of Mr. Austin's colleagues, both Democratic and Republican, heartily and vociferously joined. Which was surely disgrace enough.

But here something even more disgraceful happened—disgraceful not only to the American Congress, but also to the American Socialist movement. The Socialist Congressman, instead of insisting on his rights, and making the most of his opportunity to confound the Bourbons of the House by teaching them a lesson in American history and American governmental theory, actually apologized. And not only that, he actually went back on himself, denying that he ever uttered the words in which he should have gloried. And all this in such a miserably abject way that the reading of the printed record of this scene is sickening and disheartening beyond measure.

What has happened to London? This is a riddle which will puzzle all those who know him, and who have watched his hitherto manful course in the House of Representatives. Whatever we may think of London's views on certain sub-

jects, surely London is no coward. Why, then, this abject *pater peccavi*?

Perhaps we may find the key to this riddle in the attitude of the Socialist press towards this incident. Not merely the reptile Socialist press, but the Socialist press that counts. In speaking of the incident, the New York *Volkszeitung* said, editorially, that London *could not* have said the words which we italicized above, *for had he actually have said them he would have been no Socialist.*

This sounds amazing, incredible. But it is so writ in black on white in the editorial columns of the *Volkszeitung* of May 9, A. D. 1916. And there is no doubt that the *Volkszeitung* states what might be considered the official American Socialist opinion on this subject. It seems that the cancer of legalism has so eaten into the marrow of our bones that we have left even "Section Six" behind. That section referred only to the United States, where we have manhood suffrage. The right to use "illegal" means against their oppressors was still, tacitly at least, reserved to those who are deprived of the right to vote. But in the meantime our legalistic doctrine has evidently received an important extension: The right to use "illegal" means is forbidden—according to this improved "Socialist" Code—even to those who have no other means at their disposal, those who cannot use "political action" because they have no political rights.

It seems that was this official socialist doctrine of legalism that made London eat his words so abjectly. At first London thoughtlessly followed his socialist and revolutionary instinct and courageously reminded the House of what used to be good democratic doctrine and should still be good socialist doctrine. But Mr. Austin of Tennessee reminded him that what was good democratic doctrine once was no longer, that it was in fact a "disgrace" to an alleged democratic Congress to have it uttered within its sacred precincts. Whereupon London evidently recalled that the Bourbon members of Tennessee were in possession not only of the true modern Democratic doctrine, but also of the true modern Socialist, or at least American Socialist, doctrine, and he hastened to eat his words.

We have enough confidence in Congressman London's courage to believe that he would have defied the Bourbons of the House and taken the consequences. But he evidently did not have the courage to defy the Bourbons of his own party. What cowed him was undoubtedly the thought that he might be expressing

doctrines which were irregular, heterodox, "revolutionary," from the official socialist point of view.

This makes the episode perhaps less disgraceful for Congressman London, but so much more so for the socialist movement of this country.—L. B. B., in *The New Review*.

Socialism in the Plant World

By ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS

THERE are probably few people, even among Socialists, who are aware that the principles of coöperation and collectivism have been carried, by certain races of the plant population of the world, to a state of perfection unapproached in human society. Following the guidance of nature, these unconscious Socialist comrades of ours have met the simple requirement of their lives by developing a system of coöperation in which the division of labor is so perfectly adjusted, and the individual is so completely identified with the community that no one but an expert botanist ever thinks of drawing the line between them.

Take, for instance, a sunflower, an oxeye daisy, or any kind of a flower cluster like that shown here and probably ninety-nine people out of one hundred would unhesitatingly pronounce it a single blossom. But examine it more closely, and you will see that the little button in the

center is composed of a number of tiny flowers so closely united that the community and its members could not exist separately. Each individual blossom has all its parts complete—the miniature pouch containing the unripe seed, surrounded by a ring of little stalked bodies bearing the yellow powder called pollen, which is necessary to the maturing of the seed. These are enclosed in the protecting circle of colored leaves or petals called a corolla—here united into a small cup or tube which envelopes them so closely that it may be necessary to slit it open with a pin, in order to see what is inside.

I suppose most people who read this paper know—every farmer certainly *ought* to know—that unless some of the pollen from the stamens, as the little stalked bodies are called, reaches the interior of the seed case, the plant could never set a seed. This, we know, is the most important industry of plant life, and hence these modest little flowers that can hardly be recognized for what they are, without the aid of a magnifying glass, may be regarded as the productive laborers of the community.

Examine now the showy ring of bright petal-like bodies that surround the obscure little group of productive workers, and you will probably find that they have neither seed case nor pollen; or at best, that either the one or the other is wanting, so that as a rule they cannot set seed, but are for show and display only. "Aristocrats and deadbeats" you will say. But no, not a bit of it. They represent the class of workers not engaged in directly productive labor, such as teachers, physicians, authors, ed-

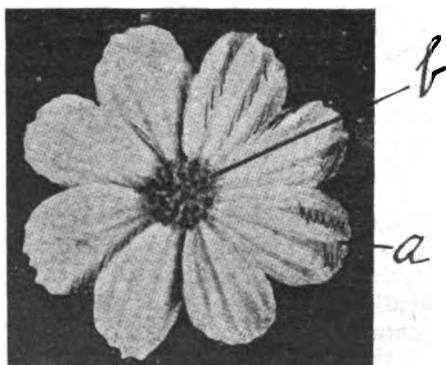


Fig. 1. A single (so-called) flower of cosmos, showing (a) the ring of conspicuous ray flowers that serve to attract the visits of insects, and (b) the obscure cluster of productive flowers in the center.

itors, lecturers, actors, artists, and the like, whom Comrade Haywood classifies, in a back number of the *REVIEW*, as "the scum of the proletariat," but who are really just as necessary to the well-being of society as the carpenters, the farmers, the miners, or even Comrade Haywood himself—as the evidence of our Socialist plant friends will clearly show.

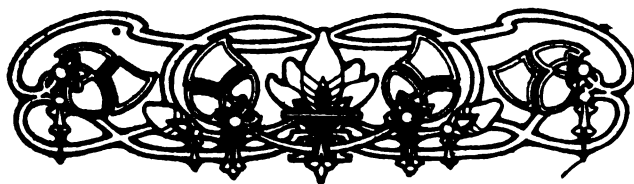
Every farmer, every gardener and nurseryman—everybody, in short, who has anything to do with the cultivation and breeding of plants, will tell you that those individuals which are impregnated with pollen from a different flower, or better still, from a different plant of the same species, produce better and more abundant crops of seed and fruit than when closely inbred with their kindred on the same shoot—just as human beings deteriorate by continued intermarriages in the same family. To prevent this interbreeding, various contrivances are provided by nature, the commonest of which is that the seed cases and the pollen sacs are either borne by different flowers on the same plant, as in the oaks and pines, or on different plants, as in the sassafras, the paper mulberry, and the common hop.

Since plants cannot move about from place to place, one of the chief problems they have to solve is how to get the pollen carried from one flower to another. In many cases the transportation is effected by the wind, but this is a very wasteful and uncertain method. Like our own stupid competitive system under capitalism, it compels the plant to expend an unnecessary amount of energy in the manufacture of pollen that is lost in the process of distribution just as a large part of the product of human labor is wasted in profits to the useless middlemen who pluck the consumer at every turn.

Some of the higher plants have checked

this waste by various devices for enlisting the aid of insects, which are much more reliable and economical carriers than the blind forces of nature, such as wind and water. For the purpose of calling the attention of these useful visitors to the sweets prepared for them, the brilliant petals of flowers, like the rose and the lily, have been developed. But the production of these advertising accessories is itself an expensive and exhausting process, and certain of our plant comrades, like the asters, the chrysanthemums, the "black-eyed-Susans," and others of the great sunflower family, to which they belong, have developed the system of coöperation and division of labor described at the beginning of this paper, by which one set of advertising agents is made to serve the needs of the whole community. By this means the cost of distribution is greatly diminished in comparison with the wasteful process where each individual flower has to do its own advertising.

The difference in efficiency of the two systems—individualist and collectivist—is strikingly illustrated by the rarity of such flowers as the rose, the lily, and the orchid, in a state of nature, as compared with the overwhelming abundance of the coöperative brotherhoods of the sunflower family, which constitute *one-seventh* of all the thousands of species that make up the greater part of the plant population of the globe. Another very significant fact is that this widespread race, which was conveniently associated by the old school of botanists into one group, under the general name of "*Compositæ*," on account of the compound or "composite" nature of their flowers, is now, by the unanimous consent of modern botanists, placed at the head of the vegetable kingdom, and is recognized, like man in the animal kingdom, as the highest product of evolution yet attained in the plant world.



Industrial Unionism: What Is It?

It Has Four Cardinal Points

First—It accepts the principle that the interests of the working class and of the employing class are irreconcilably opposed. In accepting this principle, the Industrial Unionist gives the lie to the nation which dominates the ordinary trade or craft union, namely, that the interests of the two classes are harmonious.

That the poverty of the working class is due to the fact that labor power being a commodity is becoming increasingly evident. The working man's wage is simply the price of the commodity he must sell to the employers in order to live, and this price represents only a very small portion of the wealth produced by him in the service of the capitalist class.

Modern society is made up of wage workers, who perform all the necessary labor, and capitalist owners of the means of life, who appropriate the bulk of Labor's product. The interests of the two sections are NOT the same. The one toils and produces, the other idles and appropriates. The one receives wages enough only to enable it to work, the other pays wages out of previous surplus produce and gets them back again a hundredfold. The one has no means of production, the other has all the means of production. The working class alone is necessary, and should rule society and industry; the capitalist class is unnecessary, and should, therefore, be abolished.

Between the two there exists a class struggle, continuous and bitter. Capital is organized to maintain and extend its sway, while Labor's ranks present the appearance of a disorganized rabble, trade unionism helping the confusion by keeping the workers divided along craft lines. Industrial unionism seeks to organize and unite all wage-earners in order to pursue the class struggle to an end intelligently and relentlessly.

Second—Industrial unionism holds that there should be one union for all workers. Only by this means can the encroachments of the capitalist class upon the subsistence of the workers be met.

The necessity for a single union is rendered imperative by the economic conditions of our time. Modern industry has given rise to a set of conditions wherein several trades or crafts become united under the sway of one capitalist master or group of masters. A large industrial plant may be owned by one man, but where such a plant involves the work of different sorts of craftsmen, these craftsmen (where unions exist) are divided, not united. It is a common thing for half-a-dozen unions to be represented in one establishment.

Furthermore, throughout the departments of production today it will generally be found that, where different groups of men are arranged, or rather divided, into different unions, each union enters into an agreement that conflicts with the agreements entered into by almost every other union. One trade signs an agreement that will expire in January, another union will accept one binding them until March, while another body will tie itself up until November, and so on. Thus unionism of the old style has brought about a state of almost inextricable confusion. Whenever one trade section goes upon strike, the other sections in the same industrial department remain at work, and thus help the employers to defeat the efforts of their fellows on the street. Under the banner of trade unionism wholesale blacklegging takes place. We could fill this leaflet (and many others) with instances to prove this. When, for example, the pattern-makers are on strike in one town, the patternmakers remain at work in other towns, and produce patterns which can easily be transported to the scene of the strike to enable the molders to blackleg as well.

Industrial unionism seeks to organize the workers into a union which is designed to embrace every industry in the land. What we aim at is not a TRADE but a CLASS union; not a loose federation of craft unions, but a single union under a single constitution, and composed

of industrial departments, each of which shall include many and closely-related grades of labor. This is the only real embodiment of the idea of solidarity of labor. Under such a form of organization "an injury to one would be regarded as an injury to all," and rightly so. The capitalists strive to drive the wages of the workers down to the standard of the lowest-paid man, and strive to depress the wages of the lowest-paid man still lower. The cost of female labor becomes the standard to which the cost of male labor continually tends, just as the cost of a Chinese proletarian or wage-slave becomes the level to which the cost of the European worker's subsistence gradually falls. The industrial union would permit of and promote the strike of a whole industry, embracing many crafts, or, if necessary, the strike of a whole series of industries, in order to defend the workers, or to promote their interests. The industrial union is a class union.

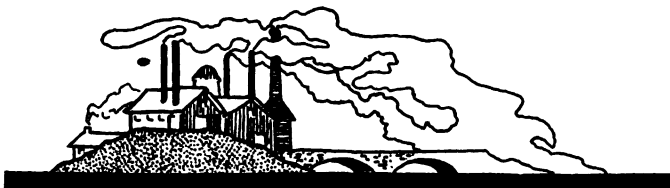
Third—the advocates of industrial unionism hold that the ultimate and never-to-be-forgotten object of the working men's industrial movement must be to seize and to hold as their own collective property, all the means of production.

Capitalism, even for the highest paid worker, is a system of robbery and a social crime. Its main feature, private or class ownership of the materials and instruments of production, is the outcome of successive acts of theft by the ruling class of the past, and is the means whereby the capitalists force the workers to hand over their labor power for a pittance. Capitalism condemns the worker to the

life of a slave, whose burden becomes heavier, and whose reward grows ever smaller. Never will the workers be masters of their products until they are masters of the tools. To that consummation society must move. Rapidly and inevitably the industries of the land are becoming centralized in fewer and fewer hands, while the labor of the wage-slaves in field or factory, in workshop, mill and mine, becomes more co-operative and inter-linked than ever. Industrial unionism prepares the way for and lays the sure foundation of the Socialist Republic, by producing a working class industrially organized throughout the length and breadth of the land, and round the globe.

Industrial unionism combines the workers that they may run the plants themselves, that they may directly control the various industries under the truest form of democracy. Under the new economic regime, the central directing authority will be a parliament of industry, composed of representatives of the various departments of production, and will be elected from below.

Fourth—industrial unionism, based as it is on the fact of the class struggle, promotes the political unity of labor by achieving labor's industrial unity. The new union will establish itself simply as the economic organization of the working class, it will proclaim the necessity for political as well as industrial unity, it will marshal the workers on the field of industry, and, by that means, raise their ability for unified action against capital in the arena of politics.—The Maoriland Worker.





T HIS picture shows how the productive workers support the idlers and their servants today. The war in Europe could not last six months if men still made things by the old hand method instead of by machine, because the soldiers would all starve to death. But factory and machine production make it possible for one hard-working man or woman to support half a dozen people.

But we productive workers believe in **DIVIDING UP** the work with the people who are riding on our backs. If every healthy adult worked four hours a day and stopped making profits for the **OWNING** class, all could enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life. This is what socialists and industrial unionists want to do.

THE LIES WE BELIEVE

By JOHN RANDOLPH

W HERE do you get your ideas, you workingmen and working women, who feed and clothe and shelter the world; who transport the food from the farms to the cities, who mine the coal and make the wheels go round? Where do you get your ideas?

You get your ideas from your school teachers and your preachers, from the newspapers and the magazines and from the books that are written—and praised because they teach you things that are not true.

You get your ideas from the men who work beside you, whom you talk to on the street cars, in the barber shops and saloons. And these men and women are fed up on the lies printed in the newspapers and in the magazines and in the books and which are taught in the public schools.

In any age the ideas of people in *general* are the ideas of the ruling class, the ideas that will *benefit* the people who rule the people who work.

Almost everybody believes in "honesty" so far as workingmen are con-

cerned. We have all been taught all our lives that an *honest* workingman is something praiseworthy and noble. Nobody but the rebels, who have always been people whom nobody with property respects at all, nobody but these rebels has ever said that it was wrong for a man to *take* all the things the wage workers *make*. That sort of graft is respectable. But if a workingman stuffed a hundred links of sausage in the Armour packing plant and carried away two pounds of sausage in his pockets for his own dinner, he would be arrested and put into jail. But folks think it is all right for one man to *make* and another man take the sausage.

Our teachers and college professors tell us that if we are *honest* and hard-working and *economical* we can all save up enough to get rich. If a school teacher or a college professor taught us the truth and said that a man who works for wages couldn't support a family and save up \$20,000 in a thousand years, would be fired from his job because he didn't teach what the *owning* class wants us to believe.

The incident of Scott Nearing and his removal from the University of Pennsylvania because he showed that the average worker gets only five or six hundred dollars a year in wages, is too recent for us to forget what happens to college professors who *see things* and *tell* them. His students would naturally decide that if a workingman earned only \$500 a year he couldn't *save* \$20,000 in less than forty years if he slept in the streets and wore fig leaves for clothing and lived on free lunches.

And you know and I know what would happen to the man who tried to live on Free (?) Lunches, or who was reduced to wearing Fig Leaves instead of coats and trousers.

Do you know that it is only a man or a woman with exceptional brains who can read *between* the lines of the newspapers and *see* the truth? Do you know that it takes more brain than most of us have to think for *ourselves*?

When you are taught to think and to *do* all the things that will make you a "contented," "industrious," "honest" wage worker all your life, so that your boss may *take* your products and pile up profits and

wealth, and when you see everybody kowtowing to your boss and praising your honest, industrious efforts so long as you do not rebel, it is hard to spit in the face of respectability and *fight*. But as long as we do not fight we shall keep on making profits and dividends and remain wage slaves.

Just now I think if you will watch the newspapers and the magazines you will see one of the most interesting phenomena of your lives. You can see "public opinion" manufactured right before your nose. You can see how the ruling, or capitalist, class has decided that it needs something and wants something that it never thought of wanting two years ago, and how it is going to make *us* workingmen and women howl for it, too.

This is something that is going to be a very bad thing for the working class. If the capitalist class gets what it wants, it will mean that one of the few liberties left to us "free" (?) Americans will be taken away from us. It will mean that every man and woman in America will be ticketed and watched from the cradle to the grave, and that the young men will be *forced* into the *army*.

It will mean that every workingman will be *forced* to train to fight for and die for the *property* interests of the very class, the employing class, which exploits him, which keeps him a poverty-stricken, propertyless wage-worker.

You and every other able-bodied workingman will have to give up two years or three years of your lives to training and working in the army, so that when the capitalist class decides to go down and take the rest of Mexico, you will be ready to give up your lives to protect the big ranches of Hearst or the oil wells of Rockefeller or the mines of the Guggenheims.

You will have to fight to gain *more* oil wells, more land, more mines for those who have already robbed the United States of these natural resources.

The capitalists in this country have decided to make a big bid for world markets and for the natural resources of those countries not already modernized. And so *we* are all going to become patriotic.

During the past few months we have noticed with pleasure that the working class was not enthusiastic over a proposed

war with Mexico, or over a larger army and navy. But the ruling class, with the help of its public servants, the press, the pulpit, the school and college, is going to flood that press with lies that will make the whole world believe that *we workers* are demanding "Preparedness," a bigger army and navy, and—ultimately—universal conscription or universal military service. By "universal" we mean universal for the workers. The owning class can always be exempted from the disagreeable things of life.

The capitalist class imports gunmen in times of strike; it uses the militia to protect strike-breakers. It may employ *soldiers* in the factories, mines and mills, at a price so low as to break up the unions or to break a strike.

And the papers and magazines will be declaring within the next few months that *we want* all this. People scattered all over the country will read of the great Preparedness parades and the "enthusiasm" of the Man Who Toils, and before we know it, half the working class will read these things and *believe* them and begin to root for Preparedness themselves.

This is an idea and a movement being deliberately manufactured by the capitalist class because *it wants* a great army and a great navy to further its own interests.

When you read that 200,000 people paraded in a demonstration for Preparedness in Chicago on June 3rd, you will not know that men marched for fear of losing their jobs, or on the threat of a "lay-off" or of being "docked" for the day in wages.

You will not know that the newspapers deliberately over-stated the size of the parade, nor that the line of march was reduced to something over a mile so that every inducement should be given the "employees" to parade, that those who promised to march were given the whole day as a holiday.

OUR COUNTRY

Now, I want to say right here that I am willing to fight for *my* country—when I get it, and I am willing to fight right now to *get* a country that will be *our* country, a real country *of, for and by* workingmen and women. But until we have a country of our *own*, until we have a country that guarantees security from want, a job if we

want it, a home/to live in, an income for our old age, equal opportunity for all to work and produce things and to secure the value of our products—until we have such a country, I think the only thing worth fighting for is a *chance to get it*.

We must stand for Preparedness for the coming working class struggle, which is the only struggle worth while. Today the working class *has no country*. It has nothing on earth but its strength, which it has to sell for *wages*—in order to live. And the workers cannot always find a boss—a place to sell this laboring power. They cannot always find a *job* at which to make profits for somebody else.

One of the other decent and intelligent things Prof. Scott Nearing did, for which the capitalist class could not forgive him, was to point out that the laws and the Government were made to protect *profits* before they protected the lives of the workers.

The Government will back up the banker or the land owner who wants to take back his land from the farmer who cannot pay his mortgage on it. It will take away the crop of the farm tenant, who *produced* the crop, and turn it over to the landowner, without *first* seeing that the *producer* has enough to *eat*.

The Government and the judges and the laws are here to support *your employer*, who turns you out without a job, homeless and penniless, in order that he may be sure to make his *own profits* which *you* earned and your boss appropriates.

The Government does *nothing* for you who work. It does everything for profits and profit-takers. It *assures* the capitalist of his profits. It offers and gives you absolutely *nothing*.

Let a dozen strikers threaten to burn the factory of their boss—the police and the militia will jump to the scene to *protect property*. Let a dozen miners be entombed in a mine thru the criminal negligence of the mine owners—the State will rush to the aid of the *mine owner* to see that fires in the mine do not cause any loss of *property*, while they will allow the entombed miners to *die*.

The Government of this country and of every other "civilized" country in the world today is a government *of and for* the property owners *only*. Property, profits and dividends are its only consideration.

The life of the worker is considered *only* when it *involves* profits. Now that the capitalist class has declared itself for Preparedness, it may be that the Government will provide some means of producing healthier, stronger, more able workmen because the ruling class needs *strong soldiers* to fight in its interests.

ALL GOVERNMENTS ALIKE

At the root, all capitalist governments are alike. They may vary in some of their branches, or statutes, or minor forms, but they function in the same way. All these Governments will go to the same lengths to keep your class, and my class, in subjection.

One capitalist government is not worse than another. People point to the German naval officer who blew up a hospital ship lying at anchor and say that this is more brutal than anything that the English government would do.

And then came the Irish rebellion and our wounded comrades were held up to be shot for treason against their enemies' government. And you and I can look back a few pages and see the lieutenants of John D. Rockefeller murdering men, women and children in Ludlow, Colorado, with the connivance of the State.

Which is worse? Aren't they all alike? Are they not all the enemies of the working class of the *world*?

Last week I read the words of a millionaire Chicago patriot who was for "Preparedness and America *All the Time*." But I could not forget that only two months ago he was hiring Mexican factory workers to put in the places of his own *American* workers making binder twine.

He wants Preparedness and an army in Yucatan to help him get a monopoly of the sisal industry there. He wants American working class soldiers to help him clinch the slavery of the Indian sisal workers in Mexico.

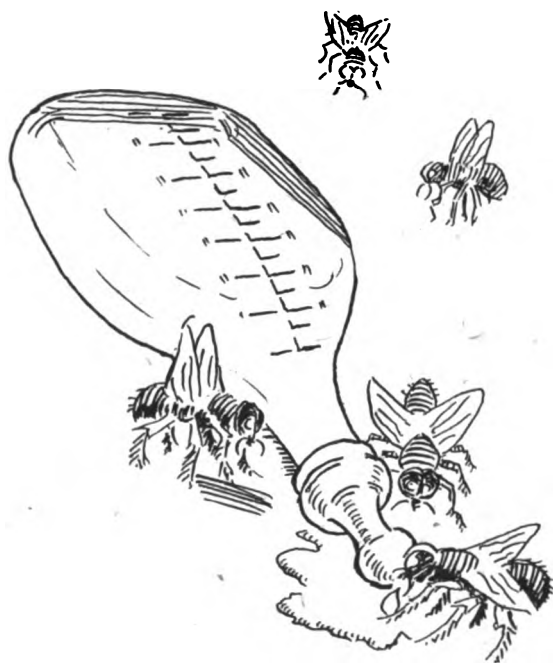
But what does he say and what does "Our" Country and "Our" Government have to say when he imports "foreign" wage workers to take *our* jobs in time of strike? Or at any other time? Where does Americanism come in then?

An I. W. W. boy wrote us that since the war began a foreign government has placed soldiers in the factories to work beside men and women who were getting union wages. The soldier got six pence an hour. Any soldier that rebelled was taken out and shot. Soldiers can be used in more than one way.

Imperialism is *here in America* today. It is growing by leaps and bounds. Don't be carried away by it. Explain it to your shopmates and fight the tide all you can.

And *educate* and *organize* for the day when we shall be strong enough to seize control of the means of production and distribution for the working class!





The House Fly as a Carrier of Diseases

By HENNYDENA NEDERD

IT IS an old story that about the commonest things we know the least and the house fly does not mark an exception of this rule. When L. O. Howard and C. L. Marlatt began in 1895 to work on the subject of household insects, they discovered that very few of the species found so abundantly in households were included in the museum collections. There would be a large series of a rare beetle from Brazil, but no specimens of the common house cockroach, for example; and when they began to look into the literature of the subject they learned that published accounts were even more scarce than the specimens in the collections.

People have altogether too long considered the house fly as a harmless creature, or at the most, simply a nuisance. While scientific researches have shown that it is a most dangerous creature from the standpoint of disease, and while popular opinion is rapidly being educated to the same point, the retention of the name "house fly" is considered inadvis-

able as perpetuating in some degree the old ideas.

The name of "typhoid fly" will therefore be used in the following lines as a substitute for the name "house fly" now in general use, as proposed by L. O. Howard, an expert on our subject. Strictly speaking, the term "typhoid fly" is open to some objection as conveying the erroneous idea that this fly is solely responsible for the spread of typhoid, but, considering that the creature is dangerous from every point of view and that it is an important element in the spread of typhoid, it seems advisable to give it a name which is almost wholly justified and which conveys in itself the idea of serious disease.

The popular belief is that the little flies one occasionally sees on the window pane, grow and become the large flies that are so numerous. This is a mistake; no fly, after it leaves the puparium, grows at all. To be correct, no insects grow after the last molt; in fact, insects can grow only by casting their skins, and none of the in-

sects having what is called a perfect metamorphosis, casts the skin after reaching the imago or winged stage.

The typhoid fly will breed in almost any fermenting organic matter, but it is safe to say that under ordinary city or town conditions, more than ninety per cent of flies present in houses have come from horse stables or their neighborhood. Next to horse manure the typhoid fly is attracted to human excreta, and not only visits it wherever possible for food, but lays its eggs upon it and lives during its larval life within it. It will not only do this in the latrines of army camps, or in the open box privies of rural districts and small villages, but also upon chance droppings in the field or in the back alleyways of cities, as repeatedly shown experimentally in Washington, D. C.

In the course of his investigations of conditions in small towns with especial reference to the hookworm disease, Stiles has found that in cotton-mill towns, for example, the privies may be a much more important breeding place of flies than the manure piles, for you may have 250 uncared-for privies and perhaps only one or even no manure pile. And there are communities also where horses are scarce and pigs are numerous. Stiles has seen great accumulations of pig manure fairly swarming with fly larvæ. Fermenting vegetable refuse from the kitchen must also be considered as a dangerous breeding place for flies.

Each female fly lays on the average 120 eggs, or perhaps more, at a time and may lay several times. The eggs are very small; they are all long, ovoid in shape and glistening white. The eggs hatch after eight hours, while the 3 larva stages take about five days, followed by the transformation to pupa, when it takes about three to four days to the adult fly. According to weather conditions, the time between the egg and the outgrown fly is from 8 to 15 days.

The theoretical possibilities in the way of numbers that one fly may produce is well-nigh beyond belief. If we start on April 15th with a single over-wintering fly we come to the following figures:

April 15th, the over-wintering female fly lays 120 eggs.

May 1st 120 adults issue, of which 60 are females.

May 10th, 60 females lay 120 eggs each.

May 28th, 7,200 adults issue, of which 3,600 are females.

By September 10th, the adult flies that issue number 5,598,720,000,000, of which one-half are females. On the other hand it must be remembered, that in the table we have assumed that each issuing female has laid only 120 eggs, that is one batch, while in reality she may lay four such batches. But we better leave this for those who are quick in figures. Of course, in nature not all eggs are hatched, and a fly has many chances of death, not only between the egg and the adult, but also as an adult, before the period of sexual maturity has been reached.

What hinders a fly to make a short cut between a consumptive's spittoon and a huckleberry pie; between the mouth of a dead dog and the nipple of a baby's milk bottle, or between a garbage can and a cream jar? A fly may have a good morning's walk upon the contents of an open privy and then wipe its feet on the butter and take a bath in the milk. When we consider this it should not be necessary to go into details as to the possibilities and dangers of the fly as a disease carrier. In order to comprehend fully just what a disease germ passes through after it is sucked by one of these creatures, it is necessary to know something of the structure of the alimentary canal.

The germ passes with the food through a rather narrow tube right into the crop, which lies in the lower part of the abdomen of the fly and which is in reality a temporary storehouse. The food remains there practically unchanged and from where it can be pumped back to the mouth or into the stomach to pass in turn into the hind intestine and the rectum. In view of this we understand the report of Prof. Nuttall and Jepson, which in part says:

"It should be remembered that a fly may cause relatively gross infection of any food upon which it alights after having fed upon infective substances, be they typhoid, cholera or diarrhea stools. Not only is its exterior contaminated, but its intestine is charged with infective mate-

rial in concentrated form which may be discharged undigested upon fresh food which it seeks. Consequently, the excrement voided by a single fly may contain a greater quantity of the infective agents than, for instance, a sample of infected water. In potential possibilities the droppings of one fly may, in certain circumstances, weigh in the balance as against buckets of water or of milk."

The statement (1909) of the Merchants' Association of New York is also interesting in this respect: "The reports of a corps of inspectors along the water front of Greater New York all showed the presence of exposed fecal matter (human excreta); in some cases solid matter from sewers not removed by the tides and in many instances due to intolerable toilet conditions on the docks.

During the hot weeks in summer these human excreta were found to be swarming with flies. By the use of staining fluids, and by other methods these flies were shown to be traveling back and forth from this filthy material to the food of the nearby restaurants and homes. Microscopic examinations of these flies showed them carrying on their mouths and legs considerable quantities of the filthy matter over which they had walked, and this matter, as would be expected, contained many thousands of faecal bacteria. It was then demonstrated by bacterial methods, that this faecal matter containing disease germs would be strewn about on food wherever the fly walked."

This paper says further: "Regarded in the light of recent knowledge the fly is more dangerous than the tiger or the cobra. Worse than that, he is, at least in our climate, much more to be feared than the mosquito and may be classed, the world over, as the most dangerous animal on earth. It has been for some time thoroughly well demonstrated that he is one of the chief agencies in the spread of

Asiatic cholera. We now know him to be the source of a high percentage of the cases of typhoid fever and the chief disseminator of diarrhoeal diseases, from which about 7,000 children die annually in New York City alone."

The house fly is charged in having part in spreading the following diseases: Typhoid fever, consumption, diarrheal diseases, diphtheria, scarlet fever and, in fact, any communicable disease.

No doubt, many REVIEW readers will be interested in a few.

Rules for dealing with the fly nuisance:

1. Keep in mind all the time: If there is no dirt and filth there will be no flies.
2. Do not allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises.
3. All refuse which tends in any way to fermentation, such as bedding straw, paper waste and vegetable matter should be disposed of or covered with lime or kerosine oil.
4. Keep all receptacles for garbage carefully covered and the cans cleaned or sprinkled with oil or lime.
5. Keep all stable manure in vault or pit, screened or sprinkled with lime, oil or other cheap preparation.
6. See that your sewage system is in good order, that it does not leak, is up to date and is not exposed to flies.
7. Pour kerosine into the drains.
8. Screen all windows and doors, especially those of the kitchen.
9. Burn pyrethrum powder in the house to kill the flies.
10. Screen all food, and cover food after meal; burn or bury all table refuse.
11. Don't forget if you see flies, their breeding place is in the nearby filth. It may be behind the door, under the table, or in the cuspidor.
12. If there is any nuisance in the neighborhood, write at once to the Health Department of the district.

THE LEFT WING

Economic Causes of Imperialism

By S. J. RUTGERS

IN ANALYZING Imperialism in its broader sense, as the term is understood by the Left Wing of the European Socialists, we found* that this kind of Imperialism is quite familiar to American workers in their every-day class struggle, also that Imperialism is at the bottom of the failure of parliamentary action, and of the temporary set-back in the class struggle of the wage-workers of the United States.

This important issue (Imperialism) makes it necessary for us to consider closely the economic facts, which go to show, that the aggressive foreign policy, to protect the investments of capital for the exploitation of undeveloped foreign countries, and the aggressive, brutal, home policy take their origin from the same special economic causes.

Given the elementary economic fact, that the share of labor in its product is determined by the cost of its reproduction, that is, the cost of living, according to historical standards, influenced within certain limits by the fighting power of the workers; given also the all important tendency under capitalism of an ever-growing productivity of labor; the result is, an increasing tendency for expansion of the markets. That the products should be disposed of by increasing the purchasing power of labor is not likely to happen, unless labor should get into power, which means the end of the Capitalist system. For the capitalist class to consume the growing product in unlimited luxury is against the most essential characteristic of capitalism, which demands that the surplus value be invested in new and bigger industries, more highly developed machinery, etc., bringing certain ruin to those capitalists that fall behind in the race. To invest the surplus value in more productive machinery means increasing the difficulty of finding a market, unless there is expansion at the same time.

To a certain extent the means of pro-

duction may create their own market, which strengthens the present characteristic of the supremacy of iron and steel and basic industries, as compared with textiles and other similar commodities in an earlier period of capitalism, but the rapid growth of modern machinery at the same time tends to stimulate the output on all fields of capitalistic production. So we can easily understand that expansion is one of the most fundamental characteristics of capitalism.

Now since all this is a normal feature of capitalism, it does not, even tho it is at the bottom of imperialism, account in itself for the advent of what we have called a new phase of capitalism. We might say, that this new development into Imperialism is an example of a dialectic development, in which a quantitative change turns at a certain point into a qualitative one—but such a statement will appeal only to a few of the more philosophic socialists.

Keeping, however, to every-day facts, it will be easy to understand how this fundamental change came about.

The ever-growing concentration and the technical development did not affect all branches of production to the same degree. On the contrary, this concentration and trustification did affect first of all some of the basic industries: steel, coal, copper, oil, etc. In most of these basic industries, there developed a tendency toward monopoly, while at the same time other industries were far behind in their development, and continued along the old lines of capitalistic production.

Now we all know, that "free competition" is one of the fundamentals of capitalist economics; that in the early days of capitalism this free competition was the all-important slogan from which developed the ideology of "freedom," which played so important a part in the French Revolution, as well as in the policy of the bourgeois at a time when they still believed in bringing in a better world.

Free competition forms a most import-

*See articles by S. J. Rutgers in the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for May and June.

ant element in the capitalist economy. Although it does not affect directly the problems of surplus value and exploitation of the wage workers, it constitutes the regulating factor in the division of the surplus value among the different groups of capitalists, assuring each an equal return upon an equal sum of money invested. The capitalist, being "free" to invest his money where he thinks it most profitable, will shift it from industries with smaller profits to such as offer higher returns. Investors, however, are only interested in the total returns on their investments, regardless of whether this is in fixed capital, machinery, etc., yielding no surplus value, or in labor, which produces all of the surplus value. This brings about a shifting of capital and of surplus value from the less-developed to the more highly developed industries—automatically regulated by the price of commodities; these selling above or below their values in a way to keep the profit in each industry at about the average rate.

Within the limit of an article, it is only possible to mention these fundamental problems, which are treated in the third volume of Marx's "Capital." Those who are not familiar with these theories will nevertheless be able to understand the general meaning and to compare the results derived from the application of the theory with the every-day facts. So they are invited to proceed.

Given monopolistic tendencies in some of the basic industries, it follows that the capitalist law, regulating the price of the basis of free competition, becomes fallacious, and is partly superseded by what the monopolists call "price policy"—a policy well described by a typical phrase derived from American railroad methods as "all the traffic will bear."

Let us suppose that there is a perfect monopoly in one of the basic industries, such as the production of steel. Then the price of steel to a certain extent can be fixed arbitrarily by the monopolist. What will be the limit under these circumstances?

The monopolist cannot escape the laws of value, and he does not increase the amount of surplus value by his price policy. He may be in a position to reduce the standard of living of the wageworkers to

a certain degree, not, however, as a monopolist, but as a powerful master. For even if the monopolist reduces the standard of living by means of high prices, it will depend upon the relative power of labor whether it is compensated by an increase in wages. The economic struggle of labor has always been for an actual (or a desired) standard of living, not for a certain money wage, regardless of what can be bought with it. And although, as a general rule, a monopolist will be at the same time a powerful master, the worker will always have to receive a wage on which he can live, so that his exploitation can continue.

But where, if not from labor, does the monopolist get his extra profit, when he increases the price of his products? The answer is that he pumps a greater part of the general surplus value into his own barrel, by reducing the share of his fellow-capitalists, and he can go on pumping until—until the profits of the other capitalists are reduced to a certain standard of income, more or less according to historic conditions, that allows them to carry on those industries that are not yet ripe for being controlled directly by Big Capital.

So we find a new element entering the capitalist economy, which influences the profits of the independent capitalists in a way which greatly resembles that in which the salaries of employees and the wages of laborers are fixed, and although the "standard of living" is higher, there is the same tendency to reduce this standard gradually.

There remains, of course, a competition among the smaller capitalists themselves, to get a greater share of what is left by Big Capital, and besides, we must not forget that there is no such thing as a complete monopoly. But the tendency to increase the profits of Big Capital at the expense of the other capitalist groups is indisputable, and has most important results.

Monopolistic Big Capital getting an extra profit as compared with other capitalists, it is logical that the big interests want to invest their profits in some equally profitable way. This means that they will use their enormous profits principally in two ways: in industries that will soon be ripe for combining with other highly developed

industries; or in extending the highly developed industries that have already monopolistic tendencies. The development of industries of lower organization into a higher capitalist form is a process that cannot be forced in a given situation, beyond certain technical and social limits. Thus the second possibility, that of extending the existing monopolistic enterprises, becomes of first importance. And here we are at the bottom of imperialism in its foreign aggression, with steel and oil interests and the extractive industries in control, preferably in their generalized form of financing banking capital.

In the United States, until very recently, conditions have been such as to induce Big Capital to pay more attention to the first form of investment, by subjugating less developed industries, under its own control. At the same time, there were opportunities for developing the western part of the United States, which gave room for quantitative expansion, without foreign aggression. Now that this possibility has, relatively speaking, come to a standstill, foreign aggression is decided upon by Financial Capital, and you may be sure that this will be carried out with efficiency and without the slightest scruples.

We have thus shown very briefly the results of economic developments as affecting big monopolistic capital. But how about the rest of the capitalist class?

Since Big Capital pumps its extra profits out of less developed capitalistic enterprises, some of us might expect that the majority of capitalists would combine to fight Big Capital. And indeed there has been some fighting of this kind. The United States has witnessed several attempts to fight monopolies, and an equal number of failures to accomplish anything. The anti-trust laws have been used against labor unions, but have had no visible effect upon the Rockefeller interests. There is unconscious humor in the big signs posted in some of the smaller New York lunch rooms, printed on paper from the paper trust, in which the appetite of customers is stimulated by the legend: "We Buy No Products from Any Trust." As this assumes that they have oil fields, anthracite mines and steel mills of their own, the only solution of the

statement seems to be that these lunch-rooms must themselves be part of a gigantic trust.

It is highly interesting to realize, why it is that this fight against Big Capital is such a failure. On one side we find a small number of interested individuals, on the other side the great majority of capitalists, in a country with so-called "democratic institutions," and without even so much as militarism to protect the interests of the few. We observe the majority making up their minds to attack the few, and failing, failing lamentably and giving it up, to become the obedient servants of Big Capital. Is not this mysterious, and can labor maintain any hope in its own victory in view of such facts?

Here is a brilliant example of the all-importance of economic facts, of economic power, when backed by historical tendencies.

Small capital is historically doomed; it is not an indispensable economic factor. And the more highly developed, the more powerful an industry is, the greater its chance of emerging into Big monopolistic capital. The feeling of dependence upon Financial Capital is already so overwhelming in the capitalist class, that any serious opposition is impossible. In fact, if any capitalist were to venture a serious attack on the Big interests, he can be most easily ruined. The tendency of history is to do away with "independent" capital, and this makes the smaller capitalists powerless. The tendency of history can not do away with labor, however; on the contrary, Big Capital derives its power from labor. In this fact lies our power and our hope.

The failure of capitalist attacks upon monopoly implies, of course, the absolute dependency of the capitalist class upon Big Capital; it means the control of the latter over the whole field of social and political life. It means therefore, that the tendency of Big Capital toward Imperialism becomes a general policy of the whole capitalist class. Since the smaller capitalist can not resist Big Capital, their only possible policy is to try to make the best of the situation by supporting Big Capital, and seeking a share in the profits that result from foreign and home aggression. For as against Labor, all the capitalists

have a common interest; they all live from surplus value, and they all try to keep labor cheap and submissive. Moreover, Big Capital is perfectly willing to grant a certain higher standard of living and some material advantages to those who are needed to keep labor down; this includes not only little "capitalists" but the higher salaried employees as well, and even some elements of the laboring class. Big Capital is able and willing to pay for services, but it will not allow any form of independent thought or action. Even the highest official of a corporation or the President of the United States will be "fired" if he acts counter to the fundamental interests of Big Capital.

This means the end of old style "politics," in which the conflicting interests of different capitalist groups might be skillfully used by brilliant labor leaders to further the interests of the working class (or of themselves). This means, that we have arrived at what Marx predicted in the Communist Manifesto, "the splitting up of society into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other; Bourgeoisie and Proletariat." It means absolutism, brutality, reaction; it means in one word "Imperialism," not only as foreign aggression, but as a home policy of the ruling class as well. It *means the justification of the European conception of Imperialism.*

And it means even more. It means a tendency towards a more complete form of industrial concentration, in which the whole powerful organization of the capitalist State will be put into the direct service of the controlling Financial Interests, to exploit the workers more efficiently. *State Capitalism* is the logical outcome, because this means the highest form of capitalist organization of industries, and at the same time constitutes the political form best adapted to serve the interests of the various capitalist groups.

The large group of better-paid employees and officials, the so-called new middle class, who depend upon their salaries, may reasonably expect to be better protected in their standard of living by a state organization, with an official standardization of salaries, than under privately controlled monopolies. The so-called "independent" capitalists as a group are, as we have seen

above, practically in the same position as the salaried employees. And Big Capital, which will control the organization of the new monopolistic state, will find it the most effective machine that can be devised to enslave the workers, and therefore will accept this form of imperialism.

State Capitalism will mean the most efficient form of organization in the struggle for foreign aggression and world power, as well as the strongest form of class organization against labor, making labor strikes a crime against the nation, and international solidarity high treason.

No great effort of the imagination is required to picture this aggressive form of future State Capitalism, in which the most brutal State, with the most effective militarism in the trenches as well as in the workshop, will have the best chances for world power.

But this is a conception of the future, with some uncertain elements, above all the uncertainty whether labor will continue to support the capitalist class in its "national" ambitions—whether labor will fail to recognize its duty to its own class under Imperialism.

But *Imperialism as a class policy* of modern financial capitalism under *present* conditions, for the exploitation of the world-proletariat, is no conception of the future; it is a living fact before our eyes.

This form of Imperialism is without doubt highly developed in the United States, and the fact that the workers have not realized it, and have kept to the old and obsolete forms of lifeless democracy, accounts for the scanty results accomplished by the socialist movement on this side of the ocean. There is a beginning of new life, a beginning of mass-democracy, but it lacks a clear understanding of its relation to the past and the future, as well as to the rest of the world. As soon as red-blooded, class-conscious workers get into their heads that the present-day form of capitalism is Imperialism, and that under Imperialism the only possible form of democracy is mass action, there will be the beginning of a new fighting period; there will be an end to the present stagnation.

This new democracy and its practical methods of action will be the subject matter of our next article.

VIRGIN FORESTS OF THE PHILIPPINES

By MARION WRIGHT

BOTH the friar and the capitalist fared exceedingly well when, after the American occupation, the rich sugar, cocoanut, hemp and tobacco lands of the Philippines were "divided up" and titles properly adjusted according to the capitalistic law. But for once in its 140 years of existence the government of the United States held onto something for the people in retaining title to the virgin forests of the islands. And this great storehouse of riches, thanks to the mania for good roads which the Yankee introduced, is ready to be-tapped, and may be easily visited and examined.

Books of travel abound in descriptions of dense jungle growth, of the beauty of orchids, vines and tree ferns; of the strange plants and animals, and of the often equally strange human beings to be encountered in the primeval forests of the tropics; but it is rare indeed that the casual traveler from the temperate zone has an opportunity to visit such an area for himself without too serious sacrifice of time, convenience, or even of personal safety. Such an opportunity the Philippines afford in good measure, for there one may travel over first class roads through virgin forests, dripping with orchids, vines and ferns, the air cool and odorless and resonant with the fall of distant water; finally to emerge upon some little native village or upon tiny valleys crowded with rice-paddies and surrounded by hills covered with rustling fronds of cocoanut palms.

One such area in particular has been set aside as a permanent reserve, so completely does it unite all the desirable qualities of a national park. It is known officially as the Antimonan Forest Park, situated near the sea-coast town of Antimonan in the Province of Tayabas.

The traveler also sights one of the richest of the forests of the Philippines as his ship approaches the entrance to Manila bay. This is on the slopes of Mount Mariveles, which looms up large to the northward. From Manila trips are made out to

the mountain over well graded roads and trails.

But even more than its scenic beauties the traveler to this forest will probably find his greatest interest in the Negritos, who have from time immemorial inhabited the slopes of this mountain. These and their fellows in other mountainous and unsettled portions of the Archipelago are the last remnant of what were probably the original inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. They can best be described as pigmy blacks, low of stature, with kinky hair and the broad nose and full lips of the African Negro. Successive invasions of the stronger Malay race have pushed them from the valleys into the mountain fastnesses, where now, uncivilized, they eke out an existence by hunting with bows and arrows, gathering shell fish from the mountain streams and perhaps raising a few inadequate crops of potatoes or upland rice. They are literally people of the forest. Their houses are of the crudest possible description, and many animals have caves or dens far more comfortable than some of the shacks of the Negritos.

They are extremely timid and one may pass through the territory inhabited by them without once catching sight of their black and agile bodies, and can detect their existence merely by the holes which they dig gathering forest roots or by tiny fires left burning in the rocky beds of streams. With the expenditure of a comparatively small amount of money, which they expend for rice, fish and tobacco, arrangements can sometimes be made with the Negritos to assemble in considerable numbers and execute their various symbolic dances with which their feasts are always attended. Their marriage ceremonies are particularly interesting, as are also the dances which symbolize the planting of their crops. They also give exhibitions of their skill in shooting wild boars with the bow and arrow, of tree climbing and of other incidents in their daily life.



The virgin forests of the islands cover approximately 40,000 square miles, an area equal to that of the state of Kentucky. They contain timbers which are suitable for almost every use to which wood is put, and for such purposes as furniture, interior finish, cabinet making, etc., no finer woods are found in any portion of the globe. More than 99 per cent of all the standing timber in the Philippines is owned by the government and, as it is estimated that many times more timber rots annually in the forest through over-maturity than is cut or utilized, the government is naturally desirous of doing all in its power to encourage the development of its forest resources so as to utilize what is now going to waste and to give the country the benefits which must necessarily accrue from a large and important industry. Thus, every encouragement is given to capital to establish logging camps and milling enterprises in the Philippines.

The stumpage charges are low, half and less than half the charges for similar kinds of lumber in neighboring tropical countries. Labor presents few difficulties, and such as do exist can be easily overcome by tact and fair treatment. The impres-

sion is common in America that merchantable timber in the Philippines occurs so scattered among an abundance of undesirable kinds that its logging and milling on a large scale, with modern steam methods, is impossible. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Seventy-five per cent of the virgin forest area, or 30,000 square miles, is a rough estimate of that portion of the islands on which the members of one tree family predominate. This is the dipterocarp family, which furnishes such fine woods as Yucal, Apitong, Tanguile, Lauan and Guijo. Considerable quantities of Tanguile and Red Lauan are exported to the United States and sold as a substitute for mahogany. Formerly they went under the name of "Philippine Mahogany," until steps were taken by the government to insist that the real names of the woods should be used, since it was considered by many superior to mahogany.

Among the very fine woods of the Philippines are Narra, Acle Tindalo, Camagon and Ebony, woods which bear comparison with any species to be found anywhere in the world for beauty of grain, richness of color and other qualities so highly prized in the making of fine furniture and similar uses.

HOW JIM HILL MADE HIS MONEY

IT IS interesting to note how the newspapers are eulogizing Jim Hill, the millionaire railroad magnate, since his death a few weeks ago. Quotations from Hill are heading long columns in which he declares that unless a man is able to save a few dollars from his wages every week, that man may never hope to become a big business success. The idea is generally disseminated that if you will only do as Jim Hill did (not do) you can hope to some day become as great an industrial power in the land. The real truth about Hill's interesting rise to great wealth is told by Gustavus Myers in his *History of the Great American Fortunes*, published by Charles H. Kerr & Co. Mr. Myers says:

"Hill saw the opportunity of getting for almost nothing, a railroad of five hundred

miles, and a land grant of more than 2,500,000 acres. How did he manage it? According to Farley's repeated statements in subsequent court proceedings," (Farley was Hill's associate and dupe) "Hill and Norman W. Kittson entered into a conspiracy with him (Farley) to betray the United States courts, and at the same time Kennedy conspired with him to betray the Dutch bondholders. These allegations Hill denied, but Farley asserted and re-asserted them in many court proceedings.

"The various properties embraced in the railroad company's title were mortgaged in several mortgages, amounting in the aggregate to \$28,000,000. Hill and his associates bought in these \$28,000,000 of bonds at an absurdly low price, in some cases of large issues, at only three per cent of their value.

"A few years previously Hill was a poor man; perhaps he had a few thousand dollars. The operation described at once made him a millionaire. He and his associates not only held the railroad's bonds, but they apportioned the stock among themselves.

Hill and his associates secured more franchises and special laws, built extensions, and formed the Great Northern railroad out of the railroads that they had obtained and the extensions which they constructed. The legislatures of the northwest were deluged with bribe money, although it was never specifically proved that Hill was the distributor. The whole newspaper press was subsidized, and towns, cities and counties were prevailed upon to grant endowments and exemptions of all kinds.

"Only the action of Congress prevented the Great Northern railroad which was Hill, from evicting in 1891 all the settlers in the Red River valley in what is now North and South Dakota, on the claim that the land belonged to the railroad. About a month's time was given the farmers, some of whom had lived on their farms for twenty years, to vacate.

"The settlers appealed to Congress," says Myers. "That body passed an act to allow the railroad company to select an equal area of lands in lieu of those settled upon. This act, although apparently passed for the benefit of the settlers, was precisely what the Great Northern Railroad Company was waiting for. The lands relinquished by the company were non-mineral; the act of congress, therefore, provided that the lands in exchange that

it should select elsewhere should be non-mineral. But when the exchange was made, it was discovered that the company had selected the most valuable timber lands in Idaho, Montana and Washington—lands worth far more than the Dakota lands—and that on these lands rich mineral deposits underlay the timber."

Hill's second greatest struggle, his greatest being with E. H. Harriman, was with Henry Villard, the dominant figure in the Northern Pacific railroad. Hill's Great Northern railroad finally acquired the Northern Pacific, but not until the Northern Pacific had gone into bankruptcy in 1893. Then, says Meyers:

"On the plea that the railroad was in poor financial condition the receivers cut the wages of the railroad's employees. These workers knew that they were being thus assessed to recoup the treasury of the railroad for a part of the immense sums robbed by financiers; however, they made no official complaint. But when a second curtailment of wages from 15 to 30 per cent was announced, the workers decided that they would not tolerate having to suffer for the depleted condition of the railroad's treasury."

The most amazing illegal injunction ever drawn up against a body of workers was immediately secured by the railroad company from the judiciary. Judge Jenkins of the United States Circuit Court signed it. It prohibited the men "from combining or conspiring to quit, with or without notice," and was followed by a supplementary injunction forbidding the workers from ordering, recommending, approving or advising others to quit the service of the receivers.



ONE WAY OF TRIMMING THE FARMER

By MARY E. MARCY



young onions to be eaten at his own table, these onions are not commodities. They are made for your own use and not for sale. It does not matter how you raised these onions or made those shoes, so long as you intend to eat the onions and to wear the shoes yourself. But it is a different matter when you come to sell things to somebody else.

IN order to know what is wrong in the world today and how to right those wrongs, you have to know something about how things are produced and distributed. You have to know something about *making* things and what they will exchange for.

You have to understand just what the workers who *make* things get in exchange for their products, and just what they *ought* to receive. And so, first of all, we have to know what determines the *value* of commodities. We need to know this before we can intelligently consider what men ought to receive for so many pairs of shoes, or so many yards of cloth, or so many bushels of wheat, or machinery, etc., etc.

Now, a commodity is a product of human labor, made to satisfy some human need or want, and made for sale or exchange. When a shoemaker makes a pair of shoes to wear himself, these shoes are not a commodity. When a farmer raises

Then people will always consider the *value* of your products, and so it is very important that we should understand what determines the *value* of a commodity. Why, for example, a garden rake may sell for \$1.00 and a suit of clothes sell (or exchange) for \$25.00. Before we can really understand what is wrong in society, why the people who produce all the commodities in the whole world are usually poor people, while the people who own the factories, the mines, the railroads, the land, etc., etc., are usually rich people—we have to understand the *value* of commodities.

We think you farmers, who work for a living, could give a better idea of what makes value than almost any other class of useful workers. Water is useful and uncleared land is useful and virgin forests are useful, but the only reason that owners of land or water rights can sell them is because they possess a monopoly of something the people have to use in order to sustain life. These are not commodities, and they do not contain any real exchange

value—because, as I suspect you have already guessed, they do *not represent any necessary human labor*.

Commodities have value because they are the product of human labor and because they satisfy some human need or want.

But there is one particular point in discussing the subject of *value* with you farmers that we shall need to make clear. The value of a bushel of wheat from "your" farm is not determined by the *individual* labor you spent in producing it, nor is the value of the wheat produced on a capitalistic 10,000-acre farm determined by the labor spent in raising it. Value is not determined by the *individual* labor, but by the necessary *social* labor represented in a commodity. If you think this over you will see that.

For example, if one of your neighbors asked you to pay \$1.00 for a pound of sausage just because he and his wife had spent two or three hours making it in their own kitchen, you would laugh at him. You would probably see at once that he was asking you more than the value of the sausage.

You would tell your neighbor that you couldn't afford to pay a double or treble price for sausage just to give work to him and his wife when you could buy the same sausage, or just as good sausage, at 25 cents a pound which had been ground up and mixed and stuffed by a man operating a machine.

If a one-horse tailor drove up to your door and tried to sell you a suit of clothing for fifty dollars that you could duplicate at the store for thirty dollars, just because he had to make the whole thing by hand because he didn't have any sewing machine, you would probably tell him you couldn't afford to pay more than a suit was worth just because he happened to be broke.

The same conditions apply to all other branches of industry. In most fields there are thousands of people, companies and corporations, making the same things to sell. The people who make them by hand, or by small, old-fashioned machine methods, put a lot more labor into every commodity than the workers for the big companies do, because the big companies can afford to install giant machines which cut down the necessary labor in a commodity.

The suit of clothing, the sausage, the wheat, produced by large capitalist enterprises, represent very little human labor. These great packing plants and factories and capitalist farmers thus sell commodities containing very little value (or labor) when compared to the same product made by hand or by small farm methods, or even with the use of old-fashioned machinery:

Things are produced today not by an individual for an individual, but by great social groups for a whole nation, and even for the world. Individual production has given place to social production. So that it is the *socially necessary* human labor which determines the *value* of wheat, or cloth, or machinery, or flour. The value of shoes is the *average* human labor it takes to produce shoes in a given state of society.

You can easily see to what a disadvantage this puts the small working-farmer, without modern machinery, or the small shoemaker, or the trying-to-be-independent sausage-maker or packer. You can see how this handicaps *you*, and and yet this is a condition that the small farmer can never escape in a capitalist society. Only Socialism, or the collective ownership of the tools of production and distribution can place him on the economic level of every other man and woman.

We shall take up this most important subject of Value again later on. Just here we want to show what machinery has done to the farm and is doing to the small farmers all over the world.

ADVENT OF MACHINERY.

Only a few score years ago the farm was the real workshop of the world. In America, especially, everybody worked from early morning till late at night producing the things the family needed and exchanging some of these products for the few things not produced on the farm. I remember reading a letter my grandmother had which was written by her father, in which he said that he and his family were producing everything used by them except tea, sugar and nails.

In those days there were no machines, no railroads, and unless men and their wives and their children worked constantly, they found themselves without the things they needed to live on.

Women spun and wove and made the

clothing for the entire family from wool or cotton or flax raised on the farm. Soap, candles, furniture and even shoes were sometimes made by the farmers, and the wives of farmers. There was little *division* of labor, so far as the men were concerned. Women were expected to raise the children, cook, wash, make the clothes and generally take care of things used in the home, while the men gave their attention to the land and stock.

Nearly everything was made by *hand*. The necessities of life meant putting in so much human labor that few people were able to live by merely owning things. Nearly everybody had to work.

Wheat was much more valuable in 1820 than it is today, because it represented so much more human labor. And gold, which is also a commodity, was also much more valuable, because it, too, meant much more labor to discover and mine it than it does today. This is why wheat did not bring more gold (or a higher price) in those days.

Without the aid of machinery farmers were unable to cultivate large areas of land, were unable to harvest big crops. But with the coming of the reaper, the binder, the thrasher and other farm machines, one farmer was able to cultivate twice as much land, and then three times as much land, as two and three men had cultivated formerly.

Sons of farmers began to migrate toward the towns, where small factories, cotton and woolen mills were springing up. The railroads facilitated this movement.

Machines had entered many other fields of production and the seeds of the present factory system were sown. More and more farmers turned toward the towns and cities; better and bigger machines were used, larger factories sprung up.

And everything that was made by the new factory method represented less and less human labor than the old hand method of making things. It required an appalling amount of hand labor, for instance, to spin and weave cloth and make it up into clothing. The worker in the factory, using machinery, was able to produce this same cloth in an incredibly short period of time.

And the commodities produced by workers operating machines in the factories brought down their *value* (the necessary

social labor in them. The machine-made article always sold for a little less than the hand-made article, until by and by the hand-weavers and spinners found that they could not make enough to live on. The old system failed before the new one. Hand labor was starved out by the machine, just as the small machine-user is being squeezed out today by the capitalist who uses Mogul tractors and 55-Bottom engine Gangs, and automatic machinery.

Year by year, with the improvement in the tools of production, commodities decreased in value, and in price. For, as Karl Marx, the great socialist economist, explains in his volumes on Capital, commodities tend to exchange (or sell) at their value. There are notable exceptions to this general rule, which we shall discuss later.

The point we are trying to make clear here is that with improved methods of production the value (or necessary social labor) in all commodities, so produced, steadily decreases. Every new machine employed in the bigger plant or on the capitalist farms reduces the value of commodities so produced until, in the past, the small manufacturer, the hand-weaver, the men using antiquated productive methods, have been inevitably pushed to the wall. It became the story of the home sausage-maker trying to compete with the Armour Packing Company.

Because commodities tend to exchange (or sell) at their value or for other commodities representing an equal necessary amount of social labor, the farmer using old-fashioned machinery, or working his farm without the necessary machines, has been compelled to sell all his farm products *below* their *individual value*, while the capitalist farmer has always sold the products of his farm *above* their *individual value*.

The mill man who buys from both and pays the same price for oats or wheat or corn to both, usually buys these commodities at their value. But, especially in America, the farmer very rarely sells his products direct to the consuming miller, who manufactures flour or breakfast foods, etc., etc.

You do not ask how the chair was made or how the cloth you are going to purchase was woven. You ask the price of these commodities. The same applies to

the mill man or to the association buying farm products. They do not ask how many hours of labor you put into your crops. They don't expect to pay, and they don't need to pay any more for products from "hand" worked farms or from farms equipped with poor machinery, than they do for crops from farms worked almost entirely by men operating machines.

So that, even when "free competition" prevailed in the sale of farm products, as it still prevails in many countries, the machineless farmer was forced, is forced, to work harder and longer hours for less reward than the farmer who possessed or possesses capital to buy machines.

This is true today and will be true tomorrow and as long as capitalist society endures. There is neither equality of opportunity nor equality of *reward* when some men work to produce the necessary things of life without access to the best and most modern tools of production.

A "low-price" will unlock any door and open any market. And production by the use of more and more improved machinery means less and less value contained in commodities so produced. Machine spinning and machine weaving drove the hand weavers out of their jobs for the simple reason that the machine-made products became *general*, and because they represented less social labor, less value, they sold for a lower price.

The machine-made products so far reduced the price in this, and many other industries that the hand weavers, the hand-producer and the user of the poor machines have found they could not sell their products for enough to live on.

Some of our readers have had an opportunity to visit the great stock yards and packing plants at Omaha, Kansas City or Chicago. After you have walked miles and miles thru these gigantic buildings, the ice-making plants, the butter factories, the killing, cutting and curing plants and have seen the wonderfully scientific methods employed in preparing the world's meat supplies, after you have looked over the wonderful and expensive machinery used in these plants, you will realize just about how much chance you would have of going into the packing business with two or three thousand dollars capital, and successfully competing with this enormous millionaire packing trust.

Because you would be unable to buy these ten thousand dollar machines, every piece of beef you sold, every pound of sausage you disposed of, would represent much more human labor than beef sold or sausage bought from the packing trust. You would have to sell your products at the same price and on the same market as this organization.

The organization with big capital, tho not one of its members may ever perform a stroke of useful work, cannot lose. The man without land or the machinery of production cannot last—never has lasted.

The small farmer gets less and less return for his labor because he is competing with capitalist farmers with *increasing* capital and improving machinery. By the time you are able to think about the machine of today they will install the machinery of tomorrow. And these machines constantly reduce the value of farm products.

James Connolly

By William E. Bohn

IT was in a western university town that I first met James Connolly. He had had hard luck. Arrangements for a promising speaking tour had been given up. He had abundant debts and little hope. But he made a wonderful speech. As a combination of simple logic and commanding emotional power, that speech stands out in my mind as the best I ever heard.

We returned from the Socialist hall across the university campus. There was some sort of celebration going on, and the boys were surging back and forth, singing their songs and playing the usual college pranks.

Jim was silent for a while. Finally he said, "I went to a university once."

"Did you?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes. I carried in cement."

The next day we went into the library. When we came to the section devoted to Irish history I had a revelation. This hod-carrier ran his eye over the shelves with the eye of a trained scholar. His commentary on authors, books and historical characters would be valuable to me now if I were able to reproduce it. One volume after another he took down. With unerring memory he turned to chapter and page to point out something applicable to the argument we had been having. There were a few old chronicles which he happened not to have seen, but he knew just what they were and what he could get out of them. Like a trained literary craftsman he leafed them over and took what he needed. To one who had spent years trying to teach students to use books this man's mastery was astounding.

So I was prepared for the quality of the "History of Irish Labor" when it came. I am not even surprised to hear a university man say that it is the best piece of historical work ever done by a workingman. Perhaps the only other study which may be thought to contest

this honor with it is Bebel's "History of Woman."

I may be wrong in laying such stress on the fact that this man was a scholar. I know that he wrote some of our best pamphlets, that he labored for many years as an agitator, that he kept his paper going under all but impossible conditions, and that, in the end he was willing to give "the last full measure of devotion." But it seems to me that the great lesson of his life is that a workingman can learn to study and to think for himself.

There has been a good deal of bluff about this matter of the intellectual independence of the working class. Thinking is the most difficult trade in the world. The vast majority of those who have been technically trained for it merely go through the motions. The number of those who do really good intellectual work in any age or any class is extremely small. And the conditions of the working class are so bad that proletarians are practically barred from entrance into this circle of the elect. Those among them endowed with fine powers can usually do little more than accept the conclusions of some thinker like Marx and support them or revitalize them with materials drawn from the rich and terrible experiences of working-class life. The ordinary mind merely grasps a few notions from some pamphlet, bundles them helter-skelter into some sort of scheme and spends the remaining years of life vociferously defending them against attack.

To all such James Connolly stands as a warning and a guide. Under different circumstances he might have played a part in the world-movement like that of Keir Hardie or Bebel. As things are he goes down fighting in a heroically fool-hardy skirmish. But he wrote one book which proves that a hod-carrier can be a scholar. His name stands as an eternal rebuke to all of us who are blatant and loud rather than serious and true.

Workshop Talks

By JAMES CONNOLLY

WELL, you won't get the Irish to help you. Our Irish-American leaders tell us that all we Irish in this country ought to stand together and use our votes to free Ireland.

Sure, let us free Ireland!

Never mind such base, carnal thoughts as concern work and wages, healthy homes, or lives unclouded by poverty.

Let us free Ireland!

The rackrenting landlord; is he not also an Irishman, and wherefore should we hate him? Nay, let us not speak harshly of our brother—yea, even when he raises our rent.

Let us free Ireland!

The profit-grinding capitalist, who robs us of three-fourths of the fruits of our labor, who sucks the very marrow of our bones when we are young, and then throws us out in the street, like a worn-out tool, when we are grown prematurely old in his service, is he not an Irishman, and mayhap a patriot, and wherefore should we think harshly of him?

Let us free Ireland!

"The land that bred and bore us." And the landlord who makes us pay for permission to live upon it.

Whoop it up for liberty!

"Let us free Ireland," says the patriot who won't touch Socialism.

Let us all join together and cr-r-rush the br-r-rutal Saxon. Let us all join together, says he, all classes and creeds.

And, says the town worker, after we have crushed the Saxon and freed Ireland, what will we do?

Oh, then you can go back to your slums, same as before.

Whoop it up for liberty!

And, says the agricultural workers, after we have freed Ireland, what then?

Oh, then you can go scraping around for the landlord's rent or the money-lenders' interests same as before.

Whoop it up for liberty!

After Ireland is free, says the patriot

who won't touch Socialism, we will protect all classes, and if you won't pay your rent you will be evicted same as now. But the evicting party, under command of the sheriff, will wear green uniforms and the Harp without the Crown, and the warrant turning you out on the roadside will be stamped with the arms of the Irish Republic.

Now, isn't that worth fighting for?

And when you cannot find employment, and, giving up the struggle of life in despair, enter the Poorhouse, the band of the nearest regiment of the Irish army will escort you to the Poorhouse door to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day."

Oh, it will be nice to live in those days!

"With the Green Flag floating o'er us" and an ever-increasing army of unemployed workers walking about under the Green Flag, wishing they had something to eat. Same as now!

Whoop it up for liberty!

Now, my friend, I am also Irish, but I'm a bit more logical. The capitalist, I say, is a parasite on industry; as useless in the present stage of our industrial development as any other parasite in the animal or vegetable world is to the life of the animal or vegetable upon which it feeds.

The working class is the victim of this parasite, this human leech, and it is the duty and interest of the working class to use every means in its power to oust this parasite class from the position which enables it to thus prey upon the vitals of Labor.

Therefore, I say, let us organize as a class to meet our masters and destroy their mastership; organize to drive them from their hold upon public life through their political power; organize to wrench from their robber clutch the land and workshops on and in which they enslave us; organize to cleanse our social life from the stain of social cannibalism, from the preying of man upon his fellow man.

Organize for a full, free and happy life
FOR ALL OR FOR NONE.

The foregoing paragraphs are from Connolly's book, "Socialism Made Easy," issued by the publishers of the REVIEW. We have just brought out a new edition to supply the extra demand since the tragic death of the author. Copies mailed for 10 cents each or \$6.00 a hundred, 64 pages and cover.

The Importance of a Library in Labor Organization

By JULES SCARCERIAUX

ECONOMIC conditions, for the betterment of which the workers are organized, improve in proportion to the workers' intellectual development. The strength of labor organization does not consist in numbers, but in the initiative and the activity of its individual members. Large sums of money are spent on organization, but hardly anything for educational work. The hysterical utterances of an organizer, in a crowded hall charged with tobacco smoke, appear to many more effective than a library in the organization. Yet the former creates a temporary agitation, while the latter a permanent and well-rooted idea.

All liberal-minded members of Labor Unions should recommend the foundation of libraries in their respective organizations; also library committees.

Hundreds of books are put on the market every month, most of them written and published by the conscious or unconscious enemies of Labor. Light novels and romances of toady authors increase the apathy of some of the workers in matters pertaining to their Unions. This literature is as much a narcotic as alcoholism.

The members of the library committees would select books written and published by workingmen, by friends of Labor, by the friend of humanity, by all those who, directly or indirectly, are collaborating with the workers.

Our rulers nearly possess a monopoly of the means of publication, be it of newspapers, magazines or books, with like interests also in control of the educational institutions. Such education as the workers receive is merely to adapt them to the existing state of servitude.

The workers are accustomed to a certain line of authoritative thinking by which the system of exploitation under which they suffer is maintained. These ideas can only be beneficial to the rulers. The rulers have had them taught to us from childhood, and they continue to have them fed to us in their press. So the workers often oppose everything not in line with these false ideas.

Working class authors and teachers who



JULES SCARCERIAUX.

are co-operating with labor can hardly find readers. Writers, working for the interests of the workers, jeopardize the interests of the rulers. So the rulers forge public opinion against them, and the workers often condemn the writings of their friends which they have never read.

Some books, while not written for the workers, contain much enlightening material. For instance: "Unemployment and Poverty," by Dr. E. T. Devine, an American economist, contains about the following:

"Unemployment is not only *normal* and *necessary*, but it is also desirable for the labor market. Without unemployment the labor organizations would become so powerful, the wages would rise so high, that all demands of labor would have to be granted. The manufacturers need unemployed so that they can say to those who

On Daylight Saving and Night and Day Robbery

By SANNY M'NEE

Arise in the mornin' early,
Afore the cock diz craw,
An' hasten tae me slumers,
Ere daylight flees awa.

Arise in the mornin' early,
The maister maks the laws,
An' tho' A grudge it sairly,
The master hauds the tawse.

SAE we hae gotten Compulsory Saving at last, altho' it's only Daylight Saving, still it's a start; we'll git mair compulsory saving by an' by. Bit, it wanna tak the form o' Compulsory Saving frae the Daylight Robbery o' the maister cless; it maun gaun on nicht an' day. The Daylight Saving Act is fur the saving o' the gas, but we hae hid compulsory gas saving this lang while. The maister hes been trying tae save Henry Dubb frae the pushonous gas gien oot frae the Socialist gas bags. The pure lamb-like, or is it sheep-like, mind o' Henry Dubb maun be saved frae a dose o' Socialist gas. The maister diznae believe in ony gas thet diznae come frae his ain gas plant, an' faith, we hae a' been weel gassed frae the maister's plant since the war began. Jist see hoo we ir being gassed owre this Daylicht Savin' Act; a bodie wid think tae hear thim, thet this daylight bisness wis a piece o' pure sacrifice on the pairt o' the maister fur the benefit o' the wurker. The self-sacrificin' maister, hooever, diznae seem tae be wantin' ony o' the benefits o' early risin that he hes lavished on the wurkers. The maister is gaun tae lie in his bed is lang as he likes in the mornin', an' bide up is late at nicht is he likes. Whit the maister says is this: "Noo, Henry, since A hae bestowed on ye this great benefit o' early risin', ye wull be able tae wurk langer an' harder than ever, an' A expect ye tae dae it, tae." The maister, the great maister o' maisters, wha, abin' a' ither maisters, hes the interests o' the wurkin' cless it his hert. (A dinnae mention nae names, becis this is a free country), the maister says: "Noo, Henry, seein' the great amount o' additional fresh air ye got frae yir early risin', ye'll no need ony holidays this year." Think

o' the great amount o' fresh air ye git walkin' frae yir hoose in a back street tae git up in the mornin' early an' tak wife talks about a holiday, jist tell her tae git up in the mornin' early an' tak a walk tae hersel. If she complains o' bein' shut up in a stuffy hoose a' the year lang, jist tell her tae gang an' git a job in a nice, healthy airy mull, fur a holiday.

They say it maks ye healthy
Tae rise it the break o' day;
It maks the maister wealthy,
But it diznae rise yer pay!

Whit wid ye dae wi' a rise in yir pay, onywey; buy pianos wi' it, when ye ken pianos ir ony fur playin' in the lang, dark nights; an' if ye rise early an' bed early, ye wull hae nae lang dark nights tae play the piano in. Of course, it's a wee bit hard on thim thet's already bought £50 pianos, sae they'll jist hae tae think o' thir neighbour thro' the wa' wha hes tae rise in the mornin' early, an' gie the piano a rest fur a wee while.

It cannae be said, of course, thet the wurker hesnae been weel telt by the maister about the folly an' sinfulness o' wastin' his pay on pianos. In fact, guid advice tae the wurkers is about the only thing the maister beleeves in giein' awa wi' a free haun, an' naethin' angers the maister waur than fur the worker tae scorn the maister's guid advice, "Tae look his gien co oin the mou." Gin ye turn up yir nose it the maister's guid advice, the maister wull dae his vera best tae teach ye a lesson, an' let ye fien he is the maister.

The maister's fond o' preachin'
Tae the wurkers in the mull;
The maister's fond o' teachin'
Thim thet cross his wull.

It's a gey bad thing fur the wurker tae cross the maister's wull, an' preach Scrip-

ture tae him: "Is thy servant a dog that should do this thing?" Of course, the wurker is a dug, an' if the maister says, "Tae yir kennel early, an' rise in the mornin'," the wurker maun dae it. It's guid for the wurker's health an' the maister's pooch. "Is they servant a dog that he should do this thing?" It's a bad, bad Book the Bible, an' thir's a lot o' bad, bad things in it. The Bible pits a lot o' bad thochts intae some o' the wurker's minds. Thir's the Commandments, fur instance!

It's a bad, bad book, the Bible, thir's nae doot about it. It's time the Censor

wis dealin' wi' it. Whit the wurker hes tae dae is tae let the maister dae the preachin' an' teachin' an' no speir questions oot o' the Bible or onythin' else.

If the maister says early risin' is guid fur the wurker's health, whit richt hes the wurker tae murmur aboot needin' mair money tae buy peasemeal an' Curem's Pills. Whit diz the wurker need Curem's Pills fur, whin he gets the benefit o' the caller mornin' air, an' his puir maister lyin' still in bed sae is no tae rob the puir wurker o' the benefits o' early risin'.

Oh, the mornin' may be cheery,
Is tae the mull we trudge;
Bit the lang, lang day is weary,
An' they pey us wi' a grudge.

O' the maister's fond o' preachin',
Is solemn is a judge;
Bit, O, the maister's teachin'
Is a bloomin' lot o' fudge!

—From *Forward*, Glasgow.

Robert Minor

THIS sketch is by William Marion Reedy, editor of Reedy's *Mirror*, the St. Louis weekly. It is a notable moving picture of the life of one of America's hardest-hitting cartoonists:

"Comes here next Wednesday Robert Minor to tell us in speech and picture about the war. Who comes now as Robert left us three years ago as Bob. He is one of the world's greatest cartoonists now. Then he was the drawer of the daily cartoon for the *Post-Dispatch*. Here he was in society, wearing evening clothes with imperturbable aplomb, dallying with debutantes, but always with a big, brushing way that he brought with him from Texas. He drew pictures with a prehistoric man's war club. He smashed them onto the paper, one might say. His lines had sweep of savagery in them, as if a primordial force were behind them. His men were elementals in strength, even one might say in brutality, and he could put a rough bedraggled pathos in his forms of women. We did not exactly know it then, but his draw-

ings seethed with ill-suppressed revolt. We thought it only revolt against prettiness. When he went to the New York *World* as cartoonist and put a troglodytish vigor into his pictorial criticisms of the passing show of life, his work challenged comparison with that of Cesare; of the *Sun*, of Boardman Robinson, of the *Tribune*. He had not the art background of either, but he had the rough sense of the bare anatomy of human beings and he put it into his pictures. Soon his powerful work began to overflow into *The Masses*, a Socialist paper, and took on distinctive purpose; so much so that the *World* could not stand his utterance in pictures of a growing hatred of the social order. He gave up the big salary the *World* paid him and drew for the gratification of his own rebellious spirit. He went to Europe to confront tradition and scorned it the more. His pictures became more and more polemic in their proletarianism. They grew in ferocity. Then came the war and Minor went to the front with his note-book. He told

the story of the war as he saw it from the Socialist viewpoint, and a terrible story he made it—terrible in the sordidness of it, in its utter absence of glory. War he pictured as murder promoted by upper class machinations for the immolation of the many and the enslavement of the survivors. He was crueller than war in his truthfulness. He made war subterhuman and the pity he put into his pictures became but an aspect of hatred for the society that produced war. He drew his pictures as if in black venous blood. He was at the front and behind the scenes in France, in Belgium, in Germany, where he was arrested. He took of war's fiendishness to fight war, and Socialism and Anarchism even hailed him as their interpreter. War, he seemed to say, is horrible, but it hints the way to end a system of which war is a product. His men hinted in their crude power that the power would break its shackles and crush the social order. He drew titanic covers for Emma Goldman's *Mother Earth*. He presided at anarchist meetings and gave picture talks in favor of the Revolution. His outlaw art was a pictorial call to battle. He kept his fine, wild, but firm, line and his big, burly smudges for his men, and his women he gave a broken, bent, blunted

beauty of suffering. Minor became the art-spokesman of humanity, ground into the sludge of mud and blood, but there Antæus-like gathering strength finally to wreck and reshape civilization. It is this message he preaches in word and picture on the Socialist circuit. He speaks like he draws, starkly, yet with a sense of form, restraining, yet intensifying force; explosive; ruining. His version of war is that hell is paradisaical beside it, and then he says that present society even in peace is but a shamle-brothel, verminous and vile with all cruelty. At Aschenbroedel Hall, Wednesday evening, he will tell us of his hatred for the hate that has driven love out of social relations. He will not wear those evening clothes, which once he wore when an embryo society man in our swell set. He will not tango as he did. He will show us the Dance of Death in Europe and operate with scalpel tongue and pencil upon the corpus vile of the body politic here. And under his rage we shall sense the flowing of the tears of all the stricken and hear the still, small music of humanity tending to an ultimate crescendo and diapasonic outburst of the "*Ca ira*." Minor is now a major prophet of the coming social cataclysm. He sees red—sunset at once and sunrise of the old order and of the new."





INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

British Socialists Against War. The Independent Labor Party has been against the war from the beginning. At an annual conference held at Newcastle during Easter week it reaffirms its position. From the sketchy and scornful account in *Justice* I gather the resolution adopted on this subject declared against all war "of no matter what character."

But the chief item of news is from the British Socialist Party. The B. S. P. conference met at Salford, also at Easter time, and an exciting time was had by all present. There were about 100 delegates in attendance. For many weeks before the opening sessions Socialist papers had carried appeals for unity of opposing groups.

But these appeals were merely pious wishes. The chairman had hardly finished his address when an uproar broke out. The Executive Committee had proposed to have the sessions held behind closed doors—excluding representatives of the press. The reason assigned for this move was that some comrades feared to express anti-war sentiments openly. Some are now in jail for having done this, it is said, and the vague charge was made that "colleagues" of these men had informed against him. Dan Irving, Councilor Jones, H. M. Hyndman and other well known comrades spoke vigorously against the proposal. The closed conference plan was adopted by a vote of 76 to 28. Between 20 and 30 delegates then withdrew, while the "Zimmerwadians," as they are called by *Justice*, sang the "Red Flag."

After the withdrawal of these delegates a singular degree of harmony seems to have prevailed. The Military Service Act was opposed, and efforts to bring about a meeting of the International Socialist Bureau were approved. The entry of the Labor Party into the coalition government was denounced. The abridgement of freedom of the press, the spread of child-labor and many of the other evils which tread upon the heels of war were analyzed and opposition to such militarism was planned. The following comrades were chosen on the new Executive Committee: E. H. Jarvis, John MacLean, E. C. Fairchild, J. Fineberg, C. Dukes, W. Watson, Albert Shaw, F. Shaw and G. Deer.

The "Pro-war" minority, after its withdrawal, met in Manchester. This group proceeded to condemn "war as war," but expressed hearty approval of the part taken by England in the present carnage. In a formal statement the reason for secession was given as follows: "The difficulties ahead of us are very great. The opportunities for successful combination are, we believe, still great. This glorious task, however, cannot be successfully carried to fruition if we deliberately sever ourselves from the mass of our countrymen while the United Kingdom, our Colonies, and our Allies are engaged in a life-and-death struggle against German militarism and German atrocities."

A provisional committee was chosen, consisting of H. M. Hyndman, J. Hunter Watts, F. H. Gorle, J. Stokes, Jack Jones,

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IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

This is the chief subject of debate today between Christians and Scientists the world over.

Robert Blatchford says: "Is the Bible a holy and inspired book and the Word of God to man, or is it an incongruous and contradictory collection of tribal tradition and ancient fables, written by men of genius and imagination?"

Mr. Blatchford believes RELIGIONS are not REVEALED, they are EVOLVED.

"We cannot accept as the God of Creation," he writes, "this savage idol (Jehovah) of an obscure tribe, and we have renounced him and are ashamed of him, not because of any later divine revelation, but because mankind have become too enlightened to tolerate Jehovah."

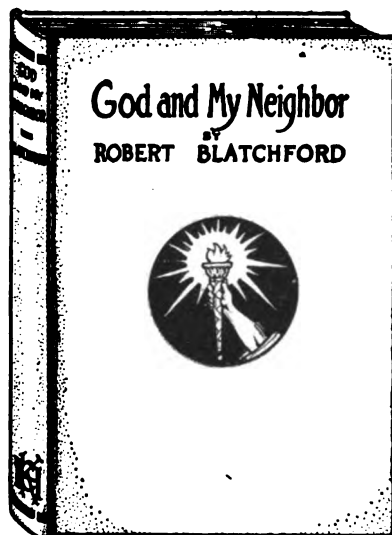
"The ethical code of the Old Testament is no longer suitable as the rule of life. The moral and intellectual advance of the human race has left it behind."

"CHRISTIANS declare the highest conception of God is the Christian conception of him as a Heavenly Father. "God is love," they say. To which Blatchford replies: "This is a very lofty, poetical and gratifying conception, but it is open to one fatal objection—it is not true!"

Mr. Blatchford does not believe that a divine being would need or ask for PRAYER and PRAISE.

"If you were a human father, would you rather your children praised you and neglected each other, or that brother should stand by brother, and sister cherish sister?"

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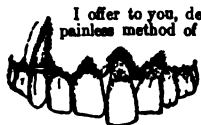
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H. W. Lee, A. S. Headingley, and A. Whiting. This committee was instructed to establish relations with the Labor Party and the International Socialist Bureau, and otherwise organize the group as a new Socialist party.

Shortly after the occurrence of these events "Justice" ceased to be the official organ of the B. S. P. This old and vigorous journal is the property of the Twentieth Century Press, a stock company. It was the official organ of the old S. D. F. and S. D. P. After the B. S. P. had got fairly started it voluntarily assumed a similar relation to this new party. But the Directors of the Twentieth Century Press and the editors of "Justice" are "pro-war." They made haste, naturally, to cut loose from a party which they could no longer be supposed to represent. It is said that the Party has a new anti-war organ named the "Call." I have not yet seen a copy of it.

It is noticeable that the argument of the B. S. P. minority is almost word-for-word that of the German Socialist majority. These brethren surely should agree beautifully if they ever get together. Both groups voluntarily agree to fight the workers of other lands in order not to cut themselves off from the majority of workers at home. They forswear internationalism in order to win workers to Socialism!

H. M. Hyndman still vows that the majority of English Socialists are on his side. But we on the outside are obliged to take the votes of the Independent Labor Party and the British Socialist Party as the true indications of Socialist opinion in England and to say that American Socialists are pleased with these indications is putting it mildly. Limb by limb a new International is coming to life.

Liebknrecht in Danger. On May 1, Karl Liebknrecht addressed a great peace meeting at Potsdamer Platz, Berlin. He is said to have distributed a leaflet on the May day celebration and to have cried, "Down with war! Down with the government!" More than 100,000 persons are reported to have been present.

Liebknrecht was arrested and held on a charge of treason. He is, of course, a soldier—though on leave of absence in order to attend the sessions of the Reichs-

tag. Therefore he is held by the military authorities. On May 10 the Reichstag debated the proposal to demand the liberation of their colleague. Hitherto parliamentary immunity has always been maintained in Germany. Liebknecht's activity places him, however, beyond its protection unless the majority of the Reichstag interprets the law in his favor. Parliamentarians are immune from prosecution as a result of any action connected with the discharge of their duty. From his seat Liebknecht could say what he pleased. But organizing a May day celebration and speaking in Potsdamer Platz cannot be regarded as part of the duty of a member of the Reichstag. The representatives of the capitalist parties were furnished an excellent opportunity to rid themselves of a man they hate more than all the foreign enemies.

When the matter came up for discussion, a regular prosecutor was appointed by the government to present the case against Liebknecht. He produced evidence with regard to the peace demonstration and, so far as I know, this evidence is not denied. Then the leaders of the various parties, the Conservative, Clerical, Liberal, etc., etc., arose and gave vent to their hatred. It was evident in all their speeches that their real purpose is not to punish treason but to stop the voice which has been telling them the truth about the war. As one orator said, they must refuse protection to a man who has long "torn to shreds the dignity and honor of the Reichstag."

The Poles alone among non-Socialists opposed this action. The Socialist majority made a sad mess of the defense. Liebknecht is a person of no importance, they said, therefore let him go. Such gentleness will impress your enemies with a sense of your strength and security. But the government leaders evidently have an opinion of Liebknecht's importance quite different from that of his erstwhile comrades. Protection was withdrawn from him. As THE REVIEW goes to press the only question is, "How far will the court martial dare to go in punishing him?" He may be shot, but it seems more likely that he will be condemned to a long period of imprisonment.

Progress of the German Minority. The

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division of the Social Democracy becomes constantly more imminent. The Executive Committee has published a manifesto which gives a clear picture of the situation. According to this statement separate minority groups are springing up everywhere, with their own central organization and dues-stamps. Paragraphs are quoted from a leaflet which calls on members not to pay dues to the regular party organization and so lend support to the war forces. *Vorwaerts* has not lent its aid to this effort to divide the party, but one of the editors expresses the opinion that it is in line with traditional Socialist policy.

Austrian Socialism. Austria has carried on the war without the aid of a parliament. Austrian Socialists have, therefore, had no official opportunity to express their attitude. There is little reason to mourn this lack. For Austrian Germans, in the main, take the same position as the Germans in Germany, and their anti-war minority is much smaller than the German one. Some idea of the state of affairs in Austria can be gathered from reports of a recent party congress. This was held at Vienna from the 25th to the 28th of April.

Victor Adler was, of course, the leader of the majority, and Fritz Adler, his son, also of course, led the small but vigorous minority. Adler, the elder made an elaborate address. His chief idea was that the primary purpose of Socialism is to inspire and organize the workers of each country. He denounced the efforts being made to found a new International made up of anti-war parties. Nevertheless he demanded the reconstitution of the International Bureau, supporting his demand with the curious observation that brethren who fight each other are still brethren.

A majority resolution was introduced calling on Socialists of all nations to join after the close of the war and pretend that nothing had happened. This resolution is said to have been adopted unanimously. But there evidently was some opposition. The minority introduced a resolution denouncing the war and hailing as comrades the Socialist groups fighting against it in the various countries. Out of 246 delegates this resolution received the support of but 15!

Socialist Gains in Sweden. "If we can keep out of the war the future of Socialism is very bright in Sweden. And the workers of the nation are determined to keep the country out." So says a Swedish Socialist. And the results of the elections held early in May bear him out. The Socialists made a net gain of 45 seats in the national parliament. They now hold 125 seats.

The Second Zimmerwald Conference.

The first international Socialist conference after the outbreak of the war was held at Zimmerwald, Switzerland, in September, 1915. The second was held at Kienthal, in the same country, from the 24th to the 29th of April, 1916. The first was made up of 35 delegates, the second of 40. In the first, Russia, Poland, Germany, Italy, Holland and Sweden were represented. In the second there were no delegates from Sweden or Holland, but there were three from France, all members of the Chamber of Deputies. The British Socialist Party sent a telegram expressing sympathy. A delegate from Austria was turned back at the frontier. So far as its representative character is concerned the second conference was just about equal to the first.

The only fairly full account of the proceedings at hand is the unsympathetic one given by "Homo," in *l'Humanité*. According to this correspondent, strongly French in his attitude, the conference was far from being a harmonious one. The Russians, the Poles, and the Swiss, it seems, were the "radicals." They demanded immediate and constant opposition to the war in all countries. To satisfy this group a "declaration" was adopted demanding: (1) that in all belligerent countries, no matter what the military situation, Socialists vote against the granting of war budgets; (2) that they vote against all taxes no matter what their character may be. A "manifesto" of quite a different sort is said to have been adopted to satisfy the "conservative" group, French and Germans for most part.

The "radicals," led by the Swiss, openly advocated the founding of a new International made up of groups which have remained true to international Socialism.

As a rallying point for the Socialist

movement these conferences have performed a great service. It is with good reason that the Socialists of England are called "Zimmerwaldians" by their opponents. We must keep in mind that our own National Executive Committee has expressed its adhesion to the action of the first meeting. We stand committed to the movement started there. No doubt the great majority of our members were, and are, in sympathy with the action of the committee. Our only regret is that the second conference was not able to go farther than it seems to have gone.

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Stockholders Buy Books at Cost. We do not attempt to pay dividends. Any possible dividend on so small a sum as \$10.00 would be hardly worth while, apart from the fact that we are all trying as best we can to abolish the whole system of dividends and profits. So our method of publishing is to sell our books to our own stockholders, either for their own use or to sell to their neighbors and shopmates. We have found from long experience that a discount of forty per cent from the retail prices of our books, we to prepay postage or expressage, will just about cover the cost of the books and of the unavoidable expenses of distribution. Hereafter this will be the discount to all our stockholders. In other words, we will mail stockholders any of our 10c books at 6c each, 15c books at 9c, 25c books at 15c, 50c books at 30c, \$1.00 books at 60c, \$1.50 books at 90c, \$2.00 books at \$1.20, etc. The only better discount we offer is when \$10.00 or more is sent at one time for books to go in one package, in which case we send them by express prepaid for HALF the retail prices.

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NEWS AND VIEWS



LOCAL CLOVERDALE, INDIANA.

Indiana State at Work—The above picture was taken at the close of a regular business meeting. Comrade Noble C. Wilson, who is managing the Debs campaign in Indiana, adds "Farmer locals are springing up rapidly in Putnam county. Comrade J. Hollingsworth, a lifelong friend of Gene, is doing splendid work. Schoolhouse meetings are being held and each meeting is a great surprise.

"We are doing good work among the Quakers of Hendricks county, which we are flooding with anti-war literature.

"We want to get the best literature into the hands of the Industrial Workers of this district, as we have 4,000 Italians and a great number of Hungarians to reach, also a large number of Germans, and their organization is growing by leaps and bounds.

"Ten thousand miners, all members of the U. M. W. of A., are also lining up, but there is so much work to be done among them.

"Every person in the United States has heard of the rotten political corruption which has flourished in Terre Haute for years. One hundred and twenty-six politicians are now serving terms in Fort Leavenworth and the Marion county jail, including the mayor,

county and city judge, the sheriff and other political grafters. But the big political bosses who financed the job escaped "justice" and spent their winter in Florida and Porto Rico.

"Terre Haute politics have been controlled for years by brewery and traction interests, so you can see we have big capital to buck against. The Republican candidate for Congress is an attorney for the traction company, while the present Congressman in this district is an old line, stand pat, Democratic politician. It is unnecessary to inform the comrades over the nation that if they give us their support we will send Gene to Congress."

Pittsburgh Again—Comrade Bowen comes in with five more yearly subscriptions to show us that Pittsburgh is getting wise to what the working class needs. This is the right kind of Preparedness!

From Canada—Comrade Dinmore and Comrade Anthony, both of Ontario, came in with bunches of subscriptions this month. It looks as if we were going to double our circulation in Canada. The Canadian comrades are always strong on sound class struggle socialism and we are glad to see the REVIEW is making good with them.

The Ancient Lowly

A History of the Ancient Working People from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine

By C. OSBORNE WARD

Nearly all the ancient histories in the libraries are the histories of kings and their wars. The ancient historians despised the people who did useful work; their praise and their attention were reserved for the soldiers. The real story of the working people of Egypt and India, of Greece and of the Roman Empire was lost or buried out of sight.

It was the life work of C. Osborne Ward to dig up and reconstruct the true story of the working people of the ancient world. Not content with studying thousands of ancient volumes and manuscripts, he journeyed hundreds of miles on foot around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, deciphering and translating inscriptions telling parts of the forgotten story of the ancient workers. The results of his research are summed up in two large volumes over 1400 pages.

Partial Contents of Volume I

The "Taint of Labor," ancient slaves and wage-workers alike despised.
Ancient religion and politics identical; the gods were the ancestors of the rulers.
Right of the Patriarch to enslave, sell, torture and kill his children.
Spartans used slaves as soldiers and murdered them at the end of the war.
A strike of 20,000 miners that destroyed the empire of Athens.
Crucifixion the penalty for strikers at Rome.
Revolt of 200,000 slaves in Sicily.
Revolt of Roman slaves led by Spartacus and successful for years.
Rome's organized working men and working women.
History of Labor Unions at Rome preserved in ancient inscriptions.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE RED FLAG.

Partial Contents of Volume II

How the Roman State deceived and destroyed the labor unions.
Strikes of the Hebrew and other slaves in ancient Egypt.
A vast system of secret trade unions throughout the ancient world.
Brotherhoods of workers in India.
Jewish and non-Jewish labor unions just before Christian era.
Christianity first propagated almost entirely within the unions.
Massacre of Christian wage-workers by the Emperor Diocletian and capture of the church organization by the Roman state under Constantine.

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The Factors of Organic Evolution.
The Evidence of Organic Evolution.
The Genealogy of Animals.
Conclusion.

The Psychical Kinship

The Conflict of Science and Tradition.
Evidence of Psychical Evolution.
The Common-Sense View.
The Elements of Human and Non-Human Mind Compared.
Conclusion.

The Ethical Kinship

Human Nature a Product of the Jungle.
Egoism and Altruism.
The Ethics of the Savage.
The Ethics of the Ancient.
Modern Ethics.
The Ethics of Human Beings Toward Non-Human Beings.
The Origin of Provincialism.
Universal Ethics.
The Psychology of Altruism.
Anthropocentric Ethics.
Ethical Implications of Evolution.
Conclusion.

Mark Twain, the greatest of American writers, said in a letter written shortly before his death: "The *Universal Kinship* has furnished me several days of deep pleasure and satisfaction. It has compelled my gratitude, at the same time, since it saves me the labor of stating my own long-cherished opinions, reflections and resentments by doing it lucidly and fervently for me."

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Prisoners of War—Some of our old comrades are interned as prisoners of war on the Isle of Man. One of them writes: "Perhaps you will be glad to hear from one of your old friends interned. I have been a reader of the *REVIEW* for many years. We have done good work with them among our fellow prisoners here. We have a little library of our own fitted out with *REVIEWS* and good hot books—in different languages. But we are on the brink of exhausting our reading material and would be mighty thankful if you could send us some old books, pamphlets, etc., etc. We can do a lot with them. With hearty greetings, I am yours for the Revolution."—X.

His Last Dollar—Comrade Miller of Theodore, Ala., writes: "I am sending you the last dollar I have, but I cannot go without the *REVIEW*." We do not think we can make the *REVIEW* good enough to suit such a red, but we are glad to know that they feel we are trying. Remember, it is up to our readers to help make the *REVIEW* what you want it to be and send us in some live stuff once in a while.

A Wobbly at the Front—One of our old I. W. W. friends was forced into the war and sent, among many others, into France with the British expeditionary force. He writes us the following letter from a military prison. The letter was censored, but every Wobbly will enjoy the news between the lines:

"Dear Comrades: Just a few lines to let you and the *REVIEW* bunch know that my smiling face has at last landed in France. After reaching Australia I staid with my parents for about three weeks. Then I got a job in Melbourne, but there came a call from my country. An extra loud call came to me and feeling as I do for my country, as all the boys in the American organization do about their country, I did just what they would do under such circumstances. I am as patriotic as they are. The call to fight for my country was so loud that I enlisted, under conditions that would make anybody enlist.

"Have had a lovely time in the army—six shillings a day and training all the time. Later we were sent to France via a Cunard liner and I have now been under arrest for three weeks for disobeying an officer. I am awaiting court martial and think I will win out. You know how I love my country—and all the officers. I cannot give you the name of the town where I am stationed, but if you will address me care the British Expeditionary Force, at address given above, I will probably receive the letter. Any good reading matter would certainly be appreciated.

"Some rowdy soldiers at X—— rebelled against the military police and kept up a running fight for five hours. The M. P.'s were

driven from camp and all their belongings burnt. The authorities had to do away with the military police and General Leave was the order of the day.

"Up to this time most of the men had been paying railroad fares, but some dishonest soldier suggested that the railroad fares should be charged to Kitchener, which was immediately endorsed by the men. But, as you know, I was entirely out of sympathy with these undisciplined and unlawful proceedings."

The Indiana State Convention—The comrades of Indiana held an enthusiastic convention at Indianapolis on May 6th and 7th. The interest and activity in the coming campaign will be largely centered on an effort to send Comrade Eugene Debs to Congress from the Terre Haute district. A motion was unanimously carried to purchase two Ford machines. And a good big chunk of money was raised at the convention for this purpose. A telegram was received from Jim Larkin suggesting that the comrades protest against the treatment accorded Comrade James Connolly, and the result was that a cablegram was sent to Premier Asquith demanding that Comrade Connolly and his colleagues be treated as prisoners of war.

Swiss and Liebknecht—A message from Zurich says that the *Volksrecht* organized for Sunday last a great demonstration in honor of Liebknecht.

Trouble is on at Webb City, Mo. The mine operators of the lead district reduced wages of miners and hoisting engineers from 25 to 50 cents a day. The result was a strike on some of the properties of the adjacent camps, involving members of No. 603. The latest word is that Frank H. Little, and two members whose names are not given, are in jail. The secretary writes that he expects a big increase in membership.

One thousand miners are on strike at Aurora, Minn. The strike is growing. Sam Scarlett has been sent to look after the situation.

The United Mine Workers provoked a strike at the Jermyn mine at Old Forge, Pa. The strike was directed against members of the I. W. W. There was a pitched battle between the miners, which was settled when the black uniformed constabulary appeared on the scene. The latest news from the coal field is that everything is quiet, and the I. W. W. is holding its own.

Agricultural Workers' Organization No. 400, at the regular meeting in Kansas City, framed these demands for the harvest in Kansas: Wages, \$4 a day and board; ten hours, double pay for overtime; good food and good beds. They have over three hundred delegate-organizers in the field. From twenty to fifty members are being initiated every day.



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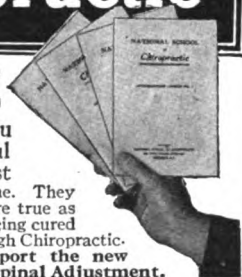
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Why Ask for a Permit?—Word comes in that the city authorities of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have refused to grant a street speaking permit to the local Socialist party. It seems that Comrade Walter Lanferseik, national secretary, and Comrade Max Sherover of the national office, were passing through town and could not resist the invitation of the local comrades to stay over and hold an open air meeting—but no meeting was held. We hope the local comrades will go to bat with the "city fathers" and show them that free speech is an American institution which is still worth fighting for. It is about time local Cedar Rapids got on the job anyway. From all reports, the local has been a dead one for quite a while. Come on, Comrades, show your colors and put Cedar Rapids on the socialist map! In passing, we know one Jimmie Higgins, who has distributed more straight socialist literature, sold more *Reviews* and done more agitation during the past four years than the local itself.

From *Forward*, Scotland—The latest stunt in the reactionary Press is that Karl Marx, the hunted Socialist exile was in reality filled up with German "nationalist purpose" "the suppressed but always dominant Teutonism of Karl Marx" "the bitter national and racial antagonism displayed by Karl Marx and his disciples against the Slav peoples. They were hostile to France in a scornful way; to the Slav nations they were mercilessly repressive."

Marx, we are told, was "an unscrupulous fighter." He was "very German"; he fought with "poison gas." Currency is given to an old time (and baseless) speculation of Engel's that the *Labour Leader* had been founded with Tory gold.

This is the depth to which, not the *Morning Post*, not the Harmsworth Press, but the *CLARION* has now reached. It is Mr. A. M. Thompson in the *Clarion* for 26th May.

Milwaukee Leader please copy.

On the Job—A Kansas City rebel in remitting for his second bundle of fifty June *Reviews*, writes "It is a cinch no politician can appreciate a redhot, revolutionary magazine like the *Review*, and say, the June number has certainly got the goods, as the pictures of the three dead men take the audience by storm at every street meeting. They show what happens to the sissors who are fools enough to go to Mexico to fight the bosses' battles—they make good food for coyotes. We are taking this month's bundle to the railroad shops and factories. Yours for Industrial Freedom, Local No. 61, I. W. W."

Joseph J. Ettor, general organizer, was called to Lawrence by a small number of members who were on strike. After conferring with them and retiring to his hotel, he was dragged out of bed at five o'clock in the morning, put into an automobile, and taken to Boston. He returned to Lawrence the next day with counsel and swore out warrants against his abductors. These marshals and police inspectors may find themselves in a serious conspiracy case.

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From Kansas—"Everywhere I hear nothing but praise for the Review. Our local puts a copy every month in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. and it is a bigger thought provoker than all the rest of the periodicals put together. The reason is the Review's straightforward, uncompromising articles."—L. K. B., Secy.

Tom Barker, 330 Castlereagh street, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, has been fined \$500, or the alternative of ten months in prison, on a charge of publishing matter likely to prejudice against recruiting. This charge is based on a cartoon which appeared in *Direct Action*, showing Labor pinned to a cross by swords and sabres. A capitalist is catching the blood (profits) in a bowl, which is dripping from Labor's hands and feet. Barker's prosecution is not because the cartoon prejudices against recruiting, but because it clearly portrays the class war. The Barker Defense Committee asks your earnest co-operation.

The United Dock Workers of Seattle, Wash., were refused a charter by the I. L. A. The U. D. W. went on strike, the I. L. A. continued to work. The Industrial Workers of the World will co-operate with the United Dock Workers and try to have them unite with us, not only to help win the strike, but to establish solidarity among the marine transport workers on the Pacific Coast.—U. D. W.



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A little Hold-Up Now and Then—Comrade Edna Porter, leading lady of The Everywoman Company, writes us that many people unite to hold up theatrical companies when they stop in towns for one or two-night stands. The rawest deal we have ever read about anywhere was pulled off in Iola, Kan., by a restaurant owner named Lamay. From all reports Mr. Lamay decided to bleed the Everywoman company for all he could get. Miss Marion Bradbury, who plays "Self" in the company, and Miss Frances Simpson, who plays "Modesty," went to the Lamay restaurant for supper. Expecting to be joined by another member of the cast, Miss Bradbury turned up a chair to hold it for their friend, who failed to appear. Mr. Lamay charged Miss Bradbury for two suppers—her own and one for the vacant, up-turned chair. The young women left the restaurant in a perfectly orderly manner, hoping to find a policeman who would straighten the matter out. Lamay appeared in the doorway and, seeing the girls talking to the constable, ordered them arrested for disturbing the peace. One of the actresses writes for the *Dramatic Mirror*: "Without further argument we were marched to the police court, where our business manager got us out on \$20 bail, to play the performance. Next morning came the trial. We had two witnesses. The plaintiff had none. Also, we had an efficient lawyer, who obtained from the plaintiff on the witness stand an admission contrary to his charge against us. But in spite of this charge the judge (W. L. Bartels) found us guilty and fined us. It was such a case of legal injustice that our lawyer appealed the case to the district court and made himself personally responsible, putting up \$100 bond for us. This was a clear case of an imposition on a theatrical company, which the judge knew must leave town the next day and therefore would find it difficult to fight. As it was, we had to wait over for a later train to appear at the trial. If you go to Iola, Kan., remember that people say Lamay, the restaurant keeper, charges strangers 5 cents for a glass of water with meals, that he charges for meals if you turn up a chair—even if there are a dozen vacant chairs in the room, and that Judge Bartels declared two modest, charming young girls guilty of conduct of which they were incapable, without doubt, because he thought they could not lay over to fight the case. It looks to us as though the actors and actresses are going to need their labor organization to fight such cases of palpable imposition. They must put such men as Lamay on the taboo list and refuse to patronize his restaurant, and they must show the people of Iola just what sort of a judge they have. We extend our heartfelt sympathies to the people of Iola. We hope they won't permit Bartels to be wished on them again."

The Kelsey Wheel Workers at Detroit, Mich., where the workers gained an eight-hour day and 6 to 8 cents increase in wages, are again on strike on account of discrimination against members of the I. W. W.

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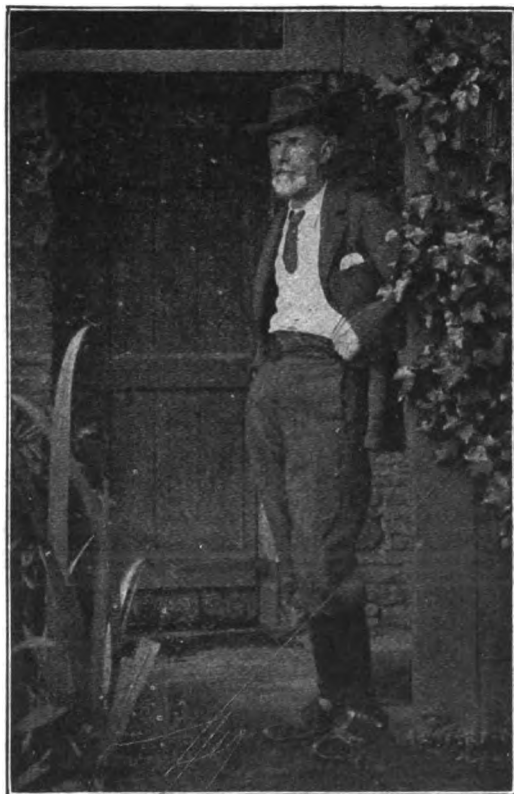
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DR. J. L. MAGNUS of New York was the guest a few days ago of Julius Rosenwald at the Ellis avenue home of the Sears-Roebuck multi-millionaire, Chicago's most widely known sustainer of organized charity.

Magnus was brought here from New York to voice the cry of the crushed and desperate Jews of Russia, Poland and Palestine. As a public speaker Magnus outclasses any who has come to Chicago in a long time, if newspaper stories are true. They report that when Magnus told the Auditorium audience Thursday night about the crushed and desperate Jews of war-torn lands, the wives of State street merchants and the wives of millionaire garment manufacturers of Chicago sobbed and the rest of the audience took up the sobbing until it was impossible for the speaker on the stage to make himself heard because of the noise of the sobbing.

On the front page of the Chicago Herald, in which Julius Rosenwald has sunk \$250,000 of ready cash, Jack Lait reported the event with this remarkable paragraph sub-headed, "Sobs Halt Speaker":

"A young American Jew with the voice of an angel and the eloquent pathos of all Jewish history in his trembling outcries against the horrors of Europe had to stop at the climax of his peroration because the sobs of his hearers—prosperous, stable citizens, most of them—drowned out his clarion words."

As I read that paragraph of Jack Lait over again I wondered what he was getting at. And it seemed to me the underlying meaning was:

"Look here, you people who say the rich State street Jews and the garment manufacturers have hearts of stone. Look at them sobbing. They have hearts of blood and flesh and they can cry and shake with feeling the same as any garment worker's wife moaning over a baby dead because wages failed to buy the proper housing and food for a child. You who say the Jews of Mandel's, Rothschild's and Siegel-Cooper's have ice water instead of blood in their veins—look at them sobbing!"

I wonder what would have happened if the same audience had been listening to Ellen Gates Starr as a speaker and Miss Starr had told them what she knows

about the crushed and desperate Jews of Chicago battling through a clothing workers' union for the right to organize and be paid a living wage.

If this audience sprinkled with Jewish millionaires and their wives had heard the Hull House woman tell how last October, Rose Goodman, a Jewish girl, was jammed into a police wagon and her breast bone broken by a policeman's fist, how the faces of Jewish girls were slapped by harness bulls of the Chicago police force, how there were hundreds of Jewish girls and women among the 2,300 arrested during the clothing strike and these prisoners were huddled in the vermin-crept cells of Harrison street, Chicago avenue and Shakespeare avenue stations—if this audience had heard Miss Starr tell the story of Russianized Chicago, I wonder whether the speaker's voice would have been drowned by the kind of sobbing which stopped Dr. Magnus near the finish of his speech the other night.

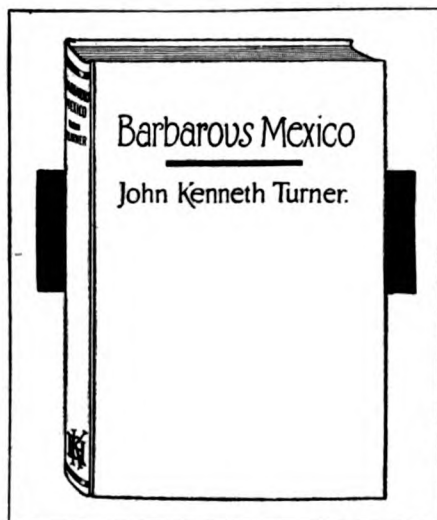
I wonder why Jewish womanhood in Chicago is not as sacred and beautiful, as much worthy of thought and action, as the crushed and desperate Jews of Russia, Poland and Palestine.

JOE MARTIN is dead. He was the secretary, chum, servant, friend and passionate vassal of John P. Altgeld, the best working-class governor that has ever sat in an executive chair in the United States.

Martin was a gambler, running a place called The Shotgun. He took a law case to Altgeld. Something about Altgeld's simple and honest way of going at things hit straight into the heart and head of Joe Martin. He quit gambling, traveled over Illinois with Altgeld and helped nominate and elect to the governorship the man who pardoned the working-class men sent to Joliet on charges of complicity in the Haymarket bomb affair.

Martin was one of Altgeld's advisers who was out and out for a pardon of the anarchists. From start to finish he maintained the conviction was a frame-up and it would be better for Altgeld to pardon them and go down to political defeat than to live on without doing his best to set right a vicious wrong.

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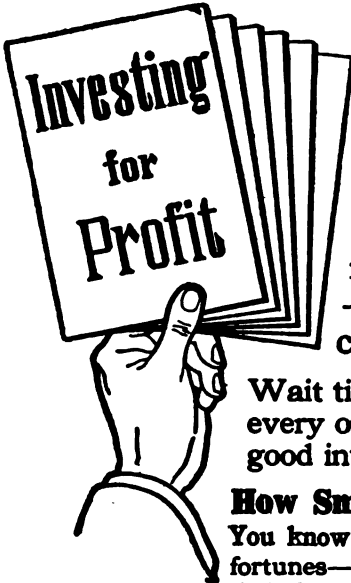
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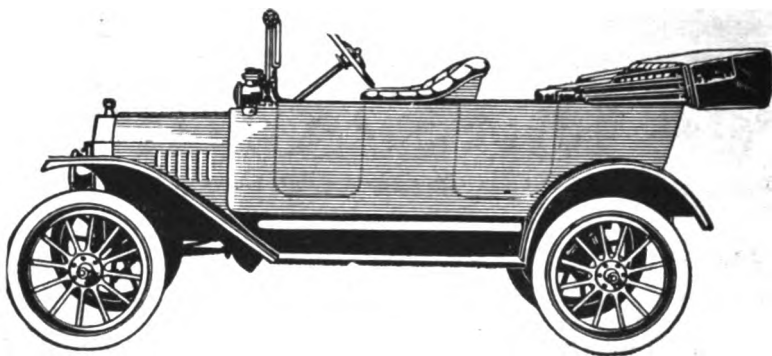
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August

1916

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No. 2

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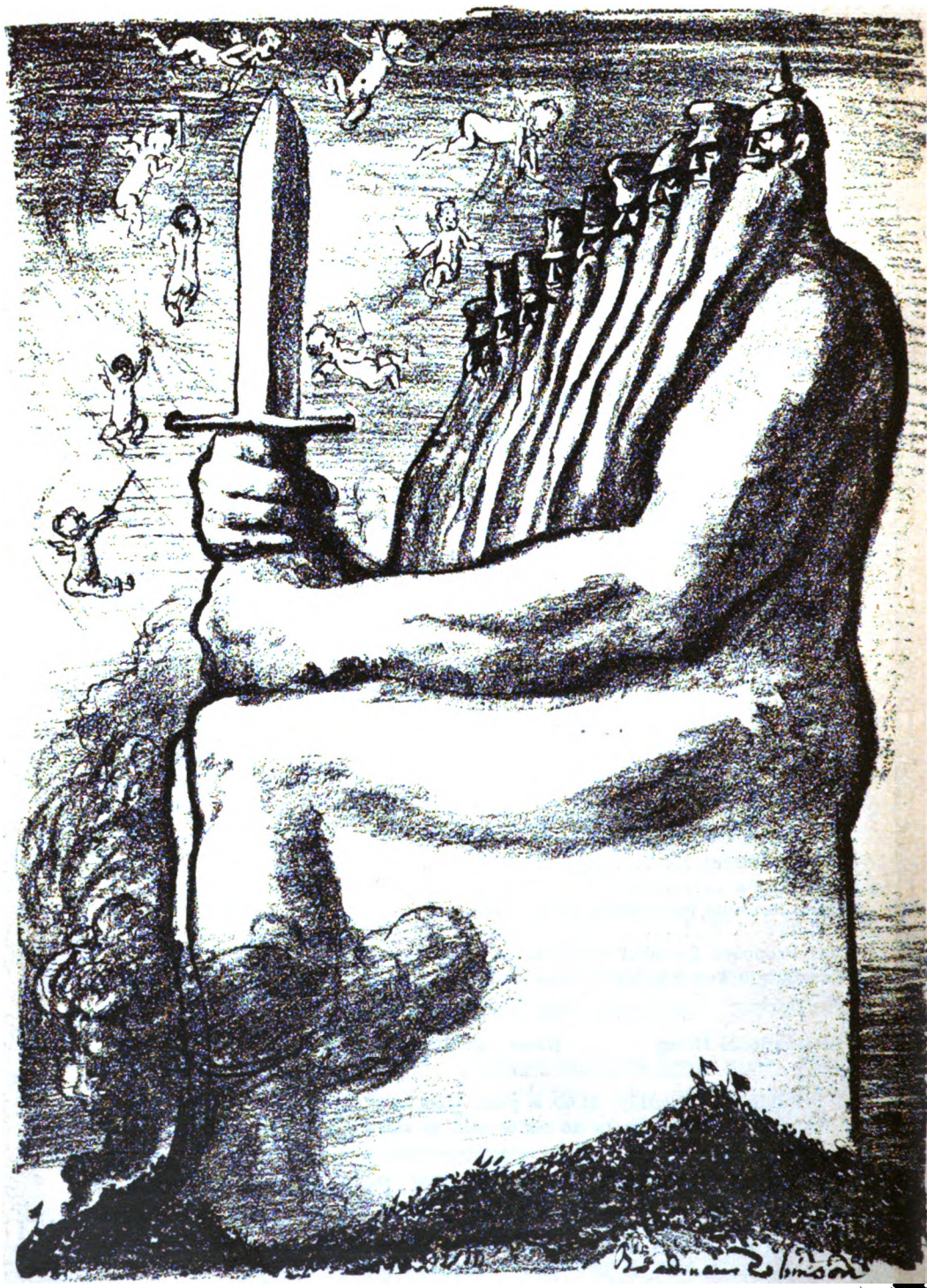
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From the Masses

Preparedness Gods

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVII

AUGUST, 1916

No. 2

DOINGS OF THE MONTH



Kirby, in *N. Y. World*.

TRULY LOYAL NOW

HEARST, the Mexican rancher, who publishes American newspapers, has had his Mexican property confiscated by the Carranza government. Dispatches say John C. Hayes, manager of Hearst's Babicora ranch, passed through the field headquarters of Gen. Pershing July 11 with the information that the Carranza government has seized the Hearst ranch and appointed a manager. Certainly, it ought to be easy for the Carranza government in any court of arbitration in the world to prove that Hearst is a traitor to the Mexican government and by lies, falsehoods and prevarications repeated from day to day, year in and year out, in cartoons, news stories and editorials, tried to bring on a hell-roaring war between the United States and Mexico. The treason of Hearst, the Mexican rancher, to the Mexican government is easily provable. And there are more and more American

workingmen, knowing the Hearst newspapers, knowing the Hearst mines of Lead, S. D., and knowing the Hearst-bred pressmen's strike in Chicago wherein three strikers were killed by professional gunmen—these American workingmen look on Hearst as a more dangerous enemy than any Mexican, any Japanese, or any powers outside this country. Hearst can go right on calling his papers American. But the working class has got his number. He has less influence in proportion to his circulation than anybody that ever printed a newspaper or magazine in this country.

GREETINGS, Henry Ford. You are a traitor to your class. You have millions at your finger ends and you can write a check for tens of millions that would get cashed. Banks are falling over each other

Starrett, in *N. Y. Tribune*.

HENRY FORD AT LEAST SETS THE EXAMPLE

to get your deposits. Streams of profits pour in to you. Yet though you are a Man of Property you talk and act like a Human Being. And because you are going along putting humanity first and property last, you are the cause of headaches and sickness and worry among the editorial newspaper lackeys and the preachers and press agents of Big Business. When you began paying a \$5 a day minimum wage to the 30,000 people in your works, you put yourself on record as a traitor to the propertied class which believes in buying labor power at the current market rate instead of at the price of decent living. Again, when you placed your curse on war and militarism, supplying Congressman Tavenner with \$100,000 for the printing of his speeches mailed out in Illinois of copies showing the fraud and fake of the munitions-makers, you were out of your class, you were advocating the cause of the working class. And now in your statement to a reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor* to the effect that if a strike ever comes in your shops you will not under any conditions call for the state militia to shoot up your workmen, you again are with Humanity and against the propertied class. You act like one of those great careless men who become remembered in history.

AMERICAN manufacturers are making soft-nosed dum-dum bullets and shipping and selling these American-made dum-dum bullets to Mexico. Who these Ameri-

Fitzpatrick, in *St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

IS THIS GOOD BUSINESS?

can manufacturers are, their names and addresses, what clubs, societies and churches they attend,—what cities they live in from which they direct the making, shipping and selling of soft-nosed dum-dum bullets—is not published in American newspapers. The following information, word for word, as here printed first appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* editorial column, later in the *Santa Fe New Mexican* and still later in the *Chicago Daily News*:

Nine days after the raid on Columbus the Ward Line steamer *Esperanza* arrived in Vera Cruz with 1,350,000 rounds of ammunition, all soft nosed or dum-dum bullets, for the Carranza government.

On April 1 the Ward Line steamer *Monterey* landed at Vera Cruz 1,350,000 rounds of ammunition.

On May 13, a month after the Carranza garrison at Parral had attempted to ambush the advance guard of the American expeditionary troops under Major Tompkins, and had attacked them, the *Esperanza* landed at Vera Cruz 300,000 rounds of ammunition.

During these months ammunition has been going over the border in quantities, as well as other supplies for Carranza troops.

Our soldiers are now about to meet a large enemy force, armed and equipped by their own countrymen, with the permission of the government that is now sending them into the field. The American soldiers who died in battle will be shot by American bullets, propelled by American powder, from guns held by soldiers fed by American food, supported by a government established through the influence of the American government.

There the information ends. Readers of the American newspapers printing this stuff get all the knowledge they want in this in-

stance except the name or names of the American manufacturers involved. The profiteers on American soil who have their hand in on this game of making, shipping, and selling soft-nosed dum-dum bullets are traitors to their country in the same sense that Benedict Arnold was a traitor. That is, if treason consists of selling out your own people.

Dum-dum bullets are forbidden in so-called civilized warfare because the soft metal of them spreads when it enters a human body and tears a wider and rougher line of passage than the clean hole made by an ordinary bullet of so-called civilized warfare.

How much cash are American manufacturers getting in the dum-dum bullet trade? And what are the names of the manufacturers? How would big photographs of some of these dum-dum bullet makers look carried at the head of a preparedness parade?

WHEN history is written of the past two years in America it will be stated as a cold fact of politics that Woodrow Wilson was the president of the United States and it rested more on Woodrow Wilson than any other one person in this country to say whether or not this nation should take part in the wild cataclysm of war going on over in Europe. In the controversy over the Lusitania and in other disputes it rested on the say-so of Woodrow Wilson, one little 150-pound man, whether the United States should send its fleet to European waters and convoy an army of troops to Flanders or elsewhere. At various times there have been nervous little nincompoops and lightweight of history holding places of power and using their power to play hell with the working class, but Woodrow Wilson has been no such nincompoop or lightweight, in spite of the representations of Socialist papers like the *Milwaukee Leader*. In the Mexican situation again the choice has been clearly a personal one with Wilson and his decision was against war. The cards were all stacked and congressmen were ready after the Columbus raid to call on Congress for the passage of a declaration of war. Wilson, by thrusting a so-called "punitive expedition" into Mexico, outplayed the war fools and ended the possibilities of war. All the uniformed jingoes of the military caste of the United States are at the present writ-

ing compelled to live in pup tents down among the alkali stretches of the Mexican border. In three speeches in early July President Wilson repeated that he will not allow American capitalist interests to force him to favor a war with Mexico. So long as certain American Socialist and labor papers and politicians are noisily accusing Wilson of being a war fool, it will be necessary to remind those papers and politicians that Wilson's record amid terrific pressure and playing a lone-handed game is that of being a peace fool instead of a war fool. To howl suspicions of militarism against a president who has kept the working class of America out of war during a hair-trigger period is a species of treachery to the working class that does no good. The whole cause of working class organization would be farther behind if this country had now a putty president like McKinley or a fat-headed reactionary like Cleveland, or a war-howling mouthpiece of the Steel Trust like the Great Betrayer, Theodore Roosevelt.

WHILE the newspapers are filled with calls for patriotic young men to join the militia and learn how to fight for the American flag—

And while preachers and special advocates, press agents and singers of "The Star Spangled Banner" are staging preparedness parades, and telling the working class the United States is a *free* country worth fighting for—

The Duluth *News-Tribune*, a newspaper run by and for business interests, a witness without prejudice for the working class, prints these sinister facts on date of June 28:

"Carlo Tresca, leader of miners on Mesaba range, now striking, was arrested this afternoon by Patrolmen Dan Sullivan and Fred Anthony on a warrant sworn out by Police Chief Owen Gately. Tresca is charged with criminal libel for allowing the red banner, 'Murdered by Oliver Gunmen,' to be carried at the head of the funeral procession of John Alar, the striking miner who was shot and killed in a gun fight.

Tresca said: "The police are our publicity agents and we could do little without them. I did not carry the banner and they cannot prove that I did!"

This cold, brief narrative tells in a nutshell why the American working class has



UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES ON THE
MESABA RANGE

failed to respond to the whirlwind preparedness propaganda of the past year. The get-ready-for-national-defense campaign in newspapers, magazines, pulpits, military and munitions manufacturing quarters the past year has been one of the shrewdest and most powerful opinion-molding crusades ever conducted by American capitalists. Its net result has been the most complete failure that was ever recorded in this country as the outcome of an enormous outlay of cash for clever agitation that made people think. More and more as the working class has thought about preparedness, it has rejected it. The employers are able to mobilize their workers for marches thru city streets behind flags and drums and brass bands. But they are not able to march them through the doorways of armories for enlistment in the National guard. *And the reason for this is that the workers believe this is not yet enough of a free country for the working class to enlist and fight and die for. If such events as those which have occurred in Mesaba range cities were impossible if working men asserting the decent and human rights of men were not subjected to a false arrest on false charges based on false laws, it would be easier for the stupid and greedy munitions interests of this country to enlist workmen for war. So long as the working class feels that the flag stands for property instead of men, women and*

children, so long will the flag be taken as a joke by workmen such as those of the Mesaba range, for whom the flag represents nothing but suppression, handcuffs, bars, and bread and water from tin dishes.

DON'T worry about this talk of bankrupt nations and exhaustion from economic losses incurred by the war. The earth, the mines, the forests and fields will be left after the war. The chief loss to the human race as a result of the war will be the loss of productive power thru live, productive men being transformed into dead, unproductive men. In other words, the most valuable material destroyed by the war is human machinery. Of course, there will be transfers of credits and cash, and some nations will be worse off than others, and the United States capitalists will grab off more than the ruling class of any other nation in war profits. But the international working class will not be a loser in capital. Much of its best young life blood will have been drained away. But it will have suffered no economic loss. Having nothing to be bankrupted of it cannot be bankrupted.

FOURTEEN business agents of painters' and electrical workers' unions in Chicago were found guilty of extortion, boycott, malicious mischief, and the getting of money under false pretenses, in a jury trial running from April 22 to June 19. Evidence was based on testimony of storekeepers and contractors who told stories of window smashings during 1915, causing thousands of dollars damage. The graft of the convicted men, according to witnesses, was to collect cash from those whose property was destroyed under the threat of further property destruction. Collections ran from \$50 to \$200. In effect, it was a system of sabotage carried on for the purpose of getting cash into the pockets of the labor union officers. They were "sab cats" for cash and cash only. The significant feature of the trial was that the labor men were not able to produce evidence showing any principles, any idealism, any viewpoints except that of cash. Their slogan was, "Kick in," and the forthcoming cash went into their personal pockets.

THE fight of the Chicago Teachers' Federation for legal right to existence is really a contest of national importance. In the peremptory dismissal of 42 teachers June 27, because of membership in the Teachers' Federation, the Chicago Board of Education struck a blow at the right of government employees to organize. Nothing in the whole affair is of greater significance than the statements of school board President Jake Loeb that the teachers were moulding "the delicate, plastic mind of the school child" into sympathy with organized labor.

The 42 teachers all had markings on the records of School Superintendent John D. Shoop as "excellent," "superior" and "good." As educators there was no fault found with them. "Insubordination" was the charge. And the "insubordination" consisted of improper handling of "the delicate, plastic mind of the school child."

Dismissal of the 42 Teachers' Federation members was accomplished by a vote of nine trustees against eight. If no court action or pressure by the city council comes to set right this situation, it must be counted as a defeat for the working class, for the strongest and sanest forces of the community in which is located America's chief labor market.

That Jake Loeb, the school board president who manipulated the ousting, is a Russian Jew whose father came from Kovno to Archey Road, is a fact which has roused working class Jews to the formation of a league to let it be known that Jake Loeb, with his czar tactics, is only a mouthpiece and a tool of modern feudalism, a Jew whose tongue has a Cossack thirst.

SOMETIMES old proverbs flash into our heads. There's a hoary one runs like this:

"The words of his mouth were as butter, yet war was in his heart." This fits in with the latest sermon from Butter-Mouth Judge Elbert Gary, head of the steel trust, who spills this:

"To employers of labor I would say: Treat your men right; treat them justly and liberally. To employes I would say: Loyal, efficient service is sure to be rewarded. To both employer and employe I would emphasize the fact that each must rely on the other for success; neither is independent of the other; they succeed or they fail together."

This from the head of the concern which is the world's greatest employer of 12-hour-a-day, 7-day-week workmen!

PRISONERS OF WAR NOT ALLOWED TO READ THE REVIEW, BUT—

The following letter to the REVIEW was written by a German comrade now a prisoner in England. For obvious reasons, we do not give his name, number or address: "As a member of the Party, I wish to congratulate our Comrades in America for the stand they have taken towards this horrible war, and allow me to say that there are a few left in this camp who stick to our old ideal of freedom. Altho interned, we are following the movement with keen interest.

"We are not allowed to read the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, but somehow or other we manage to get one in, and whenever this happens, it has to go the whole round of the camp.

"Hoping you will give this to the knowledge of our Comrades and excuse me for this short letter, as there is no more space, yours faithfully."



PARADE OF STRIKING IRON MINERS

The Iron Heel on the Mesaba Range

By LESLIE H. MARCY

Photographs by George Dawson

WHEN Jack London, the rebel, wrote his wild drama of the Iron Heel, back in 1907, few of us thought we would ever live to see his dream come true, although, at that very time, the iron miners of the North were on strike.

We were all carried away on a mighty wave of enthusiasm in those days by the splendid victories of the Western Federation of Miners. Were not Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone saved by the magnificent solidarity of the working class? So we dubbed Jack's vision a pipe dream, discounted the future and went to sleep.

Since then the scenes have shifted; the Iron Heel of the steel trust has wiped out all labor organizations in the steel industry; the coal barons declared war on the coal miners of West Virginia, and won with an army of gunmen. They carried a curtain of fire into Colorado and made the workers dig their own graves. The copper kings of Michigan destroyed all organization among their slaves in one short winter. Have you

forgotten the working class dead at Calumet and Ludlow? The IRON HEEL OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS IN FREE AMERICA HAS BECOME A COLD BLOODED FACT.

Twenty thousand iron miners in the state of Minnesota are making their last stand. They have revolted against the Steel Trust by going on strike, and the fighting power of these men is made up of SEVERAL THOUSAND CLASS CONSCIOUS WORKERS. Their fight is your fight! The amount of support you give them will accurately register the militant strength of the socialist movement in this country.

The Socialists among the Finnish miners have been the only force the companies have been unable to overcome, as there has been no labor organization on the range for several years.

Our Finnish comrades do not confine themselves to any one line of action. They believe the miners should be organized at the point of production in an industrial union, therefore, when they



THE FAMOUS RED BANNER THEY CARRIED

went on strike they called upon the I. W. W. to help them organize and win their demands.

Experienced organizers were immediately sent to co-operate with the comrades. Before they could cover the range the men in mine after mine had downed tools. They started first at the St. James mine near Aurora, on account of unfair conditions. The mine owners refused to meet the men and war was immediately declared.

Declaration of War.

Fellow Workers and Friends:

War has been declared against the steel trust and the independent mining companies of Minnesota, by the Industrial Workers of the World.

The iron miners are mustering. Twenty thousand have left the mines and pits.

More than seven thousand have already been sworn in.

The steam shovels are idle. The drills are silent.

The miners are on strike in the following camps: Hibbing, 4,000; Chisholm, 2,800; Virginia, 2,500; Buhl, 1,400; Eveleth, 1,600; Gilbert, 900; Biwabik, 600; Aurora, 900; Kinney, 800, and other small camps.

The demands are \$2.75 a day for top men. For miners, dry places, \$3.00; for miners, wet places, \$3.50; the 8-hour day; abolition of contract labor; bi-monthly pay days; to be paid at once when discharged or leaving work.

It is the iron miners who are making these demands. Men who are doing hard, hazardous work. They take their lives into their hands every time they go down into the mines or pits.

They are the men who produce the ore that is converted into iron and steel to make the machinery of the world. Without these men civilization could not exist.

These barehanded iron miners, driven to desperation, have declared industrial war against the United States steel corporation. The masters of bread are fighting with their usual weapons—gunmen, detectives, courts and the press.

We are united, but must have help. This is your fight. You must raise money for food, clothing, shelter and organization work.

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD,
General Secretary-Treasurer.

Meanwhile moves the Iron Heel, the steel trust's Juggernaut! How deliberate and impassive its gunmen travel in armored motor cars. Private mine guards on the pay-rolls of the mining corporations have been deputized by the AUTHORITIES of St. Louis county to keep LAW and ORDER! How well these hired assassins do their work is told by the strikers in their bulletin:

"John Aller was murdered by the Oliver Mining Company gunmen at his home near the property, Thursday, June 22, 1916, at 6 o'clock in the morning. The strikers who were on picket line on that morning say that the gunmen deliberately walked into Aller's house and shot him three times in the back. John Aller was a married man and leaves his wife and three children, the oldest being five years old and the youngest is an infant boy. They are orphaned because their father demanded a right for all of them to live. The strikers are supporting this fatherless family.

"The funeral of this murdered striker was held on Sunday, June 26. The funeral rites were held in the Finnish Socialist



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN MINNESOTA THESE DAYS. STRIKING MINERS ON THE MARCH

hall at Virginia. Fully seven thousand strikers accompanied the murdered brother to the cemetery. The Catholic priests of all nationalities on the range refused to perform the rite over the remains of John Aller. It was the wish of the unfortunate widow, that the priest should officiate. The priests, however, being loyal to the master class, refused to do so, although the organizers did everything they could to obtain them. The funeral was headed by a large banner carried by four women, upon which was inscribed: **MURDERED BY OLIVER GUNMEN.** The Finnish Socialist band of Virginia played the funeral music and marched at the head of the parade. At the grave of John Aller, funeral orations

were delivered in all languages of the strikers."

Up to date not a single gunman has been arrested for this foul murder! But Carlo Tresca and six other strike leaders were promptly arrested, thrown into jail and charged with criminal libel because the strikers carried a red banner at the funeral of their fellow-worker, reading, **Murdered by Oliver Gunmen!**

Little, Tresca and Gilday were kidnapped on Saturday night and when the news reached the miners of Buhl and Hibbing, they lined up three thousand strong and started to Virginia. It is needless to add that these organizers were immediately released on bail. Such is the majesty of law and order in the State of Minnesota!



TAKING THE OATH OF SOLIDARITY AT THE GRAVE OF THEIR MURDERED COMRADE ALLAR

The Iron Heel and the Governor

The *Labor World*, official weekly paper of the Duluth labor unions, says:

"Governor Burnquist can stop the deputizing of private guards if he cares to do it. Unprejudiced people on the range, who are in closer touch with the situation than are the editors of the local daily press, will tell him where the responsibility lies, namely, at the door of the authorities who invite trouble when they deputize the men who are paid by the mining companies and who know no other masters.

"But the governor has not yet proven himself big enough for the job. He has the power to do this if he wants to exercise that power."

"The Governor knows there are two sides to every question. However, his representative, sent to the range to investigate the trouble got his information from one side and, we are reliably informed by Mayor Boylan of Virginia, made no attempt to get the other side, the miners' side."

Whether the strike is won or lost depends upon the miners themselves. The I. W. W. is a part of that strike and will fight to the limit of its resources. The following telegram was sent to Governor Burnquist:

J. A. A. Burnquist:
Governor of the State of Minnesota, Executive Mansion, St. Paul, Minn.

You instructed sheriff of St. Louis county to disarm miners, peaceful citizens.

We submit herewith gross violation of personal liberty of miners and ask you to remove all mine guards from within city limits of mining towns. Otherwise our miners will be instructed to defend themselves by constitutional rights.

Seven mine guards forcibly entered home of strikers at Gilbert Friday night, June 30, 1916, with drawn guns. They threatened strikers if they do not return to work. They snatched a baby from the arms of its mother and brutalized it.

The clear facts in our possession are ready to be submitted to your representatives.

George Andreytchine was imprisoned 24 hours in Itasca county without a charge being placed against him. Inquiry was futile. Are we in Russia?

(Signed) Sam Scarlett, Carlo Tresca, F. Rusel, Joe Gilday, L. Ha Lareen, V. Wesaman, S. Attaviani, M. Schustrick, J. S. Siltis.

Hundreds of Arrests

A gunman was killed by a man whose wife had been struck by a thug. Twelve I. W. W. organizers are held on first degree murder charges for this. These men must have a first class lawyer to defend them and Judge O. N. Hilton of Denver has been secured.

Their names are: Frank Little, Joe

Schmidt, Carlo Tresca, Sam Scarlett, James Gilday, L. Ahlgren, Frank Russell, Joseph Nickich, John Orlandich, Joseph Cerruogrdovich, Leo Stark, Frank Wesserman.

A large number of strikers who were peacefully parading from Aurora to Biwabik, where they expected to attend a strike meeting, were arrested and will be tried in court at Virginia.

At Nashwauk, twenty Austrian, Italian and Finnish pickets were arrested and thrown in jail by Deputy Sheriff T. T. Riley, assisted by an army of deputies. They will *probably* be taken to Grand Rapids for trial.

Chief Hayes said, "We haven't allowed the I. W. W. agitators to get even a toe-hold here. The Socialists got the ball park for a picnic and as soon as we found that it was to be but a screen for a strike meeting we soon put the 'kibosh' on them."

At Chisholm, Sheriff John R. Meining, at a meeting of mining company police, stated that "men deputized at the mines had full powers of deputy sheriffs and that their duties were not confined to the property they were assigned to protect, but extended throughout the county." He further informed these deputized thugs that "he had communicated with the attorney general and an opinion received from him on the question of mobs was to the effect that in times of disturbance, such as now exist on the range, three men constitute a mob and should be immediately dispersed."

Some of the municipal authorities are friendly, but helpless when contending against the steel corporation. On July 7th a meeting was held, composed of officials of the Range Municipalities with committees from the striking miners from the different mines. Wages and working conditions were discussed and miner after miner testified to low wages and rotten conditions. Thousands of miners work only seven months and their pay does not average \$2.50 a day.

Listen to Mike Stark of Chisholm:

Mike Stark, of Chisholm: I am a miner for fourteen years—over fourteen years, and I have eight children—I have seven living and one died. I worked now for last three years, I have got \$59 check (a month), \$61, \$62, \$63, \$67, up to \$70 (a month)—but a couple of

Hibbing Iron Mining Co. No. 37471
 Mine No. 199
 4 days Virginia, Minn. JAN 27 1916 191
 Pay to the order of Mancini Atillo 3.80
PAYROLL
 THREE DOLLARS EIGHTY
 To FIRST NATIONAL BANK, 75-20 VIRGINIA, MINN.
 By *[Signature]*

FACSIMILE PAY CHECK FOR FOUR DAYS' WORK AT HIBBING

times over \$70 in three years, and I send four kids to the school, and the teacher would like to have the children dressed and clean and everything like that. I like to do that myself. And the children go to church, the priest likes to see that the wife is dressed nice like the American ladies, and the children dressed nice like the American children. I like that too, but I can't. You fellows think—a single man maybe get \$50 or \$60 check for his own self, and we are nine of us. I get \$60, \$70, and I have extra—I pay rent—no, I don't pay rent—but we pay wood, we can't get that any more. Before we used to get it, but now they don't let us. We pay coal, pay insurance, pay taxes, pay light, pay water—now, I think, fellows, how I can live. I have a little property and I shouldn't say that I don't have it because I get it from the school board. And now I have to give my property back. I can't go any further.

And another thing is, you know the drivers wait for the car with a mule, you know. There was a poor year and the captain came around and saw driver waiting for the car, and he say: "What the hell you doing here with this mule." He says: "I got to wait a minute or two until we get car there." He says: "Go down with that mule to the trammer shaft so he get better air." Now see, a man working there day and night, month and month, and year and year, and nobody asks him if he likes air, or "how you feel?" "Do you feel bad working there?" or "what is the matter with you?" Nobody don't ask me, but when the first of the month I know when I receive check, well, you know—\$2.39—"god darn it, you're a poor man! You're no good!" So I am no good working in there.

And listen again, you free American citizens, to this miner,—



JUST A FEW OF THE RED GIRLS AT THE FINNISH PICNIC



Wife and Kiddies of the Murdered Miner, John Aller.
Carlo Tresca is Presenting Money Collected at
a Benefit Meeting of Miners.

Fulvio Pettinelli: Gentlemen, I like to tell you that I come in here in this country five years and a half ago. I been working in mine ever since. First I came to this country I worked Lincoln mine, and had bad place. No air at all, whatever, and that is my brother was working with me. There I wouldn't get no candles—you couldn't get no match to burn. You couldn't light matches by no means, only by means of acetylene—carbide lamps—you know what that is, and I worked there last seven or eight months there, at least. At last I was exhausted and had to quit. I worked in there for only \$2.60 a day all that time.

Later I worked for the Oliver Iron Mining Company at the Alpena. Two years ago I struck a hard place, and I make \$1.97. Some other times I make over \$3.00 and \$3.50. What I should do then? Two years ago I got married and got American girl. I believe she has right to live as another American, so I believe further I got right to live. What should I say when I got \$1.97? I should tell her: "This month don't order meat or nothing. I only get \$1.97." I should only pay rent of the house, insurance, and such things. That month when I work contract and strike bad place we no have enough to eat. I work in some other places in Alpena for \$2.17. What do you think of that. Get \$45 or \$50. I should have paid \$12.00 for rent of the house. I should pay \$5 or \$6 meat; \$30 on grocery bill. What will be left? Nothing. We have to go without clothes. If we eat we don't dress, and if we dress we don't eat. That is fact.

Such is the testimony of these men who are being crushed by the Iron Heel of the Steel Trust. The Norman property is operated by the Oliver Mining Company,

a subsidiary of the Steel Trust. This branch of the industry is represented in the United States Smelter by the Pittsburgh millionaire after whom the mining company is named, and also the Oliver Steel works, near Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Norman mine is one of hundreds being operated by the Steel Trust on the Mesaba Range. It is located at Virginia, Minnesota. Here the trust is absolutely in control. The private police of the Oliver Mining Company are a conscienceless lot of wretches. Like the cossacks of Pennsylvania, recruited from the dregs of society, they are vigilant in the interests of the company.

True, these gentlemanly mine owners and guards do not eat the miners' flesh or drink their blood, BUT THEY DO LIVE ON THEIR LABOR, THEIR DENIAL, THEIR WEARINESS AND WANT.

Hundreds of iron miners, deformed and degraded by years of hard labor for wife and children, go to their graves every year without ever having even one look in at one luxury of life.

The iron miners of Minnesota are appealing to you for aid. Their women and children must be provided for. This calls for immediate action by you. Take this matter up at the next meeting of

your local or union. Pull off a picnic or get up an entertainment. Have a tag day in your town—anything to get in the game and help these workers who are standing firm in the face of overwhelming odds. Remit to John Leppanen, Secy.-Treas., Box 372, Virginia, Minn., or to William D. Haywood, Secy.-Treas., 164 W. Washington, St., Chicago, Ill.

The Finnish Socialists are literally working night and day to aid the strikers. Their daily newspaper, *Sosalisti*, is devoting a front page every day.

In Duluth Chief of Police McKercher said he would crush any attempt to bring out the dockworkers, and that absolutely no street meetings could be held. On July 2 the Finnish Socialists held a picnic at Fairmont Park and, although the chief had notified them there should be no speaking and absolutely no collection for the miners, there was a large enthusiastic crowd, many speeches and \$56.17 collection.

Again on July 4, when celebrations were

held nation-wide to celebrate "life, liberty and happiness"—the Finnish Socialists held an open-air meeting at First avenue South, where the strike was discussed. Police attempted to arrest Wm. Tanner, but the crowd protested so vigorously, he was released. They marched to the Finnish hall, where they were joined by the crowd from an adjourned I. W. W. meeting, and a protest meeting was held and resolutions passed denouncing the unwarranted usurpation of power by the police. These resolutions are published elsewhere.

On Sunday, July 9, 2,000 Finnish Socialists held a meeting, but the police were conspicuous by their absence.

Meetings are planned for Duluth, Two Harbors and Allouez, and it is hoped the ore-dock workers will all heed the call of their battling brothers on the Range and join in the valiant struggle for industrial emancipation.

Never was there a better time with war-orders flooding the big factories of the land, for the miners and ore-dock workers to demand some adequate share of "prosperity"; never a juster cause against a more pitiless or ruthless foe.

All together now, comrades—to win!

A PLEA FOR PREPAREDNESS

By the Pacific Coast Business Men's Preparedness League

ADEQUATE TROOPS NEEDED TO DEAL WITH DOMESTIC STRIFE AND TO SUPPRESS PROB- ABLE LABOR UPRISINGS

IN the general apprehension for greater Preparedness to cope with foreign nations it is believed that a necessity fully as grave and serious is being overlooked or at least greatly minimized; and that is the need for an adequate military establishment to act as a civil police force.

The *Post-Intelligencer* of May 22nd quotes Ex-President Taft in his address before the League to Enforce Peace as saying: "We need a police force at home." In fact Mr. Taft has heretofore affirmed the need for greater preparedness for riots and internal disturbances. Bulletins of Manufacturer's and Employer's Associations in the East, notably in New Jersey, which has been the scene of so many acute labor disturbances, have urgently treated of this need, but they have been given scant hearing outside the councils of business men themselves.

In the hearings before the Industrial Relations Commission at Seattle a representative business man, Mr. J. V. Patterson, addressing the labor members on the commis-

sion, with great courage stated, "We will fight you. We will rise with a counter revolution; we certainly have the power. We will destroy you. Let us have no more class legislation, or we will have it repealed with bayonets! We will do it; no doubt about that."

Due to lack of sufficient militia, business men in the United States have frequently been placed under the undue burden of having to engage and pay for the services of men recruited privately and to have them commissioned as deputies by the civil authorities. In the nature of things these private forces are without efficient military training, as at Youngstown, Ohio, in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. In the single month of October, in 1913, the meagre military forces of four separate states were required in the field against labor; in Calumet, Michigan, in Indianapolis and in Colorado and West Virginia.

Certainly no intelligent person can oppose "Preparedness" when he reflects upon what may happen in the event of a general strike of the two million railroad workers of the country to gain the eight-hour workday, and which is even now threatened. It must be remembered that the Federal troops were

required to suppress the strike of the American Railway Union, which was an effort in precisely the same direction and under the leadership of Eugene V. Debs. That disturbance, it will not be forgotten, was largely local in character, when now it would be widespread and in the nature of a general rebellion against the business and transportation interests of the whole country.

In view of these facts we urge all business men, whether affiliated with the League or not, to spare no effort to further the idea of preparedness; and it is doubly im-

portant that all employers take advantage of this opportune time to solicit personally their loyal and dependable employees to join the militia of their several states.

In this entire matter business men should be sensible of the advantages to be had from military training in point of greater discipline and efficiency of the work people for their ordinary civil employment. Every employee returning from training camp or militia drill will forthwith show himself more obedient and faithful, and the troublemaker will disappear.

ABOLITION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY

W E revolutionists have been reproached with the desire of abolishing the right of personally acquiring property as the fruit of a man's own labor, which property is alleged to be the ground work of all personal freedom, activity and independence.

Hard-won, self-acquired, self-earned property! Do you mean the property of the petty artisan and the small peasant, a form of property that preceded the capitalist form? There is no need to abolish that; the development of industry has to a great extent already destroyed it, and is still destroying it daily.

Or do you mean modern capitalist private property?

But does wage-labor create any property for the laborer? Not a bit. It creates capital, i. e., that kind of property which exploits wage-labor, and which cannot increase except upon condition of getting a new supply of wage-labor for fresh exploitation. Property, in its present form, is based on the antagonism of capital and wage-labor. Let us examine both sides of this antagonism.

To be a capitalist, is to have not only a purely personal, but a social status in production. Capital is a collective product, and only by the united action of many members, nay, in the last resort, only by the united action of all members of society, can it be set in motion.

Capital is, therefore, not a personal, it is a social power.

When, therefore, capital is converted into common property, into the property

of all members of society, personal property is not thereby transformed into social property. It is only the social character of the property that is changed. It loses its class-character.

Let us now take wage-labor.

The average price of wage-labor is the minimum wage, i. e., that quantum of the means of subsistence, which is absolutely requisite to keep the laborer in bare existence as a laborer. What, therefore, the wage-laborer appropriates by means of his labor, merely suffices to prolong and reproduce a bare existence. We, by no means, intend to abolish this personal appropriation of the products of labor, an appropriation that is made for the maintenance and reproduction of human life, and that leaves no surplus wherewith to command the labor of others. All that we want to do away with is the miserable character of this appropriation, under which the laborer lives merely to increase capital, and is allowed to live only in so far as the interest of the ruling class requires it.

In capitalist society, living labor is but a means to increase accumulated labor (capital). In socialist society, accumulated capital is but a means to widen, to enrich, to promote the existence of the laborer.

In capitalist society, therefore, the past dominates the present; in socialist society, the present dominates the past. In capitalist society capital is independent and has individuality, while the living person is dependent and has no individuality.

And the abolition of this state of things is called by the capitalist, abolition of individuality and freedom! And rightly so. The abolition of capitalist individuality, capitalist independence, and capitalist freedom is undoubtedly aimed at.

By freedom is meant, under the present capitalist conditions of production, free trade, free selling and buying.

But if selling and buying disappears, free selling and buying disappears also. This talk about free selling and buying, and all the other "brave words" of our capitalist class about freedom in general, have a meaning, if any, only in contrast with restricted selling and buying, with the fettered traders of the Middle Ages, but have no meaning when opposed to the socialist abolition of buying and selling, of the capitalist conditions of production, and of the capitalist class itself.

You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend.

From the moment when labor can no longer be converted into capital, money, or rent, into a social power capable of being monopolized, i. e., from the moment when individual property can no longer be transformed into capitalist property, into capital, from that moment, you say, individuality vanishes.

You must, therefore, confess that by "individual" you mean no other person than the capitalist, than the middle-class owner of property. This person must, indeed, be swept out of the way, and made impossible.

Socialism deprives no man of the power to appropriate the products of society; all that it does is to deprive him of the power to subjugate the labor of others by means of such appropriation.

It has been objected, that upon the

abolition of private property all work will cease, and universal laziness will overtake us.

Accordingly to this capitalist society ought long ago to have gone to the dogs through sheer idleness; for those of its members who work, acquire nothing, and those who acquire anything, do not work. The whole of this objection is but another expression of the tautology; that there can no longer be any wage-labor when there is no longer any capital.

All objections urged against the Communistic mode of producing and appropriating material products, have, in the same way, been urged against the Communistic modes of producing and appropriating intellectual products. Just as, to the capitalist, the disappearance of class property is the disappearance of production itself, so that disappearance of class culture is to him identical with the disappearance of all culture.

That culture, the loss of which he laments, is, for the enormous majority, a mere training to act as a machine.

But don't wrangle with us so long as you apply, to our intended abolition of capitalist property, the standard of your capitalist notions of freedom, culture, law, etc. Your very ideas are but the outgrowth of the conditions of your capitalist production and capitalist property, just as your jurisprudence is but the will of your class made into a law for all, a will whose essential character and direction are determined by the economic conditions of existence of your class.

The selfish misconception that induces you to transform into eternal laws of nature and of reason the social forms springing from your present mode of production and form of property—historical relations that rise and disappear in the progress of production—this misconception you share with every ruling class that has preceded you. What you see clearly in the case of ancient property, what you admit in the case of feudal property, you are, of course, forbidden to admit in the case of your own capitalist form of property.

Abolition of the family! Even the most radical flare up at this infamous proposal of the Communists.

On what foundation is the present fam-

ily, the capitalist family, based? On capital, on private gain. In its completely developed form this family exists only among the capitalist class. But this state of things finds its complement in the practical absence of the family among the proletarians, and in public prostitution.

The bourgeois family will vanish as a matter of course when its complement vanishes, and both will vanish with the vanishing of capital.

Do you charge us with wanting to stop the exploitation of children by their parents? To this crime we plead guilty.

But you will say, we destroy the most hallowed of relations when we replace home education by social.

And your education! Is not that also social, and determined by the social conditions under which you educate, by the intervention, direct or indirect, of society by means of schools, etc.? The socialists have not invented the intervention of society in education; they do but seek to alter the character of that intervention, and to rescue education from the influence of the ruling class.

The capitalist clap-trap about the family and education, about the hallowed correlation of parent and child, becomes all the more disgusting, the more, by the action of Modern Industry, all family ties among the workers are torn asunder, and their children transformed into simple articles of commerce and instruments of labor.

But you Communists would introduce community of women, screams the whole capitalist class in chorus.

The capitalist sees in his wife a mere instrument of production. He hears that the instruments of production are to be exploited in common, and, naturally, can come to no other conclusion than that the lot of being common to all will likewise fall to the women.

He has not even a suspicion that the real point aimed at is to do away with the status of women as mere instruments of production.

For the rest, nothing is more ridiculous than the virtuous indignation of our capitalist at the community of women which, they pretend, is to be openly and officially

established by the Socialists. The Socialists have no need to introduce community of women; it has existed almost from time immemorial.

Our capitalist, not content with having the wives and daughters of their proletarians at their disposal, not to speak of common prostitutes, take the greatest pleasure in seducing each others' wives.

Capitalist marriage is in reality a system of wives in common and thus, at the most, what the Communists might possibly be reproached with, is that they desire to introduce, in substitution for a hypocritically concealed, an openly legalized community of women. For the rest, it is self-evident, that the abolition of the present system of production must bring with it the abolition of the community of women springing from that system, i. e., of prostitution both public and private.

The Socialists are further reproached with desiring to abolish countries and nationalities.

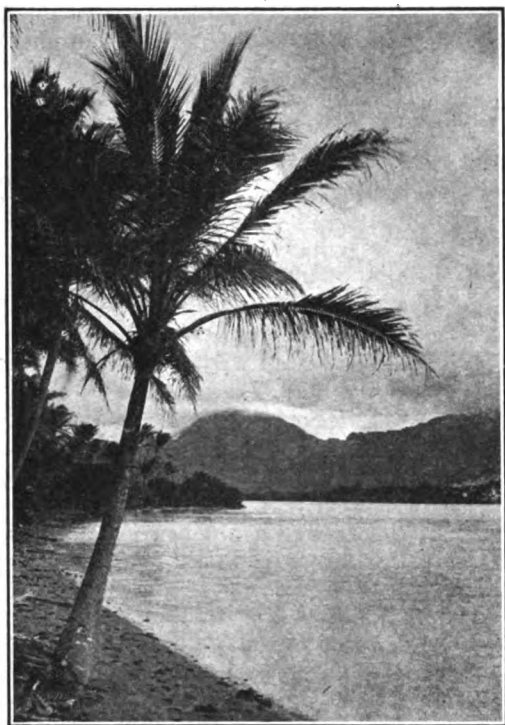
The working men have no country. We cannot take from them what they have not got. Since the proletariat must first of all acquire political supremacy, must rise to be the leading class of the nation, must constitute itself the nation, it is, so far, itself national, though not in the capitalist sense of the word.

National differences, and antagonisms between peoples, are daily more and more vanishing, owing to the development of the bourgeoisie, to freedom of commerce, to the world-market, to uniformity in the mode of production and in the conditions of life corresponding thereto.

The supremacy of the working class will cause them to vanish still faster. United action, of the leading civilized countries at least, is one of the first conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat.

In proportion as the exploitation of one individual by another is put an end to, the exploitation of one nation by another will also be put an end to. In proportion as the antagonism between classes within the nation vanishes, the hostility of one nation to another will come to an end.

—*From Communist Manifesto.*



IN THE PINEAPPLE COUNTRY

THE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

By MARION WRIGHT

BY long odds the finest pineapples in the world are raised in the Hawaiian Islands, and during the past half a dozen years the Hawaiian canned pineapple has swept all others out of the American market. In fact, this fruit, canned, is jucier, more tender and better flavored than the fresh pineapple of other lands. In Porto Rico the Hawaiian canned pineapple sells where the fresh native fruit finds no purchaser.

A dozen years ago there was practically no pineapple industry in Hawaii. Today the biggest Chicago and California packers are seeking to buy up every available acre of pine-producing land in the Islands. Fortunately for the prospective American small farmer in Hawaii the land laws do not permit any one corporation to own more than a thousand acres, and so fast as the lands now under lease to the big companies revert to the government they are cut up into small tracts for the homesteader. Pineapples are the hope of the small farmer of the Islands.

There is no waste product to the Hawaiian pineapple. A few years ago there was no demand save at the soda fountains

for pineapple juice. Today Hawaiian pineapple juice in bottles is known throughout America and the demand exceeds the supply. Pinectar, a sweetened extract of the juice, is known to every frequenter of the soda water counter, and pineapple chips swell every confectioner's candy case.

Everything about the Hawaiian pineapple sells as a choice tid-bit except the tops, and these are planted again to grow other fruit. Planting this fruit for the market began a great many years ago, but it never amounted to anything on account of mainland duties and difficulties of transportation until the Islands were annexed by the United States. Simultaneously with the organization of the first pineapple company was the opening of a cannery to care for the fruit.

From the beginning made by the pioneers a score of years ago has developed an industry that is growing silently and surely, extending to nearly every island in the group. In the district of Wahiawa, on the island of Oahu, the cultivation of the fruit for shipping fresh, and in cans and jars, has grown to such

an extent that it became necessary to construct a special branch railroad in to take care of the product. Before long that part of Oahu will be dotted with canneries. Immense fields of pines are seen along the line and during the harvest season it is a glorious sight to see the fruit-laden plants in rows, seemingly interminable in length.

Experience has proved that there are greater returns from pineapple cultivation than anything else so far introduced into the Islands, and it is especially adapted for the small farmer. Pineapples are practically free from any serious pest, and in that respect the plant is much different from coffee or sugar cane.

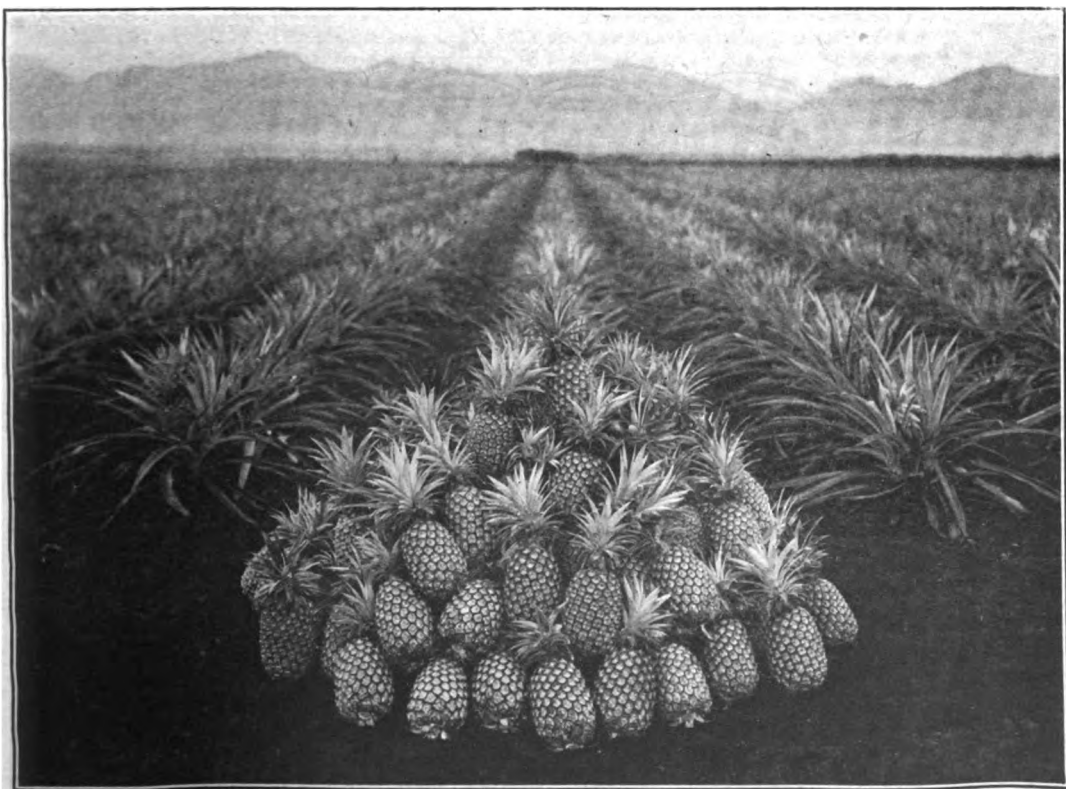
The canneries pay the planter from \$25 to \$30 a ton for the fruit delivered at the cannery, and the cash returns to the farmer will average \$125 an acre per crop, and he will have two crops in three years. There is nothing on the mainland that will bring the grower such sure returns per acre. In shipping fresh fruit the returns are much larger, but the risk of loss

is proportionately greater. Fresh fruit brings about \$80 per ton, laid down in San Francisco.

In cultivating, where large fruit is desired the plants are placed in rows about eight feet apart to allow ample room for the cultivator. For the fancy grocery trade large pineapples are in demand, but for the wholesale market there is a preference for the smaller fruit for the reason that it finds a more ready sale at lower prices, and the dealers can compete with it more successfully with the Florida and Cuban product sold in the eastern cities.

A field of growing pineapples is perhaps the most beautiful sight that can cheer the eye of its owner. The fruit grows on a spreading palm, knee-high to waist-high, according to the variety, and is of a beautiful gray green color. The lines of the pineapple plant are as pleasing as its color; the long, gray leaves sweep away from the center of the plant in perfect arcs, making beautiful decorative forms wherever the eye reaches.

The blossom does not amount to much



PILED-UP SUNSHINE

in size, but it is of a pretty purplish blue, and its appearance on the plant is interesting to watch. The first sign of the formation of a fruit is a tiny "crown" which develops slowly into a miniature of the matured pineapple. The blue blossoms come out, a tiny flower at each "eye," while the fruit is very small, and drop off long before it has attained its full size.

At least 95 per cent of Hawaiian pineapples are allowed to fully ripen in the field and are immediately preserved in modern canneries on the ground.

A new pineapple patch is set out with slips which are either crowns cut from the ripened pineapple or the shoots which grow directly under the fruit, and which we sometimes find on a fresh pineapple from the market. The new plant takes eighteen months to ripen its first fruit.

It is not cut down, and in the course of time bears a second and even a third crop.

If you have a dream of working under blue skies, with vistas of purple mountains and the sea in the distance, and standing in the midst of your own perfumed fields instead of contending with the bricks, stones, smoke and muck of the city, give up the overworked idea of small fruits and vegetables and take up the subject of raising pineapples in Hawaii.

Pineapple farming is little more than a dozen years old, but it has already become the industry second only to sugar. A single field near Honolulu has rows two and a half miles long where they raise only the choicest fruit—the Smooth Cayenne—which weighs ten to twelve pounds and ripens to a rich, golden yellow.





From Collier's Weekly.

THIS HUGE SUM MUST REMAIN MORE OR LESS DORMANT UNTIL ORDER SHALL PREVAIL

MEXICO FOR THE MEXICANS

By Dante Barton

WHY is there such a tremendous pressure of special interests and of the political forces they control to bring on a war of American conquest or dictatorship in Mexico?

Read the following extracts from a recent open letter to President Wilson by Dr. J. W. Slaughter of Philadelphia, a man who knows Mexico and who is a noted economist and student of international affairs.

"There is hardly any foreign investment in Mexico which has not secured a privileged position with the expectation of extravagant returns."

"Little of the great wealth of Mexico is held by the Mexicans. Nearly all of her resources were sold to foreign concessionaries by Diaz and his científicos. The Mexicans have no desire to curtail the legitimate investment of capital in their country, but they do wish to end the all but universal rule of special privilege.

"The revolutionary leaders were preparing with great deliberation to deal with the most central and important of all Mexican problems, which was, indeed, the prime motive of the revolution, *that of securing the economic independence of the republic.*"

That is the meat of the answer to the questions given above. That explains why the American interests who have helped to rob the land and the other natural resources of Mexico from the great mass of the people of Mexico now want the mass of Mexican people beaten down, by American military power, into subjection to that robbery.

For this Mexican revolution directed by Carranza, is, as Doctor Slaughter says and proves, "a *real* revolution, with definite purposes designed to give liberty to the Mexican people for the first time in their known history. The revolution was the outcome of forces that had been generating for many

years and was certain of success if it could be kept free from external intervention."

The following paragraphs from an address of Doctor Slaughter before the Philadelphia City Club throw more light on the splendid reforms that the Mexican people are fighting for and that they were about to get when the special privilege grabbers began stirring up trouble across the border:

"If one asks a few common soldiers, chosen at random, what they are fighting for, the majority will answer that they are fighting to gain access to the land.

"Mexico is a country of great landholders, with the dispossessed common people until lately tied to the land in a form of serfdom. In the old days the land was held in the community method of ownership, worked in common, with common participation in the benefits. A long chapter of Mexican economic history is needed to describe the process by which the Indians were dispossessed. It began in colonial days, but developed into a profusion of corrupt and unjust practices under the Diaz dictatorship. Every rural Mexican carries a rankling sense of injustice.

"The program of Mr. Carranza contains agrarian reform as one of its cardinal elements. The situation is in a measure simplified by the voluntary exile of the more reactionary hacendados. Their peons settled quietly on the land and have received the benefits of their labor for the first time in their generation. Mr. Carranza has already promulgated a decree by which there is to be a testing of the great land owners' titles, and, if there is evidence of injustice in the acquisition of lands, the ownership of these lands is to be vested again in the communities that originally owned them. Certain great estates will probably be confiscated and divided, but Mr. Carranza has no great sympathy with confiscation as a policy.

"In addition, a land tax is proposed which would be graduated so as to bear lightly on the small holder, but to make ownership of great estates an impossibility. The leaders of the revolution have not yet seen the great desirability of a uniform rate which will collect from the landholders according to the value of the land.

"The final group of reforms which remain to be carried out and through which Mexico will encounter her most serious difficulties, express the very essence of the revolutionary movement. They represent the intention to secure the economic independence of the country. The whole civil struggle has been a war upon the concession system with its political, economic and social ramifications.

"I was given copies of the contracts by which Lord Cowdray's company obtained their oil rights. Their provisions were of such a character that a little while before the beginning of the European war Lord Charles Beresford, a representative of extreme conservatism, declared in the House of Commons that it was a disgrace for the citizens of any civilized country to be party to that contract. In addition to almost unrestricted rights of exploitation of oil, the Cowdray interests hold two and a half million hectares of land, port works, the Tehuantepec Railway, and most of the electric lighting and tramway systems of the Republic.

"American interests, all more or less privileged, aggregate, it is said, a billion dollars.

"The whole intent of the revolution is to end a system by which the natural resources of the country are drained by foreign capitalists grown accustomed to expect extravagant returns."—*Industrial Relations Committee.*



"Our" National Insurance and Collection Agency

By FREDERICK C. HOWE

In the last analysis the U. S. Government is the great *force* that keeps the American working class in subjection because its power is used to prevent the working class from escaping from wage slavery, while it protects the property of the owning class and helps that class to acquire more property.

And now comes the demand that the U. S. Government become the National Insurance and Collection Agency *abroad* for the United States capitalists!

"You know that if you went down into Mexico or up into Canada and bought three or four sheep or a suit of clothes the United States Government would not protect *your* property, nor go to war to protect it. You know that if you go over into Mexico or Canada and get into trouble with the "natives" your (?) government is not going to do anything to punish the "foreigners" who may send you on the Long Road. "Your" country did nothing to protect the Colorado mine strikers at home, nor the wives and children of these strikers. "Your" country failed to protect the striking West Virginia miners and the peaceful strikers in the Pittsburgh district. In fact, the wheels of "your" government are being oiled to railroad these workingmen to the penitentiary. "Your" government is silent about the condition of the Minnesota miners who are waging so gallant a fight for better conditions and higher wages today.

Neither at home nor abroad does "your" government do anything for propertyless wage workers. It is an institution organized and perpetuated for the benefit of the pirate wing of the *owning* class.

Elsewhere in this number of the REVIEW we hope to publish a short account of the way the workers of Mexico and the workers of America met recently and protested against war between the United States and Mexico. It is the big munition-makers and other great American monopolists who are urging and insisting and plotting to cause *war in Mexico* today.

Mr. John Hays Hammond, the great mining and financial expert, who owns a million-acre ranch in Mexico, says in a recent number of the Forum:

"In order to stimulate the investment of American capital in foreign lands, it is a prerequisite that the investor be assured of protection by his government. . . . It is imperative that our government secure the fair treatment of its citizens who have invested their capital . . . under laws obtaining in the country when those investments were made. Laws which result in the confiscation of property, legally acquired, do not justify a great nation in repudiating its obligation to obtain redress for its citizens."

This is the way the big capitalists to whom Diaz gave invaluable mining concessions, and large land grants, feel about the Mexican question. Although their country is marvelously rich in soil, mines, oil—few of these treasures remain to the Mexican people. Almost everything holding promise of rich harvests and immense profits has already been bought or bribed out of Diaz, who literally gave away the cream of Mexico over the heads of the Mexican people for his own aggrandizement.

These capitalists, most of whom obtained grants or concessions by fraud, are demanding that the U. S. Government constitute itself their private collection agency.

During his administration, President Taft and Mr. Knox accomplished much toward passing laws whereby the government would become a *guarantor of returns on foreign investments*. President Wilson, on the other hand, has always fought this policy, but it remains to be seen whether or not Big Capital can whip him into line.

In his new book "Why War"? Dr. Frederick C. Howe says:

"The last twenty-five years have been years of rapid monopoly expansion. The movement is not confined to the United States. It is common to Great Britain, Germany, France, and other countries as well. It has extended to nearly all of the major industries. *With the suppression of competition profits have increased*. These profits have not been content with the limited returns of competitive business."

The Rockefeller interests, for example, started a chain of lunch rooms in New York City, but they discovered that owing to the

keen competition in this business they were able to make only a little more than the *average* rate of profit. They decided it was better to invest their money in securing oil grants, mines, rights of way for railroads, etc., etc., in "half civilized" countries, where they could still reap *monopoly* profits.

"They also sought foreign fields where the resources of nature are still unexploited and where contracts and concessions make it possible to exploit weaker peoples more easily than at home.

"During these years banking and credit transactions have developed more rapidly than in the previous ten centuries. There has been a revolution in this field as well as in industry.

"The savings of hundreds of millions of people have accumulated in the banking institutions, from which they have flowed into the greater metropolises of London, New York, Paris, Vienna and Berlin.

"Finance is no longer local. It is no longer national, as it was fifty years ago. It has become as international as the post or the telegraph. Branches of the great European banks are to be found all over the world. They are owned and directed from the capitals of Europe. These banks are agencies for the securing of concessions and opportunities for investments. They are the center for the strengthening of political power. The concessions are financed by the banking institutions at home. By these means the savings of hundreds of millions of depositors, which have run into the thousands of millions of dollars, have been made available for the development of the most distant corners of the earth. And these banks and financial institutions are closely identified with their respective governments. They are owned by the ruling classes, and through these means are merged with the foreign and domestic policy of the government."

And this system is precisely what our own capitalist class, here in America, is now perfecting and extending. Note how Dr. Howe says it has worked out in the past.

The World a Market Place.

"The world has become a vast financial market place for the flotation of securities and the promotion of investments. The colossal income from rents, royalties, from lands and mines, from railroads and other

forms of monopoly, have created a surplus of *capital* that has overflowed into every quarter of the globe. The capital so invested amounts to approximately \$40,000,000,000.

"Through these investments there has resulted, and is resulting, a merger of interests between the investing classes and the state (or government) which has created a new feudalism on an international scale. It has extended the economic and political interests of the ruling classes *beyond the boundaries of their respective nations*. Through high finance nationalism has expanded into internationalism, and the narrow, dynastic controversies of earlier generations have been changed into overseas (or over the boundary line) complications.

"Through the *investor the world has been laid with mines* (profit-making mines) which are a constant menace to the peace of mankind.

"Protection to the investor is a cause of endless international complications. It involves *preparedness*, a strong navy, and increased military expenditure. Nations are embroiled in controversies. (This, of course, to protect the large capitalists of the *home* country.)

Imperialism.

"Overseas (or over the border line) financing is a merger of four activities, all dangerous to the peace of the world. These activities are:

"1. The making of loans to foreign nations, like Russia and Turkey, as well as to weaker countries like Mexico, Central and South America.

"2. The securing of concessions for railroads, mines, franchise corporations, oil wells, forests, lands, docks and other resources and opportunities to be developed under contracts with the granting government and under the implied or expressed protection of the government of the investing country. Concessions are usually parcelled out to the (capitalists of the) same countries that control the foreign loans.

"3. The financing and promotion of the sale of munitions of war to weaker peoples frequently as a condition to the making of a loan, the banking institutions being closely related to the makers of war munitions.

"4. A close working arrangement and understanding with the (home) govern-

ment, and especially with the foreign office, as to the terms of the concessions, etc., etc.

"The motive in all these transactions is to secure a complete and exclusive monopoly in the concessions or territory from which all other financiers and countries can be excluded."

Now, this is all very true and very interesting. But just think it over. You would not expect the United States government to protect your small business, or even your small *job* even in the United States. People would laugh at you if you did. But the capitalist not only expects, but *receives*, protection for his investments—his business, his oil wells, his mines, his railroads—whether they be made at *home* or abroad.

All the workingman has to *sell* is his labor power, his strength or his brains. And "our" government does not even provide him a job. It does not even *feed* him if he cannot get a job and is actually starving on the streets. It is not *your* government or *my* government—it is the *force behind the capitalist*, or non-producing class. It is the policeman's club, the law, the courts, the prisons and jails, the army and navy of the capitalist class.

Intervention.

In discussing "intervention," Dr. Howe says:

"The financiers expect their governments to see that the weaker countries pay their interest punctually, and to intervene for them with arms if necessary. If the exploited nation cannot or will not meet its obligations and threatens bankruptcy (or civil war, as in Mexico), the investors raise complaints about the "swindling barbarians" who must be subdued.

"Sometimes the coveted spot of earth is so wild and uncivilized that the investing classes find it necessary to induce their government to conquer it before they can safely allow their money to go there. They invest money in harbor and railroad building, etc., and it is dangerous to do this unless there is some security in the territory. In this way German colonies were established."

But "your" government does not take the trouble even to collect *your* wages and *my* wages. It does not even take the trouble to protect the lives of its industrial workers—the railroad men, the factory workers, the children toiling in mines and mills. It is

government for the millionaire private property owners—not your government or mine.

Dr. Howe shows how the foreign investors help to protect their foreign investments, usually secured from some weak or greedy ruler of the weaker nations. It is opposed to their interests to have such a dictator overthrown by the exploited people.

"In many instances the first loans to weak countries are used by them for guns, cannon, fortresses, and railroads, all of which mean profits for the mining and manufacturing, and particularly for the munition interests at home. The fleet must be kept in readiness to safeguard the foreign investments, and this means profits for the war traders. Both the home governments and the weak foreign government pay monopoly prices for guns and armor-plate. The arms and iron industry, which are closely related to the financial interests, are, therefore, often the first and chief beneficiaries of the government's alliance with the investor.

"The millions invested in the arms industry, and the fact that it is a close monopoly, make it the great power that it is. Capitalists readily lend the sums needed in this industry; while the big banks are interested in seeing that it is well supplied with capital, the financiers are interested in *imperialism* because it means a still greater borrowing on the part of the home government.

"In general, the new imperialism seeks 'spheres of influence' in semi-civilized countries, or countries with an old civilization but lacking in modern industrial development. And the wealth sought is (usually) not conquered land, but opportunity to work mines, build railroads, and get commissions for the placing of large sums of money. For this purpose conquest is sometimes necessary."

It has been said over and over again that American capitalists secured their oil-wells, mining interests, railroad privileges in Mexico through the corruption of Diaz, who, it has been claimed, practically gave away the natural resources of the Mexican people to American capitalists right and left for an interest in these holdings, or for sums of money for his own Mexican autocracy.

Dr. Howe says:

"Border fights among less civilized na-

tives serve as a means of depriving them of their lands. A riot in Bechuanaland in Africa, in 1897, was called a rebellion and used as a pretext for driving 8,000 natives from their lands. The Belgian rubber industry on the Congo, in which King Leopold and a group of financiers were interested, was an extreme example of the abuse of the natives.

"The military classes look with favor upon imperialism. It offers a wider field and greater chances of advancement for them. The nobility see in imperialism opportunity for their sons. The posts in the civil and military service in India are so numerous that they not only supply the upper class with careers for the younger sons, but many are left for the sons of the upper middle class also. James Mill called this 'a system of outdoor relief for the upper classes.'

"Here are the elements of the new imperialism; a ruling class at home which is also the owning and investing class; great financial houses closely related to the government, and owned and controlled by the class which rules; surplus capital and a falling domestic interest rate, facing backward civilizations ready to be exploited by the more highly organized nations.

"Added to these is the diplomatic policy of protection to foreign investments, the doctrine that the flag follows the investor and backs up his private contracts. The land, mining, railroad, and oil grants secured by German, English and American in-

vestors in *Mexico*; the mine concessions in South Africa . . . the Chinese five-power loan are all indicative of the methods employed to secure concessions and make investments which the governments of the investing countries have not hesitated to enforce by a show of strength.

"The rule of 'Let the Buyer Beware' does not apply in international dealings when the 'developed' nation is too weak to resist."

The lands of almost all of the non-European peoples, with the exception of those of South America, Central America, and Asia have become mere hunting grounds for European capitalists.

And who protects the interests of these mighty profit-hunters? Who mans the giant battleships? Who makes England the Mistress of the Seas, for the protection of English investors at home and abroad?

Who is it may shoulder his gun and crush the liberty-loving Mexican people in order to make *stable* the *profits* and *dividends* of the American thief and investor in *Mexico*?

The *workingman* who possesses nothing either *at home or abroad*! Who gets nothing and gives all; who rivets his own chains as he fights to increase the power of the capitalist class!

(From "Why War?" by Dr. Frederic C. Howe, the best book on the economic causes of war that has appeared in years. Price, \$1.50 net. Orders may be sent to the publishers of this magazine.)





IT WON'T WORK

IT CAN'T BE DONE

By WILLIAM O. NIMOCK

WHEN Samuel Morse announced to the world that he had succeeded in putting electricity into harness and had produced a workable electro-magnetic telegraph which would annihilate time and space, and which has since proven to be such a blessing to mankind, the public gave no support to the project; instead it denounced the telegraph as being an utter impossibility and subjected it to the most cruel, sarcastic and merciless ridicule.

Mr. Morse struggled on with a determination that would have baffled one less courageous and, after repeated appeals to congress for an appropriation with which to construct a line, his efforts were rewarded with a sum to defray the expense of a line from Washington to Baltimore in 1843. The appropriation was for \$30,000.

Wires were put up, instruments were installed and, in 1844, the first telegraph was given a most severe test. Although it proved to be a pronounced success, the general public for a long time lived in doubt and disbelief. One would-be humorist in congress, who considered the telegraph appropriation so much sheer waste, proposed an amendment for a part of the \$30,000 to be apportioned for surveying a railroad to the moon.

Packages were hung on telegraph wires by people who wished to test the efficacy of the Morse system, while people stood around to find out whether parcels were transportable by telegraph. Such experi-

menters were loud in their denunciation of the telegraph.

When James K. Polk was nominated for president in the city of Baltimore in 1844 a special train and a favored crew was made up to bear the news to Washington. In spite of the fact that the party had been informed that the news would precede them by telegraph they were amazed beyond measure, on alighting from the train in Washington, to see boys selling extra editions of newspapers containing the news of the new nominee—received by wire.

When the making of gas from coal was first discovered and pronounced a success for lighting purposes, and before it was generally known to be a success, the idea met with nothing but general doubt and ridicule. People said:

"You might as well talk of burning smoke or the wind."

When Robert Fulton announced that he had discovered a way to propel a boat up-stream by steam power, and that he would give an exhibition up the Hudson river in the Clermont, the crowd which assembled on the wharf on August 1st, 1807, to witness the trial trip indulged in all manner of doubting jests. The Clermont was contemptuously dubbed "Fulton's Folly" and the general verdict was that the boat would never leave the dock. If it did, they said, it would only be to float down stream, because "steam power could never move a boat against the current." The ridicule was not silenced until the boat moved out into mid-stream and



IT'LL NEVER GO AGIN THE CURRENT

smoothly glided up against the current. Then folks said it might be possible to send a boat up-stream by steam power but a steam boat could never cross the ocean. They proved their theories by scientific principles while a steam-propelled ship was crossing the Atlantic.

When Stevenson invented the locomotive our "best people" denounced him and declared he was in league with the devil, for, they insisted, "if the Lord had ever intended his people to travel at the awful rate of fifteen miles an hour he would have said something about it in His Book." People refused to go themselves and to allow their children to go to look at a locomotive engine for fear of bringing a curse upon them.

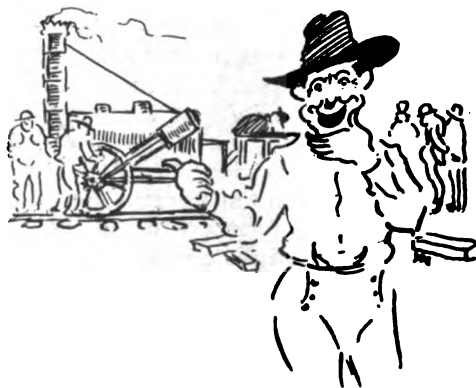
The use of a church or school house for holding railroad meetings was promptly refused for the same reason, the applicants being invariably told the church was dedicated to the service of God and the schools to the education of innocent children and that both were too sacred for holding meetings in the interest of the devil. Read this from N. A. Richardson's book on Industrial Problems:

"The school board at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828, refused to permit the school house to be used for the discussion of the question as to whether railroads were practical or not, and the matter was recently called to mind by an old document that reads as follows:

"'You are welcome to use the school house to debate all *proper* questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. They are devices of Satan to lead immortal souls to hell.'"

According to the logic of that day it was proven by the law of atmospheric resistance and the weakness of molecular cohesion and several other "scientific" reasons that it was a human impossibility to attain a greater speed by steam power than nine miles an hour. And just about the time the moss-backs had established their contention the new locomotives were making sixty.

After his wonderful contribution to the world of science on the laws of molecular



IT AIN'T SCIENTIFIC

attraction, Sir Isaac Newton, who had progressed in years and was then living a rather idle and pleasurable existence, declared his belief that the knowledge of man would so increase that some day he would be able to travel the globe at the rate of *fifty miles an hour*.

The scientific world could account for this rash statement on the part of Newton in no other way than the puerility attendant on old age. They declared the man must be in his dotage and Voltaire, the brilliant French infidel, wrote of him:

"Now look at the mighty mind of Newton, the great philosopher who discovered the law of gravitation. When he becomes old and goes into his dotage he begins to study the bible and in order to credit its fabulous nonsense he would have us believe that the knowledge of mankind will so increase that by and by we shall be able to travel fifty miles an hour. Poor dotard!"

When Bell began to say it would one day be possible for people to talk to each other over the long distance telephone from New York to San Francisco and recognize the familiar voice of a friend, "sensible" folks wondered why "dreamers" did not stop putting nonsense into the heads of the young and the lazy and tend to the farm work. They wasted much breath that they might better have expended trying to persuade "flighty" youths that such ideas would never get them anywhere nor put any money in the bank. And yet today we are promised

much greater marvels in the realm of the telephone.

* * *

There are always those of the *It Can't Be Done* chorus, who refuse to work for anything, believe in anything or expect and desire anything new. They proved that the earth could not revolve on its axis because people would fall off into space if this were true. They knew the peasants would never be freed from the land and allowed to travel about from one place to another looking for work—because, at one stage in human history, they could remember no time when the serf was not bound to the soil.

They were certain that the idea of a gas explosion engine—an engine that would develop power through the explosion of gas—was the nightmare of a diseased brain and they have always claimed that the ruling class owns and rules through superior virtue and intelligence.

We heard one of these *It Can't Be Done* persons singing a plaintive solo a few days ago. He knows that the people who work for a living will never be able to run the factories and mills and shops and railroads without the help and advice of the millionaires who employ them.

"They are not smart enough," he said.

But we thought of the men working on the farms all over this great wide prairie country today, and of the men on the railroads and in the mines, the shops and mills. And we remembered Robert Fulton and what the people had said about the first steam boat; how the preachers had prophesied and the scientists had proved that the steam boat could never cross the Atlantic when a steam boat made the trip and shocked them from their futile theories and wranglings.

It Is Being Done. The working man today produces all the useful and necessary things in the world. He does it all; makes it all; plans it all. The only reason he is despised and exploited is because he has not yet realized that he has only to join hands with his fellow workers of other nations to be strong enough to take over the industries of the world and use them for the benefit of those who perform some useful service in society.

It can be done!



THE PROPHETS DON'T MENTION IT

THE LEFT WING

The Passing of the Old Democracy

By S. J. Rutgers

Imperialism means the end of the middle class democracy, as we have already stated. Imperialism means the control of Big monopolistic Capital over all other grades of capitalists; means the Government of money kings (Plutocracy).

The old democracy is the form of government which best suited the interests of competitive capitalism in its growth. It permitted the capitalist class to rule with the help of the farmers and the old middle classes, against the interests of the feudal classes and land aristocracy. During the period of conflicting interests among the different groups of the bourgeoisie, the labor class succeeded in getting some results by using its political influence, together with some of the capitalistic groups. This was the period in which reformistic socialism originated.

The highest forms of this "democracy" were developed in countries with prevailing middle-class interests. The most perfect example is, perhaps, Switzerland, a country with prevailing small industries and small farmers. Another example is France, with its numerous class of small farmers. Germany never developed this system of democracy to its full extent, because of its special historical development. When in 1848 the bourgeoisie in Germany gathered sufficient strength to make a political revolution, and the King of Prussia barely escaped falling into the hands of the insurgents, the bourgeoisie decided not to use the situation to its full extent, not to establish a bourgeois democratic Government after the French model.

It has been generally admitted among European socialists, that fear for the growing influence of the laboring class, at that time, prevented the German bourgeoisie from striving for a fully developed middle class democracy, and that it therefore preferred to make a pact with the feudal classes. The result was, that feudal aristocracy put itself into the serv-

ice of modern capitalism, and became a capitalist force of great importance.

Although in Europe this is the general conception, I have met American Comrades who ventured the supposition that it was not Feudalism that became the servant of capitalism, but that Feudalism maintained a leading position as such. That this conception is wrong is proven by the fact that German capitalism developed in a short time the most efficient capitalist organization of Europe. The fact that the German capitalists could leave their Governmental affairs to a special class of efficient bureaucrats had the double advantage of leaving them to their task of industrial development, and avoiding the more direct class conflicts with their workers on the political field.

They could leave this to the "Junkers" and pretend that reactionary measures were taken against the wishes of the "liberal" bourgeoisie. This not only proved the most efficient method of government during the development of capitalism, but it will be easily understood that this more absolutist form of Government proved to fit most admirably the capitalist conditions under the early Imperialism.

England, the oldest among capitalist States, also had a special development of its own. In the first part of the eighteenth century, during the beginning of capitalism, it was most brutal in its governmental system. But it soon gained a position of absolute control over world industry, and could afford to originate a democratic regime, in which the upper layers of the working class counterbalanced the interests of land aristocracy; the class of small farmers and the old middle classes being early ruined by the marvelous growth of young capitalism.

This necessity of giving political influence to parts of the laboring class is one of the reasons for the better situation which skilled labor in England has long enjoyed, but at the same time capi-

talist class thought it wise to establish a system of capitalist safety valves, which nowhere else has been developed in such a degree. Not only is the power of the Senate in England stronger than on the Continent, and is the power of Parliament restricted by an elaborate system of "traditions." But in England originated the dominating political power of the judges, a system afterwards introduced from England into your political machinery.

Whatever may be the historical differences in European "democracies" they are all alike in that they are middle class democracies, originating in the necessity of uniting different groups of capitalists, with somewhat different interests, into one strong government, in which occasionally some upper layers of labor might co-operate.

The same holds true in the United States. The original democracy was mainly a democracy of farmers and small capitalists, and it combined features of different European countries.

Now we have seen that under Imperialism the capitalist interests gradually consolidate into *one* common interest, under the control of Big monopolistic capital. This not only does away with the original capitalist necessity for "democracy" and turns it from a tool to further capitalist interests into a stumbling block, but we *actually notice* in all of the leading countries a passing away of the old democracy, a growing reaction, and a tendency towards absolutism. In Europe, this process has been proceeding during at least twenty years, and it has been recognized in the "Left Wing" socialist press. Details will not much interest my American readers, and the few examples in my June article will be a sufficient indication for those who are familiar with recent European history.

But the United States having developed even farther into Imperialism than Europe, we must expect to find, and indeed, do find, the same tendency. It is, to my mind, one of the funniest experiences, to hear members of the working class in the United States, and even well informed socialists, boast of their American "political democracy." And it is one of the best features of your Interna-

tional Review to have constantly, issue after issue, year after year, pointed to the facts that illustrate the passing away of those old forms of democracy.

What do you mean by your "democracy?"

Is it the fact that your "Boss" sometimes pats you on the back and calls you a jolly old boy, asking you about your wife and the kids, perhaps indexing your name for future reference? If so, there may be some democracy, although even this is on the decline.

Does political democracy simply mean that you have a vote for Congress, or for some of the political officers? Suppose at the moment you have to vote somebody with a revolver tells you how to vote, or somebody with a bag of dollars is willing to pay for the vote, and you need the money badly. Or suppose they fool you about your interests at school, in the press and in the church, and prevent you from getting your own informations about your class interests. Political democracy requires something more than a vote, something more than a formality.

Democracy means that your class must influence the Government in the broadest sense, according to its importance and its number. A farmers' democracy means that the interests of the farmers are taken care of.

Nowadays the workers are in the majority, but nobody supposes that they can dictate a policy that takes care of their interests. Many of you only look to political *forms* and the vote, and don't understand why there is no such thing as political influence of the working class.

But when you look at the *facts* there will be no longer any doubt.

It is not the most important fact, but it is an interesting one, that far more than one-third of the workers do not even have a vote: Negroes in the South, immigrants in the North, and men who must keep moving in pursuit of jobs are barred, and this percentage has been vastly increasing in the last twenty years, so as to surpass, nowadays, that in most of the European countries.

But even if all of the workers of the United States had a vote, this would not make a real difference. Congress has lost so much of its influence that it is only a

lame wing of the real Government. The Senate has increased its power and exercises it with real class consciousness.

The power of the President of the United States, in important issues like peace and war, is greater even than that of the King of England. It is of little importance that the Constitution tells you that Congress declares war, because Congress simply has to approve the results of the diplomacy of the President and the executive powers. This has been shown again and again in the last months, and it makes no difference in practice, whether this is a result of Presidential aggression or Congressional self-elimination.

The most effective method of doing away with democracy, however, is in the political function of the judges, with the Supreme Court as its highest and unparalleled form. Nowhere in the world will you find an equally reactionary institution. What becomes of the influence of your Congress, as compared with that of the executive power of Governors, Mayors, Judges, and the Police? Look over the pages of your International Review and see what has become of democracy in your courts, and under the rifles of your most brutal police and militia. And yet, these institutions form a part of your government as well, and certainly are of much more importance in the practical life of the workers than Congress. What becomes of your freedom of speech and press, as soon as you use them for a real attack on capitalist institutions?

If you look beyond the form to the facts, there proves to be no greater lie than that of political democracy in the United States.

Some clever headed theoreticians will answer: we cannot deny the facts, but there is something in the form, because this will enable us to have real democracy in the future. They forget two facts: first, that in the whole capitalist world, and especially in the United States, there is no tendency towards more democracy, but that on the contrary, a primitive middle class democracy is **on the decline**, is lost, and second, that

if, by some unexpected wonder, the workers should succeed in using the old democratic forms in a real fight, the capitalist class would change the forms, rather than allow an easy victory to its enemies. The reality is, that Capital deliberately fools you with the form, as long as you allow yourself to be fooled, and that this is the only reason and the only "advantage" of this sham "democracy."

It is one of the most important necessities, if you wish to get out of the present stagnation, that you realize without and reserve that there exists no such a thing as political democracy in the United States, and that the old forms of parliamentary methods will not develop into real political democracy, and therefore, have only a restricted, temporary meaning to labor.

It certainly is an advantage that present-day "democratic" forms enable socialists to demonstrate effectively the class differences and class antagonisms. Congress can be a valuable platform for socialist propaganda, as for instance, is shown by the activities of Karl Liebknecht, in the Prussian Diet. But we must see its limits; we must understand that in the class struggle it is only power that counts, and that old parliamentary forms will be changed, in fact are uninterruptedly changed, as soon as they are no longer in the interest of the ruling class.

The old style of parliamentary action is rapidly losing its significance for the working class, but remember, that there is a very great difference between what we nowadays call parliamentary action and the political influences of the working class.

About this difference and the future of a new "mass" democracy on the industrial, as well as on the political field, will deal the next and last article in this series.

What this difference is, and what is the future of a new "mass" democracy on the industrial as well as the political field, will be the subjects of the next and concluding article in this series.

10. Little *clear money*; nearly all your pay goes for living expenses.

11. Old age, sickness, little money saved, your job goes to a younger and more active man.

We think this is the best description of the hopelessness of the lot of the wage-worker we have ever read. It expresses the uncertainty of us who have to depend upon a boss for a chance to make a living and the impossibility of getting out of the treadmill. It tells you what you may expect after you have slaved to make dividends for somebody else all your life:

"Old age, sickness, little money saved, your job goes to a younger and more active man."

The government, or representatives of the government of the *owning* class have

spoken. At a moment when the business men of this country are greedy to secure the wealth of the weaker nations, it speaks the truth in order to lure you into the army and navy. It is asking you to fight for "your country," and then it shows you what "your country" has done to the man who works when he can get a job.

Such a country belongs to the exploiting class; assuredly it is not worth fighting *for*. It is partly responsible for making the industrial life of the workers the hell recruiting agents so aptly describe.

Socialism, industrial democracy, would make every nation the country of the workers in it. That would mean the country of the working class. The fight of the revolutionary workers to abolish the profit system is the only fight worth while.

FACE TO FACE

By George P. West

WHILE every big special interest newspaper and every jingoist in the country is shouting for war with Mexico, five official representatives of the Mexican labor movement are meeting with the executive council of the American Federation of Labor in complete harmony and friendship.

At the Federation headquarters in Washington, the common interests of the peoples of the United States and of Mexico are being emphasized in the conferences that are proceeding with a view to removing misunderstandings and preventing war.

The Washington meetings are historic as being the most effective effort ever made by the workers of two countries to avoid war. Mexican delegates to the conference are in close touch with First Chief Carranza, while American labor through President Gompers is making its wishes known to the American administration.

The Mexican labor representatives include Carlos Lovera, Baltazar Pages, Luis Morones, Salvador Gonzalo Garcia and Colonel Edmund Martinez. They are here at the invitation of President Gompers.

Women and children will join with the men of Mexico in resisting American occu-

pation, the Mexican delegates told Washington newspaper correspondents who had asked what would happen if the American troops are not withdrawn.

The interview was arranged in the office of the Committee on Industrial Relations by Lincoln Steffens, who led the questioning with a view to bringing out the attitude of the Mexican people.

"We represent 60 Mexican labor unions with a membership of 100,000," said Carlos Lovera, of Yucatan, and chief spokesman for the Mexicans. "We realize that it is quite possible we shall have to go to war when we have no quarrel, and we are here to do what we can to prevent it. It may be that we shall fail, just as labor failed in Europe.

"Since we arrived here we have learned that the American people do not want war, and especially the working people. To a certain extent we can carry that news to the Mexicans and give them that impression, that the American people have no quarrel with us and do not want war. We believe the trouble is made by the special interests and not by the people.

"Mr. Carranza does not want war, nor do the men around him.

"As far as we know, we don't think there is anyone in Mexico that wants war.

"Labor and the government of Mexico are working together. The government recognizes us, and the labor movement agrees to help the Constitutionalist revolution. We had regiments in the field, under our own officers. They were called the 'red battalions.'

"When we have a big strike now, the military does not help the employers. They do not interfere, they do not help us, but they leave us free to use the strike weapon. The government of Yucatan is helping all they can. We have the eight-hour day and the English week of 44 hours. We quit work at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning and are paid for the full day.

"On the day we left Mexico we had the first actual distribution of land in Yucatan."

The Mexican delegates were told that Americans say Mexicans are treacherous. They said that the Mexicans believed the same thing about Americans. Asked why, Lovera said:

"In the first place, the war of 1848. The United States took California and Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, nearly half our country. General Grant and many other Americans have condemned that war. After that, the United States government and press tried to support the Diaz government, which was bad for the Mexican people. Then there was the part we believe Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson took in overthrowing Madero. He was a friend of Huerta and used his influence to put Huerta in power.

"Now we see a punitive expedition taking heavy artillery into Mexico to capture a bandit. They have set their military base 150 miles south of the border. Besides, they are talking of building military railroads. Do you use heavy artillery to chase bandits?

"Even Mr. Carranza would not be able to control the people and prevent war if the troops stay in Mexico. Mr. Carranza feels no different about it from all the people of Mexico."

The Mexicans were asked about American ownership of mines and railroads.

"Until the revolution," said Lovera, "employees on the railroads with \$100 a month were all Americans. For thirty or forty years the Mexicans did all the track work

and all the hard labor, under the command of Americans. No matter how bright or capable a Mexican might be, he could not be promoted. The American employees were paid in gold. The Mexicans got silver; they got about one-half or one-fourth of what the Americans used to get. It was the same in the mines."

After answering many questions from the newspaper men, the Mexican delegation, through Mr. Lovera, questioned the correspondents.

"Why is it," he asked, "that there is such a difference between the feeling of the American people and the way the American press expresses itself? We all see that the American people do not want war, yet the press talks as if the people wanted war. Pictures of Villa and Carranza shaking hands and saying: 'Now we'll clean up the gringos.' Is that the way to keep peace? We know that Villa is dead or has left the country. Carranza would not accept his services. The Carranza army shoots every Villa bandit they can catch.

"When Carranza ordered the release of the prisoners, the papers said: 'Carranza backs down.' They should have told the truth, that Carranza realized it would not be justice to keep prisoners when war had not been declared.

"Will you adjust your conduct to the feeling of the American people? We know that the American press is more powerful than that of any other country. We know the great power of the press. You might say that you lead public opinion. They don't do that in Mexico. We tell our people that the American people don't want war, but there is no one to say that in America.

"War means crushing our revolution. It means crushing our ideals. It means the occupation of Mexico after a little struggle."

Lovera was interrupted here by Colonel Martinez.

"I don't agree with you," he said. "It would not be so easy as that. We are united. The women and children will fight. It would be a long struggle.

"Why should the United States make war on us? Villa's army is gone. He is dead or has left the country. His last stroke was to start trouble between the United States and Mexico. The American people ought to be more lenient. The Mexicans are doing all

they can. How long did it take you to capture the James boys? Yet our land is different from Missouri and Kansas. It is mountainous and thinly settled and there are many wild places."

Lovera said:

"We think the real bandits are in Wall street. To catch them the United States would have to send a punitive expedition to New York. We hear talk about going to Mexico and helping them, paying the Mexican laborers real money. You can pay real money to labor without going to Mexico. Why don't the Americans start here? How about Colorado?"

"The American people are very good and very kind and very civilized. We saw them in Mexico whipping the people and doing things such as were not done since the Spanish inquisition.

"Our aim is not to do away with the Americans, but to get the rights of free

speech and free assemblage, the right to strike, a free press, and also to get rid of the big ranches. For many years they have been taking the land away from the people, so that the people had to work in the mines and big plantations and mills for a few cents a day or starve. We want to change that."

All of the Mexican delegation now in Washington are men of intelligence and ability, and of influence in Mexico. They have a fine feeling of brotherhood with the workers of every country, and are filled with zeal for the upbuilding of a great Mexican labor movement that can form part of a Pan-American Federation of Labor.

After leaving Washington, Lovera and Pages will go to Central and South America to further cooperation between the labor movements of every American country.—*From Committee on Industrial Relations.*

THE DRONE

By C. M. Drake

"**W**HY are you chopping the heads off of your unborn bees?" the visitor cried as he saw the bee man shaving the comb with a knife.

"These are drone bees. Drones do not work. They would eat the honey of the workers," the bee man replied.

"Killing thousands of innocent drone babies for honey money," laughed the visitor. "You are as bad as the capitalists."

"Not so. They kill the workers for money. I kill the useless idle class of whom there are far too many. The workers will now carry out the headless bodies from the hive, and fill the cells with honey. So I am helping the workers. A drone brings in no honey nor bee bread, as you call it. He eats what workers produce."

"But won't the father or mother bees be sorry you killed them?"

"A drone has no father. He was hatched from an unfertilized egg laid by his mother. So he has only one grandfather, his mother's father, and it is very doubtful if he gets any mother love," the bee man said.

"No brotherly love or sisterly love, either?"

"Only a scant sisterly toleration from the sisters until the swarming season is over. He is then abused and driven from the hive to die anywhere, if he is not in a queenless hive. He may have added a little to the warmth of the hive at times. One out of thousands has met a virgin queen on her one wedding trip, as it is called, up in the air, and has given his life and the whole of his organs of reproduction which the queen has torn from him as they parted. These sexual organs are taken back to the hive by the queen and with their help she becomes a perfect mother bee in a few days after the meeting."

"Given his life"? the visitor repeated.

"Yes, the male never gets back to the hive. A little while before he might have been flying about in play. Then he smelled the air track of a flying virgin who wanted a mate. His sense of smell is almost beyond our belief. He followed the virgin, met her, and died in a few moments after the mating. For that one meeting thousands of

other drones were raised and never had a chance to mate. Looks almost like a waste, but it is Nature's way with many other animals and plants," said the bee man.

"But you say he is not the father of the drones."

"He is not. The mother bee lays all of the eggs, sometimes thousands in a day during the swarming season. If an egg is to produce a worker or female, the queen squeezes a minute drop of sperm upon the egg from a sac containing the sperm. This sperm came from the drone—enough to last her for a few years, maybe. If she puts none of the sperm upon the egg it will produce a drone or male bee. If she has never met a drone all of her eggs will produce drones only."

"When the supply gets low and too many drone eggs are laid, the workers build queen cells and raise a new mother bee. They try to do this when there are other drones flying, though they preserve their own drones then. Inbreeding is better than no breeding. It sometimes happens that the queen is not mated during the few days when she must mate or fail to mate. Or she may lose her way or she may be caught. Then the colony may die."

"Does she know when she lays a drone egg?"

"I think so, usually," the bee man replied. It may be the size of the wax cell that tells her. You see the size of the drone cells is much larger than the worker cells. But she has been forced to lay drone eggs in worker cells. Then the workers raise the waxen cells higher before they cap over the larvæ. Bees show a great deal of what we call judgment, at times, and a great lack of it at other times."

"Especially when one stings," said the visitor slapping a stinger.

"That is one thing I like about drones. They have no stings. There would prob-

ably have been no honey bees now had they no stings to defend their stores. Yet had the drones been fighters the workers could not have driven them away when it was desirable. The drones are the bigger but they lack preparedness."

"How much have the workers wasted on those drones you are murdering, Mr. Bee Man?"

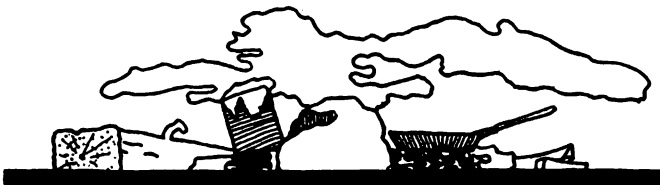
"Perhaps weeks of work and much food. It takes about 24 days to make a drone from an egg; 21 days for a worker; about 16 for a queen who is fed special food in a special cell. The eggs hatch in about three days. The larvæ, looking like worms, their ancestors, are fed with partly digested food from the tips of the worker bees' tongues. Fed a sort of chyle—digested honey and pollen. The larvæ grow very fast. They spin a web about their bodies in the cells. They are covered with caps of pollen and wax while changing to bees. They gnaw out of the cells, hunt up a sip of honey; have a short play life, and —"

"Do they ever get lost as children do?"

"Sure. But they notice their home very carefully in their first flights. Perhaps the smell of their home guides them. Yet I have seen them go into the wrong hive and get pulled and punished for so doing, though not always. Bees may have what is called the homing instinct. Some cats, dogs, horses, birds, and humans have it so that it is hard to lose them."

"I have it about dinner time," the visitor said, looking at his watch. "I suppose drones can fly as fast as our birdmen do."

"Just about, I think, with their four wings, on their wedding way. But not on long trips. Those who are not workers tire easily. And so do those who work too hard. My front rows of hives catch many a worker loaded with honey, too tired to fly farther. Like a man loaded with money, the hotel-hive welcomes the rich ones."



Some Personal Reminiscences of Professor J. Howard Moore

By Louis S. Vineburg

IT was in the spring of 1910 that I first met Professor Moore. The Young Peoples Socialist League in Chicago had arranged a series of lectures for every Sunday evening, and through the efforts of the Secretary the services of Professor Moore were secured.

Needless to say, the lectures were well attended from the start; and how keenly they were appreciated by the growing audiences was later demonstrated in whole-hearted enthusiasm.

The charming simplicity with which he delivered such advanced lectures as those on "The Origin of the Higher Peoples," "The Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples," and "The Law of Biogenesis," not only awakened an interest in the Comrades who were either members of the League, or merely visitors, but also served to rouse some of the older intellectuals, who, apparently having lost all interest in the elementary discussions of the League, had gone into strict retirement.

As is customary with Socialists, the meetings were usually thrown open for discussion. Although at first thought this would seem unwarranted in Professor Moore's lectures, since they were, strictly speaking, of a scientific nature, the custom was, nevertheless, observed.

Of course, as could be expected, some of the questions pertained as little to the subject as the subject itself pertained to the Ten Commandments. Yet they were at all times answered with such thorough analysis, such abundance of tolerance, and spirit of gentleness that even the most timid were encouraged to seek enlightenment on points obscure to them. And to add that all this was at a time when a serious ailment had been setting in—an ailment which was finally to terminate in a suicide—one must feel nothing but the greatest admiration for such sincere efforts.

For a long time after hearing the lectures I harbored the desire to have those on The Law of Biogenesis appear in book form. I felt that the message they contained must prove of vital importance to every man and woman—particularly to parents of children. It was, therefore, with this object in view, that I set out one day for the home of Professor Moore.

Arriving there, I at once unfolded my project. He listened attentively to the purpose of my visit and shook his head negatively, though sadly. "It is very kind of you," he began, "but the fact of the matter is that the lectures in question are a part of a course for High School students, which I soon intend to place in the hands of the publishers."

In answer to this objection I summoned all the enthusiasm at my command and pointed out how grateful the workingmen and women would be for the opportunity to acquaint themselves with the important facts with which the book would deal—the knowledge of which their lot in life had deprived them. This touched him deeply, and he consented without any further remonstrances.

After the necessary arrangement with Comrade Kerr for its publication, the question of royalty came up. I promised Comrade Kerr that I would take the matter up with Professor Moore, and as soon as the opportunity presented itself I set out again on my mission. This time there was no deliberation on his part. Rising from his seat and walking up to me, he laid his hands on my shoulders, and, with a look full of tenderness and sympathy, said: "Never mind the royalty. I am very glad to help in any way I can."

It may not be out of place to mention here that Professor Moore was a Socialist, and that he was thoroughly convinced that the cause of labor must ultimately triumph. How deeply he felt the injustice of the present social arrangement

one can readily discern in his clarion call for action on the part of the proletariat:

"Shake off your chains! Be free! Take your inalienable rights! Is this not *your* world as much as anybody's? Be *men*, not doormats! Light the red hell of revolution, if need be!"—From *The New Ethics*.

It was not the cause of humanity alone that he championed. The dumb, four-footed animals came in for even a greater share of his sympathy. The following extract epitomizes his mournful plaint for the beasts of burden:

"The stars of heaven never looked down on a more pitiful sight than that of a horse, after having drudged faithfully all his days in the service of his lord, cast out in his helpless old age to wander and perish."—From *Better World Philosophy*.

As a scientist he based his convictions on the works of Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer, and the other pioneers of truth. But it was not that in itself which has won for him the high regard he attained among the emancipated scientists. It was due, rather, to the ingenious manner in which he interwove his doctrines with the teachings of those great masters, whose worth he acknowledged. The Biogenetic Principle, as enunciated by Haeckel, elicited from him such startling utterance of a great thought as this:

"No wonder the child loves the camp-fire. The camp-fire was the ancestor of the hearth—the first bright spot in that dark world out of which our forefathers groped their way so long ago."—*The Law of Biogenesis*.

And again, writing elsewhere, he says: "All civilized peoples have come from savage peoples. They have 'grown' from savages, just as you and I as individuals

have grown from babies."—*Savage Survivals*.

Some critics maintain that his masterpiece, as an author, is his "*Universal Kinship*," recently reprinted in a handsome new edition by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., as are the other books I quoted from above, with the exception of "*The New Ethics*." But whether or not this criticism is justifiable can best be judged from a personal perusal of his books. I can do no better here than quote from a chapter on "*Man an Animal*," in which he says:

"Man has not a spark of so-called 'divinity' about him. In important respects he is the most highly evolved of animals; but in origin, disposition, and form he is no more 'divine' than the dog who laps his sores, the terrapin who waddles in his carapace or the unfastidious worm who dines on the dust of his feet."

In the REVIEW for June appears what may be termed his "last word" on the subject of religion. In this he takes the occasion to express his scorn for those scientists who still look to heaven for an explanation of the facts which have long since been established by men who were more courageous than themselves and who have reasoned from the material world about them. "No true scientist," he says, "can pray. Prayer is unscientific. No evolutionist can believe in the divine origin of anything."—*The Source of Religion*.

Indeed, all his works are replete with the sublimest thoughts and inspirations, and the least that we, as Comrades, can do as proof of our mission to spread enlightenment is first, to acquaint ourselves with Professor Moore's books, and secondly, to pass the knowledge on to others. Thus his efforts shall not have been in vain.



Henry Dubb on the Proposed Socialist Platform

To the Editor and all other Fellow-Comrades:

I have been waiting to "get back" at you social-cut-ups for quite a spell. You folks have been roasting me and a few million more of my family ever since you have had a ticket in the field—because we wouldn't vote for your know-it-alls.

But, I have got the goods on you this time! Your proposed platform proves it! And I'll bet you, yourselves, have not laid off to read it. I have not met one of you who has, and you're always talking about *us* not reading and being educated-like. Far be it from me to pile up any pebbles in your pursuit of political documents, but the thing I am kicking about is that it takes so dang long to finish the job. Why man, this platform is four or five times as long as *The Declaration of Independence*! Your literary lights evidently overlooked the fact that we like short stuff right to the point, such as employees' notices and auction sale announcements.

However, we Dubbs always believe in doing a fellow critter a good turn, so I am going to describe your platform to you as we go through this letter, so you will know it when you see it in your papers—and they do say that you agitators are so busy "saving us"—you don't have much time for *reading*—sort-o'-got the *talking* habit, hey, Bill?

Well, anyway, here goes for your platform, which you will find printed all out on the back page of your American Socialist of July 15th. (Understand, right here, I don't blame you for its appearance on the back page.) Some fellow has been sending me this paper for the past three months and them Ryan cartoons kind a got under my hide.

The article begins with an obituary notice about how the platform "happened to happen." It reads, "This draft was originally drawn up by the joint meeting of the outgoing and incoming National Executive Committees" and that the presidential and vice-presidential candidates were also there, or thereabouts. It also says, "it was revised" and that,

"the Socialist Party is the only party that will have a platform ADOPTED by the rank and file of the party membership."

I have always been wondering where the rank and file got off at in your organization. Now the mystery is cleared up. I always wondered where they got their ideas. Now I know. Your leaders make your ideas and platforms for you. Just like they do in the old parties. The leaders adopt the ideas and hand them down to you; you adopt and hand them down to us.

If I haven't got this straight I want you to come back at me right sharp.

You can tell by the way I write that I am a bit above the rest of the Dubb family and don't believe half I read in the Chicago papers anyway. I know there is no black hand work in this case. It is all as clear as day. The committee going out "hands it" (the platform) to the bunch coming in, who in turn slip it to the P. and the V. P. elect. It is then "revised" by parties unknown. And then you people who put up the money have the right to vote for it. Am I right? This, I think, is called the "modus work-us."

What I can't understand is why it should take so long to tell it. You must have some lawyers and literary fellows hanging around. Anyway, a Socialist Party man I met in Joe Leland's Shoe Shop this morning tells me that you are going to take sixty days to study it all out. That you will make bucksaw marks in front of what you want and doughnut holes against what doesn't look good. This sounds good to me.

But to get back at the platform: It reminds me of an old crazy quilt up in the garret which my grandmother gave me when I got married. You all know what they look like. No particular pattern and pieced together. Some pieces of silk alongside a patch of calico. The colors are something like those on Joseph's coat. They seem to swear at each other in all languages, including Yiddish. There was no harmony like you see in the rainbow on a summer's afternoon after it has

rained and the sun comes out. It was stuffed with a lot of cotton batton.

Your proposed platform starts out with a lot of batton or bunk about brotherhood. Just as if there could be any brotherhood under this system. Listen, the way it reads, "The Socialist Party of America reaffirms its steadfast adherence to the principles of international brotherhood, world peace and industrial democracy." Now, to get down to brass tacks, as we say when we put down the carpets every spring, what are the principles of international brotherhood? I do not know; do you? It sounds to me very much like what we hear on the 4th of July's political spell-binders on the court house steps. I read some of John Spargo's pamphlets and it seems to me you ought to get after him to put these *great* principles into simple English and write them out for us in black and white. We are simple folk, you know, and have to be shown.

What has become of your principles of international socialism you were always reaffirming in the past?

What are the principles of world peace, as well as the principles of industrial democracy? Come across with the goods and cut out the glittering generalities. They make a fellow swear.

Am glad to see that, "Socialism would not abolish private property but greatly extend it." I want all I can get, but as the rich own almost all of this free country at the present time I am wondering how you can establish collective ownership. In other words, when it comes to the "show down" are you going to buy the railroads, telegraphs and telephones, express service, steamboat lines and all other social means of transportation and communication and all large industries? If you are not going to buy this wealth, how do you expect to get it "in the hands of the people?"

I am with you in your opposition to war, but I can't quite hitch up these two paragraphs:

"The Socialist Party maintains its attitude of unalterable opposition to war."

"That no war shall be declared or waged by the United States without the referendum vote of the entire people, except for the purpose of repelling invasion." As all wars are waged in the interests of the capitalists, why should a referendum vote of the entire people of the United States be taken? Why take a referendum vote at all if you are opposed to war? Who is to determine whether the war is one of invasion or conquest? All the Socialists at war in Europe rose to arms to repel so-called invasions.

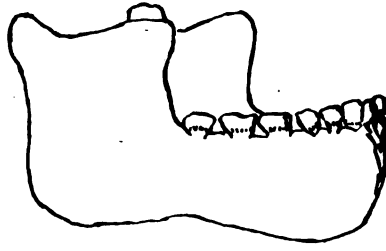
At the time the war broke out in Europe the most intelligent Socialists of all countries were advocating the use of the general strike in case of war. Why is there no place for this mighty force in your platform?

So far as the political demands are concerned they're familiar patches on most every political platform.

The industrial demands are utopian and empty baubles unless a way is pointed out to secure them. If they are worth mentioning at all they are worth organizing to get. But the importance of organization on the industrial field is not even hinted at. Then why the hot air? To get votes?

By far the most fascinating part of the platform is the Minority Report, which we should all vote for. It will add guts and backbone which will otherwise be lacking.

I suppose you have already come to the conclusion that the writer carries a red card in the Socialist Party. You bet your sweet life he does, but he does not belong to that large and respectable part of our membership which still belongs to the Dubb family. I hope you will discuss as well as improve this proposed platform intelligently during the next sixty days.



The oldest and most primitive underjawbone of a human being so far known, the so-called *Homo Heidelbergensis*, who lived in the last division of the Tertiary age. Found in the sands of Mauer near Heidelberg. (After Schoetensack.)

The Origin and Earliest Traces of Man

By WILHELM BOELSCHE

Extracts from Wilhelm Boelsche's "Der Mensch der Vorzeit—Erster Teil—Der Mensch in der Tertiaerzeit und im Diluvium," translated by Alfred D. Schoch.

THE human hand, as a product of this earthly planet, was impossible so long as the five-toed foot of the land vertebrates had not developed. The carboniferous age may be taken as the beginning point of this latter accomplishment. More exactly this hand must then have passed through the stage of the climbing hand of the higher mammals. The oldest mammalian hands of this kind known to us belong to the first section of the Tertiary age, the Eocene period; it seems a likely supposition that they may go still further back into the latest Cretaceous times. At any rate the human hand at the very beginning of the Tertiary age was "possible."

The human brain in exactly the same degree presupposes the development of the vertebrate brain to the stage of the highest mammals below man. A direct comparison with it is possible only in the case of the apes, and especially in a narrower sense of the so-called man-like apes, such as the gibbon, the orang-outang and gorilla. So far as the very scanty remains up to the present picture it, the development of the apes in that Eocene period was even then going at full swing. From the middle third of the Tertiary age, the Miocene period, we have already unmistakable bones of genuine man-like apes. At this time, consequently, was fulfilled here also the last previous condition for the human brain; from then on it could have developed. For numerous reasons, however, it is probable that man did not exactly follow these manlike apes, but that he had already appeared parallel with them. Man today possesses a

far stronger brain than these highest apes; in compensation, however, his dentition is far weaker, and lacks especially the very prominent canines. It does not seem, though, that this dentition is a subsequent new formation developed backwards from a gorilla dentition. Rather it preserves precisely a more simple, primitive character, such as we are accustomed to find, in contrast to strongly specialized dentitions, at the source of all the higher mammals in general, as well as also in a narrower sense within the separate branches of this mammalian family again in the older forms of each.

So there is a very strong probability that man may be a comparatively primitive creation of that place in the lineage of the apes where the man-like apes first branched off. These man-like apes developed strong tooth-weapons (especially the enlarged canine teeth), but, with the brain part of their skulls and with the brain itself, they made, probably for this very reason, no further progress above the (already, at any rate, compared with the other mammals, enormously high), brain development of the original point of departure. Man, on the contrary, kept his simple and primitive dentition, but in contrast to and parallel with the manlike apes made a mighty advance as regards the upper part of the skull and the brain.

Now if the man-like apes had already gone their way to their goal in the Miocene period, we will necessarily have to put back into the Eocene the common point of departure where development forked into the

two branches, and then nothing stands in the way of assuming that somewhere along in the later Eocene man also in his most unmistakable primitive form had already separated himself from the family tree of the apes. Just as the man-like apes on their part, he for his part may then also have been a finished product in all essential particulars as regards his brain development. There may still have been some considerable differences in the shape of his bones, of course, compared with today, but they were not necessarily great enough to shut out the most important consequence. For only a certain moderate advance over the manlike apes was needed to come to this, and furthermore we see the same thing today in the widest sense even among varieties of man (like the Australian negroes), such as even now show really notable peculiarities of such bone-structure.

This consequence was the first human use of tools.

So in all probability we can first look for such human tools from the beginning of the Miocene period on. That is enormously far back. In all certainty from then to now a space of a number of millions of years has passed. Still there is nothing to prevent such tools from being preserved somewhere or other in a protected spot . . . in case above all they used the most durable of all materials, namely, hard stone. Of animal bones we have, in fact, a plenty from those days. Bone-remains of a human being of about the middle of the Tertiary age, it is true, have so far never been found. But human bones are, in any case, much more perishable than stone. With the general possibility of the existence of human life at that time, which really rests on very good indications, the discovery of an unmistakable stone tool in undisturbed surroundings of those days would necessarily be complete proof that already "the time was fulfilled," and that really most peculiar event of our planet had finally taken place.

. . . The earliest tools . . . must have been in the first place simply stones, sticks and similar unworked products of nature of a handy shape picked up and sorted out. For preservation after so long a time stones will be the ones to occupy our attention above all others. We should consequently search for them in the old Tertiary strata.

But the pity is, we will hardly recognize them as such. For who is to examine such a single stone as a pure product of nature to decide whether it *might have* served as the first human tool, or whether it really *did* serve this purpose? Stones that *might* be useful to people, in case there were any people there, may perhaps exist on the moon. In this embarrassment it would give us a slight foothold if such evidently handy-shaped stones, a lot of them in a pile, had already been brought together at that time somewhere or other. But a far better indication would be the first traces, even though crude ones, of artificial improvement, such as sharpening, of such stones. . . . Consequently it is not surprising that the very earliest "fact" of prehistoric civilization today still leads directly to an open question in dispute. From undisturbed strata of the Miocene period, never altered again after that time, a quantity of pieces of stone have been collected in recent years which are suspected of really having been worked over; of course, worked over in such a simple and crude way that doubt may still venture to question the fact, and has done so. The most important and least objectionable locality of such finds is near Aurillac in the department of Cantal in southern France. Sand strata of the Miocene period were covered there in this far-away epoch with lava from the once vigorously active Auvergne volcanoes. In these sands are found bones of the hipparion horse, with three hoofs on each foot, and of the dinotherium elephant, with tusks in the lower jaw bending downward, very peculiar animals, consequently, pointing to a far-away primitive world. Besides, there are found in them, collected at definite places into big piles, loose pieces of flint, of which about two-thirds show more or less clear traces of some working over, but already done at the time they were embedded in these sands, that is to say, back in the Miocene period itself.

. . . From larger lumps of flint smaller handy pieces appear broken off, with the characteristic mark where they were hit, as it produced on such shell-shaped fragments when split off with a powerful outside blow. Such pieces struck off are then often provided with all sorts of finer traces of subsequent blows for the purpose of fitting them more exactly to their purpose; one edge especially often

appears notched with numerous small chips removed or with dints (retouch marks, as they have also been called). So, according to the individual treatment, the fragment of stone appears really more and more plainly accommodated to the purpose of a cutting, stabbing or digging instrument.

. . . In part later, but still fully accredited corresponding Tertiary traces have also been found in Belgium and England. So these people must already have had a certain territorial extension over Europe at that time. The mass of traces at one spot may indicate that here we have come upon nothing less than supply points where numerous generations kept coming, because the flint-material they sought for was obtainable there in unusual abundance. As animals keep coming from a distance to a drinking place or a salt-lick, so these people anxious for material for tools kept going to their good, old place.

At the places of these finds, as we have said, no skeleton-remains of a human being have ever been detected. . . . Also no find has ever yet been made, at any rate, that would disclose that the first degree of culture of Aurillac was anywhere surpassed before the end of the Tertiary age. For the present we may conclude we have here a uniform stage of the general primitive culture, not merely an outer zone locally belated at that time. And the only Tertiary remains of man so far discovered would seem to agree with this view, a relic which can not be older than the very end of the Tertiary age, and along with which no tools were found.

So far, unfortunately, it is a question of only a single human lower jawbone, which came to light October 21, 1907, while working a sand-pit near the place called Mauer, southeastward from Heidelberg. The Neckar formed a loop here in early times, and piled up great heaps of sand and gravel, in which numerous animal bones (remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, wild oxen, wild horses, etc.), from the old overflow zone of the river came also to be stored up. Elephants, rhinoceroses and other animals now strange to this region still lived here in Germany, it is true, during all the diluvial epoch, which came next after the Tertiary age, but some of the special varieties occurring there in the Neckar sand of the respective strata of the finds (especially the rhinoceros species of the so-called "Etrus-

can rhinoceros"), still point with great definiteness to the last division of the Tertiary age itself. The human lower jawbone found in the same situation and preservation (the stratum of the find is absolutely irreproachable), should consequently belong to a human being, though a late one, of the Tertiary age also. The noted Heidelberg anthropologist Otto Schoetensack, to whom we owe the description of him, has called him provisionally *Homo Heidelbergensis* (man of Heidelberg).

To judge by the bone found, he represents without any doubt a variety or subvariety of man that differs considerably from the type living today. The general massiveness is enormous, the chin is entirely lacking, and the build of the rising parts at the back still betrays pronounced features of an ape-like primitive type, which in this case the man-like apes have preserved far more faithfully than present-day man. These details are, in any case, of very great interest for the theory of the animal origin of man. For a moment one could almost be tempted to believe in view of them that there really still lived here near Heidelberg in relatively so late an hour a prehuman, that is, a transition form, in fact, standing before all culture. Such a thing, of course, would not be impossible, for about the same time or even a little later there still existed in Java the celebrated pithekanthropos, which somehow really pointed as well to such a surviving intermediate form. But still the absolutely human dentition, along with human size, speaks notwithstanding for an already human upper skull and so also a human brain development, and consequently it becomes much more probable that we are already within the human and cultural domain, in other words, that we have before us the man of Aurillac, who already knew how to make those primitive tools.

We recall how an Australian skull, which is far more primitive than ours, still exists in connection with a quite efficient culture . . . and so find it quite possible that at least this section of culture could have already come forth at that time from a brain in a still more ape-like skull in some respects. The lack of a chin might, it is true, indicate that these people could have had as yet no real language in the human sense, and that would then separate them still further and more fundamentally from

the Australians, as well as from all real humans in general. Yet this characteristic appears quite prominent as well in a diluvial, culturally already very active race of men, of which we are to have more to say soon; in their case attention has further been called with special emphasis to the lack of certain places in the bone structure of the region of the chin, said to be indispensable to our language, where muscles could be attached. So their lack continued long past the time of Tertiary man. But anyway the indication in this matter of language itself is not absolutely certain: it is possible that a somewhat awkward human language, too, may have existed along with such a chin-formation, and that, from the opposite point of view, the long term of its existence first gradually, so to say, trained the bone, and little by little changed it into a chin.

Between the culture of Aurillac and the man of Heidelberg there lies, even if the latter still belongs to the Tertiary age, a period of time of certainly over a million years. So if the flint-sharpeners of Aurillac already had the skull of the Heidelberger, and this Heidelberger still simply chipped flint into rough tools in the same way, then we would have to assume that this first epoch of primitive culture had simply lasted through an enormously long period of time without achieving any new advance. And we are strengthened in this view when, even on this side of the whole Tertiary age, in the period nearer to us, which stands between that time and the period of our narrower, gradually dated "history of civilization," we still come upon most ancient relics of culture which seem to continue the same stage of crude implements of stone.





INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN



COMRADE LIEBKNECHT

**Liebknecht
Convicted**

On June 28 Karl Liebknecht was convicted of "attempted treason, gross insubordination, and resistance to the authorities." His trial was before a court-martial. The sentence imposed was the lightest possible, thirty months' penal servitude and dismissal from the army.

This trial and conviction resulted from

Comrade Liebknecht's activities in connection with the May-day celebration in the famous Potsdam Square, Berlin. There was no contest as to the chief facts. Liebknecht acknowledged distributing a May-day leaflet and crying "Down with war!" and "Down with the government." The police reported that he resisted arrest. At first he was accused merely of disturbing the peace and rousing class hatred; then the charge was changed to one of high treason. The discussion of the case in the Reichstag was reported in the July REVIEW. By a large majority the accused man was denied the protection of parliamentary immunity.

Since the July REVIEW went to press a report of a speech delivered on this occasion by Haase has reached us. It should be referred to here in order to make our record complete and to let our readers know that one voice was raised in defense of a man who faced the fury of Prussian militarism. At one point Haase said: "The charge of treason is 'not made in the indictment by anybody but the Berlin chief of police, Von Jagow. He, on the other hand, does not consider the leaflet treasonable. He rather rests his charge upon another count. His letter to the governor-general declares: 'The Reichstag deputy, Liebknecht, also admits that he worked with friends in the enemy countries who had the same idea about ending this war.' This, gentlemen, is supposed to constitute treason!" The remainder of the speech

shows clearly that extraordinary interpretations were being put upon Liebknecht's acts and that the case against him was trumped up for the sake of reducing him to silence.

The history of the case shows that Haase was right. At first Liebknecht was accused of disorder as anyone else might have been. Then the government saw its chance and changed the charge to one of high treason—at the same time sending out orders to the Reichstag deputies that immunity was to be denied. Then the ministry evidently took fright. Conviction of high treason would have meant death. What would martyrdom lead to? They could not tell. So the indictment was changed again, this time to one of attempted treason. The sentence connected with conviction for this crime ranges from thirty months to fifteen years penal servitude, and Liebknecht was given the minimum sentence. The government has been clever. It has silenced its most active foe without making a martyr of him.

There was another great meeting in Potsdam Square on the evening of June 28. It was dispersed by the police and 20 persons were arrested.

American press comment on this trial has been extremely amusing.—One would think that a great daily would find it useful to have on its staff at least one man somewhat conversant with Socialism. A paper so provided would not tell its confiding readers that Liebknecht has been expelled from his party. This report probably developed from the news that Liebknecht is no longer a member of the regular Social Democratic group in the Reichstag.

Another curious and interesting thing previously commented on in the REVIEW has reappeared in this connection. Anti-Germans in this country and England have made a hero of Liebknecht. They are fighting the German government; he is fighting the German government; therefore he is on their side. So the *New York Times*, so *London Justice*. And German "war socialists" have done the same thing in regard to anti-war socialists in England and Italy. There is a massive stupidity or perversity in such a representation that staggers one's faith

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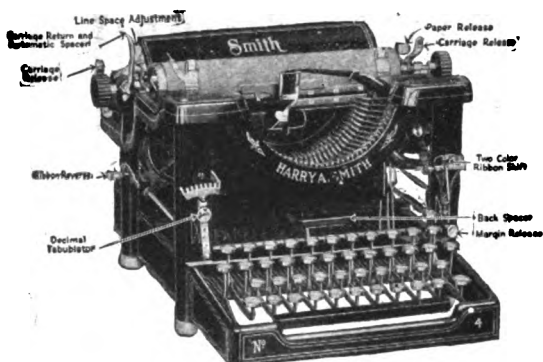
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in humanity. If Liebknecht were here or in England or in Italy he would be opposing the war and the government just as he is doing. And only those who fight against capitalist government everywhere and in all its manifestations are his comrades. The others—those who attempt to utilize his heroism and his intellect against Germany and in favor of England—are a sorry sight.

**Berlin
Socialists
Against War**

During the last days of June there occurred a conference of representatives from the various electoral districts of Berlin and its environs. Almost unanimously this body voted support to the so-called Minority Group in the Reichstag. It happens that the Berlin deputies have been staunch anti-war men from the beginning. This conference was chosen for the express purpose of approving or condemning their attitude. The delegates came instructed from local membership meetings. So the conference unquestionably represented the view of the Socialists of Berlin. It is pleasant to know that Herr Haenisch, who has been so prominently before the world as an apologist for the government, was denounced by his constituents in a membership meeting at Nieder-Barmen. He is a member of the Landtag.

**English Labor
Against
Conference**

A severe blow has been struck against the proposal to hold a great conference of labor unionists in connection with peace negotiations which must eventually terminate the war. This proposal was inaugurated by the American Federation of Labor. It has received support in various countries. On July 5 it failed to receive support at a conference of English and French unionists held at Leeds, England. The French were in favor of it and the English opposed. The English were in the majority. The English delegates also defeated a French resolution in favor of the freedom of the seas after the war. They would not do anything to endanger England's food supply by interfering with the power of the English fleet."

**International
Capitalism
and the
Future**

As usual, it is the powers of capitalism that lead. In March was held at Paris the great military conference of the nations allied

with Britain. On June 14 began, also in Paris, another conference of these same allies. But this second conference had little to do with military matters. Only incidentally did it throw light on the causes or results of war. It was called to formulate economic policies for the time of peace.

Here is a part of what Aristide Briand had to say in welcoming the delegates: "The war will demonstrate to the allied nations that their peaceful tasks cannot be taken up and performed successfully unless they are inspired by ideas of solidarity and of mutual protection. Only on this condition can they feel themselves secure against a return to errors of the past of which our enemies have so largely taken advantage in establishing their commercial enterprises.

"The war has opened our eyes to a great peril. It has abundantly shown toward what economic slavery we were to be forced. It is necessary to recognize that great harm had been done; our adversaries nearly succeeded. Then came the war. All of our sacrifices will not have been in vain if we are finally assured of the economic liberation of the world and its restoration to sound commercial practices. * * * If it is proved that former errors came near to allowing our enemies to exercise an intolerable tyranny over the productive forces of the world, you will resolutely abandon them and betake yourselves to new paths."

Just what the conference decided to do has not yet been reported—or had not been when the most recent papers were sent from France. But the topics discussed and the tendencies of the decisions reached are clearly foreshadowed in one quotation. The economic boycott of the central powers, the formation of a tariff league, the formulation of mutually advantageous policies with regard to foreign markets—these were among the matters taken up and the temper of the delegates was evidently ready for radical action.

All of this is important. It shows, for one thing, that the rulers of England and France know more about the war than they have told the public. Nobody pretended—at this conference—that this

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bloody cataclysm is due to the wickedness of the Prussians. Nobody said that it would be enough to put down German militarism. It was acknowledged in every sentence that the real enemy is the German business man. "He nearly had us beaten—then came the war." They should be thankful for the war. Perhaps they were. To bring the world back to sound methods, their methods, they must combine and beat the Germans in the markets of the world. This must be done, evidently, whether German militarism is put down or not. So militarism is not the only thing.

Furthermore, this conference is the forerunner of the new capitalism. While the workers are being driven apart or are striving ineffectually to get together, the governments, which more directly represent business, are forming such commercial units as never were known before. The great work of the business of our next period will be internationalism. The governments are taking charge, not because capitalism has failed, but because the new forms demanded by the present crisis cannot be created by unofficial individuals. The support of millions of people, cooperative control of great military and naval forces, the prestige of ancient political bodies—all these are essential to the success of the stupendous undertakings which are now contemplated.

One cannot help wondering what will be the political results of such developments. England and France are now very close. Will their economic battle against Germany not bring them closer? And then what of French and English workers? Is it along this route that we are to expect working-class internationalism?

This time it is in France that **War-Socialism** Socialists are enchanted by **Once More**

the beauty of the state capitalism which makes modern warfare possible. *L'Humanité*, in an editorial, finds great satisfaction in the fact that Albert Thomas, a Socialist, is in control of 800,000 workers. As a cabinet member he has charge of the government's munitions-providing activities. The government is controlling sugar refineries and importing coal. It even dares to tell the

landlord that you are excused from paying rent. England has done something of the same sort, and Germany has gone much farther. The appointment of Herr Batocki as a sort of minister of food is regarded as quite a Socialist triumph.

All of which shows how much we think of forms and how little we care for substance. In all the warring countries men and women are working longer hours than they have at any time since the rise of the labor movement. In some trades in England they are getting high wages, but for the most part the cost of living has gone up more rapidly than the wage scale. The London *Herald* published recently figures which show that foodstuffs advanced fifty per cent in England between July 1914, and June, 1916. "It will be said that wages have risen," comments George Lansbury, "but this is true only of certain industries. Large masses of the population have received no increases at all, and it is certain that no ordinary working people have received an increase equivalent to these increased prices." In France and Germany wages are worse than in England.

The government control of business did not come by the will of the working people, and it does not serve their purpose or give them a better life. It was called into being to preserve capitalism and bridge over the interval between two of its stages. But just because the government for the moment has something to do with coal and rent some think we are hovering on the brink of paradise. We are presently to be booted into Socialism by the great god Mars. They will have a sad moment when they discover where Mars has really landed them.

The I. L. P. War Resolution Here is the text of resolution on war adopted at the Easter conference of the English Independent Labor Party: "This conference is of the opinion that the Socialists of all nations should agree that henceforth the Socialist parties should refuse support to every war entered into by any government, whatever the ostensible object of the war and even if such war be nominally of a defensive character, and instructs the I. L. P. to bring forward this policy for adoption at the next International Socialist Conference."

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Hot Sellers—Comrade Shenberger of York, Pa., writes: "I have no trouble getting rid of the REVIEWS. They go very fast and I think I shall have to order more than I have ever taken before, and now we expect to have lectures every week." Why not follow Comrade Shenberger's example and let the REVIEW do some of the work for Socialism?

For the Farmers—We have never seen a book which explained the relation of the farmers to the farm workers and to the capitalist class and wage workers in other fields of industry. But Charles H. Kerr & Co. has one now. It is called "How the Farmer Can Get His," by Mary Marcy, and sells for 10 cents. The farmer is up against it on every side and he tries to take it out of the farm workers. And the farm workers try to get all they can, just as the farmer tries to get all he can. "How the Farmer Can Get His" will explain to the farm workers and the farmers the economics of the situation. Send 10 cents for a copy of it yourself and pass it on to the first farmer you meet.

Do You Want an Auto?—If you will send us 700 yearly REVIEW subs. in the U. S., outside of Chicago, we will send you free, a 1916 Model, Five-Passenger Ford Touring Car. You can send six months or three months subs. if you want to. Write for free samples and sub. blanks. If a bunch of wobblies or Socialists would get together they could easily win a free car in two months.

Better Be Exterminated—Enclosed find a dime for the June REVIEW. I would like to send a year's sub., but Capitalism and the High Cost of Living has got me about picked to the bone. Between the war in Europe and the high cost of living in America, I guess the world will become depopulated, but I have come to the conclusion that if the damn fools can't be improved upon they had better be exterminated.—W. R. Stimson, Cal.

"Dick" West, known as "Tramp Editor" West—Took part in the San Diego "Free Speech" fight. Active in expose of San Francisco employment bureaus. Last heard of in 1914. Please communicate with your wife, Mrs. Dick West. Anyone having a knowledge of West or his whereabouts kindly communicate. Address Box 1279, Los Angeles, Cal.

Some Sunday School—The Socialist Sunday School at 737 Prospect avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, has been the only one to successfully answer all the questions on economics which

we printed in the November number of the REVIEW. We hope other schools will follow their example and take up the good work of education. Once the young folks know where their interests lie, nothing can side-track them from the real working class movement. And Marxian economics will teach them the things they need and want to know. Why not take up the study of Mary Marcy's "Shop Talks" as a starter? Is there anybody in your local who can answer the questions contained in this 10-cent book?

Setting a Fast Pace—The I. W. W. rebels in Seattle are going some these days. Two hundred July REVIEWS were sold in two days and they wired in for 300 more copies. The secretary writes that dues stamps sales have increased 100 per cent in the last two months and literature sales are averaging as high as \$27 a meeting. Two thousand five hundred copies of the Industrial Worker and Solidarity are sold regularly every week, and the boys are sending \$50 per week to the Minnesota iron miners. In other words, the Seattle locals of the I. W. W. are militant workers who not only take solidarity, but back it up with action on the soap box and on the job.

The Lumber Workers' Conference—The Lumber Workers' Conference held last month in Seattle was a decided success. Between five and six hundred lumber workers were present and every seat in the I. W. W. hall was filled and many had to stand. The enthusiasm generated within the convention is bound to result in organization work in the timber industries. Three thousand lumber workers in the northwest will be lined up before the end of the year. More power to the boys who throw the canthooks! By combining their power on the job they can throw the hooks into the lumber barons of the northwest.

Arbitration Bunk Again—The longshoremen on the Pacific Coast are out again, but are not showing the same spirit they did in the first strike, when every port went out at the same time along the coast and they had the bosses on their knees, but foolishly agreed to arbitration and went back to work, thus giving the bosses an opportunity to gather scabs.

In this strike they have already made a bad break by working on those cocks which have agreed to pay the scale, while the scabs work

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the other ones. It now looks as if the outcome will be a compromise. If they would only use their heads more and their hands and feet less, they would get all their demands.

From Way Down in Texas—"I happened to be late going to town this month and was unable to buy a single copy of the REVIEW from our local news stand dealer, who told me that his bundle of twenty were sold as soon as received. I read the REVIEW now for three years and I do not like to miss a single number, so send me a copy by return mail for the enclosed 10 cents."—F. W., Fort Worth, Tex.

Lay On, MacDuff—"My two REVIEWS are arriving punctually the first of every month, bringing with them news, direct, truthful and, above all, helpful to the disinherited, but this month's has got them all beat to a standstill. The most veritable dunderhead could not fail in understanding its mission. 'Lay on, MacDuff.' Yours for the O. B. U. and Solidarity."—Robt. Connellan (Dublin Bob), No. 27-994.

Redding, Cal.—"Last number went great; sold eleven copies in one hour."—W. H.

From the Harvest—"The Agricultural Workers' Organization is certainly making hay while the sun shines. The "big drive" is already under way in Kansas and new members coming in at the rate of over fifty per day. Most of the farmers are trying to pay the "going wages," but the \$4 a day mark will be reached within a week.

The outlook for the harvest is very bright in the Dakotas, where crop reports indicate the biggest harvest in the last ten years.

The boys are going to bat this year for job control with everything in their favor. Opposition will not come from the farmers, but trouble, of course, can be expected with little two-by-four county attorneys or county sheriffs, who are always looking for a chance to display their authority and collect the fines.

Twenty thousand harvest workers will blow in from the harvest fields this fall.

Action on the Plutes—"I enclose subscription for another year, as I like the way you get action on the plutes."—G. H.

Pass It On—"A friend of mine has passed

the REVIEW on for me to read for some time. I like it fine and want to do likewise."—Carl Bransell.

How It Helps—"Comrade Henke of Indiana renews her subscription to the REVIEW and writes: "I cannot get along without the REVIEW. It keeps me stirred up and helps me to stir up other people—especially about this war situation. People are getting hysterical over the war and sending some one else's boys down 'to clean up the greasers.' I am depending on the REVIEW to help me show them the light." Isn't that good enough to make us roll up our sleeves and try to do more than ever?

Japan Awake—"Comrade Sakai writes us from Tokyo, Japan, that we Socialists must try by all means to stop this fearful and foolish militarism. He also sends us a copy of a new Socialist paper published in Japan, called "The New Society." It is inspiring to get this word from the comrades across the water. When the workers join to prevent war they can make all wars impossible. We believe Comrade Sakai and his comrades are going to prove a great educational force in Japan. NEWS AND VIEWS

Waking Folks Up—"Miss Dorothy De Kyne of Philadelphia sells a bundle of REVIEWS every month to her friends, who are anxious to hear the truth about the world of labor, and war. This is the sort of work that counts. When a man sees and understands events his actions are going to be on the right side. We wish all our young friends would follow the example of Miss Dorothy.

German Workers on Strike—"Just as we go to press with this issue word arrives that over 50,000 munition workers in Berlin factories have gone on strike on account of the thirty month prison sentence imposed upon Karl Liebknecht.

Spain Under Martial Law—"Martial law now reigns supreme in Spain, owing to the fact that a general strike of all the railroad workers has been called.

A strike on the Northern railroads began in the early part of June and has now spread to all the railroads and is being joined by the Industrial Workers in the big cities of Barcelona, Madrid and other industrial centers.

The cost of living has rapidly increased dur-

ing the past two years and the capitalists of Spain have coined money, at the same time refusing to increase wages.

Invasion of Mexico—The following splendid resolutions were adopted at a mass meeting of Socialists in Cleveland, Ohio:

We, the workmen and women of Cleveland, in mass meeting assembled, declare our unalterable opposition to the invasion of Mexico by soldiers of the United States.

The capitalist system precipitated the war in Europe, which turning that continent into a shambles, and the capitalist system and capitalist class is responsible for the present Mexican situation.

Capitalism robs and exploits the workers and condemns them to poverty and misery. In order to realize its profits the capitalist class must sell the products of which the workers are robbed, and to do this the capitalists of each nation must acquire foreign markets. Similarly the capitalists of all capitalistically developed nations are seeking foreign fields in which to invest their profits. The clash between different groups of capitalists seeking the same markets and the same fields of exploitation causes war. These two causes brought about the European war and are responsible for the Mexican situation.

Mexico has been kept in a constant tumult because of the contests between warring factions of the capitalist class, all bent upon exploiting the raw materials and natural resources of that country. The present cry for intervention is the demand of the capitalists of the United States for protection for the hundreds of millions of dollars they have invested in Mexico.

The workers of this country have no interest in sacrificing their lives to protect the investments of the capitalists, and we, therefore, declare that not only will we not enlist, but we will do our utmost to prevent others from enlisting, and will use all the power at our command to prevent further invasion of Mexico.

Furthermore, we send to our fellow-workers in Mexico fraternal greetings and extend to them the hand of comradeship. We face a common enemy in the capitalist class of the United States and Mexico and have a common goal in fighting to end exploitation and oppression by the capitalist of both nations. We pledge ourselves not to fight against our Mexican comrades but to fight with them to reach our common goal.

Send for a Copy Now—"Reflections on the Political Situation in India," by Lajpat Rai. Present social and political conditions in India are described in this pamphlet by one who is master of his subject. Paper, 75 pages, 25 cents. Radical Book Shop, 817½ N. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

From New Hampshire—"I am sorry to trouble you, but a trouble has arisen in my life, that is, THE REVIEW for July has not arrived, and I miss it. It is one of the bright spots on the dull horizon of Capitalist Society. Send another copy quick."—G. L.

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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 1141 B, Gurney Bldg.,
Syracuse, N. Y.

DER IMPERIALISMUS, DER WELTKRIEG UND DIE SOZIAL-DEMOKRATIE

Von Herman Gorter

This is a German edition of a most important book which we had hoped to publish in English during the summer of 1916. After the book was in type, the author felt obliged to insist on suppressing the edition, for reasons of his own. He has now sent us several hundred copies of this edition in the German language, published in Amsterdam. Every German-speaking reader of the REVIEW should read and circulate it. Price 25 cents; to our stockholders, 20 cents, postpaid.

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BOOK REVIEWS



Carl Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" (the Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.25) are innocent of *libido*. They are free verse, utterly undecorative free verse. They are catalogic, with little selection. Mr. Sandburg sees life with terrific vividness, in all its muddled, chaotic clutter and he tells it to you blurtily, bluntly. He hears life the same way and repeats it. No composer he—he gives you Chicago as a futurist painter paints his mingled memories of a night all jumbled together, without perspective, without background. But Sandburg feels through eyes and ears. His senses are all sympathy. So his somewhat staccato notations upon Chicago have veritable life in them. He is a revolutionist, but he doesn't argue in his verse. He simply states the status quo out of court. His power is in his apparent detachment, but his real ferocity of interest is in the case against the social system. He sings Chicago by showing us Chicago crude, cruel, vast. He damns Chicago from its own point of view, not from that of culture. He damns it with a mighty passion of seeing and saying what he sees. Imagine "The Jungle" put into an ascetic form of imagism—that is "Chicago Poems." But for his hate of hate, his love of love, Sandburg would be intolerable. He sees beauty too, but does he tell you it is beauty? Not he. He

simply sets it down alongside of horror or sordidness. The analysis and synthesis are left to you.—William Marion Reedy.

The Socialism of Today. Edited by William English Walling, Jessie Wallace Hughan, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Harry W. Laidler and other members of a committee of the Inter-collegiate Socialist Society. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

In a sense this is a companion volume to William English Walling's **The Socialists and The War**, yet it covers a wider field and will be serviceable for a longer period. There is a short history of the Second International, but except for that the book-pictures in documents and figures the growth of Socialism from 1912 to 1916. Part I covers all the continents and countries. For each nation we have given accounts of elections, congresses, and all the twists and turns of party life. We have platforms, resolutions and statements by representative men and women. Part II covers Socialist parties and social problems. Here we range from sabotage to suffrage. Positions taken by international congresses are often outlined. Occasionally some problem is presented as it has come up in some country where it is of especial importance. Thus immigration is given to us in the form of Australian and American documents and the land question as it has arisen in England.

Here and there is a necessary bit of original narrative, but almost all of the 631 pages are filled with actual materials. The sources are most varied. Nearly all the Socialist publications of the world have been levied upon. The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW has contributed many pages. During this war period, when so many foreign papers fail to reach us, the editors have been amazingly successful in covering their field.

There are, naturally, some omissions. There is a fine account of the Australian Labor Party, but none at all of the Australian Socialist Party. The British Socialist Party gets a half-page, which tells nothing. The little Social Democratic Party of Holland receives its only mention in a paragraph written by one of its opponents. Japanese Socialism is entirely neglected. The American Socialist Labor Party is referred to only in connection with the unity movement.

The Socialism of Today is an encyclopedia. It should be in every Socialist library. Our writers, speakers and young Socialists ought to use it constantly. I recommend it heartily to all editors of daily papers. Let us begin to know.—William E. Bohn.

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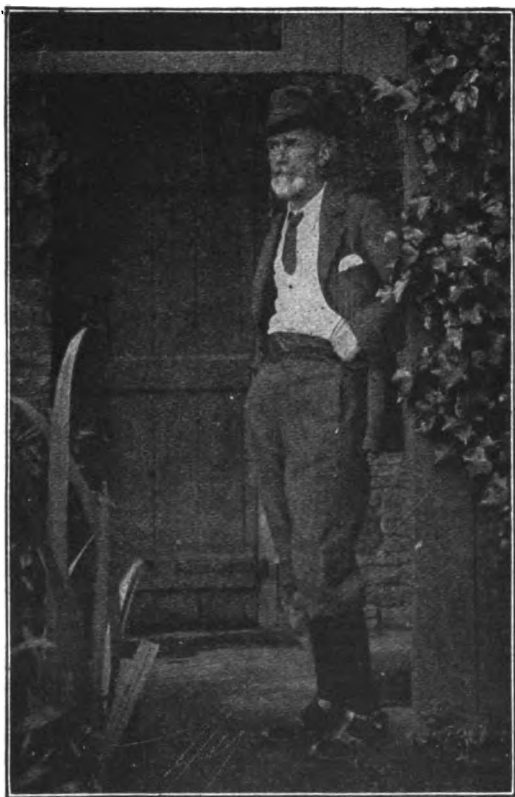
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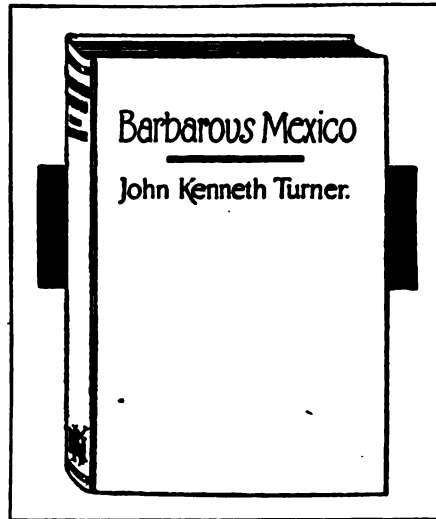
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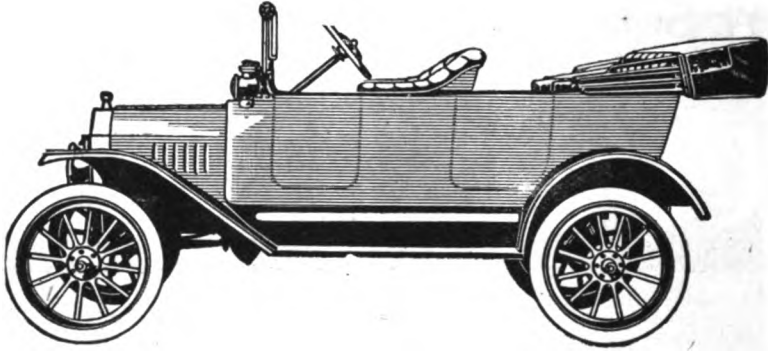
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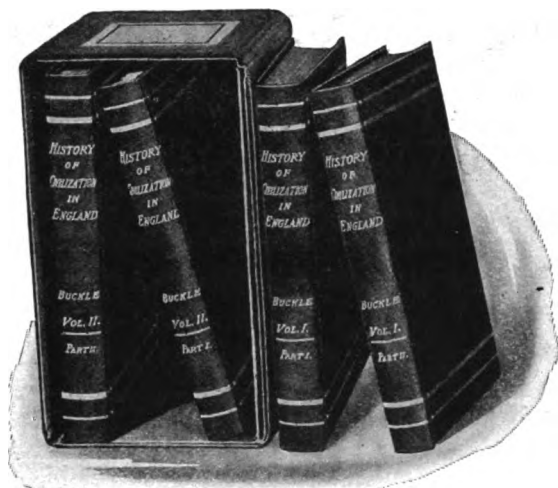
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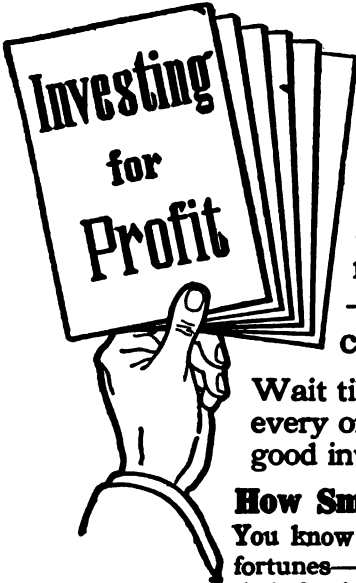
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DECLARATION OF WAR

FELLOW WORKERS AND FRIENDS:

War has been declared against the Steel Trust and the independent mining companies of Minnesota by the Industrial Workers of the World.

The Iron Miners are mustering. Twenty thousand have left the mines and pits.

More than seven thousand have already been sworn in.

The steam shovels are idle. The drills are silent.

The miners are on strike in the following camps: Hibbing, 4,000; Chisholm, 2,800; Virginia, 2,500; Buhl, 1,400; Eveleth, 1,600; Gilbert, 900; Biwabik, 600; Aurora, 900; Kinney, 800, and other small camps.

The demands are \$2.75 a day for top men. For Miners, dry places, \$3.00; for Miners, wet places, \$3.50; the 8-hour day; bimonthly pay days; abolition of contract labor; to be paid at once when discharged, or leaving work.

It is the Iron Miners who are making these demands—men who are doing hard, hazardous work. They take their lives into their hands every time they go down into the mines or pits.

They are the men who produce the ore that is converted into iron and steel to make the machinery of the world. Without these men civilization could not exist.

These bare-handed Iron Miners, driven to desperation, have declared industrial war against the United States Steel Corporation. The Masters of Bread are fighting with their usual weapons—gunmen, detectives, courts and the press.

We are united, but must have help. This is your fight. You must raise money for food, clothing, shelter and organization work.

Send all funds to WM. D. HAYWOOD, Room 307, 164 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois.



Wm D Haywood

Gen'l Sec.-Treas.

September

1916

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No. 3

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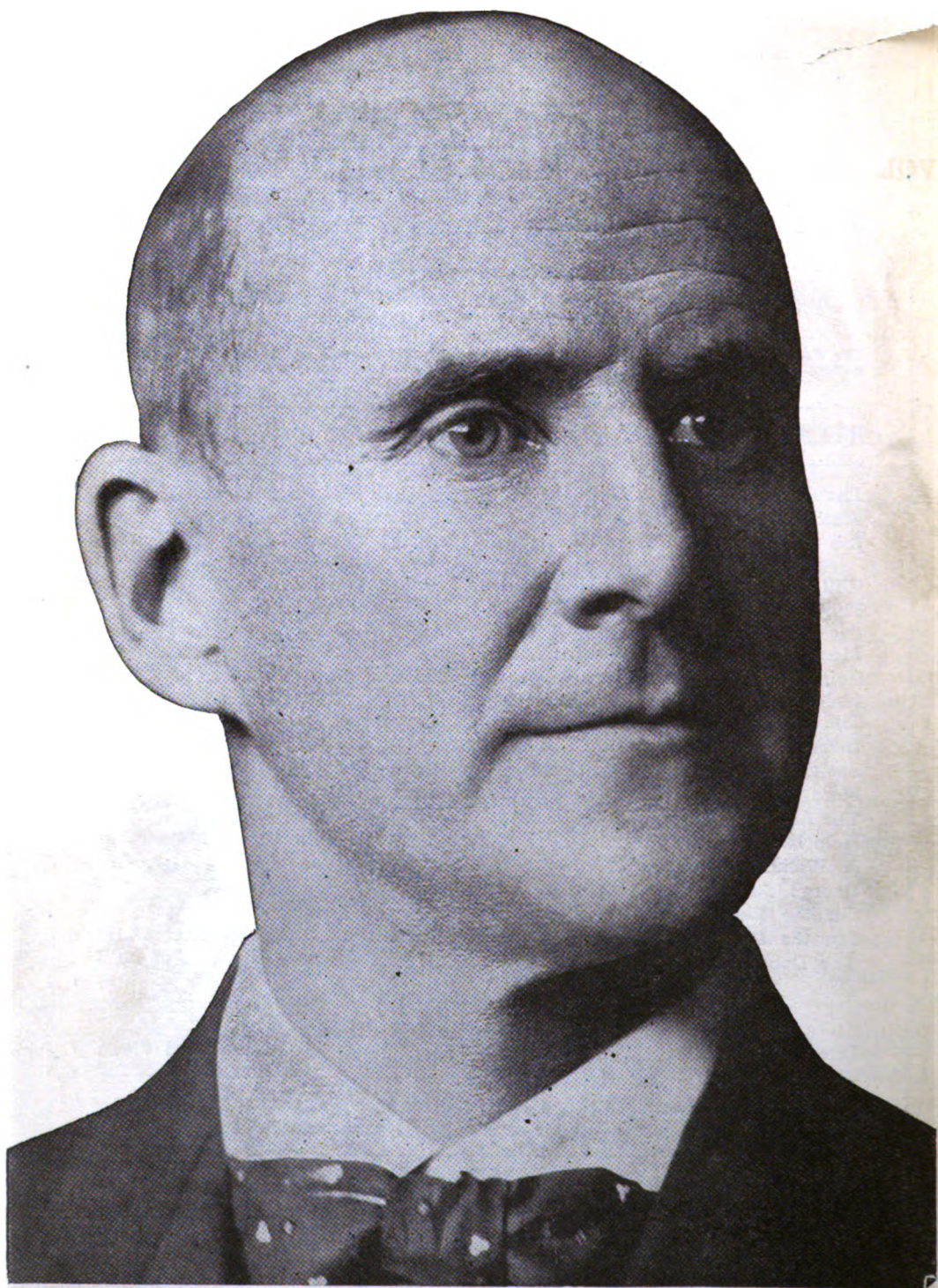
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SEPTEMBER, 1916

No. 3



The Class War and Its Outlook

By EUGENE V. DEBS

LABOR DAY is drawing near and I have been asked by the REVIEW to say a word for the special number to be issued for the celebration of that day. Labor Day this year will furnish abundant material and inspiration for its celebration.

At this writing twenty thousand iron workers are fighting for their lives on the Misaba Range. We see scarcely a mention of this desperate battle in the capitalist press and, if it were not for our own papers, chiefly the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, we would know little about the fierce industrial conflict raging in that section of the country.

For many years it has been deemed a criminal act to attempt to organize the workers on the Range. They have been herded like animals, worked to the limit and compelled to accept what their masters saw fit to dole out to them, and it was only when their condition became absolutely intolerable that they rose in revolt. At this hour they are fighting their brutal masters with the fierce energy of desperation. The strike came spontaneously and all the workers are united in one fighting body as they should always be united in every fight against the master class.

Will these embattled wage-slaves win? We cannot say. We can only hope. They are fighting the whole power of capitalism and the criminal corporations

pitted against them are leaving no stone unturned to crush their strike and destroy their attempt at organization. Starvation will play a leading role if the strikers are finally beaten. Meantime the courts and other authorities of the capitalist state are working overtime on the side of the corporations. Gunmen without number are on the ground, spies and detectives infest the ranks of the strikers, and everything possible is being done to break up the strike. It is the same old story and it may turn out in the same old way, but if it does something substantial will have been gained, for no such battle is ever wholly lost.

A few days ago I was in Pittsburgh and in the vicinity where the recent riots were incited as a result of the Westinghouse strike. Several strikers were killed and some others injured, but not a corporation gunman received a scratch. The rioting was instigated as usual by corporation hirelings and as usual the blood that was shed was drained from the veins of the slaves. Wholesale arrests swiftly followed, but not a gunman was taken into custody. The mercenaries who did the killing are exempt from the law because their masters rule the law. The arrested and indicted victims were all strikers and summary "justice" was meted out to them for having made it necessary for the gunmen to fire upon them, beat them up, and murder their comrades.

This battle is recorded as having been lost. But it was not lost. The spirit of revolt is stronger than before and the fresh crop of dragons' teeth sown there will bring forth in due time an army of mailed industrial warriors.

The railroad employes in the train service have just voted overwhelmingly to strike if their eight-hour day is not granted. May the strike come if the railroads do not surrender! There is little probability of the latter. There is more fear of a compromise.

In this case the employes have nothing to concede, nothing to compromise, and nothing to arbitrate. They have got to win or lose their whole demand.

The fatal tactics of craft unionism are in evidence in all the preliminary stages of this struggle. The negotiations and manoeuvrings have lasted over a year and the unions have given the railroads all this time to prepare to knock them on the head.

The essential weakness of the movement lies in its craft union aspects; the strength of it in its tendencies toward industrial unionism. These unions in the past have had no connection and little or no sympathy with other unions and other workers. In the words of the late P. M. Arthur, beloved and honored as the wisest of leaders by the railroad corporations, they have believed in "minding their own business" and "going it alone." When the shop and office employes struck they stuck to their jobs, and when their members undertook to help the strikers they were expelled.

The eight-hour movement of the railroad workers ought to embrace all the employes in the service and express their industrial unity in the demand upon the corporations, and if the leaders are wise they will insist upon the demand for the eight-hour day for all employes and issue

the call to all to back them up in the fight. Section men and common laborers are as much entitled to the benefits of this and every similar movement as are engineers and conductors. The time for craft union aristocracy has gone by. The industrial union embracing all and fighting and winning for all is the demand of the hour and the lesson of the years.

The class war this year is raging with unusual intensity in the United States. All about us men are striking and they are striking more unitedly and with better results as a rule than ever before.

The awakened and awakening workers who are fighting these battles are also lining up for united political action, and before the year closes they will make their power felt upon both the industrial and political fields. The strikers in Minnesota, Pennsylvania and other states can now better understand why they must make use of their political as well as their economic power. To do this they need not become politicians, nor get into the "greasy game." They simply have to carry the class war into the camp of the enemy wherever that enemy may be entrenched, and develop all the power at their command, economic, political and otherwise, to fight the battles for their emancipation.

They have no use for any war save alone the *class war*. They have no call to fight for the country owned by their masters. They are internationalists, not nationalists, and they scorn the "patriotism" that incites the slaves to slaughter one another for the profit and glory of their masters.

The outlook for the class war this Labor Day is full of cheer and in exchanging greetings along the battle-line, it is with the full confidence that the day of liberation is dawning for the workers of the world.



Flashes Along the Battle-Line

By MILITANT

THE nation known as the United States of America has, during this summer of 1916, come closer to revolution, widespread grappling of powerful forces, than any time since the Civil war.

If revolution is a vital internal conflict between classes seeking economic control, then this summer has seen the United States on the brink of a massive physical force struggle.

For instance: suppose the railroad brotherhoods had gone on strike as threatened. And all the rail transportation of the country had been stalled at the same time the street car men had New York and Philadelphia local transportation all blocked. Add to this the organized seamen of the coast cities and the Great Lakes, who indicated they would join with a big rail strike. Suppose the United Mine Workers' settlement of earlier in the summer had been delayed and the coal producers of the nation had joined in. Imagine the Mesaba Range iron miners' strike spreading to other metal mine districts. Imagine the 8,000 and more harvest hands of the I. W. W. lending all the help they could. Picture all the hundreds of smaller local strikes spreading and becoming local general strikes of central trades union bodies.

All this, of course, is built on "suppose" and "imagine" and "if." Some of the old heads in the labor movement, knowing inner workings, knowing the intimate bonds between contractors and building trades union officials, knowing the chumminess of railroad presidents and grand officers of some railroad brotherhoods, laugh at the idea of any revolution getting headway under such human conditions.

Yet the cool fact is that revolutions are made out of the simultaneousness of many small local movements joined with a few big national movements.

Get enough strikes going in transportation, fuel, and food supply industries, and the bottom falls out of national life. Chaos arrives. A condition results where all the machinery of government by which the propertied class ordinarily controls labor and drives the working class to its orders—all that elaborate machinery of courts, police, newspapers, soldiers, detectives, gunmen and strike-breakers—all goes to pieces.

Those who watched events closely in early August of 1916 in the United States felt the breath and drive of revolution. Blind reckless revolution instead of conscious purposive revolution. Yet nonetheless working class revolution aimed at taking from the exploiters the power to seize from the working class the surplus values and unearned increments now regularly and insistently expropriated from the men, women and children who work for wages.

"THE only way to win the war is to kill Germans," says Lord Derby, English parliamentary under secretary for war.

Which is the English reply to the German tactic that the only way to win the war is to kill Englishmen, Frenchmen and Russians.

All of which leads to the question:

Have there been any kings, kaisers, czars, feudal lords or parasites on the working class killed in this war?

If the English working classes of the

allied nations win the war by killing so many working class Germans that the German nation is worn out and gives up, where does the working class of any nation gain anything?

Or if German working class men in the ga-lo-ri-ous imperial armies of Germany kill so many working class men in the muddled allied armies that the result ends in Germany winning the war—where does the working class of any nation gain anything?

Why is a flag? What is a uniform? Is a soldier any use? Who wants war? Who profits by war? Do American workingmen feeding munitions and supplies to the European armies understand that they are taking part in the war the same as the men in the trenches? Are American workingmen thinking and thinking hard and deep as to where this nation called the United States is headed? How far do we want the crazy-sickness of war to sink into the hearts and minds of the people of this country? War! war!!—br—brrr!!!!

BASIL MANLY, news economics editor of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, and former chief of the investigation staff of the U. S. Industrial Relations Commission, issues a statement that if he were voting in Terre Haute this year he would cast his ballot for Eugene V. Debs for congress. Writing from Washington Manly says there are so many fools, crooks, fakers and dubs dabbling around with the United States government that he would like to see one man like Gene Debs have a crack at the game of running the U. S. government.

“IF the railroad officials allow a strike to be declared it is because they are convinced after a thorough canvass of the situation that they have the whip hand and that they can win out over their employes.”

This from Eugene V. Debs is the keenest single observation that has been made on the railroad situation as it sizzled and bubbled with hazards in the fore part of August.

Certain it is that the railroad managers won't let any strike come unless they are ready. They are the boys who put the prepare in preparedness.

WHEN the 98 combined western ways finished their arbitration with the engineers' and firemen's brotherhoods in April, 1915, the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW was the only publication in this country that dug to the bottom of the whole grand fabric of fraud. How Charlie Nagel, a railroad lawyer and himself a railroad director, set as an umpire signing an award giving the rail workers a \$1,000,000 increase instead of the \$40,000,000 raise asked for, was told in detail with proof.

Since that time the railroad managers with their lawyers have operated so as to cut down the \$1,000,000 increase till it amounts to less than \$500,000. By disputing the meanings of clauses and phrases in the arbitration award and insisting on new interpretations, the cost of averting a strike for the railroads amounts to somewhat less than \$500,000 plus the fees of lawyers and fixers.

Because the REVIEW has made a loud rasping noise about the fakery and the con-game aspects of arbitration, there is special pleasure just now in printing this paragraph from a statement issued by President W. S. Carter of the firemen's brotherhood, August 10, at New York. It reads:

“Arbitration is a gambling game, even when the dice are not loaded. Railway employes have lost faith in the justice of arbitration boards. They believe arbitration is as fickle as chance. If there is arbitration of this eight-hour demand and every effort is made to appoint neutrals entirely free from prejudice, it is but tossing pennies to decide the question. Why has no one suggested that the matter be settled by ‘pulling straws’ and relieve everybody of the bother?”

“WHO fixes the price for bread? The Chicago corn ring. Who determines how much we shall pay for meat? The Chicago meat trust.” ‘Tisn't any soap-boxer says this. It's from an editorial in the London Times, August 8.

The Armours and Swifts have been screwing up prices so fierce that the Junkers of England are getting het up over what America has known for a long time.

JOE THOMAS is a miner on Mesaba Range. Joe testified at a conference of officials from cities of the range. His story: "Look at me. I have five children to support. I have to send them to school. If they go with dirty clothes the teacher sends them back. Say, 'Your father get better clothes.' If our women go to church the priests, they say, 'What the matter with Austrian women? They stink in church.' People couldn't sit by them because we didn't buy stuff like they."

And there was Pulvio Pettinello, who worked for the Oliver Mining Company. His story:

"Two years ago I got married and got American girl. I believe she has a right to live as another American, so I believe further I got a right to live. What should I say when I got \$1.97 a day? I should tell her, 'This month don't order meat or nothing; I only get \$1.97 a day.' One month I work contract and we no have enough to eat. I work in Alpena for \$2.17 a day. What do you think of that? Get \$45 or \$50. I should have paid \$12 for the rent of the house. I should pay \$5 or \$6 for meat; \$30 for grocery bill. What will be left? Nothing. If we eat we don't dress. And if we dress we don't eat. That is a fact."

For simple statement of important points in American democracy that need attention now, Fulvio Pettinello is there. He is the precise opposite of a man who talks thru his hat.

SOME one of the highbrows oozing knowledge on the New Republic went to a dairy lunch one day and ate too many beans. He came to his office and wrote a special editorial panning the Socialists and saying the I. W. W. is nothing but a tradition. If the I. W. W. is today a tradition at Mesaba Range and among the western harvest workers, then the New Republic ought to class up as a still-born idiot. As a goo-goo and a holier-than-thou, the New Republic is the real thing.

WHY was it so many people, neutrals and pro-allies, wanted the Deutschland to get through, outwit the enemy boats and make a successful trip back to Germany? Was it because the super-U-boat was a triumph of peace, a symbol of man's fighting powers against elemental forces? Don't we all hope for the time

when the strength of all strong men will be in joined hands round the world?

MILK has gone from one to two cents higher in nearly all American cities since the war started.

Yet department of commerce figures show exports of butter, cheese, milk and cream for fiscal year ending June, 1916, amounting to \$24,000,000. This was \$10,000,000 more than the exports of the previous year and \$21,000,000 more than the exports of the year before the war started.

Milk has gone from one to two cents higher in nearly all American cities since the war began.

During fiscal year of 1916 we exported 150,000,000 pounds of canned milk, valued at \$12,500,000. This was four times the amount exported in 1915 and about ten times the amount exported in the average of the four previous years. Meanwhile exports of cheese totalled 44,000,000 pounds and butter 13,500,000 pounds.

Milk has gone from one to two cents higher in nearly all American cities since the war began.

The backwash of the war is seen in a clear light looking at these figures of the dairy industry. Milk drivers struck in Chicago, Cleveland and other cities. Milk companies raised the price of milk and the American workingman who digs down for more money to pay his bill for baby's bottle is incidentally helping pay costs of war in Europe.

Milk has gone from one to two cents higher in nearly all American cities.

"I TRIED to find out what the troops thought about the time of the ending of the war," writes Raymond Swing to the Chicago Daily News from the German lines on the Russian front, "but I could not get them to guess at the date. 'It will end when it ends,' they said."

Which is a wise, philosophic way to make your guesses on when this war will come to a real finish. One year, two years, ten years—who is the scientist or clairvoyant that can tell when the cataclysm will wear itself out?

And what scientist or clairvoyant can go farther and tell us when the working class of the world will kick all kaisers, kings, czars and feudal potentates out of the palaces?

When will the Milwaukee Leader with its Berger and the New Republic with its Lippman get up enough nerve to smash at Kaiserism just as hard as it smashes at Russian czarism?

"RED" Livingston. Hear about him? "Red" took 120 "loyal" employes of the New York Railways Company to the main office and made a speech to President Shonts.

"We have a petition signed by 95 per cent of the men saying that they do not wish to go on strike," said Red in a long speech he spooched, all of said speechy spooch being printed in the newspapers.

"We have been treated fairly," went on Red Livingston. "We have recently received an increase in wages which was satisfactory. We want to help the public. We don't believe in violence or crime. In behalf of these men I desire to present to you this petition, signed by practically every employe of the company, assuring you that we have given no outsider authority to present demands to you."

And then Theodore Shonts opened his buzzum and unloosed feelings that were lurking around in said buzzum. Shonts said in part:

"Boys, I surely am proud of you. This is a marvelous demonstration of loyalty. A man would have to be without a heart if he failed to appreciate this demonstration of affection and sympathy to the management of a railroad company, upon whose shoulders rests great responsibility."

After which Red Livingston and the noble 120 marched to the office of the mayor of New York and told the mayor how they were going to protect the public's interest and run the street cars whether "outsiders" called a strike or not.

What put Red on the bum as a helper of the public was the fact that a few hours later motormen and conductors voted nearly 100 per cent for a strike and not a car ran, not a wheel turned, and a new species of scab, a fresh type of lickspittle, went into the discard.

ON July 4 there slipped thru the German press censorship a news-letter signed

by Carl Ackerman, staff correspondent United Press at Berlin. These were the high points of the letter:

"Germany wants peace because Germany believes she has won the war. There are critics and grumblers, dissatisfied with everything. Every belligerent has about as many as the other.

"The difference is that in England they grumble publicly; in Germany they cannot; and when people cannot criticize publicly, they do it twice as hard privately."

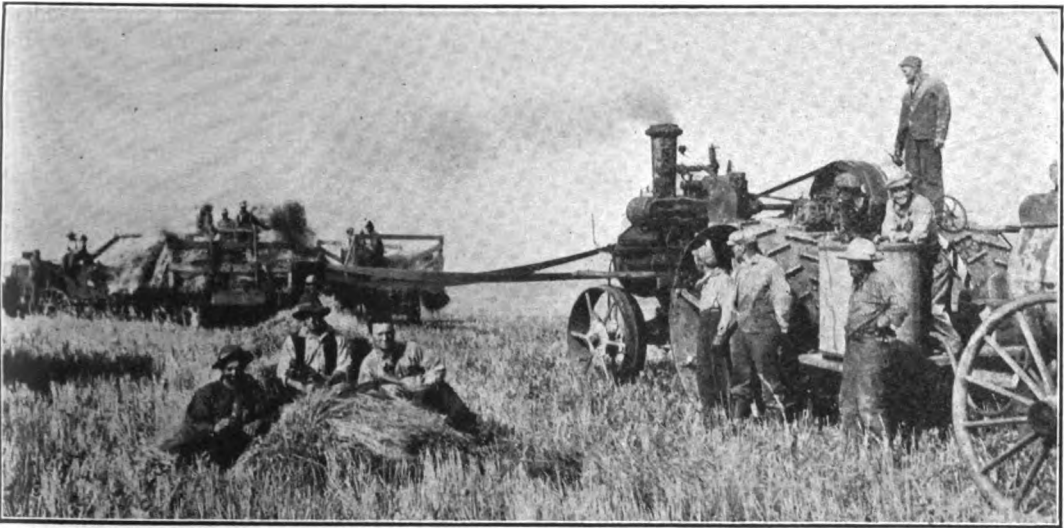
ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS is all the time spilling stuff that sounds more like a live, living woman than a scholar and a puffick lady. The latest from Elsie is this:

"More than one girl has told me she was very much surprised to find that she felt just the same the day after her wedding as the day before. 'What had you expected?' I have asked. 'Oh, I couldn't say exactly; something different.' She had heard so often she was to begin a new life with marriage that she had come to believe it."

Because we know working girls who are feeding their minds on magazine fiction slush, such as the Ladies' Home Journal, which is "nice", and Hearst's Cosmopolitan, which is not so "nice," and the Red Book, which is in between—we know precisely the point Elsie Clews Parsons wishes to make.

With parents tongue-tied on sex—and with sex a forbidden topic in schools—and with magazines and newspapers faking and lying right and left on sex stories, marriage, love, babies and birth control—what else can be expected than that the day after wedding day a working girl should feel a good deal like a man who has paid \$15 for a suit of clothes marked down from \$30, actual cost being \$6?

NOTICE strikes and strikes everywhere? Pittsburgh street cleaners; St. Louis packing house workers; Milwaukee machinists; San Francisco cooks and waiters; La Salle, Ill., cement mill workers. Not to mention Mesaba Range, New York and Philadelphia street car lines and western harvest hands achieving what they call "job control."



ON THE JOB IN THE HARVEST FIELDS

JOB CONTROL IN THE HARVEST FIELDS

By W. T. NEF

Sec'y-Treas. Agricultural Workers Organization

FOR the first time in the history of the United States a successful organization of migratory workers has been built thru the grain growing states of the middle west.

The organization of the despised harvester has demonstrated that these men actually had backbone and the spirit to fight in an organized body to eliminate the 15th century conditions they were forced to work and live under while garnering one of the main sources of the country's wealth.

The Agricultural Workers' Organization of the I. W. W. in which the harvesters are organized, has flung out the greatest picket line the sun ever looked down upon, extending from Kansas City, Mo., to 300 miles north of Aberdeen, S. D. Every picket carries organizers' credentials, and the unorganized harvest hand is out of luck this summer unless he kicks in and helps in the struggle for job control.

Four thousand eight hundred harvest hands signed up during the month of July and they are joining at the rate of 300 per day at the present writing. The result of this solidarity is that wages have been raised and working conditions greatly improved, but it has been a bitter struggle all along the line, as the union harvest worker has had to face the bitter hostility of every element in the grain growing states which is interested in keeping the men unorganized and defenseless.

Again, gamblers, boot-leggers and hold-up men follow the harvest from Oklahoma to the Canadian line and in former years the unorganized harvesters have fallen easy victims, but, there is a new deal of the cards this year, as the A. W. O. is rapidly eliminating these types of vultures, who are finding employment as gun men, vigilantes



A BUSY DAY FOR THE SHERIFF AND HIS GANG



SEARCHING THE HARVEST WORKERS FOR UNION CARDS



THE WORKERS ON ONE SIDE AND LAW AND ORDER GUN MEN ON THE OTHER

and deputies in various towns in the harvest belt.

In Aberdeen, S. D., the Commercial Club is using these gun men to convoy groups of unorganized men to various localities, where they are forced to work at such wages and under such conditions as the farmers may dictate.

These unorganized groups stick close together and wear yellow tickets as marks of identification, so that their gun men protectors may see that none of their flock get away.

It has been the experience of the union delegates that the "yellow ticket men," once they get away from their kind shepherds, are always anxious to line up in the union, for the reason that, as a rule, they are fleeced and shorn in every conceivable manner.

At many places along the line the union harvesters are receiving a cordial welcome. At other points they are treated as hoboes and hold-up men. In Mitchell, S. D., all incoming freight trains are met by deputies, gun men and vigilantes at the point of rifles. Harvesters are searched. Those without union cards are allowed to proceed and the union men are turned back. If it were not for the fact that so many union men have been crippled and maimed by these thugs, the futile attempts to sift the or-

ganized from the unorganized would be amusing, because many organized men do not carry their cards, but send them on ahead. By so doing, they not only succeed in getting by, but often pick up much information valuable to the organization. Men of all nationalities, occupations and trades make up this migratory army of union workers who are on the job with both feet and hard fists fighting for job control.

The most serious accident of the season so far, occurred recently near Yankton, S. D. Three harvesters were killed outright and thirty wounded as a result of a railroad wreck. Prompt relief was rendered and everything done by the organization to make the survivors as comfortable as possible.

The cause of the accident was reported as unknown, but there is good grounds for a growing belief that the engineer deliberately buckled up the empty box cars in order to jar up the men. The matter is now being investigated by the organization.

Owing to the partial failure of crops in many localities the organization is finding it hard work to maintain the scale, but in spite of all handicaps the A. W. O. will close the harvest season 20,000 strong and will then be in a good position to organize in other fields and industries.



MEMBERS OF THE A. W. O. WHO WERE INJURED IN THE WRECK

Will Eugene V. Debs Sit in Congress?

By H. SCOTT BENNETT

(His heart is a garden wherein all comradely blossoms perennially bloom.)

JUST as in a forest where some trees, by reason of their height or some peculiarity in their growth attract the attention of the traveler to the exclusion of their surrounding leafy brethren, so, in a world of men, certain men there are who by reason of the gifts and graces with which they have been endowed attract the attention of the world to the exclusion of their contemporaries.

Such a man is Eugene V. Debs.

Far across the Pacific, that separates Australasia from the United States, beneath the ever-jeweled glittering Southern Cross, thousands of men and women link the name of Eugene V. Debs with all that makes for soundness, solidarity and sincerity in the American movement for social salvation.

Not unnaturally, therefore, when I received an invitation to participate in the fight that is being waged in Indiana to secure the election of Debs to Congress, from his active and genial Campaign Manager, Noble C. Wilson, I accepted with pleasure.

To help in assisting make possible the raising of that powerful and eloquent voice in Congress, championing the cause of those who toil and moil, a voice ever declaiming in the service of social righteousness and against social wrong and the hosts of oppression, is no small honor, for assuredly the industrial serfs of the land could not have a greater defender, or the plutocracy a more vigilant foe.

A series of untoward events precluded me from meeting Comrade Debs until my present visit to his home town, and I cannot recall the face or voice of anyone who has impressed me more favorably than Eugene Debs. Geniality, sincerity, open-heartedness and a veritable blaze of desire for the realization of the principles so brilliantly championed by him seem to emanate from his every pore, filling one with a desire to increase immeasurably their own efforts in the movement.

I am not surprised to find James Whitcomb Riley saying: "God was feeling mighty good when he made Gene Debs, and he didn't have anything else to do all day."

The entrance of Debs into the arena has already smitten the old-time party politicians with dismay. "Would that it had been anyone but Debs," they cry in chorus. They have good reason for their dismay. Already the men and women of the District have buckled on their armor, sharpened their spears and the shouts of the rallying hosts of Labor around the standard-bearer of the Social Revolution may be heard on all sides. No other standard-bearer could have produced this enthusiasm or caused such heart beats of hope. The strength of his faith, the liveliness of his hopes, the persistency of his valor, the breadth of his thoughts and the energy of his genius has filled the people with admiration and an inexhaustible desire to achieve victory despite the machinations and all the ignoble arts of the organized misleaders of the people.

The men and women who are struggling for the election of Debs recognize that the victory will be a victory not alone for the toilers in Indiana, but a mighty triumph for the working class thruout the land, and a mighty stimulus to millions elsewhere in this blood-drenched world.

Australasia watches with ever-increasing interest the struggle.

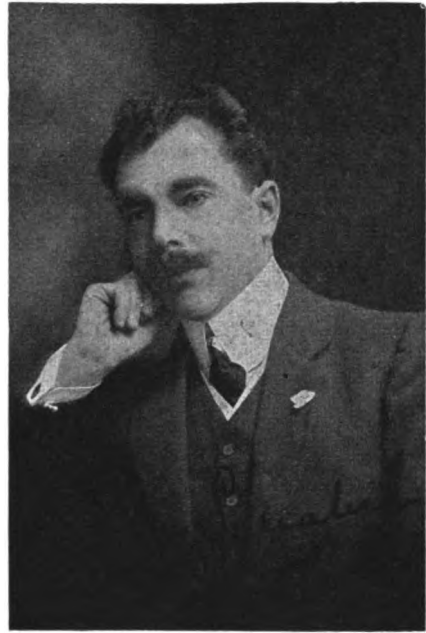
In many a shearing shed, on the wharves, farms and in the bowels of the earth where men delve and dive, the fight for the election of Debs is followed with the liveliest interest, and with the message of victory flashed beneath the waves to the Antipodes a mighty shout will arise from thousands of throats, stirring the Antipodean plutocracy to wrath and wonder.

In the Fifth District, the district that is being contested, there are 24,000 farmers, 10,000 coal miners all U. M. W. of A. mem-

bers. There is a good percentage of foreign speaking groups, some 4,000 Germans, a little more than 4,000 Italians and a number of Finns, French and Slavs. Two counties in the District are Quaker settlements; Hendricks and Putnam. The farmers will obviously play an important part in the election and the Socialists among them are actively engaged in carrying the campaign into every school district. The names and addresses of all the farmers has been secured and every effort will be made to see that literature reaches all of them. Amongst the miners organizers, speakers and literature will soon be working energetically. The Italian comrades are arranging to reach their countrymen with Italian speakers and Italian literature. Our German comrades are not idle, their branch membership having recently been very considerably increased.

Our Quaker friends must vote for the Socialist candidate or prove eternally false to their anti-war principles, for no one has more clearly defined his attitude on the questions of war and preparedness than Debs.

Organized labor in this part of the state will soon be put to a supreme test. Will the old-time politicians cajole Labor into political destruction once more, or will Labor have the wisdom to perceive that every vote for Debs is a vote for the manhood and womanhood of their class? Will they recognize that there are two forms of scabbery; That the Worker Casting a Ballot Against the Party of His Class Is as Truly a Scab and Traitor to His Fellows as the Man Who Takes a Job From a Striking Work-mate?



SCOTT BENNETT

Will they recognize that class consciousness means that the interests of the individual are indissolubly bound up with the interests of the class to which he belongs and that the spirit of class interest must be made manifest at the ballot box as well as on the field of toil? Will they be great enough to treat with disdain the political hirelings of their masters and for once put their own interests and the interests of their wives and families first?

If they answer "YES," EUGENE V. DEBS will sit in Congress!

The Old Party Voter.

Into the Polling-place, and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like water, willy-nilly, flowing,
And out again, when he has made the Cross,
Back to his fruitless, ill-paid labor going.

He, in his youth, did eagerly frequent
Old party rallies, heard great argument,
About the Robber Tariff, and the Trusts,
And come away, no wiser than he went.

With them the seed of Piffle did he sow,
In hopes of some cheap job, helped make it grow,
And this is all the Working Class has reaped—
Their efforts help their leaders get the Dough.



THEY BELONG INSIDE!

By

MARY E. MARCY

A NEWSPAPER reporter tells a story of an inmate of the Kankakee Insane Asylum which reminds us of the great class strike in Norway that has just been settled by the passing of an Arbitration Law.

It seems that the man in Kankakee had been adjudged harmlessly insane and was permitted to roam at will about the grounds of the institution, where he used to sit, sometimes, beneath a giant oak tree and watch the people who might pass, through the great iron bars that stood between him and liberty.

One morning at about eleven o'clock poor Sam Gaines, who sat on a bench in his favorite nook under the oak tree, beheld a worn and emaciated man climb up the hill, lugging a huge hamper filled with delicate napery, shining silver and a delectable lunch that made the half-wit's mouth water.

From time to time he could see the hamper-bearer lift the snowy linen and gaze hungrily at the fried chicken and the fruit salad within. Then he would look eagerly toward the dusty road as though awaiting the coming of some one.

The situation puzzled the half-wit, and by and by he pressed his face against the iron bars and spoke to the man.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" said the man.

"What you waiting for?" asked the half-wit.

"Guy said if I'd carry this basket up to the road, he'd give me a big feed," replied the man.

"Humph," grunted the half-wit. "Are you hungry?"

"Yep," said the man.

The poor half-wit stood at the great fence and watched the hungry man and the hamper filled with food and tried to figure out the problem, but the bell rang and he left to eat his dinner. Half an hour later, when he returned, he found the hungry man still waiting, still watching for the owner of the hamper to come over the hill, and give him the big "feed."

All during the afternoon, while the sun crept down in the West, the half-wit continued to come back to his favorite bench and to gaze at the hungry man waiting in the sun. Now and then he would repeat his earlier question:

"Hungry?" And the emaciated man would reply,

"Sure!"

At seven o'clock the hungry man was still there, still guarding the beautiful hamper filled with delicious food. The half-wit took hold of the strong iron bars and looked through them. He couldn't understand and his head ached.

"Hungry?" he asked again.

"As hell!" replied the man.

"Somethin' in the basket?" asked the half-wit.

"Chicken!" groaned the man.

"Humph!" grinned the half-wit, "you don't belong out there. Come on *inside!*"

Such is the power of respect of law and of private property.

* * * * *

The French communards, at the time when they held the city of Paris in the hollow of their hands, when they were urgently in need of money both to pay their soldiers and to feed the people, when the coffers of the great French banks were theirs for the taking, were overflowing with gold made out of the blood and sweat of the working class, the communards *never even thought of taking this gold*—the product of their own labors, but, by *law* the property of their exploiters.

The communards *respected* the law of their enemies which their enemies, the idle, worthless class, were not even able to enforce.

* * * * *

So does the large part of the working class today respect the *law*. They may know that the great financial pirates, the great oil thieves, the great railroad bandits have paid *cash* to elect the congressmen who *made* these laws. They may suspect that the great stock speculators, great exploiters of labor may have *bribed* and bought governors, senators and presidents, who *make* the *laws*, and yet, once these laws are written on the statute books, the working class will sit hungry beside a hamper filled with fried chicken and *respect the law*.

On July first we received word that Norway had just passed thru what the capitalist class called "the most dangerous labor conflict in the history of the country, a conflict which threatened to embrace every organized workingman and a good deal of unorganized labor as well." A correspondent for one of the Chicago newspapers writes:

"The way in which this conflict, which might have bordered on civil war, was evaded was by the sudden introduction of compulsory arbitration in all labor conflicts, with compulsory service (in the shop, mine or factory) at the time of arbitration.

"The cure was hardly less dangerous than the evil it was to cure; for *had labor refused to obey the new law, which course was seriously advocated by a large minority*

of the *labor congress* at Christiania a few days ago, the country would now have been in a difficult position indeed. As it is, the danger is passed; and even if labor may take the fight up in some other form it is not likely to take forms so threatening for the whole nation.

"For a long time it had been feared that 1916 would bring on a fight between labor and employers which might cripple the industries of the country for months, because the agreements in most of the different trades and industries expired during this year, and the present high cost of living in connection with the prosperity of many industries, supported by a vigorous agitation from the leaders, had made the claims of labor in most branches so high that it would have been impossible for employers to grant them without running the risk of having to do business at a great loss when the present boom is past. Offers of temporary increases were refused by the labor organizations.

"The first important conflict to be taken up was that of the mines, and it resulted in a lockout last winter which has lasted till now; then came the ironworkers' strike and notice from the employers' central organization of an extensive lockout in case the two conflicts just mentioned were not settled by Tuesday, June 6. The labor organizations' answer was a strike notice which, together with strikes and lockouts already under way, would have brought the number of workingmen on strike or locked out up to 120,000 men. This number would include employes of public utility companies and transport companies. Besides there was every prospect of the rest of the workingmen being drawn in before the fight was over.

Compulsory Arbitration Favored

"Public opinion strongly demanded that the government should interfere in some way or other. In 1914 the present cabinet had proposed a law on forced arbitration, but the labor organizations threatened to order a general strike if the law was enacted, and the storting, or parliament, did not dare to pass the law. Now the cabinet took this proposition up anew, only with a new clause being added to make the law effective only during the duration of the war. The law was quickly enacted, but

as soon as the odelsting, or upper house, had passed it the labor leaders ordered a general strike and every organized workingman not bound by contract to give two weeks' notice left work; a great number of those so bound also left work unlawfully.

"This time the storthing was not, however, to be scared away from its purpose, and on June 9 the landsting also passed the law which was sanctioned by the cabinet two hours later. On the same day a royal resolution was issued forbidding new notices of strikes or lockouts and ordering all workingmen who had already left work to return on Tuesday, June 11. By the same resolution three members of the arbitration court were appointed; they were the chief justice of the supreme court, a counsellor-at-law and a railroad director. The employers' central organization and that of the laborers were, according to the new law, to appoint each one member, making five members altogether. The term for the appointment of these two members was set for the next day at noon. The employers promptly selected their representative, but the labor organizations' central committee applied for and secured a delay until the following Wednesday, June 14.

Industrial Unionism

In the meantime a labor congress was to be held at Christiania on Tuesday and Wednesday to decide whether labor was to respect the new law or not. In this congress the fight between the older leaders and the syndicalistic faction is said to have been very bitter, the former advocating resumption of work, while the syndicalists wanted to continue the strike in spite of the law. All labor bodies in Norway affiliated with the central organization are socialistic party organizations, but during the last four or five years a syndicalistic element has been introduced by Norwegian workingmen returning from the United States.

The older leaders won the day and a general resumption of work was ordered for

Thursday morning, June 14. The syndicalists, however, had the meager satisfaction of blocking the appointment of a representative to the court of arbitration, and the cabinet, in accordance with the provisions of the new law, appointed the fifth member, a labor organization official. Work had then been stopped in a number of industries for two days after it should have been resumed according to the royal resolution.

New Law Stops Strike Payments

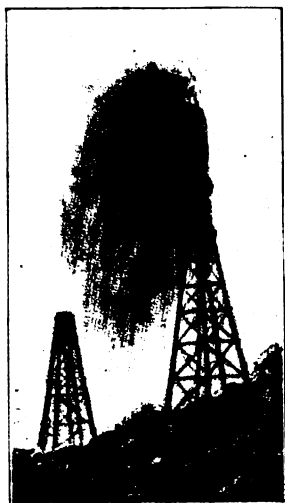
"At present there is no organized strike or lockout in effect in Norway, but in many industries the work has not been fully resumed because the laborers have left for other places, and in some cases individual obstruction undoubtedly is also exercised. But this is not expected to last for any long time, because the payment of strike money from the organization funds can be stopped under the new law.

"The cabinet acted with great firmness and dispatch in this case; but it also took a great risk, though it is probable that it held conference with prominent labor leaders and secured their assurance that they would use their influence to have labor comply with the law if it was enacted."

Did you ever stop to consider that the present capitalist-made law, and all other man-made law is no more than a Scrap of Paper *when the working class so decides?* The power is not in the law itself unless it is backed up by a military force that is stronger than the *useful workers* of any nation. And even such a military force may be eliminated if the productive workers refuse to transport, to feed and clothe them.

The strongest army travels on its *stomach*, and it is the industrial workers who take care of that stomach.

And so the Norway strikers laid down when they held a glorious victory in their hands just because their enemies, who rob the working class, had their capitalist desires for arbitration *written into law* by their governmental *servants!*



PETROLEUM IN MEXICO

By

MODESTO C. ROLLAND

THE importance of petroleum in our modern societies is so great that they are widely affected by any variation in its production or in its consumption. Petroleum and its by-products occupy such a high place in our industrial life that its control and handling constitutes a problem of national economics. And precisely because petroleum and its by-products, offer more commodities and more comfort to nations, its handling, its monopoly and its distribution constitute in themselves acts of transcendental importance.

In the commercial sphere petroleum dominates over an immense field, transformed into motive power of which both the industries and the agriculture make an ever increasing use. Transportation and irrigation are being invaded by petroleum, which solves their problems in a more economical manner than any other kind of fuel. California is a conquest of petroleum. Production in that state has increased in a wonderful way or has become easier and cheaper due to petroleum. Transportation of all kinds takes place by means of petroleum to an extent of which nobody had ever even dreamed. In the home, petroleum and its by-products have become a necessity of normal life. In one word, to the conquest of petroleum is due one of the most marked steps towards progress taken by the whole world.

Let us examine now what is the status in the world of this immeasurable natural wealth.

Capitalism has taken possession of petroleum, and has organized its exploitation in Russia, in the United States and in Mexico, for the benefit of capitalism alone.

The big monopolists have taken advantage of the need of the world for petroleum, which appears so clearly in all countries, and invoking the divine rights of capitalism, have mercilessly exploited the masses.

In some countries, the United States for example, despite the general grasping activities of capitalism which always secures big dividends for the few, the masses have at least derived some material benefit towards their progress.

In the United States the people enjoy the benefits of petroleum and its by-products in such a way that it constitutes a commodity which cannot be spared in the homes; but in other countries, in Mexico for example, the masses have derived no advantages. Capitalism, intelligent and experienced, found petroleum there and overpowered the country in the same manner in which a grown-up man overpowers a child. Lord Pearson secured absurd concessions throughout all federal zones for the exploitation of petroleum in exchange for the promise to pay the federation ten per cent of the profits obtained by him. His companies made use of the

federal lands to determine and survey the petroliferous zones, and thereupon, having kept strictly secret their machinations, purchased from the Indians, at a nominal price, immense extensions of priceless land. At the present day, Lord Pearson owns about 800,000 acres of the richest oil regions of the country. Thus the exploitation was undertaken in his own lands, and the government never even received the promised ten per centum of the profits.

American capitalism has also invaded the Mexican territory, securing some of the richest oil fields in exchange for almost valueless compensations. Today, thanks to the cleverness of all these companies, the best and more extensive petroliferous fields are in the hands of foreigners who have exploited them subject to no laws, no rules, that should have safeguarded this immense natural wealth.

In the year 1901, when the government of Mexico had had no experience with reference to petroleum, a law was passed relative to its exploitation. This law allowed all kinds of facilities to the oil companies, and was practically the means of giving away this great commodity.

The first great oil trusts in Mexico were organized under the provisions of said law, and later on, the oil companies, not yet satisfied with the advantages they had under it, obtained special laws and agreements in each particular case which gave them the control of the oil exploitation. These companies made it a practice to buy everybody who might thwart their purposes, and this shameless market became more scandalous towards the end of the Diaz administration. Even the governor of the federal district, Guillermo de Landa y Escandon, while holding that high office, was an employe of the Pearson interests. All the prominent men of the Porfirio Diaz regime, the more intelligent (the Científicos), the more cultured, were in the pay-roll of the big oil companies which, for a mere pittance, bought the connivance of those wretches to despoil the country to their own selfish advantage.

The following data may give an idea of the importance of the oil fields in Mexico. The principal companies are:

The Mexican Oil Company "El Aguila," S. A., with a capital of about sixty-five million dollars.

The Huasteca Petroleum Co., with an estimated capital of 55 million dollars.

The "Corona," which forms part of the Deutschell Asiatic Co.

East Coast Oil Co., Oil Fields of Mexico, Mexican Fuel Oil Co., Chioles Oil Limited, Free Port Mexican Fuel Oil Co., International Petroleum Co., Transcontinental Petroleum Co., Veracruz Mexican Oil Syndicate, Mexican Gulf Oil Co., Texas Oil Co., Penn. Mexican Fuel Oil Co., National Oil Co.

It may be stated that the principal wells in the world, both on account of present production and of the constancy and duration of flow, are located in Mexico.

Later, the "Topila" well became renowned, its production reaching 75,000 barrels in twenty-four hours. This well became exhausted within a short time, and at the present time it produces about 200,000 barrels per day of oily water containing sulphides and sand. It belongs to the Fuel Oil Company.

At the present time the most important wells are: "Potrero del Llano," with a flow of 100,000 barrels per day of high-grade petroleum; "Juan Casiano," with a daily flow of 35,000 barrels; "Gusher," owned by Sims and Bowser, with a production of about 30,000, and a well of the National Oil Company, with an estimated production of 35,000 barrels. Lastly, there is the famous well "Corona," the most productive, with an estimated flow of 150,000 barrels per day. The depth of the "Corona" well is about 1,806 feet, and the majority of the other wells have depths which vary between 1,500 to 2,500 feet. The wells in Tuxpan reach a depth of from 2,100 to 2,400 feet.

All these companies, especially Lord Pearson's, have always secured concessions for importing all the necessary machinery free of duty, and availing themselves of this privilege, they have imported even the slightest necessities for life, having organized their business in such a way on Mexican soil, that, for all practical purposes, the sections they control have ceased to be national soil, and have become English or American territories.

I myself have seen how they set rules, how they traded with the Indians, and how they made use of national waters and lands as if it were territory conquered by

hem. Once in possession of the national lands, these companies organized the oil exploitation in the manner most detrimental to the Republic of Mexico, installing submarine pipes and an enormous net of pipes throughout the lands, through which the petroleum is pumped directly into the tank-barks which carry it to foreign markets wherein it is transformed into by-products which make life more comfortable for other nations, but not for ours.

The exploitation of petroleum does not require many workmen, so that this asset of national wealth glides silently out of the country, enriching a few of the privileged ones and serving other people, but not our own.

In the interior of Mexico petroleum is an almost forbidden commodity, due to the exorbitant cost; thus the development of our industries is woefully impeded by lack of facilities.

The capitalists who own the petroleum, in accord with the capitalists who own the railroads (who, by the way, obtained control in a similar manner), have made the acquisition of petroleum almost prohibitive for the whole nation, so that the Mexican people derives no advantages from the fact that the most wonderful wells in the world are located within its territory, or that the country occupies the third place among the oil producers in the world.

Instead of erecting refineries conveniently located at advantageous points in the republic, and constructing pipelines towards the center and the north of the country in order to produce oil cheaply and facilitate irrigation, which would have made possible the production of articles of prime necessity in those immense lands which only await irrigation to become transformed as they have in California, where the pulsation of motors is heard everywhere; instead of transporting petroleum to the Pacific through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in order to give an impulse to the merchant marine of that ocean, and instead of making of petroleum the basis of the development of our railroads, since we cannot produce coal in abundance or of good quality, the plans of capitalism and the astounding stupidity of our former officials have caused this valuable source of wealth to flow throughout the world to the advantage of other

purses and other countries, while we, in Mexico, have been forced to watch this unwarranted state of affairs, highly indignant, but almost impotent.

Last year, when the first chief of the Mexican revolution (a revolution caused and justified by this and several other matters equally important) gave an order to stop all perforation and drilling work then in progress in the petroleum zones, with the object of making a study of the way in which said work was being carried on, and of issuing suitable rules by which petroleum exploitation should be governed, every one will remember the tremendous protest raised in the United States by the capitalists who, concealing the truth, as the truth did not suit them, declared that the revolution was merely a state of anarchy.

Due to lack of proper care, Pearson has absolutely ruined two immense petroliferous zones, where the wells "Dos Bocas" and "Potrero del Llano" have burned. The air in those zones is constantly filled with gas which has never been controlled, and this escape of gas causes a reduction of pressure in the rock; furthermore, the lack of official control to compel these companies to work the fields properly, permitted them to cause an overflow of oil in the Tuxpan river which killed animal and vegetable life to such an extent as to make life intolerable for everybody in that beautiful and fertile region.

All these things have been done by these companies without their assuming any responsibility for their acts, and at the present time, when the government intends to bring some order there, it is only natural that the people, who up to this time have acted as the exclusive owners of these lands, cannot conceive that they shall have to submit to the law, and resenting these measures, have protested against them before the department of state of this country, where legislation on petroleum is much more strict, but nevertheless considered natural and justified.

What a mockery! All the lands the capitalists own are Mexican, belong to the Mexican nation, since for all practical purposes, these companies gained control over them through deceit and subterfuge. They pay the workmen in paper money while they exact cash payments in gold; and still, they resent any complaint made

by the workmen. On which side is Justice?

The government of Rumania has reacted and is now doing everything possible in order to make the exploitation of its petroleum beneficial, in the first place, to the Rumanian people. The government of Argentine has preferred to go slowly about it and to retain the control of this national wealth in order to obtain for the country all the advantages it should have, and thus will not permit the invasion of its oil fields by the Standard Oil Company. Up here, in the United States themselves, a vigorous and incessant struggle is going on which aims at the curtailing of the privileges unduly enjoyed by these companies which exploit all public needs for the advancement of their own selfish ends.

The government of the revolution in Mexico appointed a technical commission to study and decide upon an adequate legislation establishing rules for the exploitation of petroleum. I had the honor to form part of this commission as secretary. While we were in Tampico studying conditions there, some companies to all appearances were willing to give us facilities to carry on our investigations, but they all tried to conceal the truth from us. There even was one (the Huasteca Petroleum Company) which declared that it could furnish us with no information whatever, since its offices were located at Los Angeles, California. I should like to know what the United States Interstate Commerce Commission would have to say to any company which at any time should dare to make such a statement.

We have come to this country to study the problem of petroleum and we have become convinced that here also capitalism has almost absolute control of this

matter, and has organized the development and exploitation of the oil fields for its own exclusive benefit and to the detriment of the people. The educational campaign which is being waged against these powerful companies was explained to us in Washington, as well as the strenuous efforts which are being made to henceforth protect Mexican petroleum, this source of national wealth, from the grasping activities of capital.

It is evident, therefore, that there exists here a well defined, strong tendency to prevent the oil fields from falling into the hands of capitalism, as well as a desire to preserve from its incursions the oil regions which should provide the necessary fuel for the national navy. The whole nation begins to realize the tremendous social import of this problem and how dangerous for the welfare of the nation it is that a few should control this wealth, a few who do not scruple to raise the price of petroleum and its by-products when it so suits their convenience.

I shall express no opinion on ulterior politics either here or in the Republic of Mexico, but it is my earnest desire that everybody would understand clearly and fully that there exists in Mexico powerful reasons which move the people to look for an arrangement which will bring about an improvement in their material and social conditions, and to endeavor to prevent the further exploitation of a commodity which should have been productive of comfort and ease to Mexico. American capital has imposed upon the Mexican people and deceived it in the most outrageous manner, and in this country capital is determined to disfigure the truth by misrepresenting the facts as they exist in our own country—Mexico.

MEXICAN FEMINIST CONGRESS

ONE of the most noteworthy symptoms of the commotion through which the Mexican people has been passing lately, revolting to men's consciences and freeing forces before unknown, is the liberating feminist movement.

The Mexican woman has lived under

the conditions of slavery imposed by the Spaniards according to the Moorish system.

The First Chief issued in Vera Cruz the Law of Divorce, which produced an intimate satisfaction in all the spirits that had been suffering under pressure for so many years. In the first month that the Revolu-



WOMEN'S CONGRESS IN THE STATE OF YUCATAN, MEXICO

tion ruled in the Capital of the Republic no fewer than 500 divorces were granted and apparently there have been no manifestations of that immorality which has been so often prophesied by the enemies of divorce.

The Mexican woman has consequently awakened to a new world so long dreamt of, and is actually demonstrating her capacity to occupy a place in society by the side of man.

There have been feminist organizations in several parts of Mexico, all tending to the moral and intellectual improvement of their members. The most remarkable case of this new social activity is found in the state of Yucatan in the work of the Feminist Congress convoked by Governor General Don Salvador Alvarado.

Notwithstanding that the state of Yucatan has been one of the most conservative and most under the control of a land-owning class—a class which may very well be called aristocratic and domineering—and notwithstanding that the population consists of only 300,000 inhabitants, of whom 250,000 are Indians, nearly three thousand

women attended the Congress, the majority of them belonging to the middle class, many from the ranks of teachers and a few of the old governing class. These women for three days discussed in the most orderly, although at times the most fervent manner, advanced topics on education and religion, and discussing delicate subjects, such as physiology, in the most outspoken way.

Immediately there were formed within the body of the Congress two groups, the conservative and the liberal, with resulting enthusiasm and interest in ideas, that were defended with the greatest ingenuity.

Another Congress is being at present organized in which the subject of female suffrage will be discussed, starting with municipal affairs.

The annals of the first Congress have been read in all the Republic, all the women have been interested in this movement, and no doubt that once this organization is in working order, to which end all Revolutionists are lending their co-operation, the Mexican woman will very soon be given her rightful place.



Going to School Thru Revolution

By THOMAS CARTER

WHEN somebody first told Villa that the American capitalists wanted to send troops into Mexico to enforce peace upon the people, he is reported to have said:

"Peace? We don't want peace. The Mexican people have been peaceful slaves for many, many years. They have suffered the utmost barbarities, have had their lands taken from them and given to those Americans rich enough to bribe the Mexican Dictator. During all this time they enjoyed *peace* and they fell on their knees every time the name of this great robber was mentioned. What we need is revolution. It will teach our people that the rich man is no greater than a poor man. It will teach them that a rich man is vulnerable. It will show them how to stand upon their feet and fight for their own."

During the French Revolution, the nobility of England, of Prussia and of Aus-

tria, fearing that the downfall of Louis XVI. might encourage a similar uprising of their own subjects, combined to suppress the revolution and to support the French King. They regarded the lot of the French serf, robbed, beaten, borne down with outrageous taxes, half starved by the French lords, as quite good enough for the rude boors who merely produced the wealth of France.

The Prussian and Austrian nobles looked upon the rising of the French serfs as nothing more nor less than a mad menace to the French nobility, which was likely to spread to their own borders and jeopardize their own pomp and power. But the French serfs and artisans, grown wise and strong in the years of their rebellion, finally threw off the yoke of the vicious French nobility, and laid the foundation for the Republic of France.

"Louis Capet" was executed, and Marie Antoinette, the lovely Austrian Queen,

who knew so little of the condition of the peasants that when they cried out for bread asked why they didn't eat *cake*! Heads of other memebtrs of the royal family fell and during one month over 5,000 members of the nobility were guillotined. The streets literally ran with blood and the cries of the people rang with joy at every execution.

But when peace came again and, weary with revenging themselves upon the oppressors who had so much more barbarously tortured them in other days, the people of France emerged from the storm and stress reliant, valiant men and women, capable of fighting for their own. Before the revolution France was a nation of vicious, brutal robbing nobles, a rising class of merchants and artisans and the half-starved serfs of the soil. After the revolution, she was a nation of strong, thinking men and women. The people found themselves in the long war against their masters.

During the Civil War, when the future of these United States hung in the balance, European aristocrats and merchants said of us much that American capitalists are saying today of the people of Mexico.

The lives of foreigners were more than once in jeopardy. Their American investments shrank and their losses here and abroad were very heavy. In England and France the cry went up from the cotton manufacturers that the American struggle had no longer any justification; that bloodshed must stop and order be restored by joint intervention.

"The Americans were fighting among themselves; they were guilty of murder, rapine, were barbarians who desired to put the slaves upon an equal plane with the superior whites." They were "engaged in robbing and killing each other," "had become a nation of anarchy and bandits," and it "was the duty of Europe to step in and enforce peace."

But it was in the blood and travail of the Civil War that slavery in America was abolished and that made of these United States a fact instead of a theory. If Europe had stepped in to lend her strength and her troops to enforce peace, the map of Old Uncle Sam would have been much smaller than it is today. Enforced peace in 1863 would have meant the disruption

of the Union. Enforced peace in France at the beginning of the revolution would have meant a set-back to the republic of fifty or a hundred years. France might have been as Russia today.

Peace forced upon Mexico would mean the taking of the newly awakened Mexican people out of the splendid school of revolution and enslaving them again. Ten years ago Mexico was dominated by the most despotic and autocratic ruler in the Western Hemisphere. Hundreds of thousands of Mexican peons were driven to their daily tasks on the great ranches by the black lash. Food was coarse and insufficient. The lords of many of the great haciendas held court over all their "employees." They were judge, jury and executioner if the need arose.

Between the Catholic church, which encouraged and admonished the peons to obey their masters under penalty of the Fathers, and the wealthy ranch owners, whose service they were forbidden by law to leave as long as they were in their debt, the working people of Mexico had long slaved in a condition of almost utter hopelessness.

Few were able to read and write and their laboring hours were so long and the work so arduous that men and women alike fell into a deathlike sleep, without strength for thought, at the close of the day's toil.

The masters kept the books of the masters and they managed always to keep the peons in their debt. At least so they reported to their servants when they asked an accounting. Runaways were usually beaten to death as an example to others who might be considering escape. And back of the lords of the ranches was the strong arm of Diaz, and his army and his own law—Diaz who had helped to deprive the Mexican people of *their own land*.

Then came the glorious and astounding uprising when thousands of the rebels were killed and tortured by Diaz, backed up by the United States Government. But the rising of the people could not be stayed and Diaz was forced out.

Came then the Dreamer, Madero, who meant to give back the land to the people, and Huerta, who killed him, backed by American millionaires who had hoped to see him become a second dictator like

Díaz, with whom they could deal—and whom they could bribe.

But Villa, Carranza and the people of Mexico would have none of this hireling of the "Our" capitalist class.

And now comes Carranza, the choice of the Mexicans themselves. And all during the rise and fall of the various presidents and presidential aspirants, since the fall of Díaz, the people have been struggling to get back their lands from the lordly ranch owners. And the great land-owners like William Randolph Hearst, have kept their own paid army to protect these lands and to prevent the Mexican people from taking back that which has been stolen from them.

It was here, upon our own soil, the eighteenth century that we fought and killed and fought again "among our-

selves," property was destroyed, homes were burned, disease and want spread over the new land, until the "independent" Americans at last defeated the Americans who were loyal to King George of England.

Revolution does not mean peace. It means war, change, readjustment. In the sturdy school of revolution inarticulate peons become articulate. Hope springs once more in the human heart; slaves lift up their heads and stand erect; old, outworn institutions break down to make way for newer and better ones. Kings, of royal blood and royal fortune, crumble into dust and the despoiled, the sweated working class comes into its own.

Revolution is a rough school, but it is a school where *men are born*. On with the Revolution!

LIEBKNECHT'S DEFIANCE

LIEBKNECHT'S final offense, which caused his arrest and consequent imprisonment, was delivered before a great Labor Day demonstration in the Potsdamerplatz, in Berlin, on May 1st, of which the following vivid account is given by a spectator:

"It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Tens of thousands of people in the streets and crowds are coming from everywhere. The strange thing about the gathering is its complete silence. Not a sound is to be heard—only the noise of countless feet. Women and children predominate. The men, for the most part, are of advanced age. Liebknecht is to deliver a speech."

He said:

"Comrades, some time ago a witty Social Democrat observed: 'We Prussians are a privileged people. We have the right to serve as soldiers, we are entitled to bear upon our shoulders the entire burden of taxation, and we are expected to hold our tongues. So it is. The authorities never cease to call upon us to keep silent. Quite a simple thing—hold your tongue, that's all. Don't talk! If you are hungry, don't talk! If your children starve, don't talk! They ask for milk—hold your tongue! They ask for bread—don't say a word!

"Comrades, we are starving, but no one must know it—least of all the soldiers. Such news would weaken the warlike spirit of the fighters, therefore, don't complain. Women, hide away the truth from your own men! Lie; don't tell the truth, lest the soldiers in the trenches learn how things stand. Prussian censorship takes good care that this does not happen. Poor German soldier, he really deserves pity. Under the compulsion of a warlike Government he has invaded a foreign country, and is doing his bloody work, suffering untold horrors. Death reigns on the battle-field and his children at home are succumbing to hunger and want. The poor mother is in distress and can not share her grief with her husband.

"The workers of Germany have to bleed because such is the will of the capitalists, of the superpatriots, of the cannon-makers. The people have to make bloody sacrifices without a murmur in order that these robbers may mint gold out of their valuable lives. The war was ushered in with a lie, so that the workers would rush to the battlefields, and now the lie still presides over the continuance of this awful carnage."

"Liebknecht had scarcely finished the last sentence when the ranks became dis-

turbed. Something happened. I looked round—endless waves of human heads. Liebknecht is being dropt down from the platform; his comrades follow him. The children are alarmed, the air is full of cries. Then—a movement never to be forgotten. I am lifted off my feet by a human wave and carried aside. The police break into the crowd, they trample many underfoot and throw others to the ground.

"We gather in the evening to discuss the situation. We number between 25 and 30 persons. Almost everybody is a soldier. Some are officers in uniform. Where is Liebknecht? No one knows—not even his wife."

At his trial and condemnation, which followed in July, the public prosecutor asked that the public be excluded. Liebknecht exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, you are powerful, but you are afraid. You tremble at the effect my poor words might have on the public and on the prudently chosen journalists. You who have at your disposal a force of police, an army, cannon, everything! It is cowardice on your part, gentlemen. Yes, I repeat that you are cowards if you close the doors. You should be ashamed of yourselves."

Nevertheless, the court decided to exclude the public. Then Liebknecht shouted to his wife and Rosa Luxemburg in

the audience: "Leave this comedy, where everything, including even the judgment, has been prepared beforehand! Go away!"

When the crowd waiting outside heard the verdict shouts arose: "Our Liebknecht has been condemned to imprisonment for two and a half years. Long live Liebknecht!" The next day between 50,000 and 60,000 workers in the munitions factories, and especially in the plant of the General Electric company, struck. The manager of the latter concern asked to see a delegation from the strikers. He told them that no political strike would be tolerated and that strikers would be tried by court-martial, but he added that if they desired an increase in wages the company would consider it. The men did not ask for an increase, but after a few days the strike ceased owing to opposition by socialists and syndicalist leaders.

Still there remains great discontent among the masses and some agitators have even been advocating a general strike.

The Berlin newspapers have been forbidden to publish the fact of the arrest of Rosa Luxemburg. She was arrested in the military zone and can thus legally be kept in prison without trial until the end of the state of siege. The news of her arrest, however, was spread by word of mouth throughout Germany.

The View From My Window

By Henry O. Falk

FOR six weary years I have looked out on this forlorn strip of desert—for six weary years without a break in my isolation. I who love life, joyous and free, have, for six weary years, known the privations of a pent-up animal and of an unwilling recluse. Down there at the water's edge is the hideous cement factory whose maddening routine of dull tasks has sucked in my soul. Up here, a little removed from the factory, are the colony houses. Of neighborliness there is little, of friendliness nothing. There go two of the workers. They pass one another with scarcely a look of recognition. Are these men? And is this living?

There are little paths from the houses

to the factory. I have worn my dusty little path from my shack straight to the factory door. With automatic precision I trudge over it four times every day: at 7 to work; at 12 to lunch; at 1 back to the vault, which a little breath of sunshine on the way over has made more gloomy for me; at 6 with a curse on my lips I drag a weary body back to my retreat.

And each has his little path, scarcely ever crossing or joining his neighbor's. No trees, only scraggly vegetation. Screened in on three sides by stupid hills and by an empty stretch of water in front, fancy chokes at its threshold and the spirit expires ere it stirs.

Is there no escape?

THE MESABA STRIKE

By GEORGE P. WEST

The following are extracts from a report on the strike of iron miners now in progress on the Mesaba range in northern Minnesota which has been submitted to the Committee on Industrial Relations by George P. West, author of the report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations on the Colorado strike. It is based on a field investigation.

The City of Duluth, the County of St. Louis, and the State of Minnesota, as represented by Governor Burnquist and other public officials, have joined hands in a relentless effort to crush out the strike of 15,000 iron miners now in progress on the Mesaba range, 70 miles north of Duluth.

With the support and good will of the United States Steel Corporation and affiliated interests as the stake, Governor Burnquist, Sheriff John R. Meining of Duluth, County Prosecutor Green and the Duluth Chief of Police are playing at ducks and drakes with the most sacred rights of the foreign workmen who mine the ore that goes down to the ships at Duluth for shipment to the Pittsburgh mills.

More than one thousand men, according to the sheriff's own statement, have been deputized and armed with carbines, revolvers, and riot sticks. Clothed by the sheriff with the state authority, they have been placed in brutal and tyrannical control of a district comprising at least 100 square miles and 75,000 population. The slums of Duluth and other cities have been combed to recruit this army of gun men, and Sheriff John R. Meining, like Jeff Farr of Colorado, admitted to the writer that he had deputized the company guards without investigation of their records or character. In fact, he specifically stated that some of the men employed by the companies in this capacity, and deputized by him, "might possibly be" men of the character suggested when the writer told Sheriff Meining that they looked like thugs.

The part played by Governor Burnquist, County Prosecutor Greene and Chief of Police McKercher of Duluth will appear later.

Business Duluth is doing its bit. Responding to the Steel Corporation's bidding,

its leading wholesalers have served formal notice on the merchants of the iron range towns that all credit will be curtailed pending the strike and weekly payments required. A copy of this notice is in my possession.

And while the miners of Minnesota and their families face want and suffering and endure the abuse and violence of a private army of gunmen, the United States Steel Corporation announces the largest earnings in the history of an American industrial corporation.

LIKE COLORADO.

It is a story of public authority prostituted to private interests that is hardly equalled by Colorado, the same story of an industrial absolutism riveted on the workers through the ownership of control by a great corporation of the natural resources on which the economic life of the community depends.

One bright chapter can be written into strike records of Minnesota officials. The principal towns on the iron range,—a narrow strip of the richest iron ore on the continent, running east and west on the high tree-covered plateau above Lake Superior,—are Hibbing, with 15,000 population; Virginia, with 15,000, and Chisholm with 9,000. And their mayors, with a majority of their councilmen, stand squarely for the rights of the miners. Mayor Victor Power of Hibbing, Mayor Michael Boylan of Virginia, Mayor E. E. Weber of Chisholm, and officials of several lesser municipalities have done all within their power as officials or as men to protest against the outrageous lawlessness and cruelty of the companies and of their servants in public office.

Today, at the urging of the same municipal authorities, Mediators Davies and Fairley

of the United States Department of Labor are on the range in an effort to break down the refusal of the companies to meet their men or even to consider their grievances. And the mayors of the range municipalities announce that if the Steel Corporation persists in its refusal to admit the possibility of grievances and in its blood and iron policy of crushing the strike with gun men, they will put the strikers to work on needed improvements for the cities where they live.

* * * *

Yet in what should have been the happiest, most prosperous communities in the world, the Steel Corporation has precipitated one of the most bitter, as it was one of the most spontaneous and unorganized, industrial revolts of recent history. It has done this by its policy of treating the men like serfs, denying them any voice, herding them with the aid of a permanent force of private police, and driving them at top speed by a vicious piece rate system of payment that leaves the door wide open for favoritism, injustice, and the extortion of bribes by the petty bosses who assign favorable or unfavorable working places.

The strike started without organization of any sort, and spread almost instantaneously through the iron range before any outside labor organization had participated. The men were unorganized and out of touch with the labor movement. An appeal reached the I. W. W. and organizers for that organization made a prompt response. It is not an I. W. W. strike in the sense that it was started by agents of that organization. No I. W. W. agent or organizer was on the range prior to the beginning of the strike. I. W. W. agents have offered to withdraw from the district if their elimination would lead to settlement, and the strikers have specifically agreed in writing in a communication to the companies that they would not ask for the recognition of any union. Yet the companies refused a conference.

Thousands of the best miners have left the iron range never to return. The vast majority of those remaining are resisting all urgings to return to work, and if funds can be procured there is a likelihood that grievances will be adjusted.

* * *

Laborers in the open-pit surface workings are now paid \$2.60 for a ten-hour day.

In the underground workings, where the majority of miners are employed, the miners work an eight-hour day and are paid on piece rate basis, designed to speed the men up. Rates per car of ore mined are changed every week, resulting in driving the men at top speed and placing them in competition with each other.

Miner after miner swears that pit bosses and foreman exact bribes for awarding favorable "ground" to the men, and that no miner can obtain a working place where \$3 or more can be earned unless he has first won the good will of the shift boss or foreman, by whatever means appeals to that individual. Inasmuch as petty common bribery is in plants where this system prevails, and employers often admit the necessity of fighting it, these complaints undoubtedly are based on widespread abuses.

* * *

There remains to be told the steps by which public authority in Minnesota prostituted itself to the Steel Corporation and the economic interests of the privileged class, and in doing so violated not only common justice and humanity, but every constitutional right of the miners in the premises.

Sheriff Meining's deputization of more than 1,000 gun men has already been told. To his credit, he informed the writer that "if I had it to do over again I would do differently," and agreed that the state's police power should not be put into the hands of guards employed by the companies, and of whom no investigation had previously been made.

Sheriff Meining acted largely at the direction of Governor Burnquist, at St. Paul, but not beyond the influences that dominate in Duluth. Burnquist sent a personal representative to investigate. The governor's agent, Gustavus Lindquist, spent a week on the iron range in the company of corporation officials. He did not go near the striking miners or the municipal authorities. So flagrant was his disregard of the miners' claims and interests that the authorities of the range cities met and adopted a resolution denouncing his course, which they forwarded to the governor. Acting on this man's report and in conformity with the wishes of the Steel Corporation, Governor Burnquist on June 30 sent the following telegram to Sheriff Meining:

"Arrest forthwith and take before magistrate, preferably at Duluth, all persons who

have participated and are participating in riots in your county and make complaints against them. Prevent further breaches of the peace, riots and unlawful assemblies. Use all your powers for the preservation of life and property."

It should be noted that the range towns are seventy miles from Duluth and that magistrates were available at all of them. Surely there is something in the Minnesota laws directing that men charged with crime be taken before the *nearest* magistrate. But Duluth, ambitious and hungry for eastern capital, is notoriously with the companies and against any interest opposing them.

In the light of that one phrase, "Preferably at Duluth" and of subsequent developments, the observer can almost see the hand reaching over Burnquist's shoulder and directing his pen. Commenting on the telegram, the *Mesaba Ore*, a newspaper of general circulation at Hibbing, said on July 22:

"The governor accepted without question the word of the mining companies that the law was being violated on the ranges by the striking miners, that riot and bloodshed was rampant and life and property were in danger of destruction from the mob, but the governor made no effort, it appears, to ascertain the truth or falsity of the statement made to him by the mining companies—he acted blindly.

"Had the governor made proper, or half proper, investigation he would have learned that nearly all of the law violation that followed the strike was that of the armed thugs employed by the mining companies, or inspired by them.

"In his order to the sheriff to unarm the strikers the governor was commanding a county official to violate his oath of office. By that order the sheriff was expected to approach a group of men anywhere and proceed to go through their pockets without formality—simply strong-arm them; he was ordered to enter without warrant the homes of the miners and search for fire arms, and if there was resistance to arrest the miners and slap them into jail, or beat them into insensibility with a billie. Deputy sheriffs employed by the mining company used these tactics as an excuse for 'getting' the men they wanted, and they were exceedingly busy along that line.

"Was there ever anything more likely to lynch the range with human blood than

this governor's order to the sheriff? It was just what the mining companies wanted to give their gunmen, their armed thugs, full authority to murder those opposed to the mining company—the authority of the State of Minnesota backing up the mining companies in the wanton killing of men who were only asking for an increase in wages, and the protection of the state for their thugs with the bloody hands."

THE GOVERNOR'S PART.

Following the receipt of this telegram, the company gun men became bolder. On July 3 a notorious character named Nick Dillon, a gun man in the employ of one of the companies, stormed into the home of a striker at Biwabik without knocking, armed with a revolver, and followed by three deputy sheriffs. According to a newspaper owned by the postmaster of Duluth, Dillon received his training as "bouncer" for a house of ill-fame. This invasion of a workman's home, the facts of which are admitted, was undertaken ostensibly to serve a warrant for the illegal sale of liquor. Surrounded by his wife, children and several miners who boarded with him, the miner hotly resented the intrusion of the company guard, and a fight ensued in which one deputy sheriff and a peddler friendly to the miners was killed, and a miner shot twice through the thigh. The miner and four of his friends were arrested, taken to Duluth, and jailed for first degree murder. A coroner's jury refused to return a verdict fixing responsibility.

Within a few hours of this outrage on the part of the company guard and the subsequent tragedy, seven organizers for the I. W. W., stationed at distant points on the range, were arrested without warrants, refused a hearing, placed on a special train, taken to Duluth seventy miles distant, and lodged in the county jail charged with murder in the first degree.

Under a peculiar Minnesota statute these organizers are charged as principals in the murder of the deputy sheriff on the ground that speeches made by them induced the killing. The writer talked to a witness for the state who had heard the organizers advise the strikers to refrain from violence, and keep their hands in their pockets, but to retaliate if the life of one of the strikers was taken by a guard. This and the fact that the miners carried union cards apparently

is the principal, and in fact, the only evidence against the organizers. Yet Sheriff Meining admitted to the writer that if gun men in the employ of a private corporation were to enter his home without knocking and threaten the safety and lives of himself and family he would feel justified in defending himself.

These arrests are only the worst of many violent acts committed by sheriff's deputies and company gun men. Strikers have been arrested by the hundred and thrown into jail on trumped up charges. Picketing was absolutely suppressed, and Finnish Socialists were thrown out of their own halls and refused the right of lawful assembly. A steel corporation gunman named King, employed by the Duluth, Misabe & Northern Railroad, a steel trust subsidiary, became so offensive and shameless in his efforts to start trouble at Hibbing that he was ordered out of the district by Sheriff Meining himself.

The story is not yet half told of the lengths to which the companies went in beating up, shooting, jailing and terrorizing their workmen, of how they cloaked their acts by appealing to popular prejudice against the I. W. W. and ascribing the strike to I. W. W. organizers, who had nothing to do with its inception; of how the Duluth newspapers, subservient to the company interest, exhorted the authorities to disregard every legal constitutional right of these organizers, and how the authorities responded. It is a story of tyrannical abuse, cruelty and persecution involving a hundred cases and a thousand details. And all to defeat any movement looking toward industrial democracy, living wages, a square deal for the men who mine the raw material for the country's prosperous and powerful corporation.

The strikers have done and are doing their part in this battle for freedom, for the things America is supposed to stand for.

INVADING MINERS' HOMES

By OTTO CHRISTENSEN

ON the afternoon of July 3rd mine guard Nick Dillon, in company with three guards, invaded the home of Phillip Mesomovich. Now Dillon, who led the guards, has served as a mine guard for several years both in Minnesota and Colorado. He has also served as a strong arm man identified with the assignation house in the neighborhood of Virginia, Minnesota. The notorious Dillon is known to most of the people on the range, and he was the only mine guard of the four that was known to any of the Mesomovich family.

When the guards entered the house Mrs. Mesomovich offered them chairs to sit down, but Nick Dillon replied that they had not come to sit down, but came to take Phillip Mesomovich and Joe Hercigonovich



Top, left to right—Filip Masenovich, Gavoiilo Orlandich.
Center—Militza Masenovich.
Bottom, left to right—Jovo Nikac, Jovo Hercigonovich.

to jail. Mrs. Mesomovich replied to Dillon, "You fellows will not take my husband to jail before Old Man O'Hara comes from Biwabik." O'Hara was the village marshal of Biwabik and the Mesomovich family lived at the Chicago location, which is within the village limits of Biwabik. Mrs. Mesomovich's husband was asleep at the time, but came out of the bedroom shortly after the guards had entered the home. Mesomovich asked for his shoes and Mrs. Mesomovich started toward the bedroom when Dillon assaulted her. Mrs. Mesomovich told her story as follows:

"Dillon was standing near door to bedroom and I went to bedroom to get Phillip's shoes and Nick he says, 'Ope,' and I says, 'What ope means. I am going to get shoes for my husband.' Then Nick Dillon he got hold of me and threw me into the bedroom onto my baby. If the boy had not happened to be there I would have killed the baby. I spit blood for three days after that. I told Nick to get out of the house and I chased him out. I went outside after Nick and one of those fellows with him hit me over the head with club. Then all the fellows in the house started to hit Phillip and the boarders with the clubs. Nick he started to shoot from the yard."

One of the guards by the name of Schubisky, when testifying before Judge Smallwood, admitted that he fired several shots and that he fired them in the house, but no bullets or bullet holes were to be found in the house. Mine Guard Myron, who was killed, was standing in the doorway beating Orlandich, one of the boarders, and the three wild shots fired by Mine Guard Schubisky took effect in the back of Myron. The strikers had no revolvers and fired no shots. All the shooting was done by the mine guards.

The four Montenegrin strikers, Phillip Mesomovich, Joe Hercigonovich, John Orlandich and Joe Nikich, are now in the Duluth jail charged with the responsibility of Mine Guard Myron's death. Following the arrests of these strikers, the organizers and men in charge of the strike, who at the time of the invasion of the Mesomovich home were many miles away, were arrested and charged with the murder of Mine Guard Myron on the theory that by their

speeches they indirectly had encouraged and induced the affray that resulted in Myron's death.

The basis for holding Tresca, Scarlett, Schmidt, Ahlgren and Wassaman is that they told the men in their speeches what their legal rights were in defense of their home. The crime of the strike leaders was to tell the men to put their hands in their pockets and keep them there and not to take them out until the strike was won, save in case of being attacked, assaulted or maltreated, and then only to use them in defense of their person, family and home. This advice that is attributed to have been given to the strikers forms the prosecutor's inference that a conspiracy existed to resist mine guards and that this advice was the important influence that induced the Montenegrin strikers to resist Nick Dillon's detachment of mine guards.

Placing the strike leaders on trial for murder was simply an effort to eliminate their influence and activities in the strike. It is a repetition of the old story of all the great industrial conflicts in this country, namely, the prostitution of public authorities to the whims, caprices and desires of "big business." The men on trial are all in grave danger of having the severest penalty of the law imposed, regardless of the complete bankruptcy of the prosecutor's case, whose only chance lies in getting a jury subservient to those in control of the industries. The demand of the steel trust is "Railroad the strike leaders."

The effort to cripple the strike by arresting the leaders has failed in its immediate effect among the men only to solidify the ranks and make them more determined than even to win the strike.

When the preliminary hearing of the strike leaders commenced before Judge Smallwood on July 21st, 1916, the striking miners gave testimonial to the confidence that they had in their leaders and expressed the sentiment and spirit of the men on strike. The striking miners crowded the court room, corridors and halls of the municipal court at Duluth, and when the men under arrest, led by Carlo Tresca entered the court room, the men started a demonstration which lasted until the army of court bailiffs cleared the court room.

Socialism and Patriotism in Germany

By CARL WITTMAN

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—Carl Wittman was in Dresden from October, 1913, to April, 1916. From the beginning of the war he assisted in organizing the opposition. He was in intimate personal contact with Liebknecht, Rühle, and other leaders of the minority group. With regard to German party affairs he writes with authority.)

I.

The Majority Group.

THE Social Democratic Party of Germany is divided into three groups. The so-called majority is in control of all excepting a few of the party papers. Most of the active politicians and labor leaders belong to this group. These are the ones who signed a treaty of peace with German capitalists on August 4, 1914, and joined in declaring war on foreign nations. They openly proclaim that in wartime the interests of the working class are identical with those of the capitalist class. Since the beginning of the war there has been no difference between their organization and the various bourgeois parties. The German government is for them the innocent and outraged party, acting solely in self-defense. They are asking German working people to hold out, to hunger and suffer for the sake of victory.

After the war, to be sure, they will fight for the people again and force the government to give them—a better suffrage law! In the meantime, the relations between them and the government is a very close one.

One day between August 1 and 4, 1914, when the whole world was asking "What will the German Socialists do?" there occurred a significant incident. The Socialist members of the Reichstag were holding a conference. Comrade Haase took the floor and offered to give proof that some Socialist was giving reports of their proceedings to the government. He presented a resolution that the matter be investigated. Instantly Carl Legien was on his feet with a motion that Haase's resolution be tabled. The resolution was tabled and thus debate was shut off. Recently an imperial min-

ister said to Haase that he finds it much easier to come to an agreement with Scheidemann than with a committee of two or more Socialists.

Bernstein was once called in by a member of the government and asked to write a series of articles with a certain tendency. Honest old Bernstein refused. But shortly afterward just such a series made the rounds of the press—signed by Scheidemann!

When Rosa Luxemburg, Clara Zetkin and dozens of other comrades were the guests of the army-in-jail, Scheidemann, Eckert and other members of the Executive Committee were entertained by General von Bissing, the military governor of Belgium. This is the very von Bissing who wrote a book on *How to Keep the Socialists in Check*. A little later these "Socialists" voted to reduce the rations of the German people. Shortly afterward they were met in battle array by sundry German women armed with such primitive weapons as handbags and umbrellas. Despite their intimate association with a famous general they were ignominiously beaten.

Mrs. Dunker, an active Socialist organizer among the women, led an anti-war demonstration before the Reichstag building. She was denounced by "Comrade" Heine. On the floor of the Reichstag this same Heine called Karl Liebknecht, at various times, a traitor, a maniac, a crank, and a comedian.

At the time when the minority cut themselves loose and formed the group known as "the eighteen," the majority gave proof of fidelity to the government. Haase had evidence that peace overtures had been made to Germany in March, 1915. He had started an address in which he intended to present this evidence. The Socialist majority turned on him with howls and threats. Haase was

forced to stop and then he was denied the privilege of continuing.

Haenisch, another leader of the majority, wrote in a conservative paper that he stands nearer to the most conservative than to Liebknecht and his kind. It was, he said, the happiest day of his life when he could sing, with overflowing heart, *Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles*.

II.

The Kautsky-Haase Group.

A greater danger to the International is the Kautsky-Haase group. Opportunists first and last, they live on compromise and make their way by keeping their ear to the ground. In Germany they are known as the "Sumpf," which means the swamp. Kautsky is their spiritual leader. Long after the war had started Kautsky proclaimed that the International is an instrument to be used only in time of peace. Having labored long to build up the party, his one thought was to keep it intact. When this old world was bursting, and everything undergoing a change, he thought his party alone could remain unchanged.

It was not for the purpose of taking up the fight against imperialism that Kautsky supported "the eighteen." It was rather to prevent the radical wing from gaining control of the masses. With three or four exceptions the eighteen members of the Reichstag affirm the duty of national defense—as do the majority. They hold merely that the conditions which make it a duty do not exist at present. This appears clearly from the statement which they submitted when they refused to support the war budget. They said, in effect, that since Germany is not threatened, since German armies stand in the enemies' territory, it is the duty of the government to open peace negotiations. Liebknecht and Rühle signed this declaration, because they wanted to encourage the others to take a first step in opposition to the government. They took occasion, however, to point out the inconsistency of considering any country safe as long as capitalist armies exist and the foolishness of this position became evident the moment the French Socialists took it under consideration. According to the principle involved the French Socialists are bound

to support their government until French armies are on German soil. If this principle were accepted by the International there would have to be a change of policy with every shift of the fortunes of war. Kautsky and his group have not yet learned that all war taxes are bad taxes.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction among members of the majority group. Many of them would rather follow Haase than Scheidemann. And it is quite possible that a combination will be formed in the near future. Then the great, harmonious Social Democratic Party of Germany, with its millions of followers, will again be the model of other national organizations. Conventions will be held, Ledebour will make speeches, resolutions will be passed, Kautsky will write more than ever, and the rank and file will pay dues. This is the program of the Kautsky-Haase group, the "Sumpf."

III.

The Militant Minority

We do not find members of this group on the benches of the Reichstag nor in well paid positions in labor unions or co-operative societies. They are behind the bars of jails up and down the country. The prosecuting attorney of his Majesty the Kaiser is their recording-secretary. He keeps the roll of membership free of charge. In the Reichstag they are represented by Rühle and Liebknecht—or were until Liebknecht was imprisoned. Clara Zetkin and Rosa Luxemburg have served their terms, Franz Mehring and Dr. Meier have had close calls. These are the best known members of the group.

These militants have very few papers, but they print and distribute millions of leaflets against the war. Some of these reach the front. Posters bearing the words, "We are hungry; we want peace!" are put up in public places. Many have been imprisoned for carrying on such work. These comrades, even tho they have paid dues for years, have not received the customary legal assistance from the party.

For this, as well as for more important reasons, there must be a split in the party. What could be more ridiculous than to condemn the majority and at the same time to support an organization

which they are using in the interests of war and patriotism? It is high time to dissolve partnership with those who have denied all the fundamental principles of Socialism. We have paid long enough for things which we do not want.

We must build up a new party. The essential thing is quality, not quantity. We need the right spirit rather than great numbers. The little Socialist party of Servia gave a better account of itself than the great Social Democracy of Germany. The Italian party had just got rid of its reformists and in the face of the war it has stood up for Socialism and internationalism better than any other party in any warring nation.

With the Italians and Servians, with the Socialist parties of the United States and other neutral countries, with all the sections of England, France and Russia, and with the German minority we must found a new international. Kautsky and his followers do not see the necessity for such an organization. But surely those who believe that one's first duty is to the nation, and that the International is to be used only in time of peace, cannot take part in the formation of an effectual organization of the international working-class. It is the militant minority—the Liebknecht group—that will make it possible to have a German section in the new International.

MASS ACTION THE ANSWER

Imperialism, War and Socialism

By HERMAN GORTER

[*Editorial Note.*—This article is made up of short passages from a pamphlet in which the war and imperialism are discussed from the viewpoint of the Left Wing European Socialists. The translator has attempted merely to give the author's main point, that our nationalistic Socialism is behind the times.]

The Cause of Failure.

Because they have been bent on reforms, the Socialist leaders, the working people themselves, the whole working class movement have become nationalistic, imperialistic, chauvinistic.

The reformists, in conjunction with the ignorance of the workers, are responsible for what has happened. They have had their eye on reforms, and reforms are to be achieved within the framework of the separate nations. So the attention of the workers was not directed toward the development of imperialism. Therefore when the great day came when the workers of the world might have faced world capitalism the workers were not prepared.

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The Lesson

One great blessing imperialism may bring to us. It may teach us that at last the time has come when the masses must act for themselves.

During the earlier part of the labor movement small groups could act thru

leaders. Against trusts and banks, against imperialist governments small groups are powerless. A deputy, a committee, cannot fight a great syndicate. The action of committees and groups must be backed up by the masses themselves. There is no other way open to the proletariat.

The Socialist movement is entering its third period. The radical was the first. The reformist was the second. Now comes the third. This last one will serve to unite the masses, to form them into a body capable of facing bank capital, the trust, the imperialist governments.

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The Future

The future will be one of ceaseless international struggles, of war upon war.

Capitalism is developing and spreading itself over the world thru the power of nations.

Internationalized capital is as yet weak in comparison with that which is national in character. National capitalist interests are paramount, and these interests are mutually opposed. The only means of adjustment among them is war, so we shall have war.

There will be peace movements—just as there has been a religion of love dur-

ing the long period of individualistic struggle and selfishness. But a sentiment in favor of peace will be merely the reverse side of a warlike civilization.

In fact, war is uneconomical from the capitalist point of view. The peace advocates may be the worst enemies of labor and the best friends of capital. But they will not succeed. Capitalism has its own laws, and one of these is the law of struggle.

The New International.

The war will be followed by a period of misery for the European working-class. There may be some few little reforms granted to keep the people quiet. But these will be merely temporary.

In the face of this situation new tactics are necessary.

A time of mass-action, perhaps of revolution, is approaching.

But national revolutionary activities will be only incidental. In the midst of misery and death there will arise a new militarism, a new preparedness and, eventually, another war. For this all capitalist, imperialist nations will begin to prepare as soon as the present war is over.

If the workers do not wish to become a race of slaves they must prepare to face the situation with *international mass action*.

Translated by William E. Bohn.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO AND THE WAR

By Palmer Hoke Wright

TWO years ago, when their Imperial Majesties, the kings of Europe, decided to bathe the highways and byways in human blood, they unconsciously gave the American Negro what might, for want of a better term, be called a "chance."

Previous to the beginning of the war from seven to eight hundred thousand people deserted their European fatherlands to emigrate to the United States. When the war began, emigration was shut off. The toilers of Europe had to stay home to kill each other. Thousands returned to their fatherlands. This situation left the industrial north, the home of big business in the United States, without its customary source of labor supply. The only remaining hope was the Negro of the south.

Two years ago there were approximately 1,000,000 Negroes north of Mason and Dixon's line, while those in the southern states numbered close to 9,000,000. Just how many colored people have left the south, lured by the glowing tales of big salaries and ideal working conditions in the north, is difficult to estimate. The best available authorities predict that by the end of 1917 the number of Negroes in the north will be doubled.

In the north the Negro has had at least some semblance of civil and political liberty. The race prejudice, of course, exists, and the competition of immigrant and native white labor has shut him out of the more desirable lines of work. But so long as the colored race has remained an insignificant minority, the Negro has fitted into the general scheme of things, and has been permitted to gain a livelihood as servant, waiter, porter, etc.

In the south, on the other hand, the Negro as a political or civil factor simply does not exist. He is denied the right to vote and in case of trouble with a white man the Negro is certain to be get the worst of it. But as a laboring class the colored race has the field almost entirely to itself. The Negro has no white competition, for there has been practically no white immigration to the south. Wages, even for skilled Negro tradesmen, are low, while those laboring on the farms and plantations of the south are the poorest paid class in the United States.

It is only natural that the prospect of higher wages and improved conditions in the north should draw Negroes by the hundreds of thousands. The migration is on, and there is every reason to believe that it

will continue. The Negro will move northward in ever-increasing numbers.

Some of the results of this hegira are already evident. The lines have been drawn more tightly and several northern cities have passed ordinances segregating the Negro and compelling him to live in the less desirable localities.

The unorganized Negro, used to work-

ing for small wages, will accept less than the white man for the same work, and that spells trouble. This tends to increase racial opposition and prejudice and disturbance will be the natural outcome.

Thus the Negro, fifty years after emancipation, is today innocently introducing a new and important element in the struggle between capital and labor.

HELP ELECT DEBS

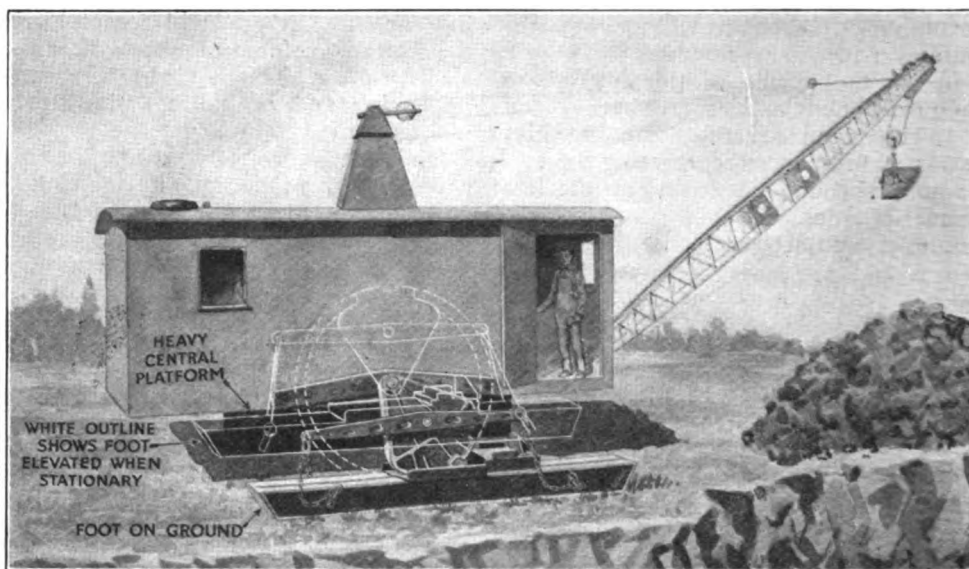
By Noble C. Wilson, Campaign Manager

THE campaign in the Fifth Congressional District of Indiana is developing as rapidly as can be expected.

We have been devoting all of our time to the farmers of this district. We have invaded sections that have never before heard a Socialist speech or read Socialist literature. Six large counties compose this district. We are doing well in organizing these counties and the farmers are very enthusiastic over Comrade Debs. Of course, all of this work requires much finance. It is all dead expense, for in these parts of the district the work of organization has been sadly neglected. We cannot expect unorganized sections of this district to pay for the meetings that it is necessary to hold there. The farmers have been misunderstood. They can be reached just as well, if not better, than the industrial worker. They are more independent than the victims of the mills and sweatshops. They do not fear a master so much.

It takes money to conduct a campaign of this nature. It is unlike a congressional district that is inside of a city. Traveling expenses are greater. It takes longer to move from place to place. It takes more time and money and much harder work to distribute literature. We have so many different kinds of literature. Shop talks and literature that would do for industrial centers would not appeal to the farmers. We must by all means capture the farmer vote of this district if we expect to win this fight. It is for this work in the unorganized sections of the district that we have appealed to the comrades of the nation to help us financially.

Many Socialist papers are raising funds to send their paper into this district. We certainly can have no objection to this, as it is possible for them to do much good in this campaign, but as a matter of fact about the only way we can get any publicity is thru the Socialist press, and if the Socialist press takes advantage of this opportunity to appeal for funds to send its papers into this district, *without sending in an equal amount of ready cash to conduct such a campaign*, such propaganda would not have the desired effect. We need money to wage this fight against the old political parties, for they are going to draw very heavily from their coffers to defeat 'Gene, and it will be nothing less than criminal for us not to meet them at every step. It is for these reasons that we have asked the comrades of the nation to help us fight this battle. We feel that it will either mean national defeat or victory if 'Gene is defeated or elected. This is a national fight. 'Gene will be as much the representative of the working class of this nation as he will of the Fifth District of Indiana. Many comrades and locals have responded liberally to our call for help in this titanic struggle, but we have not realized enough results from our call for funds to accomplish what we should do. We hope that we will receive the undivided support and co-operation, both financially and morally, of every comrade and local in this country until the seventh day of next November, and if we get the support that we hope for, Comrade Eugene V. Debs will be the next representative in Congress of the proletariat of this country.



A WALKING EXCAVATOR

A BIG excavating machine, which literally walks to its job, is being used by the Government on one of the great irrigation projects of the Southwest, and the advantages of this pedestrian accomplishment are set forth in an article contributed to *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, July). Says this magazine:

"Most of the machines of this character are built to roll over the ground on wheels, but its movements are necessarily limited, for it dare go only where the ground has been carefully prepared for it. Unless the path is most favorable, planks must be carried ahead and laid for it to move over. Otherwise the wheels would tear up the road, and such a thing as making a short cut across the country would be out of the question, for it would soon be hopelessly stalled and its extrication only made possible by removing it piecemeal. In fact, this is the way in which these machines are generally transported from one job or another. They are taken apart and transported in convenient parts and reassembled at the new point in the field of operations.

"This perambulating excavator will 'walk' along the road without any regard to the character of its structure and not leave a footprint behind; and furthermore,

if the road does not happen to be the shortest route, the machine will walk across country over soft ground which will barely hold a man. If a house, tree, or hill happens to be in the way this machine will walk around it, covering the ground at the rate of twenty-five or thirty feet a minute, a very respectable speed for such a lumbering sprinter.

"When the digger is at its regular work of excavating it rests on a heavy central platform, on which it is revolved, so that activities of the bucket may be accurately controlled. When it is desired to have the machine move, the engine is connected with the driving-shaft extending across the width of the excavator. On each end of this, outside of the house of the operator, are mounted two large cams. Directly under each of these there is suspended a foot. As the shaft revolves, these feet are lifted by the chains which are suspended from a carrying-beam attached to the cams and drawn forward and dropt on the ground, whereupon the cam comes in contact with them and its toothed surface engages with similar depressions on the foot. The whole machine is raised and moved forward and gently placed on the ground again, the motion suggesting nothing more than a deliberate walk. It is said that this additional apparatus rep-

resents no more weight than the skids, planks, and other paraphernalia made use of in the movement of other excavating machines when shifting location.

"In this manner the machine will follow a straight line. When it is necessary to change its course * * * the walking apparatus is stopt when the combined weight is resting on the revolving platform under the center of the machine. By making use of the latter the machine is

headed in the desired direction, after which it will proceed along its new course as long as desired. When engaged in trench work, which is of a progressive character, the machine 'walks' along as the work on the trench is completed. This is a great advantage in the reclamation service, in which these machines are employed by the Government instead of mule teams, which have been eliminated by machinery."

CORMORANTS

A Chinese Impression, by Eunice Tietjens

A BUNCH of "wobblies" read this one night in a place called the Dill Pickle, on the North Side of Chicago. They decided that all scabs, strikebreakers, detect-

ives, spies and spotters are human cormorants, who "grow lousy like their lords." Read the poem and tell us what you think:

The boats of your masters are black,
They are filthy with the slimy filth of ages; like the canals on which they
float they give forth an evil smell.

On soiled perches you sit, swung out on either side over the scummy water—
you who should be savage and untamed, who should ride on the clean
breath of the sea and beat your pinions in the strong storms of the sea.
Yet you are not held.

Tamely you sit and willingly, ten wretches to a boat, lurching and half asleep.
Around each throat is a ring of straw, a small ring, so that you may swallow
only small things, such as your masters desire.

Presently, when you reach the lake, you will dive.

At the word of your masters the parted waters will close over you and in
your ears will be the gurgling of yellow streams.

Hungrily you will search in the darkened void, swiftly you will pounce on
the silver shadow. . . .

Then you will rise again, bearing in your beak the struggling prey,
And your lousy lords, whose rings are upon your throats, will take from
you the catch, giving in its place a puny wriggler which can pass the
gates of straw.

Such is your servitude.

Yet willing you sit, lurching and half asleep.

The boatmen shout one to the other in nasal discords. Lazily you preen your
great wings, eagle wings, built for the sky;

And you yawn. . . .

Faugh! The sight of you sickens me, divers in inland filth!

You grow lousy like your lords,

For you have forgotten the sea.

George Andreytchine



CAN the Steel Corporation use the machinery of the United States Department of Labor to crucify, by deportation, a heroic young native of Bulgaria whose only crime has been to use his brains and courage on the side of the iron miners now on strike in Minnesota?

If George Andreytchine, disciple of Tolstoy, Thoreau and William Lloyd Garrison, is deported to Bulgaria, he will be shot for refusing to enter the army and fight for nationalist ideas which he long ago repudiated when a student in Sofia and Germany.

Within two weeks Andreytchine's case will be settled. At the end of that time he will be deported to Bulgaria and almost certain execution, or forced to leave for South America, or turned back to the sheriff of Itasca county in Minnesota to stand trial for inciting to riot. Andreytchine is anxious to go back and fight the case trumped up against him on the testimony of the sheriff and the local head of the Steel Corporation's police.

The Corporation chief of police testified that he never saw Andreytchine commit any act of violence, but that on the other hand he had prevented a clash between the strikers and company representatives, and that in public meetings he had advised the strikers to avoid going about in crowds and to keep away from the company gunmen. Andreytchine admits that he told the strikers, at public meetings, to strike back if the company guards insisted on attacking them without provocation.

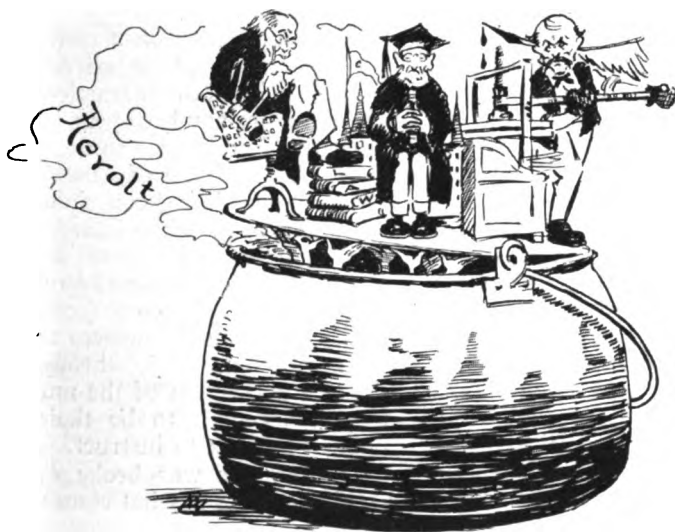
Until the strike began this summer, Andreytchine, 22 years old, highly educated,

and an office employe of the Steel Corporation at Hibbing, was a favorite of the company officials and their families because of his "interesting" views on the rights of labor and the sinfulness of force and violence. But when he joined the strikers and addressed their meetings, he became at once a dangerous alien. He was beaten up by a company chief of police, arrested by Sheriff Gunderson of Itasca county, and held in jail for inciting to riot. Then the U. S. immigration inspector at Duluth, Brown McDonald, was appealed to, and McDonald set to work to make a record that would procure the young man's deportation.

In a flippant report to Washington, McDonald urged deportation on the ground that Andreytchine, "like old Man Tray, is in bad company for a pacifist. He is a dangerous man because he is smart, has acquired a knowledge of English within less than three years that is remarkable, and a vocabulary that many native borns do not possess." "Also," adds McDonald, "he is sincere."

Andreytchine has been in this country for two and one-half years. In another six months he would not be subject to deportation.

Frank P. Walsh, Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram, and many others have protested against the effort of the Steel Corporation to drive Andreytchine from the country. It is up to the labor movement and all other lovers of liberty in America to join in the protest against this attempt of the Steel Corporation to punish any man daring to revolt.



ON THE LID

By SEYMOUR DEMING

IT must occur to any one that to suppose a standing army of 40,000 men able to enforce a class domination over 100,000,000 people is preposterous. It would be—except that military force is not the only instrument of class domination, nor even the most important one—not even in countries where one man out of every two of military age is a soldier. For, after all, soldiers are human beings, and before becoming trustworthy soldiers they must be taught to forget that they are human beings.

The teachers are quite as necessary as the soldiers. There are, therefore, other instruments to enforce class domination which are more subtle and correspondingly more effective than armed men. These instruments have been designated by Achille Loria, the Italian economist, in terms as clean-cut as cameo:

"Capitalist property presupposes the exclusion of the toiling masses from the possession of the soil, and must, therefore, be established by violence. It is accordingly maintained by virtue of two distinct processes. Economic means are requisite, in the first place, in order to enforce the continued suppression of the free land. . . . But,

in order to support itself, capitalistic property must furthermore have recourse to a series of what we may call *connective institutions*, whose special function it is to guarantee property against all reaction on the part of those excluded from the possession of the soil.

"The most important of these so-called connective institutions are: *morality, law and politics*. These great social phenomena may, accordingly, be regarded as organic products of capitalistic property—or property, at least metamorphoses, and adapts them to suit its own ends."

Let a structure of society be as cruel, as wasteful of materials, as careless of life as it may, yet plenty of estimable and quite sincere people can be found to defend it. They will be people of refined tastes, cultivated minds, delightful personal characters, and often of distinguished talents. They will defend and justify the most outrageous measures of a governing class with the utmost vigor of conviction, the utmost resource of learning, and the utmost depths of religious fervor, without once reflecting that, at the bottom of their brisk assumptions that the existing order is the best, lies the im-

portant fact that the existing order happens to be the best for themselves.

Thus have the intellectual classes defended the Roman Empire, the authority of the Pope, the Stuart dynasty, the French aristocracy, the colonial policy of George III., Negro slavery in the South, and modern capitalism. That they should do so is not strange. The novelty is when one of them achieves the intellectual independence not to do so. For the rest, like the caterpillars of society that they are, while the leaf supports and feeds them, they quite caterpillaristically suppose themselves to be supporting and feeding the leaf (the working class).

Let the most iniquitous social structure equip them with axminster carpets, six-cylinder cars, outward dignities, the appearance of power, and a life of physical ease, at the same time concealing or softening its outrages under a haze of distance, and such pensioners naturally enough conclude that such a system, while not, perhaps, ideal, is none the less, on the whole, the best we can do for the present; that its ills, while deplorable, are unavoidable; and that efforts to mend them, while doubtless inspired by only the most generous impulses, are lamentably ill-timed and far more likely to intensify the very evils they are intended to relieve.

It is, therefore, our duty, you understand, as pillars of society, to persuade those less contented with their lot that their miseries were ordained for their spiritual discipline by a benevolent deity, and to represent their submission as morality, law, order, good citizenship and godliness: and, if that submission is withheld, to menace them with the rigors of organized violence in this world and an eternity of torment in the next.

Conveniently for this program it happens that, for the ignorant, ghostly terrors far outweigh the fear of physical punishment. What, indeed, is their whole life but a species of physical punishment? Hence this invisible authority becomes, in the end, far more potent than the physical compulsion by which it is designed, if necessary, to be enforced. That is, the business of the intellectual classes is to sit on the lid.

* * *

"In every great crisis of history," remarked an old, wise man, "the sophisticated, the educated people are usually in the wrong." Why they are in the wrong by the

earthly fact of their unrighteous bread-and-butter dependency on a usurpation of land and tools has amply appeared. How utterly, how explicitly, how fantastically wrong they are will more amply appear by applying this interpretation directly to the events of 1915 in the United States of America. For without ever once being consciously subservient to the dictates of class interest, without ever once being even insincere, it is easy to understand how the majority of educated and influential people were foredoomed to respond to a set of influences bound to vitiate their opinions and, through them, the thought and action of the multitudes whom they conceive it to be their divinely appointed mission to instruct.

Directly the war broke out, we all exclaimed: "This is what comes of armament. Europe is paying the penalty of its militarism." A few jingo voices were instantly raised to demand armament on this continent, but they were pretty sternly repressed in the general chorus of thanking our stars that we had so few guns and soldiers. Our plain common sense had read us too clearly the lesson of that spontaneous combustion of militarism to make us care to repeat the experiment on our own soil.

Then, gradually, it began to filter through the minds of our business and professional people that if they hoped to compete successfully with the armed commercialism of Europe, they, too, must arm. Most significantly, this took the form of a demand for armaments for *defense*. Defense it is, in a double sense: defense of class domination at home, and of class prestige abroad.

But the word militarism had a terrific black eye. So we set to work to invent a new term. That word is the hybrid, "preparedness." The supposed distinction is that "preparation" would be for war, but that "preparedness" is against war. The growth of this mis-begotten word is a study in mob psychology. Making its appearance in small type in November, 1914, it had reached the headlines in three months; in three months more it was doing duty in commercial advertising; and before the year was up, it was a popular by-word. The difference between militarism and "preparedness," we told ourselves, was the difference between offense and defense—serenely oblivious of that having been what every nation in Europe had been telling itself for the past three decades.

Even then the word "preparedness" was a difficult gulp for discriminating appetites until an event which, startling as it was as a catastrophe, was even more startling in its revelations of how and why opinion is formed in a commercial oligarchy which wears the garb of political democracy.

The *Lusitania* was torpedoed. To radicals with the cool intelligence to keep their heads when all about them were losing theirs, the significant part about the outburst of rage which followed was that the people honestly convinced that they were angry over the loss of human life were, if they had stopped to think, really angry at the impudence of a foreign ruling class; that is, at an affront to our national prestige; which is, again, an affront to the prestige of our ruling class; which is, finally, the prestige of the commercial interests which are the controlling force in our government.

It is not the unjust that shocks us. It is the unusual. American lives had been destroyed, a-plenty, at Lawrence, in West Virginia, at Calumet, at Ludlow, at the hands of our own citizens, and only a feeble radical protest could voice itself in a press which is obliged to be commercially subservient in order to live.

* * *

The Soldier's First Duty.

Now discontented as the employees of commercialism may be with their wage-shares of the profits they create, there is an excellent reason why this discontent is difficult for them to enforce. To begin with, the transaction by which they have been induced to forsake the independence of plow and hoe for the dependency of forge and loom has, by this time, become so intricate that to the average mind the very source of its discontent has become all but impossible to trace. Instinctively, then, it bursts into open rebellion—the refusal to work. To this, commercialism, secure in its monopoly

of the land, now replies coolly: "Very well. Go elsewhere. There are thousands eager to take your places." Having nowhere else to go, and certain to be beaten in a starving contest, the machine-tenders resort to force to prevent others from taking their vacated places. "Scab!" Riot! "Property must be protected!" cries commercialism. "Law and order must be maintained!" cry the white-collared \$1,500-a-year people. And the state steps in to requite disorganized violence with organized violence. Even persuasion is brought under the ban of the law. The boycott is pronounced illegal. The bench declares that "there is no such thing as 'peaceful' picketing." And if it comes to shooting, commercialism is at the state end of the gun.

Under a despotism the army is large and all-powerful—the instrument of organized violence is the main instrument of government. As government approaches complete democracy, the army grows ever smaller and tends, as in the United States, almost to disappear. That it has not completely disappeared in a land bounded on two sides by salt water and on two other sides by unfortified frontiers is eloquent confirmation of the foregoing evidence: that *the army is primarily the instrument to enforce the power of a governing class, and only secondarily is the army an instrument of defense against a foreign enemy*, and even then it is needful mainly, if not solely, because of the foreign rivalries of the ruling class which pretends (or even honestly supposes) that the military instrument is necessary for protection against foreign invasion. The army exists primarily for the protection of a class and its class interests. Only secondarily, if at all, does it exist for the protection of a nation. "A soldier's first duty is to obey"—a ruling class.—From *Doomsday to Kingdom Come*, by Seymour Deming, published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price, 50 cents.

Can the Railroad Unions Win?

By Fullstroke

THE railroad exploiters are up against the biggest problem they have yet encountered in the history of railroading. This problem consists of how to preserve private ownership and pri-

vate management in the face of a general tie-up, or strike. The only solution from their point of view is in some way to prevent the action of the railroad workers from taking militant methods. How to keep the

worker on-the-job is the great question now troubling the brain of railroad owners and the cohorts of public officials, from the President of the United States down to town pound-keeper.

The railroads have become the very arteries of modern society, thru which circulate, and must circulate in unbroken streams, the food supply of the nation. With these arteries stopped, even for a short time, society will give all the evidences of acute suffering that come to the individual with impeded blood circulation. Legislatures and courts may adjourn for the season, while churches and theaters close for the summer. But the railroads must run with neither holiday nor Sabbath, if society is to be fed. To stop them for a day would bring suffering; to stop them for a week would bring a revolution. Should the 400,000 train service workers stop the wheels for forty-eight hours, private ownership and control of railroads would disappear among the cobwebs of forgotten things.

To be able to hold and own privately owned such a social necessity is the greatest cinch ever worked in the history of mankind. Railroad salaries equal to the yearly income of from one to ten million dollars fall into the laps of high officials, for performing the very pleasant duties of riding in a private car to Palm Beach in the winter and to the mountain and seaside resorts of the North and East in summer.

Freight of undesirable independents is delayed in transit, while trust controlled products are hurried to market, a banner way of ridding trusts from competition. Local shipments are delayed when sent by freight to compel the local trader to patronize express companies. Even tho the charges for service are not limited by the sky, if local traders want their goods, shipments must be made by express. Pockets of every one that has a dollar are picked by juggling stocks. All these privileges go with the private ownership of our great transportation systems. It is not, therefore, with tranquil minds that the owners view rebellious workers.

The hours of labor upon all roads have been a scandal since the first great rush of

modern business in the early eighties. Long were they continued without legal limit. When at last legislation placed a maximum at sixteen hours, without a single exception the roads interpreted the law as a sixteen-hour minimum. Protests from the unions were considered as a joke and the hours of service have remained as close to the limit as possible without making every work day a violation of the law. After trying many expedencies the railroad unions have united upon a method of settling this vexing question: time and a half for all overtime, with the eight-hour day. The unions are militant upon this question and it can only be settled when they win the demand.

The question being considered across the table is: whether the demand can be granted, or possibly reduced, and whether all their old gigantic grafts can be continued without breaking the back of the present ownership by increasing rates.

Evolution has been working just as rapidly in railroad unionism as in corporation ownership and the machinery of transportation. From settling wage questions and conditions on each single railroad system by a single union, to a nation wide settlement by all train service unions, working together, is a matter of less than ten years. Still they are a little behind industrial development, but coming fast and near enough so you can hear the bell ring. The train service unions had not formulated the present demand before there arose from the ranks, like the roar of the cataract, the cry to take them all in. Today the believers and workers for one big union are numbered by thousands.

The eight-hour day in train service is already won. I am not claiming that some trick will not be pulled off to delay the opening day. But the agitation is on in a form where delay will only intensify the situation. Magnates and politicians are equally helpless when it comes to switching the movement against a hunting post and no one in public life wishes to figure as the post. Again, organization will have won, and while these 400,000 men yet require an ideal, still, with a body of that size, the eight-hour day had to be seen first.

THE DEBS CAMPAIGN

BY MIGNONETTE VERMILLION

A MASS District Convention of Socialists was held in Terre Haute early in February for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress. It seemed that every delegate had come to this convention with his mind fixed on one and the same person. Altho he had previously expressed his intention of taking a much needed and well-earned rest, Comrade Debs was the choice of the whole body of delegates.

Three weeks later we had the rare pleasure of listening to him address the next convention. In this speech he thanked us for the honor of his nomination and pointed out with his matchless clearness the dignity, value and necessity of the work of each comrade of the rank and file.

From this time on each comrade felt a new hope and impulse to do and to dare, for we all realized that our chance of electing Comrade Debs here in this District for several reasons very much greater than in many another case.

The political history of Terre Haute is the history of a city the rights of whose people have been sold out by first one political clique and then another, always in the interest of some corporation whose creatures these cliques have been. In the early days the "McKeen crowd," a conservative bunch of real estate dealers, Republican, was at the helm. This rule was followed by Democratic domination. For twenty-five years, with John E. Lamb, a traction company corporation lawyer, as ringleader, this faction held absolutely the workings of the city government in the hollow of their hand. Then came the machine which, with Donn Roberts at the wheel, pursued such a swift and tortuous course in the realm of political debauchery as to ditch a whole road of political pirates, all good, deserving Democrats, into the Federal prison at Leavenworth. The story of this period of "Robert's Supremacy," in which popular will was continually set at naught in the most flagrant and shameful manner, has reached almost all parts of the country. Boldly and

repeatedly elections were stolen by using every lawless method known to the fraternity of professional politicians. The many good citizens were thoroughly disgusted. A "reform" mayor filled the vacancy made by the conviction of Donn Roberts, and for a time lived up to the expectations of the reform class of Terre Haute citizens. Then came the "wide open condition" that has previously made and is now making Terre Haute (in)famous, and this continues. Practically all the people realize that it is foolish to place trust in old party candidates. Under these conditions in Terre Haute, a center of corrupt politics in the district, we feel that it will be possible in this campaign to win a victory.

Everett Sanders, a young corporation attorney (traction company variety), Republican candidate for Congress, has opened up his campaign in this district. Ralph Moss is the Democratic candidate for Congress. His chief distinction is that he has been able to grow fast to a seat in Congress for the last six years. Neither of these candidates make any attempt to meet their constituents in frank discussion of the vital questions that confront us. In striking contrast to these men, who have neither inspiration nor message, stands serenely the man who has for years voluntarily been at the battlefront against the enemy of the working class. Scarred, perhaps, a little from former conflicts, but with the fire of unconquerable purpose in his heart, with the hope of ultimate victory for the oppressed toilers, he has entered into this campaign with the earnestness that has characterized his whole life. No one instance can be found of his swerving from this path of action. Because of his splendid loyalty comrade Debs is the one man upon whom all factions of the working class can unite. Because of his genuine manhood he commands the respect and admiration of all others. For these reasons, this is the critical time and this district is the crucial point of leverage for Socialist party activity. All political parties realize the importance of our campaign here in the Fifth District.

Noble C. Wilson was elected district cam-

paign manager, assisted by a district campaign committee, composed of one member from each county in the district and a treasurer. Headquarters were established at 326 Rose Dispensary Building.

Debs committees are being formed to do special work. The "Manager System" in the counties, cities, wards and precincts has been established.

Speakers have been selected with care as to ability to both create and develop sentiment and to crystallize it into working order.

Comrade J. H. Hollingsworth has paid much attention to the rural districts in holding series of school-house meetings.

George R. Kirkpatrick has just completed a thorough and extensive tour of the district, making as many as thirteen speeches in one day. In every place where his meetings were advertised, great crowds gathered to hear him.

H. Scott Bennett, lately of Australia and former member of the Australian Parliament, is also in the district. He is a very convincing and effective speaker and has done good work here.

Maynard Shipley, ex-editor of the *North-West Worker*, is coming the 15th of August to aid in the campaign; also Cornelius Lehane.

The campaign work grows more intense day by day. Many stories of human interest come in from all parts of the world. Much valuable assistance has been received moral and financial, and much more is required to do the work of electing Comrade Debs. The old parties are willing to spend great sums of money in this district to defeat him, for they see that his election will instill new hope and life into the Socialist movement at home and abroad and will be the greatest conceivable victory for the working class.



COMRADE DEBS CAMPAIGNING



EDITORIAL

Debs, Hughes and Confiscation

EVERYBODY believes in confiscation—taking away the goods of the *other* fellow. The only difference is whether we want to take back the stolen goods of the financial pirates, or whether we desire to confiscate the products of the workers.

The capitalist class believes that it ought to be the law of every civilized country that it is right for the banker or the grain speculator to *take* a part of the wheat, or oats, or corn crop which the farmers have planted and harvested, and to *take* the commodities made by the workers in factories, mills and mines. They believe, way down in their pocketbooks, that this system is right and just and beneficial—just because it is profitable to themselves. They advocate laws that mean more and more of this sort of confiscation of the products of the workers.

President Wilson believes that it is perfectly fair and right to confiscate a *small part* of the wealth which the capitalist class has *confiscated* from the wage workers and the farmers. But he calls it the *income tax*.

Mr. Hughes, the Republican nominee for president, believes that the highest mark of efficiency an executive may achieve is to so frame the laws that the great capitalists may increase the degree of their confiscation of the products of the working class. You cannot recall when he ever advocated any legislation that could by any means *decrease* the profits of Wall street. Because a man possesses large capital, or many acres of land, or priceless mines, or oil wells, Mr. Hughes believes that this *king can do no wrong*. Anything that adds to his profits, he believes, is just and good.

But Mr. Hughes opposes the tax on the incomes of the wealthy non-producers, the confiscation of a part of the loot they have taken from the workers, with which to conduct the affairs of this government. He be-

lieves in the confiscation of the poor by the rich.

When the Danbury hatters went out on strike against their employers the manufacturers appealed to the courts. They declared they had lost profits thru the strike and that the workingmen in this union formed a trust, which operated to the restraint of trade. The employers asked damages. And Mr. Hughes, as justice of the Supreme Court, voted to *confiscate* the small *homes* and pitiful *savings* of these union men to pay these damages to the big manufacturers.

Mr. Debs and other socialists believe in *taking back all the instruments of production* which have been stolen from the working class. We intend to *take back* the wealth that has been confiscated from us and to make an end of the exploitation of the producers by the capitalist class.

The life of Comrade Debs has been one long struggle to awaken the productive workers of this country so that they will organize to demand for themselves:

Free access to the land;

Opportunity to labor, in factory, mine and mill;

The value of their products for the working class.

In short, to demand nothing less than Socialism—the social ownership of the instruments of production and distribution by the working class.

Every workingman and woman in Indiana ought to work to elect 'Gene Debs to Congress this fall, not, we believe, because, single-handed, he will be able to slay all the dragons of exploitation, but because he *will die on his feet voicing our needs and our desires!*

He will be the Watch Dog of the working class.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Socialist International Conference

During the first days of August there met at the Hague the first official international party conference held since the war. The two Zimmerwald conferences were entirely unofficial. That is, they were not called by the International Bureau and most of their members had no credentials. The Hague conference was called by the Bureau and its members were regularly accredited. The American representative was Algernon Lee, one of our two international secretaries. Only neutral countries were represented. Besides the United States the countries having members present were: Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and Argentine. Socialists of Norway, Spain, Switzerland and Roumania had chosen delegates, but it was impossible for them to reach the place of meeting. So far as the members represented are concerned this conference did not exceed the Zimmerwald conferences. In the fact that none of the warring nations was represented it fell below them in significance.

So far as its results are concerned it does not come up to the standard set by the unofficial meetings. At the time of going to press our best information on the subject is contained in a cablegram from Comrade Lee, published in the New York Call. A good deal of time, apparently, was given to the discussion of free trade. This subject gained what importance it had from the plans of the entente allies looking toward an economic boycott of the central powers. The conference declared itself for free trade and against the boycott.

The capitalist system was held to be responsible for the war and Socialists everywhere were urged to continue the struggle for parliamentary government. The present time was held to be favorable to peace negotiations and general principles of a peace treaty were suggested. The refusal of the Executive Committee to call a meeting of the International Bureau was applauded. This was a slap at the Zimmerwald conferences. The effort now going forward to form a new international labor federation was denounced. In general everything possible was done to support anti-bellum organizations and give the impression that if we all maintain the peace and do nothing for a while everything will come right.

This is all very discouraging. So far as Comrade Lee's cablegram goes to show nothing was done about the grave questions which Socialists everywhere are discussing. Let us hope that a full account will indicate that the delegates had some notion of the seriousness of the situation. Once, on a great historic occasion, the International failed. It is our business to see to it that it does not fail again. We cannot get on very far by means of resolutions or free trade.

The Economic War

The June conference of the allied powers was referred to in the July number of THE REVIEW. It is necessary now to report that the English and French governments are already at work putting into the form of laws the recommendations made. No matter how soon peace comes, the entente allies will be prepared for it.

The governments are ready to go to

any lengths to cripple German business and build up their own. They will reciprocally abolish duties. They will prevent Germans from doing business within their territories or using raw materials drawn from them. They will open cheap transportation lines. They will subsidize lines of manufacture which cannot withstand German competition. They will even go into business themselves and produce whatever is necessary to the economic independence of their nations.

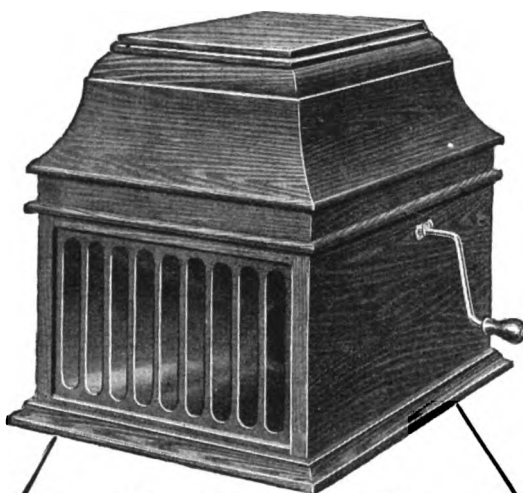
In their formal statement the members of the conference were careful to say that all these measures are purely defensive. Doubtless this touch was added for the encouragement of British humor.

Allied Workingmen in Conference If anyone doubts that the war is really producing new social units he should have his attention drawn to the Leeds conference. There met at Leeds delegates from British, French and Italian labor unions. What kind of international organization shall we have after the war? The old International Secretariat had headquarters at Berlin and Carl Legien was its secretary. The men who met at Leeds constituted a new international organization. Headquarters will be at Paris and Jouhaux will be secretary. This, they said, is as far as we can go now in the matter of international relationship—and if we make this organization strong now we need never again be dominated by the German union leaders.

As was reported last month, the American's proposal to hold a labor conference at the time and place where the treaty of peace is drawn up, was voted down. The delegates believed, or said, that this proposal is premature. They propose that the unions wait till peace is in sight and then quickly call a congress to formulate the demands of labor. This proposal of theirs can hardly be taken seriously. No one will have the authority to call such a conference even if there is time for it to assemble. It is apparent that these men at Leeds were more concerned about the welfare of the allies than about that of the working-class. Hatred of the Germans is a very poor basis for an international federation of labor unions.

Anti-War Movement in Germany

L'Humanité publishes a leaflet which has been distributed in large number thruout Germany. A typical paragraph



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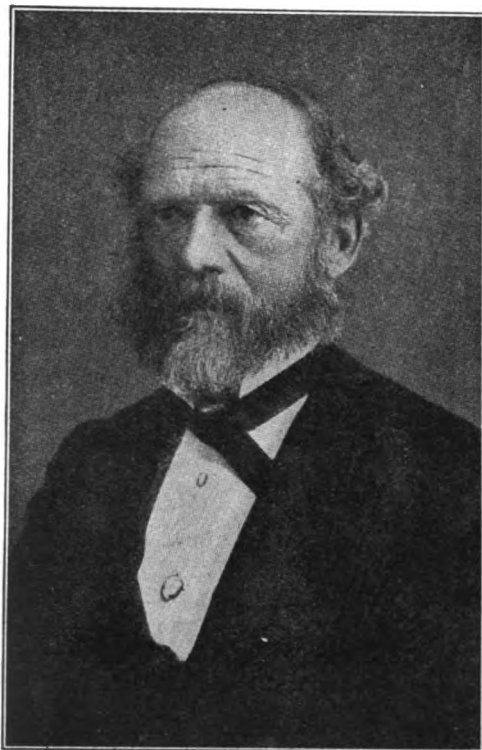
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ANCIENT SOCIETY

OR

Researches in the Lines of Human Progress: From Savagery Through Barbarism to Civilization



LEWIS H. MORGAN

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runs as follows: "After having committed the crime of plunging the world into war the government has done one thing which is still more wicked—it has failed to protect its people against famine. And why? Because this famine does not touch the politicians, the capitalists, the usurers, who enrich themselves out of the misery of the people. Because if adequate steps had been taken from the beginning the people would long ago have known the seriousness of the situation. The enthusiasm for the war would have evaporated very quickly. This is why the masses have been deceived with tales of victory and delivered to the rapacity of the food monopolists." In conclusion the working people are called upon to arise and demand peace.

It is supposed that this leaflet was written and distributed by members of the Haase-Bernstein group.

**Rosa
Luxemburg
Imprisoned**

Rosa Luxemburg was out of jail for a few weeks. It will be remembered that she was imprisoned before the war for denouncing abuses in the German army. Even in jail she was active. From the beginning she has been one of the small minority against the war. No information has come to us about the cause of her arrest. Presumably she plunged immediately into the struggle against the government and was taken into custody as soon as there was an excuse for such action.

United Action Wins—From far-off Roumania comes good news, for the trade union and Socialist organizations have whipped the war jingoes to a standstill. An immense mass meeting was held in Bucharest, at which the workers and farmers declared against war. The jingoes immediately cooled down.

The Young People's Socialist League of Germany is almost unanimous in its opposition to the war. It was recently "disbanded" by the party officials, but the Yipsels promptly held a national conference, started their own newspaper and will maintain an organization of their own. They have notified the party politicians that they can go to hell—or war, if they insist on doing so.

DER IMPERIALISMUS, DER WELTKRIEG UND DIE SOZIAL-DEMOKRATIE

Von Herman Gorter

This is a German edition of a most important book which we had hoped to publish in English during the summer of 1915. After the book was in type, the author felt obliged to insist on suppressing the edition, for reasons of his own. He has now sent us several hundred copies of this edition in the German language, published in Amsterdam. Every German-speaking reader of the REVIEW should read and circulate it. Price 25 cents; to our stockholders, 20 cents, postpaid.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The Best News of the Month—Strikes are all the fashion this summer, and *THE REVIEW* reads across the country certainly keep us posted—but, we would have to run 500 pages a month to give a full account of the splendid solidarity being shown by the workers.

Here are two strike sketches which will make *THE REVIEW* readers feel good all over. First scene is Memphis, Tenn., where 600 car workers took a day off and won their strike within twenty-four hours. But the best part of the story comes later on.

A few weeks ago Bert Commons, an organizer of the Amalgamated Street Car Workers, dropped off in Memphis and got busy with the boys. The street car company also got busy and hired a bunch of gunmen. One of this gang slugged the organizer with a blackjack and was fined \$5.00 by law and order and turned loose.

Seventeen street car workers were fired for being in sympathy with the union, while two other car workers were slugged and one killed by a gunman, who afterwards confessed.

At a meeting of street car workers demands were drawn up and presented to the company. A walkout followed, and here comes the best part of the story. The day the demands were sent to the company the steam railroad boys got busy and on the same night the switchmen of the Belt Line backed in on the power house switch and pulled out all the coal cars and the next day notified the street car officials that they would place no cars until they signed up with the street car men. It is unnecessary to add that the demands of the street car workers were immediately granted, after which the victorious workers held a big parade. Here's to the health of the switching crew!

The other story comes from Niagara Falls, where several thousand factory slaves revolted. One man was killed and hundreds of shots were fired by employees, according to the capitalists' press reports.

The workers had no organization, and tho the representatives of the Detroit I. W. W. and the A. F. of L. were on the job they seemed to defeat each other's ends.

The strike that kept the bosses guessing was at the plants of the Aluminum Company of America. The men simply went home and stayed there when their demands were refused. It was a funny sight to see the bosses and the police hiring halls and attempting to coax the

strikers from their homes in order to induce them to come out and parley with the bosses. How the first strike ended our correspondent does not state, but it seemed that a strike a few weeks later was won in an hour.

During the strike period the hod carriers formed a union and were able to push up their pay from \$2.00 to \$2.70 and \$3.00 for a nine-hour day.

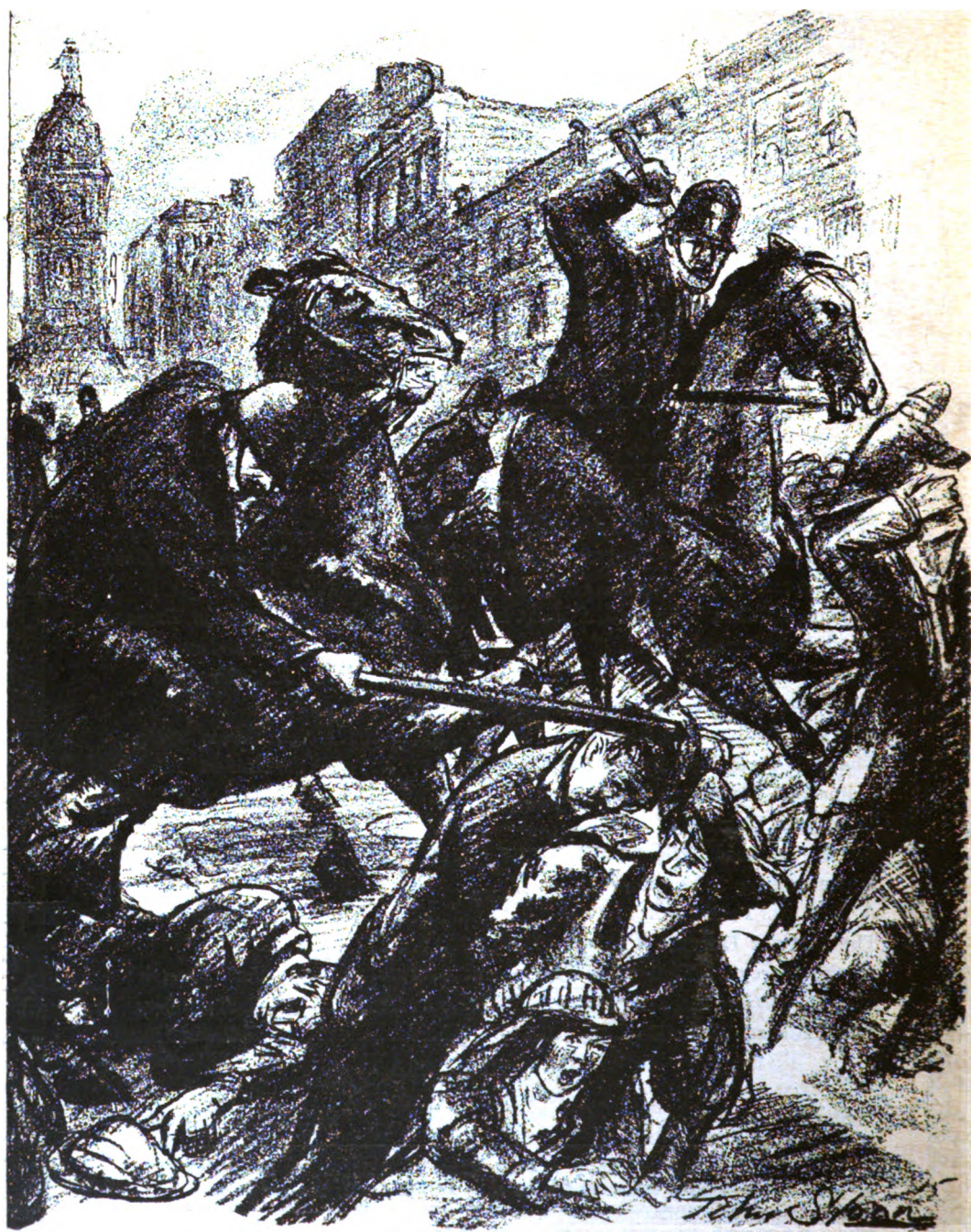
Because of the lack of organization in the factories many of the wage advances may be lost as soon as things slacken up, but the men have had a taste of better things and who can say what may not happen in the future?

From "Down in Georgia"—"I consider the *REVIEW* the greatest magazine in the world for the workers, and believe it to be the most powerful weapon they possess in their fight against the exploiters."—Joe R.

A Croatian Miner—"Dear Comrade: Enclosed find three more subs. to the *REVIEW*, making thirteen in all I have sent in. It is very pleasant to take subs. on this best scientific monthly. I wish that every reader of the *REVIEW* would use all his efforts to find at least ten new subs. till January 1st, as it would mean a great step nearer to the socialist victory. I am now occupied with organizing work in this strike district."—Yours for real Socialism, F. M. F.

In Otis Land—Hundreds of California workers have been rounded up in San Francisco and given the third degree, since the explosion during the recent Preparedness Parade. According to the *Oakland World*, "Victims are roped in and hauled before the police inquisition, and without council or friends are dragged through a terrible mental torture, kept from sleep and often subjected to physical abuse in order to get a confession." California is one of our progressive states. It is unnecessary to add that the Merchants and Manufacturers Association are working their sleuths overtime in trying to secure indictments against all prominent labor leaders who are not on their pay rolls.

Going to Scab—A strong, intelligent young man came into our office this afternoon and said he was going to "scab" on the electrical workers. Very naturally we handed him an icy stare and told him we hoped he would get what was coming to him. And then he told us his story. Think it over and see if you can figure out whether he is a "scab" or not. This



From the Masses

PENNSYLVANIA COSSACKS

ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 820 I. W. W. COAL MINERS IN PEACEFUL ASSEMBLAGE, AT OLD FORGE, PA., WERE ARRESTED, CLUBBED AND THROWN IN JAIL BY STATE COSSACKS, AIDED BY THE SHERIFF OF LACKAWANNA COUNTY AND FIFTY DEPUTIZED THUGS. BAIL HAS BEEN FIXED AT \$1,405,000.

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVII

OCTOBER, 1916

No. 4



WHY THE RAILS WON

By MILITANT

FOR the first time in the history of the United States, organized labor by threat of physical force action has compelled the national congress to come across with legislation. This is the big outstanding fact of the clash between the four railroad brotherhoods and the railroad companies, with their dispute brought to the doors of the federal government for settlement.

Whether the legislation demanded and obtained will result in material benefits to the railroad workers is yet to be seen. If the eight hour law enacted by congress does not end up with higher wages for the freight trainmen and freight engineers of the United States, then another chapter of fierce railroad history must be undergone. It may not go as easy all round as it did in August and September of 1916.

Next year the passenger trainmen and passenger engineers of the United States have their contracts with the railroads expiring. The passenger service employees are to make fresh contracts in the same period of time in which the railroads will be on trial as to whether they will obey the eight-hour laws now enacted by congress. The outlook is that all the solidarity of ranks and direct simplicity of demands which distinguished the four united brotherhoods in the summer of 1916, will again be to the front in 1917.

Let no one mistake. The experience of August, 1916, went deep into the blood, bone and marrow of the railroad brotherhood organizations. Scabs were detected. Many of that dirty, detested breed known as "company men" were caught with the goods, caught with their false faces off, identified as fakes in their presumed loyalty to the brotherhoods, and marked for their dependability in possible strikes. The prophecy of Eugene Debs a few weeks before the crisis that the companies count on a large percentage of scabs among "old and tried loyal employees," and among firemen who have ambitions to become engineers, was shown to be a true prophecy in those first few days of September when the railroad managers expected a strike, were ready for a strike, and polled their workers and lined up and signed up those who would scab on the jobs of strikers.

If a big rail strike is written in the cards and dice of destiny—if a great transportation tie-up is due at some future date next year or the year after, the loyal men of the brotherhoods are better equipped for it than they would be if the August, 1916, crisis has not been passed thru. They have the numbers and names of the deserters, the victims of the itching palm and the celluloid backbone, who can be figured as failures and fizzles if a showdown struggle is called for.

Again let no one mistake. The railroad managers were ready for a fight. Thousands of engineers and trainmen were called to inside offices and talked to in a brotherly and fatherly way and asked to stand with the companies if a strike came. Recruiting offices for strike-breakers were opened. Big ads were run in daily newspapers. The daily papers, for years fed with railroad advertising appropriations and owned by railroad capitalists and railroad banks, splattered their pages with stuff intended to poison the public mind against the outrageous anarchists who are going to block rail transportation from coast to coast. Yes, the rail managers were ready for a long hard grapple. Then came President Wilson with the declaration that the eight-hour workday is sanctioned by the sober judgment of society and his farewell to the railroad presidents, "God forgive you—I never can." Then came congress, house and senate, passing the eight-hour law.

In its essence it says that the railroads of the United States must from January 1, 1917, pay their freight train conductors, brakemen, engineers and firemen the same wages for eight hours that now prevail for ten hours, and all overtime must be on a pro rata basis. The original demand of the brotherhoods for time and a half for overtime was waived by them in their demands on congress. Punitive overtime as a principle was thrown overboard. What was gained was a uniform wage raise of about twenty per cent—and an increased confidence in the value of physical force tactics. The punitive overtime principle must come into practice on the railroads before the theory of the eight-hour day is ever actually in working effect.

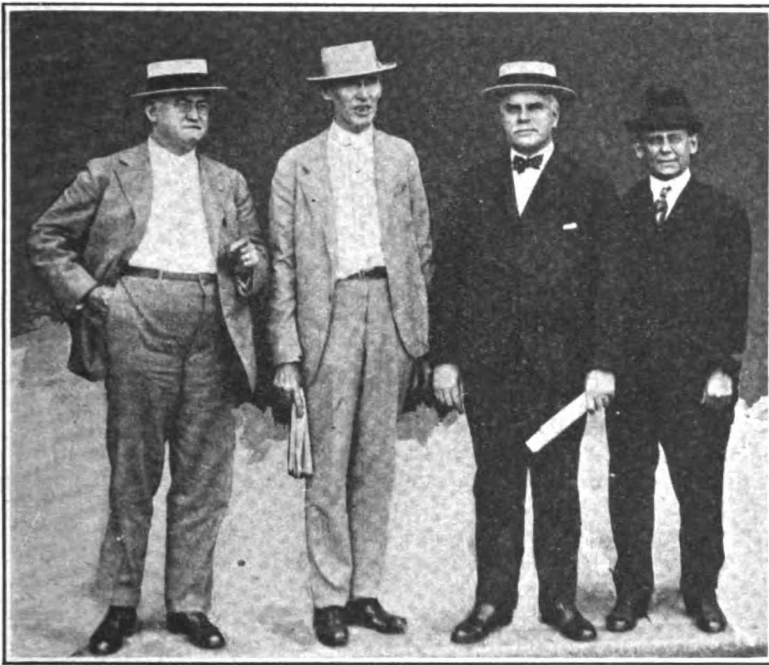
This is recognized well by the aggressive minority of thinkers and agitators in the railroad brotherhoods who were active in bringing about the crisis just passed. One way or another must be found for the organized railroad workers so that the companies will be punished with increased wage expense whenever a railroad man is worked more than eight hours of twenty-four. The next crisis comes when the day is at hand for the railroads to live up to the wage increase provided for by the federal eight-hour law. If, by trickery of lawyers and courts, the railroad companies are able to defeat

the purpose and intent of the eight-hour law, all the forces inside the brotherhoods which were ready for a nation-wide transportation tie-up early in September, will be again ready for direct action.

One secret chapter in this rail history of the summer of 1916 is yet to be written. Some kind of a message was sent by President Wilson thru some sort of reliable go-between to the railroad presidents and capitalists. They knew whether or not the president stood ready to seize the roads, grant the eight-hour day, and run them under government management. The mobilized militia of the nation, sworn into service on the Mexican border, was available for action in backing whatever the president notified the railroad managers to be his wish. Whatever Wilson's stand was in this respect, it was a factor in the ensuing settlement.

In the highbrow philosophies of our day is a thing called "pragmatism." It means doing what you want to do when the nick of time and the proper moment has arrived in the process of evolution for doing that thing. The freight handlers at Chicago and other points have long wanted to organize. The Big Four brotherhoods in their exclusive and aristocratic craft organizations have never gotten to the point of helping the freight handlers organize. Their motive has been to let the freight handlers take care of themselves. So on the big day when it looked like a rail strike was sure to come, the organized freight handlers walked out and presented demands on a number of roads. They won out and established organizations on some roads, failing on others. They called the bluff of the rail barons on arbitration and showed the country that Hale Holden, president of the Burlington, and other officials are only noisy prattlers on "arbitration." It was shown that the railroad managers are awfully ready for arbitration, will shed salt tears for the beautiful principles of arbitration, when a powerful combine like the Big Four is making demands, but arbitration gets a kick in the rear buttock and goes out the door into the alley if it's a weak, minor union like the freight handlers', which is asking for arbitration.

The cry for arbitration that went up from the capitalists' organizations, from newspapers and from pulpits, was a weird



Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, Courtesy of *Review of Reviews*

THE CHIEFS OF THE FOUR RAILWAY BROTHERHOODS, WHO LED THE FIGHT FOR SHORTER HOURS

(From left to right: W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; A. B. Garretson, president of the Order of Railway Conductors; Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; and W. S. Carter, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.)

chorus. The United States Chamber of Commerce, a Rockefeller-controlled machine organized by Harry Wheeler, a Chicago banker shown in the U. S. Industrial Relations Commission-Rockefeller-Ivy Lee correspondence to be a Rockefeller tool, was one organization that shed tears for arbitration. Various manufacturers' bodies who regularly choke off labor unions before there is any chance for organization, also wept for arbitration. Victor Lawson's *Daily News* in Chicago, which four years ago was autocratically absolute in its denial of arbitration in the pressmen's lockout, in cartoons and editorials wept for the betrayal of arbitration. To some of us with eyes and ears for the present and with definite recollections of the past, it was all as incoherent as a mixed quartet sung by traveling salesmen at four o'clock in the morning in wet territory after months in a dry state.

Once more, let no one mistake. The magic of arbitration is passing. The bunk of arbitration has been argued by mouth-pieces whose declarations have gone nation-wide. Never again can arbitration as

a principle for settlement of labor troubles get the old standing it had a year ago or ten years ago. New principles, new methods, must come into practice. It has been discovered that arbitration is a game at which those win who are able to employ the slickest talkers and the slickest manipulators. The statisticians and arguers and deliberators are only so many pieces and pawns moved back and forth in a puppet show. And the master hands and the master money bags behind the show are dark forces able to win at arbitration.

That the most powerful, commanding, conservative, strategically situated labor unions in the United States should now come to the point where they specifically tell the nation that they are forever thru with arbitration as a method for settling disputes of wages, hours and conditions, is probably one of the most significant single developments that has come to the front in recent years.

In his rarely keen series of articles in the *Masses*, Max Eastman, on "Towards Liberty," says the governmental forms of

the future are "a shadow of mystery." That is, we don't know where we're going but we're on the way. It is true, for instance, that the Big Four railroad brotherhoods are aristocrats and their doors of membership and affiliation are barred to the trackmen, shopmen and shovelmen. And the Big Four stands aloof from the American Federation of Labor. They are by themselves. They walk alone. They have special reputations and seem to wish freedom from the social stigma newspapers and pulpits attach with discredit to "union labor." Engineers and trainmen hold themselves above hod carriers in the social scale, as Clarence Darrow pointed out in a speech to an intelligent minority of them at a meeting in Chicago. One Louisiana engineer wrote to the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal* last year suggesting that railroad engineers belong not to a craft, but a "profession," and something should be done to give engineers a standing as "professional men" alongside doctors, preachers and lawyers.

And yet, tho there is an aristocratic spirit among the railroad brotherhoods, there is also no doubt but that their way of fighting and their achievement of demands

is a big push of progress for the whole working class. A strict analogy applies between the Big Four this summer challenging the railroad kings and the English barons of King John's day. The barons were not the working class of England. But the barons broke the power of the king and made that power a lesser thing than it was. And the upshot of it was that certain rights of human beings, all human persons, came to be more clearly defined and upheld. The whole English working class by this process of aristocrats breaking in on the king's power came to have rights of habeas corpus and rights of the ballot which they did not previously enjoy. Similarly, the rights of human beings, all human persons, to have an eight-hour workday has been advanced to a measureable extent this year thru the action of the labor aristocrats who got it written into national law for the benefit of a select few of the working class.

The Big Four brotherhoods take in only eighteen per cent of the total railroad workers. The remaining eighty-two per cent was not in on the negotiations. Their time is to come.



Evans in Baltimore American

THE WILSON WRIST WATCH



EUGENE V. DEBS

Murder in the First Degree

By EUGENE V. DEBS

TRUE bills against four strikers and one woman and against Carlo Tresca and two other leaders of the striking iron workers on the Mesabe Range in Minnesota charging them with murder in the first degree, have been returned by a Steel Trust grand jury.

Not one of the accused is guilty. On the contrary, they are all absolutely innocent of the crime charged against them.

It is another case of punishing the workers for the crimes committed against them by their masters.

Let us briefly review the facts in this extraordinary strike on the Mesabe Range. First let me say that I have several times been over that territory and that as far

back as twenty years ago I spent several weeks there organizing the iron workers on the range. I am therefore familiar with the conditions which are responsible for the 20,000 iron workers in and about the mines being out on strike.

These mining properties belong to the Steel Trust and in its program of union extermination the trust wiped out all the unions on the range. From that time to this a union man has been a criminal there and treated accordingly.

The Steel Trust, having their employes absolutely at their mercy, began to grind them to the marrow of their bones. Not only were wages reduced to the starvation point but they were treated in all respects

more like cattle and hogs than human beings.

If they dared complain they were discharged. Spies among them kept them under suspicion of each other. Petty bosses ruled over them like despots and if they would hold their jobs they must be bootlicking sycophants and slaves.

Finally these insulted, outraged peons could endure it no longer and a whirlwind of revolt swept them out of the pits and into a strike. The Steel Trust lost not a moment in attempting to break up the strike and drive them back into the pits. George P. West, field examiner of the Committee on Industrial Relations, tells the story in the report of his investigation. It is as revolting as Colorado at its worst. Every worker in America ought to read it.

The sheriff of the county, a subservient tool of the trust, at once swore in a thousand gunmen and turned them loose, "armed with carbines, revolvers and riot sticks." It did not take long for these assassins to incite a riot and in that riot two of the strikers were killed. A deputy sheriff who broke into the home of a striker and precipitated a fight was also killed.

Arrests speedily followed and in every instance the victim was a leader of the strike or influential in its support.

Now comes the indictment of the packed grand jury of the Steel Trust, charging them all with murder in the first degree, and there is not a shadow of doubt that the trust has them all marked for execution.

In the face of these facts what is our plain and imperative duty? What would we expect of our fellow-workers if we had been as loyal as they and were now in their places?

I shall not believe that in this crisis the working class will coldly ignore the indictment of these comrades, the heroic service they have rendered, and abandon them to their fate.

Read the report of the Labor Commissioner of Minnesota and the report of the Committee on Industrial Relations and you will see why these men and this woman, comrades of ours, have been indicted.

Just as the mine owners attempted to murder Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone ten years ago, so now are the same bloodthirsty tyrants attempting to repeat their infamous crime in Minnesota.

These comrades, tho as innocent as babies, will be murdered by the Steel Trust as certain as the coming day unless the working class is aroused and stands between the brutal trust and its intended victims.

The Steel Trust is itself the arch-criminal in the case and its clutches are red with the blood of the innocent, but no grand jury will find an indictment against these multimillionaire murderers.

It is only the poor who are indicted for being the victims of crime and only the rich who go free in spite of their guilt.

I have said enough. You know the story. We are going to stand by our own and see that they get a fair trial. Every one of us must do our part and contribute our share.

My blood runs thru my veins a stream of fire as I contemplate this impending crime against our comrades.

It shall not be!

By the Gods, it shall not be! The bloated, beastly Steel Trust pirates shall not murder our innocent comrades and fellow-workers!

Carlo Tresca, Jos. Schmidt and Sam Scarlett, organizers of the I. W. W. were indicted by a Grand Jury of St. Louis County at Virginia, Minnesota, charged with first degree murder. The same Grand Jury indicted Militza Masanovitch, her husband, Phillip Masanovitch, Joe Orlanditch, Joe Nicitch, and Joe Chernogrotchevitch. The last four named are strikers. All of the prisoners, including the woman with her nine months' old babe, are held in prison without bail at Duluth. The date of their trials has not been set. The indictments show that the seven men and woman are charged with killing a deputy sheriff by the name of Myron. Remember that none of the organizers were at Biwabik at the time of the shooting. We are confronted with a cold-blooded frame-up. The strikers must have a proper defense, and it is up to you to see that they are not railroaded to prison, or to the gallows.

A general protest must be aroused throughout the entire country. Sunday, October 22nd, 1916, will be a day of defense meetings to open the jail doors. Let every Union and Local arrange a meeting for that date. Have speakers of

different nationalities. Tresca, Schmidt and Scarlett have done noble work for the strikers and must be set free. John A. Keyes, of Duluth; Victor Power, of Hibbing; Leon Whitsell, of California, and Arthur LaSueur, of Ft. Scott, will defend these men. Send all funds for the defense to William D. Haywood, 164 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.



CARLO TRESCA

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

POLITICS AND PEOPLE



Knott, in Dallas News.

HUGHES: "I AM ONE OF YOU"

FOR every seven men in this country who are over 21 years of age and have the right to vote at the elections next month, there is one man who can't vote.

Such a statement may not seem serious nor indicate any situation of importance, at first glance. Put into figures, however, it throws a vast flashlight of meaning across the workings of the so-called political republic in which we live.

The number of aliens in this country over 21 years of age who have taken no steps to become citizens jumped amazingly in the last ten-year period of which there is record. In 1900 they numbered 900,000. In 1910 they numbered 2,600,000.

These are the figures of Senator Dillingham in a speech in the United States senate. The speaker was a member of the immigration commission appointed by Congress to investigate the extent of illiteracy and the number of alien born men ready for citizenship if they want citizenship.

Not counting women or children, but reckoning only those men who have full rights and privileges to take out their first citizenship papers, it is found that they number 2,600,000. These are men who came here to find relief from the oppressions and hungers of the old feudal countries of Europe. Yet for some reason or other they have been so busy making a liv-

ing or else they have become so disgusted with the boasted beauties of American citizenship that they don't care for it.

Look at one small item of the findings of agents working for the commission of which Senator Dillingham was a member. They stated with much detailed evidence that they came in contact with 86,000 persons in the iron and steel industry and it was found that the average wage of these 86,000 persons was \$326 a year.

When we recall that at least \$800 is the minimum wage that will buy the needs of life for maintaining physical efficiency for an American family, we get a suspicion that the reason these millions of newcomers to America have not yet taken out their citizenship papers is that they are too busy hustling for something to eat. Something to eat from day to day is their fundamental requirement. That secured and they may take time to ask where the office of the local election commissioners or federal judges is located.

To solemnly swear to uphold the laws, constitution and government of a nation which pays an average wage of \$326 a year to 86,000 steel workers is a matter that has not time for thorough consideration in the heads of these very, very, very casual laborers.

"What does it mean to have 2,600,000 men who are aliens, who are liable to come into full citizenship immediately?" asks Senator Dillingham. "Do you realize that this vast volume of male aliens amounts in number to one-seventh of all the votes cast in the presidential election of 1912? The entire presidential vote of California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, in 1912 amounted only to 2,280,000."

HURRAH for the Flivver!

O you Tin Lizzie!

Gee, but you got 'em guessing.

Yes, you honking Henner, you.

The Ford Motor Company for the fiscal year ended July 31 showed net earnings of \$59,994,118.

That is to say, just frinistance, to point a moral and adorn a tale.

The big Tin Lizzie plant in Detroit cleaned up nearly sixty million dollars last year, all the time paying anybody and everybody of the 30,000 workers the minimum wage of \$5 a day.

And Henry, the Pacifist. Henry may be a hero or a grafter. Nobody cares. What tickles all of us is the way he makes all the other motor car manufacturers look like pikers, cheap skates, and dubs.

The widespread newspaper attacks on the pacifism of Henry Ford were 90 per cent attacks on him as a nut who ought to know better than break away from the traditional policy of buying labor in the cheapest market.

JIM WADDELL. A terrible name. A terrible job.

He's the world's greatest strikebreaker, Jim Waddell.

He knows the dives and dumps, the alleys and rendezvous where hungry men, lost men, desperate and racked men, lousy and hopeless men can be found. And there among the lousy and hopeless, Jim Waddell recruits his armies. Then he goes forth. He goes to West Virginia and he goes to Calumet and this month he went to New York.

Coal miners, iron miners, street car motormen and conductors, it makes no difference to Jim Waddell what craft or industry is tied up. When the call comes for him to enter the field with his banner leading his cohorts of the lousy and hopeless, he goes, he gets on the job. He puts guns in the hands of the lousy and hopeless. And he thrusts criminals and professional sluggers and gunmen, well-fed and well-whiskied, into the ranks of the lousy and hopeless. And these, the adepts of violence, the veteran evangelists of the gospel

of physical force, they use arguments and they employ booze and shape a temporary fighting body out of the lousy and hopeless.

On a private car in a special train, sitting as the grand, lone passenger, Jim Waddell made the trip from Chicago to New York, June 6-7. It cost \$3,000. The steam railroads gave glad and handsome co-operation with the New York trolley roads in order to get Jim Waddell, the Joffre of strike-breakers, the Hindenberg of scabs, promptly and effectively on the job in a hurry.

AMERICA is known as a "melting pot" for populations of the earth. Now it has a rival. It is France.

After the great war ends, France will have one of the most amazing chop suey agglomerations of human blood ever seen on the planet.

The north of France has always held a strain of German blood flowing from the near German frontiers. What with German soldiers camped for years in northern France during the war, there have been contacts that will keep many of them on French soil after the war. British soldiers are in France now by millions. Tens of thousands will stay lured by women, climate, and what not. Arabs, negroes, Sikhs, Gurkhas, after two, three, four years residence in France—and with France needing armies of labor to rebuild from the ravages of war—these will stay in tens of thousands. Into southern France during the war have poured tides of Spaniards to take the places of Frenchmen gone to the battle fronts, and many of these Spaniards will stay.

The chief republic on the continent of Europe will have interesting problems and developments. It will add new romance to its picturesque crimson past.

WOMEN AS GUN MAKERS

THE changes in social and industrial conditions brought about by the great European war are nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in a recent article in the *Engineer* (London) from its Swiss correspondent, dated at Berne, June 8th, and describing the war work of women in the famous Krupp shops at Essen, Germany.

On August 1, 1914, the Krupp works gave employment to 36,880 men and 1,241 women, the latter exclusively in such capacities as charwomen or saleswomen or assistants in the various shops and other establishments supplying the Krupp workmen. By April 1st, 1916, the number of women had increased to 13,023, mostly in the ammunition departments,

and the number of men had increased to 55,959. By the summer of 1916 it was believed that over 14,000 women were employed. In 1914, 8,114 of the Krupp male employes were called to military service, and in 1915 7,500, the total number of men and women employed on April 1 being 68,972.

This force worked in two shifts of twelve hours each, with an hour and a half for meals. These long hours of labor, enforced conditions of military necessity, and without doubt poor and insufficient food have had most serious effect on the work people, especially the women, and there has been an extraordinary amount of sickness. Sickness among the female employes in 1915 amounted to 76.60 per cent and among the males to 62.31 per cent, with an average duration of 15.18 days for the men and 12.02 days for the women, though it must be said that these average times were less in 1915 than for three previous years. This, however, was explained by the fact of the stressed conditions of living no less than manufacturing demands from the war office, so that usually none went on the sick list until absolutely compelled. This is further borne out by the mortality figures, which were 5.84 per thousand in 1915 for the sick fund members, as compared with 4.12 in 1914.

Many of the women employes were either the widows or wives of soldiers serving at the front and having dependent children, and their employment was the sole source of support of a number of persons, and in addition to the Krupp works women were being generally employed in Germany. In some machine shops and manufacturing plants as many as 80 per cent of the operatives are women.

The women workers in the Krupp works and other ammunition factories and machine shops are supplied with special costumes designed to permit the greatest freedom of movement and not endanger their lives by catching in the machinery. Such dress includes knickerbockers and leggings in a single garment, worn with a loose sack coat coming down over the hips and worn either open or closed, or sleeveless overalls covering body and legs, or special upper garments for women where special ease of movement seems to be required for the upper part of the body.

The success of women in industry in Germany has led to a movement in favor of compulsory government service for women analogous to military service for men, required of all except those physically incapacitated or prevented by motherhood. Yet this participation of women in industry has been attended by disadvantages, for it is claimed that so apt have the women proved at their work that with small wages their labor has been exploited, and many married women claim that with the long hours of employment, six a. m. to six p. m., and their release from labor only towards the late evening, after there is virtually nothing left in the markets to purchase, they cannot make adequate provisions for their families. Another complaint is that soldiers' widows are taxed on their pensions and thus are in a worse situation than the soldiers' wives, to whom an allowance is also made.

Furthermore, considerable disquietude is being produced by the employment of women in ammunition works and mines at small wages, where the corporations are reputed to be making vast profits. The twenty-six leading German mining companies showed an aggregate surplus for the last quarter of 1915 of 13,868,377 marks (about \$3,500,000) as compared with 7,158,823 marks in the first quarter. Naturally there has been a scarcity of labor, which has been met by the employment of women, and also by the employment of prisoners of war, of whom there are said to be almost a million in Germany; but it has been a notable fact that labor costs have only increased about 12 per cent in comparison with a vastly greater output and greater profits.

Excellent performances of women are reported also from the manufacturing industries of Great Britain and other European countries and the facts brought out by the *Engineer's* correspondent emphasize further the changes in industry and also the future changes wrought by the war. With women even excelling men in the use of automatic machinery, it is intensely probable that they will play a still more important part in manufacturing, and a considerable readjustment of social conditions must ensue. However that may be, it is undeniable that in Europe shop and home have experienced a

revolution of ideas and methods no less than on the battlefield and the high seas.

The war, which has wrecked the lives of many European women, has nevertheless been a great victory for the sex. While the men have marched off to the firing line the women have calmly filled their places in finance, factory and even politics and have raised funds for hospitals and supplies for the wounded on the side. They have met the demands of the war with a high courage, set aside the campaign for the ballot and have displayed a remarkable degree of efficiency in their new occupations, which has been none the less conspicuous because of its quietness and calm.

As a result the men are beginning to be worried. Some are already entertaining disquieting visions of a time when, the war over, the status of the sexes will be changed and the men will be dependent on the women for support. The Germans were the first to recognize the danger of woman's success in former masculine monopolies of work, and to compile a neat list of statistics on the question, which is soon to be made public. The other belligerents followed suit and heated discussions on the subject are now being held in all the capitals of Europe.

It is really a very difficult problem. The women have become used to their economic independence and like it.

SHORTY'S PHILOSOPHY

By HARRISON GEORGE

SHORTY was not actually drunk, at least, not yet.

To get drunk properly requires time, and Shorty had just blown into town (Cody, Wyoming) from his job on an irrigation project close by.

Now as he tipped the brown bottle and watched that mysterious mixture of joy and sorrow gurgle into his glass, he remarked that he was "goin' back t' Hingland."

With that unconscious audacity common to the west, the writer butted-in by inquiring if Shorty intended stimulating the European demand of American metals by enlisting under the cross of St. George.

A look of profound disgust came over Shorty's tanned visage as he sat the bottle down and unburdened his soul in choicest English.

"Wot t' bloody 'ell y' tyke me for? *Me*

fight fer t'em bloody — — —s? Nar, not Hi."

"Wy, cully, wen Hi lands on th' docks at th' Pool, an' one o' t'em bloody ossifers struts up an' pats me on th' back an' says, 'Well, Shorty, m' lad, Hi suppose yer come 'ome t' fight fer th' kink.' Wot th' 'ell d' yer tink Hi'll tell th' bloody booger?"

"Hi'll arsk 'im: Wot did th' kink hever do fer Shorty wy Shorty shud fight fer 'im?"

"Strike me Prussian blue."

"Did th' kink hever sy, 'Shorty, come 'ave a drink? Nar."

"Did th' king hever sy, 'Shortly, m' lad, come 'ave a good feed? Nar."

"Then Gor blime, wy th' 'ell *shud* Shorty fight fer th' kink?"

After which bit of logic, needless to say, we had another one.





KINGS, QUEENS AND HISTORY

By GRACE FORD

I REMEMBER reading Dickens' Child's History of England when I was ten years old. For a long time it gave me my ideas of what history is. When anybody said anything to me about the history of England, I would think about Mary, beautiful Queen of Scots, with the long golden hair, who was beheaded because somebody was afraid she would seize the throne of England.

A picture would come to my mind of bold Queen Elizabeth, who executed so many of her Catholic subjects, or Bloody Mary, who waged relentless war on English Protestants. Then there came Henry the VIII, who had so many wives and was excommunicated by the Pope and who later founded the Church of England, and Oliver Cromwell and the War of the Roses. It seemed to me that every little while a Pretender would raise an army and kill off the King and then the Pretender would sit upon the throne, until the Prince grew up, or the Prince's party grew strong and then there would be more wars and more killings, and sometimes somebody else would seize the throne.

All this was my idea of history—the doing of Kings, Princes and Queens. And, as a matter of fact, this is still the prevailing idea of history. People imagine that the various Kings and Queens, their wars and their intrigues, or the presidents and the political parties which elect them, make what constitutes history. Writers still write about Great People, who are

usually little more than figure-heads, and tell us what these Great Men do and we believe this is history. Only in recent years have historians begun to tell us anything about the great mass of the people and the kind of lives they lead and how they produce and secure the necessities of life.

And the production of food, clothing and shelter and the *methods* by which they are produced and the changes in these methods are the underlying roots of all history. And the changes in the *methods* of production are made by the *machines*.

First of all, farm machinery liberated the young men from the soil, while machinery for spinning and weaving drew them toward the rising factory in the rising cities. Only a few years ago nearly everybody in America lived "in the country." Now over three-fourths of the population of the United States live in towns or cities.

Our grandparents left the farms because farm machinery made their labor no longer necessary to run the farm. Some of them got work in the new factories—until, a few years later, improved machinery cut down the number of men and women employed in the factories. Then some of them and their sons built more railroads and went to work in shops and mills, and new factories.

And so it went on. First there would be a new industry with crude hand-meth-

ods of production; then machinery would be invented and gain general use and men and women would be thrown out of work. Other new industries would spring up and these men and women would secure jobs in the new factories or mills until new machinery would cut down the labor force necessary to produce in those factories or mills.

And by and by, with improved methods of production and the use of greater and greater machinery, the owners of the factories and mills found themselves requiring fewer and fewer men and women. They discovered that sometimes one man, using modern machinery, could produce as much as ten men could make by hand. It became unnecessary for *all* the people to work *all* the time, and some of them were thrown into the Army of the Unemployed.

Within a few years, almost within the memory of our fathers, all these great historical changes have occurred. Railroads have spanned continents, great systems of ocean liners have been organized and new machinery and new methods have appeared in every department of industrial life. This has changed the lives of all the American people.

The *machine* sent men *from* the farms instead of *toward* them. It cut down the human labor it took to make things and threw millions of men and women into the ranks of the unemployed. It permitted a vast army of parasites to spring up on the backs of the toilers, parasites who live off the products of the workers: lawyers, doctors, brokers, merchants, bankers, judges, soldiers, policemen, etc. Machine production makes it possible for one-fifth of the people in any civilized country today to support the entire five-fifths.

And during these changes a never-ending, gigantic quarrel has been going on between the workers who *make* things and the employers who *take* these things.

We workers have been trying to get more of the value we make and our employers have been trying to appropriate more of that value. We have voted the Socialist ticket, organized strikes, practiced sabotage, tried to get other jobs—all in our efforts to get *more* of the value of the things we make. The capitalist class has used the law, the army, the scab,

the lock-out to force us to accept *less* of the value we create.

Even with hundreds of thousands of men and women out of employment, the capitalist class finds that it has more of the workers' products on its hands than it can sell. It has found itself with more *capital* on hand than it can invest in the United States at a *monopoly* rate of profit, which it has been receiving on its privately owned monopolies in this country.

And the French and English and Belgian and German capitalist classes have found themselves in the same situation. Everywhere the capitalists hire the workers for wages and keep the products of the workers. And the products of the workers are several times the value of the wages paid. If all the wage workers receive, say \$4, for making commodities, shoes, clothes, furniture, worth \$16, it is obvious that they cannot buy back the things they have made. They don't get enough money.

Even with millions of useless workers employed by the capitalist class, in the sphere of the circulation of commodities, and the millions of doctors, lawyers, preachers, and men and women working on the press, magazines, in the field of advertising, etc., the entire working class—useless, as well as useful workers—does not receive enough in wages *and* salaries to enable it to buy back the things the productive workers have made and which the productive workers need.

So the capitalist class wants new, half-civilized colonies in which to sell these products. The capitalist class wants new fields in which to invest its billions of dollars of profits made from the labor of the working class.

The purchasing power of the working people of Germany, England, France, Belgium and America is not big enough to enable them to buy their own products. Modern machinery has made the labor of millions of workers unnecessary in these countries. Excluding the youths and incapables, less than half the remaining population is capable of supporting the whole nation today *on a war basis*.

This is what modern machine production has done. It has made possible the accumulation of vast wealth, or great capital which the capitalists want to invest abroad. It has given the civilized nations

a great army of unemployed at *home* which can be used to back up capitalist aggression. And so imperialism is bound to increase in all the "forward" nations.

For the interests of big capital dominate all our social institutions, permeate all our thought, control our press, our clergy, our colleges. Capitalist desires form the newspaper headlines. From parasitic journalist brains come one fake drama after another, plot and counter-plot, to inflame the working class into a patriotic fervor that will make them join the army or navy, will excite the people into thinking they want what a powerful group of capitalists alone really desires.

And so—because modern machinery has permitted the owners of the tools of production to grow rich at the expense of the working class, has thrown millions of men out of work, has bred the desire in the owning class for further conquest, new fields for exploitation—we have a war-mad Europe today; we have a war-mad capitalist class at home.

Men have not learned to use their brains very extensively, have they? The human animal was poorly equipped originally, except for his wonderfully fine and responsive nervous system. He had neither the teeth of the lion, the speed of the sabre tooth, the weight and strength of the mastodon. With his bare hands he built up his first shelter, his first crude tools, builded his first fire. He conquered the wilderness and subdued all the other, many of them stronger, animals; made himself Man upon this earth.

With new security, he increased in numbers, learned to till the soil, building ever more perfect tools wherewith to feed and clothe, to shelter and protect himself. Today he has reached the point where the terrors of early man are forever abolished. Man has conquered the desert, has drained the swamp, has crossed rivers, built canals. Man and the

modern machine have forever banished the *necessity* of want and hunger.

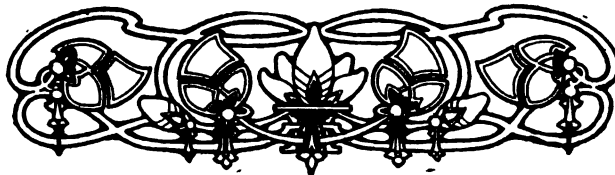
If every strong man and woman, using the land and modern tools of production, worked only three hours a day, they could produce more than enough to feed and clothe and house the whole world. There is no longer any need of excessive toil.

But as long as the working class *grants* the right of a few privileged individuals to own the tools and instruments of production—the land, the mines, railroads, factories, shops and mills—just so long will these workers labor for *wages*, for a *part* of the value they create. Just so long will the owning class appropriate to themselves all the workers have produced.

Every day is going to make the fighting harder for us—because every day brings new labor-displacing machinery that throws more and more men and women into the ranks of the non-producers. Capital is going to try to use these non-producers to wage their wars of foreign conquest—for new fields for exploitation—and a military class can always be used to crush every revolt on the part of the workers at home.

So now is the time for every working-man and woman to hunt up every Socialist and industrial unionist—every other working man in his district—and organize into a fighting unit. Get up debates, speeches and lectures; organize study clubs and get every Henry Dubb into line so that he will know what we are fighting for, and how to fight.

We cannot *make* a revolution; but the day is coming, perhaps sooner than some of us believe, when the working class is going to be forced to rebel, is going to fight with its back against a wall. That will be our great opportunity. If we do our work well now, we shall have enough *informed, educated* workingmen and women to swing the acts of the working class into *revolution!*





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NEW YORK TELEPHONE GIRLS ON THEIR WAY HOME

THE NEW YORK STREET CAR STRIKE

NEW YORK, the tremendous city of five million inhabitants, has become the Prize Ring in which is being fought one of the most colossal battles ever waged in this country between Capital and Labor. A general strike on the subway, "L" roads and street car lines of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company was declared on September 7th, in spite of the truce signed by the company and the men on August 7th. It developed that the company merely signed to gain time to organize to break the new union which has sprung up so amazingly within the past few weeks.

When it felt that it was in a position to defeat the carmen, the Interborough began to circulate the "master and servant" contracts the purpose of which was to destroy

any benefit that might accrue thru belonging to the union. Union men on the Interborough who refused to sign were immediately discharged and at a rousing mass meeting held by the union men on the evening of the seventh, the crowd declared enthusiastically for a general strike to enforce the right of the street car men to organize into a union.

Almost from the beginning of the strike, the struggle began to take on a *political*, or class character. The Central Federated Union, combining all the powerful labor unions of the city voted to stand by the strikers to the last man and the last dollar. Longshoremen, firemen, engineers and boatmen were among the first to rally to aid the men battling on the street car lines.

Instead of sending up the usual howl

for a safe and scheduled car service, Big Business felt that the time to strike a death blow to unionism in New York city, and offered Mr. Shonts, president of the traction interests, from twenty to thirty per cent of their forces if he needed them to *break the strike*. Hundreds of strike breakers, at high wages, were rushed to New York, while Waddell, the Private Car King of strike-breaking bosses, raced across the continent in his own special, at a cost of \$3,000 to help crush the revolt of the car slaves.

James L. Quakenbush, attorney for the System, declared there were a lot of Columbia college students who wanted jobs as ticket sellers and choppers.

400,000 trade unionists in New York City are threatening to walk out in a sympathetic strike to aid the street car men win their demands and President Shonts, Big Boss of the Interborough, declares

that Capital intends to "go to the mat" with union labor in Manhattan right now.

As the REVIEW goes to press it is still too early to know just how far either side will be willing to go to win this fight. The unions have not yet declared for the sympathetic strike. But if these men do go out, it will mean a great step forward for labor solidarity all over the country.

Don't forget that the street car struggle is assuming the proportions of a *political* (or *class*) struggle: The trade unions are *talking* of making it a real one, and November first may yet see New York City in the throes of a momentous class war.

Later: We are just in receipt of news that 20,000 longshoremen and boatmen have gone out on strike in sympathy with the car men and that 25,000 machinists have decided to go out. Union men are predicting that if the car men are still out in a week's time, thousands of other unionists will strike to help them win a victory.



WHAT CAPITALISTS ARE SAYING

IN the September Forum, George Weiss, very evidently writing as the spokesman of the National Association of Manufacturers, says, while bemoaning the fact that "labor is on the offensive" and has made great inroads on capital the past year:

"A large steel company wrote: 'It is not so much that the men are expecting and demanding high wages, as that *they are not inclined to give a reasonable return for wages*. They will not take orders from their superiors and they take many holidays. Laboring men do not seem to take advantage of the situation to improve their conditions.' Another declares 'not only have rates gone up, but the *efficiency of labor has gone down*.' A steel maker wrote: 'labor has become so independent that it is difficult to keep discipline and instead of attempting to earn more money at

high rates, the *laborers simply reduce* the amount of work they turn out, etc.'"

Mr. Weiss says that one large manufacturer wrote: "Labor as a whole, certainly North of the Mason and Dixon line and east of the Mississippi, is suffering from a species of insanity. It does not know what it wants but it wants *more*."

"A shipbuilder sent in a poster used in England, which he declared represented a condition now prevailing here. It read:

Don't scab upon the unemployed by working hard. Slow work means more jobs. More jobs means less unemployment. Less competition means high wages, less work, more pay. Slow down. Slow down. Don't be slaves.

Mr. Weiss has prepared the following figures showing a few of the wage increases.

	Men	Monthly Increase
United States Steel Corporation.....	500,000	\$3,500,000
Bethlehem Steel Company.....	24,000	170,000
Youngstown Steel plants.....	20,000	150,000
Colorado Fuel & Iron Company.....	6,000	75,000
Other steel plants.....	140,000	400,000
Overland Automobile Company.....	18,000	1,250,000
Butte miners and smelters.....	14,000	189,000
Anaconda mines.....	5,000	8,290
Anthracite coal miners.....	200,000	1,000,000
Portland and Coeur d'Alene district mines.....	3,000	3,000
West Virginia Coal Mines.....	20,000	98,000
Chicago packing houses.....	25,000	210,000
Hart, Shaffner & Marx.....	10,000	70,000
Allis Chalmers Company.....	2,000	16,800
Milwaukee teamsters.....	600	4,200
St. Louis brewers.....	5,000	30,000
St. Louis machinists.....	500	5,600
Ohio Electric Railway Company.....	1,000	5,000
Columbus, O., street-car men.....	700	2,700
Cincinnati building trades.....	14,000	17,400
Toledo carpenters.....	300	210
Toledo electricians.....	200	2,072
Fall River cotton operatives.....	30,000	250,000
New Bedford cotton operatives.....	25,000	200,000
American Woolen Company.....	30,000	125,000
Providence India Rubber Company.....	2,500	19,600
Rhode Island cotton operatives.....	6,000	30,000
Philadelphia carmen.....	6,200	22,600
New York carmen.....	12,000	75,000
Brooklyn carmen.....	8,000	60,000
Cleveland building trades.....	20,000	291,000
New York building trades.....	150,000	350,000

Mr. Weiss adds: "Artists, mechanics and laboring men have lost *what small respect they had for their employers*. * * * Manufacturers of America have not stood idly by and watched labor make inroads. They are working quietly but effectively; and when the condition of trade is once again normal the retribution coming will precipitate a crisis."

The Railway Age, in its spasms over the passage of the Eight Hour Law by Congress, says:

"While the terrorists, like those of the French Revolution, led by a reincarnation of Robespierre in the person of the arid, loquacious, lean and tearful Garretson, and a reincarnation of Marat, in the person of the strike-thirsty Carter, stood over Congress with a stop-watch in one hand and a threat of national ruin, starvation and anarchy in the other, that 'august deliberative body' lashed itself into breathlessness and lather by feverish and desperate efforts to pass the 'eight-hour day' law before the time limit fixed should expire!"

In an editorial commenting on the recent demands of labor in the United States, the Journal of Commerce says:

"It is obvious that the rights of labor cannot be extended any further. There is nothing beyond. The community is now anxious to know whether there is any protection for it in a labor controversy where the employers can yield nothing more without giving up their capital. State ownership of public utilities will not obviate the serious controversies, as the Colony of Victoria and the Republic of France have demonstrated, and a Labor Minister in one and a Socialist Minister in the other had to resort to strong measures against the strikers."

If you have been thinking Labor was not making any advances in this country read over some of these quotations from the press of the capitalist Enemy and cheer up.

And as for the editor of the Journal of Commerce, we believe that every reader of the REVIEW will be able to assure him that *there is a lot for labor still beyond* and that *the rights of labor can be extended until the private capital, the factories, mines, mills, shops, etc. shall become the social property of the workers, just as soon as the workers unite to take these things!*



THE SAN FRANCISCO FRAME-UP

By ROBERT MINOR

(The following telegram was received as we go to press)

ONE of the bitterest fights in the history of labor is being waged on the coast. It is the fight of the bosses against unionism, the fight for the open shop.

For the readers of the International Socialist Review, it is not necessary to emphasize the real meaning of this struggle. The investigation of the industrial commission has proven, with a wealth of statistics, that the open shop means the scab shop, the reduction of wages, the lowering of the standard of living, unsanitary conditions, misery and prostitution.

This is the campaign that the Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco is carrying on at the present moment. It has seized on the bomb explosion during the preparedness parade as its chief argument in favor of downing the unions. The parade itself was to muster the strength of the organized opposition to labor, but the workers refused to participate, and the parade proved a complete failure. Instead of the boasted 150,000, only a few business men, followed meekly by their 22,000 unorganized employes, marched through the streets on July 22nd. The Chamber of Commerce saw its defeat, and forthwith grasped the opportunity to discredit labor.

"This is a good chance for the open shop," a prominent business man said, on

hearing of the bomb explosion that killed ten bystanders. The city at the time was overrun by the professional thugs imported for the 'longshoremen's strike, and hundreds of warnings had been received by the newspapers and many citizens that the parade would be dynamited. But when the arrests were made, it was discovered that every one of the police "catch" was a prominent labor man, for years actively connected with the struggle of the workers for better conditions.

The men charged with responsibility for the bomb explosion are:

Edward D. Nolan, member of Machinists' union No. 68. Had just returned from Baltimore four days before his arrest, where he had been sent as a delegate from his union to the machinists' convention.

Thomas J. Mooney, member of the Moulders' union and organizer of the street car men.

Warren K. Billings, ex-president of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union; has also been a delegate to the labor council from his union.

Israel Weinberg, one of the directors of the Jitney Bus union, and Mrs. Rena Mooney, wife of Thomas Mooney, a music teacher.

Not for decades has such a brazen attempt been made to drive labor, in shame for its own supposed crimes, into the rat hole of hopeless disorganization.

Back of the official prosecution is Big Business of San Francisco, specifically the United Railroads, to whom every active labor man is a criminal by virtue of his being a union man. They are especially bitter against Tom Mooney, who recently attempted to organize the platform men of the United Railroads and to call a strike. All the other defendants are widely known as of the most loyal and active labor element on the coast, and the chief detective in their prosecution is actually an employe of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

The situation is critical. The accused men are absolutely innocent of the charges against them, but the private detectives are hungry for the \$21,000 blood money promised for the conviction of the arrested. The district attorney—himself a creature of Big Business—is rushing the cases to court, viciously taking advantage of the excited and prejudiced state of public mind which he has helped to create by daily trying the accused in the newspapers and assuring the public that he already has "the hemp around the necks" of the four men and one woman.

The same district attorney and his assistants have carried on a campaign of terrorization against all who had the temerity to try to get attorneys for the prisoners. To go to the jail and ask to see the men in the interest of their defense was enough to get one's self ordered "To see Mr. Brennan," and "seeing Mr. Brennan" meant to undergo hours of shouted threats of hanging and such at the hands of that bulldog-jawed person.

A witness who naively thought the authorities were looking for the dynamiter, went to the prosecutor's office with a clear story as an eye-witness. Because he would not lay it on one of the union men, he was "thrown out of the office," according to the press.

This case is going to turn the tide of battle on the coast. For the accused are innocent and we can prove it. When we get them out into the sunlight again, and we are confident that we can, the sinister efforts at their mobbing by public sentiment will cause a reaction that will mean a long respite from the "suit case dynamite" charges which are the business man's fashion here. It is the hour of victory. We must win. We are hampered only by a terrible lack of money.

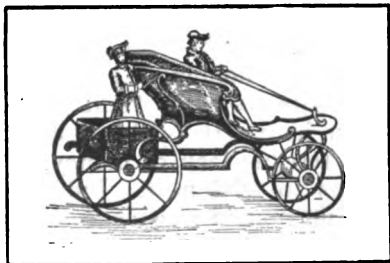
The first case, that of Warren K. Billings, comes to trial now. Publicity and funds are urgently needed. No friend of labor should remain passive in the face of this all too evident conspiracy. Act immediately. Give all you can, quickly. Send funds to Robert Minor, Treasurer of the International Workers Defense League, 210 Russ Building, San Francisco.

FOOT-PROPELLED VEHICLES

THE dominating impulse to find mechanical substitutes for legs and feet may doubtless be traced to the cave men, but at a comparatively recent date the inventive and erudite Egyptian had made little progress, though it is alleged that mingled with his hieroglyphic writings were figures bearing a faint resemblance to the velocipede. Be that as it may, even the luxury-loving Roman possessed, with all his wealth, his marble palaces and famous baths, but few mechanical contrivances to minister to his comfort. In fact it was not until the close of the Middle Ages that substitutes for the litter, sedan chair and palanquin were sought. The thirteenth century found the wheelbarrow in use for the transportation of the sick, and it is stated in a recent article that there is extant an old print of the sixteenth century, showing a man-pushed, wheeled contrivance similar to those seen at seaside resorts.

In 1766 John VEVERS had developed a horseless carriage which took its motive power from the footman. No frosty-countenanced dignitary with arms folded and eyes front was this individual. His task was a real one for he had to balance himself on the more or less precarious foothold of two levers and by shifting his weight first to one and then to the other, impart a reciprocating action which was transmitted to the front wheels. The rider steered by means of lines, much as though he were driving a team.

The velocipedes of the early nineteenth century were virtually hobby-horses,



Drawing by Edna Hood Lissak

JOHN VEVERS' HORSELESS CARRIAGE, 1766, WAS PROPELLED BY THE FOOTMAN, WHO BORE HIS WEIGHT ALTERNATELY ON THE LEVER PLANKS BENEATH THE VEHICLE.



Drawing by Edna Hood Lissak

THE PEDESTRIAN HOBBY HORSE, LONDON, 1818

mounted on two large wheels, the motive power being supplied by pushing against the ground with the feet. On a day of uncertain date the inhabitants of a Swiss village were startled by the sight of the Baron von Drais of Manheim riding, it appeared, to certain destruction at the terrific speed of six to eight miles an hour on one of these contrivances, invented by the Baron himself. Tho of crude workmanship, it was of better construction than many of the devices which had preceded. Its movements were guided by a handle-bar attached to curiously curved forks, and it bore withal a far-off resemblance to a bicycle.

Many and strange were the devices employed during the next decade in the effort to find a means of propelling the machine with the feet raised from the ground, for the crank movement had not yet been applied.

The principle of the multiplying wheel had long been known and used for various purposes, and by the third quarter of the century hand-propelled bath-chairs, similar to those still in use, were not uncommon at seaside resorts, but their movements were slow and not easily directed, so they gave place to the hand-pushed chairs, first exhibited, it is said, at the Paris Exposition of 1889.

Meanwhile the bicycle and tricycle experienced no improvement and did not come into general favor until 1869, when, following the introduction (in 1866) of an improved velocipede by Pierre Lallemont, of Paris, more than fifty patents were recorded at Washington in a single month. And now the two and three-wheeled velocipedes started upon their respective careers in earnest, for cycling had at last become a fad.—*The Edison Monthly*.

CRIME AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

BY CLARENCE DARROW

"**C**RIMINALITY and Economic Conditions" is a good book.* I only wish that lawyers and judges would read it and pay some attention to it. It was written from what might be termed a "Socialistic standpoint," which is the only standpoint, broadly speaking, from which crime can be rationally considered.

I use the word "crime" knowing that it does not mean anything, but because it conveys some sort of a vague impression as to what you are driving at. This book pretty well demonstrates that the word "crime" has no meaning. Strictly speaking, a "crime" is an act which is contrary to the law, committed by one who, under our mediæval ideas, is possessed of free will and responsibility. Of course, as long as people have neither free will nor responsibility, there can be no crime, and then, too, it might be the highest act to violate a human statute.

Another definition that is perhaps more commonly used, and substantially the one that is used in this book, is that a crime is an "anti-social act." An act committed by one which is inconsistent with the best good of the community.

Under this, of course, men like Rockefeller would be the greatest criminals, but nobody seeks to apply this rule, except as to poor criminals.

The main theme of this book is that social conditions are the cause of crime. The author brings together a large array of statistics to prove this statement and he does prove it conclusively. Of course, no one needs statistics to prove any such contention. Those few people who have any sense know from personal experience that it is only the poor who fill our prisons, and therefore there must be some relation between poverty and crime.

This book shows that most of the crimes are what might be classed as "property crimes"—larceny, burglary, forgery and the like. These crimes against property have all been committed by people who have no property, while those who have property have not committed crimes against property.

To my mind, the author does not lay enough stress on heredity, but puts everything on environment. I am not acquainted with any author who has as yet stated this question as it should be, and I presume I shall never find it correctly stated unless I write a book myself, but I am too lazy to do it. As a matter of fact, heredity is a great factor in all conduct, and it seems to me that the connection between heredity and environment is perfectly simple and I could never understand why authors failed to harmonize these two factors in human conduct.

For at least six months before a man is born there is almost no chance to change the man. There is very little chance for a hundred generations before he is born, and it would be safe to say that there is NO chance after he is eight to ten years old. He is born as he is, without any power to change himself. If it should be admitted that there was some little chance to change, that chance comes from infancy up to eight or ten years, when his character is forming, and neither before birth, nor for eight or ten years after, has the individual from his own efforts, the slightest chance to change. He probably has no chance at any time, but every one must agree that up to ten years of age there is no opportunity whatever. Then at least the man is made.

Long before he is born it is fixed irrevocably whether the germ from which he develops shall be a dog or a horse, or a white man, or a black man, or a man or a woman. It is also determined whether he will be one of the four hundred since the beginning of the world who have been singled out for geniuses, or one of the four hundred out of a million who have talent; or one of the great mass of common people who have neither; or whether he should be a defective, or an imbecile. There are, no doubt, men who are born with so much ability that they will survive almost regardless of environment. There are a few who are defectively born, so that in no possible environment will

*"Criminality and Economic Conditions," by William Adrian Bonger, Boston; Little, Brown & Co., \$5.50.

they thrive; the great mass of people will go one way or another, according to the environment in which their lot is cast. Whatever becomes of them, the intrinsic person is the same. Changing them is out of the question. Under a hard environment, they may become burglars or thieves. Under a good environment, they may become millionaires, preachers, lawyers, congressmen, aldermen or constables. If you take all the rich and make them poor, a lot of them will go to jail. If you take all the poor and make them rich, very few will go to jail. In this sense, environment is the whole thing. Heredity is the seed and environment is the soil. The oak seed will produce an oak, no matter what the soil. It will be a bigger one and a stronger one if the soil is good, but it is an oak just the same. It seems to me that biology has practically proven this proposition and all questions of sociology ought to start from this basis. This does not make the question of environment less important, but more important, and that is where this book is very valuable. Nobody can read it with an open mind without understanding clearly that crime is almost entirely a question of environment.

The talk of reforming criminals is idle and silly. Nobody ever reforms. They do not need to reform, for they are right as they are, from their own standpoint. Talk to a thousand bank presidents and every one will not only say they are right, but will prove it. Talk to a thousand prisoners and every one, if they trust you, will tell you that they are right and will show you conclusively how they happen to be in jail. They could not have been anywhere else.

While you can do nothing to reform anybody, everything can be done to change the environment of men and women. Good conduct can be made more profitable than burglary and larceny, or even than organizing a trust, and when society does make it more profitable almost all men will be good, but not until that time; and all the work that is of any value along the line of helping the criminal should be along the line of prevention and giving him a chance to live. Punishing him is not only cruel, but it accomplishes nothing except to weaken what little stamina there is in him.

All of this is very clearly brought out in this book by statistics and by incontrovertible facts, and I presume there are some people who still need statistics and facts. To them this book ought to appeal. All one really needs is to open his eyes and see the truth.

Economic conditions will not fully explain every anti-social act. They will explain most of them. A large part of the rest of them are secondary results of economic conditions.

The author treats of sex crimes and shows their origin; that a large proportion of them are due to economic conditions. Probably, if he would go deeper into it, he would find that practically all of them were due to the same cause.

For instance, this author shows that the crime of rape is more common where times are not too hard. He accounts for this by the fact that under good times prostitution is less common, with the result of rape. Very likely this is true, but with anything like equal environment for all it is hard to imagine such a crime, excepting where one is born with a radical defect. I have seen a judge sentence a man for practically his life for this crime. A man who was poor, illiterate, unattractive, who probably came in from six months' work on a steamboat. The judge was well fed, well dressed, attractive and a member of society. Of course, he never thought what would happen to him if he was poor, had no clothes and had been a long time away from society. Ordinarily judges have not imagination enough for this—neither have lawyers, neither has anybody, excepting cranks.

The author shows that there is practically no connection between alcohol and crime. Nobody except surface thinkers ever believed there was. But most people are surface thinkers.

The chaplain of a penitentiary who gathers statistics goes through the prison and asks the inmates if they drink. They all say they do, and the chaplain makes up his statistics and shows that drinking is the cause of crime. The inmates are willing to charge it to drink, too. It gives them a good standing with the chaplain, and then, too, I never yet saw a man in jail or out who could tell what brought him where he was. As a matter of fact,

I never could find what they put in alcohol that caused men to commit burglary after they took it. There is no such thing, and never was any such thing.

This question is easy, and this book shows it. Men live by their emotions. Some get emotional life one way and some another. The poor, the unimaginative and those in trouble are apt to drink. In this way they forget themselves. Of course, they spend their money, and altogether their poverty and surroundings cause them to lose their self-respect. Alcoholism is due to intellectual inaction and a poverty of other food for a highly-strung nervous system, and if men use alcohol to excess, it is because their minds and nervous systems are not occupied some other way.

Not long ago a man asked me if I knew of any way to cure his brother of drunkenness. I told him I did. I told him to get him converted to Socialism. That would furnish him all the stimulant he needed. Some do it with Christian Science. Some go to hear Billy Sunday. You can only have one kind of drunk at a time—any kind of dope will serve.

Outside of the crimes due directly to economics, there are crimes of murder. Perhaps the largest group of these are caused by sex jealousy. These will exist until nature finds some other way of producing life, which will be some time yet, in spite of reformers.

The number of these crimes may be diminished by giving people better opportunities and a larger social life, but no other way. Crimes of revenge will no doubt exist, to some extent, for ages to come. These, too, would be lessened and modified by giving a larger physical and intellectual life. People who are busy do not spend their time figuring out a way to get even with some one else.

The author takes a crack at the theory of sterilization. This is always in order. The Eugenist is a conspicuous example of the old saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." If it was only dangerous to him, it would be all right, but it is dangerous to the world. The Eugenist has read the "Jukes" case, where more or less reliable statistics were gathered to show that a large percentage of a well known family of New York, for

seven generations, had been inmates of prisons and almshouses.

One ought to have a photograph of the persons who gathered the statistics before they put much reliance on them, but for the sake of the argument we will admit that the statistics are true, though statistics never are. All they prove is that a family that started in poverty and misery was unable to right itself because of its environment. This is true of 90 per cent of families, although they do not all go to jail.

We might take an example of another anti-social family from the other side. Take the Vanderbilt family, who stand for the other end. Three or four generations ago one of them got rich. Since then almost every one in the direct and collateral line have been rich. They cannot help it. Does anybody think that the Vanderbilts are smarter than other people? They are simply born in that environment and cannot get out of it. None of them can rise above it.

Eugenists take the "Jukes" family and they say if the first man and woman had been sterilized the rest would not have been paupers and criminals. This is true, but what of it? Who are the wise "gazabos" who are going to pick out the right people to be sterilized? The question would have to be submitted to a vote as to who should be the head executioner. When the fellow is elected he will get rid of the people he does not like and the people whom his backers do not like. When they create this office I want that job. I wouldn't like to trust anybody else. A person who knows anything about biology knows that there is no sure way to prove that good offsprings are going to come from good people, or bad offsprings from bad people, to pass up the question of who is good and who is bad.

Nature is a stupendous blunderer. She does nothing right and nothing wrong. Simply goes ahead blindly and does things, but it will be a sad day when the world turns from the mixed wisdom and ignorance of nature to the mixed ignorance and prejudice of the reformer. Me for nature, with all her mistakes.

I am willing to admit that a thoroughbred is a thoroughbred and a scrub is a scrub, but while we experiment on

animals we have never yet experimented on man. The generations are too long and our ideas of the sacredness of life are too fixed, and then, too, it would be "immoral" to breed people for experimental purposes. With the human race there are no thoroughbreds who have an attested pedigree. There are a lot of thoroughbreds but we do not know who they are, except by the way they act. The animal's record we can get for a good many generations, because his life is short and we can do with him as we will, and when we know that the pedigree is good we know what it will produce, but this you cannot know of man.

No one who thinks and studies can ignore the power of heredity and the impossibility of overcoming it.

Take a well-bred animal and place him in an environment where he cannot get

enough to eat and he will soon be poor and scrawny, but he will breed thoroughbreds. Take a scrub and put him in an environment where he gets enough to eat and he will be fat and sleek, but he will still breed scrubs. No doubt, the human race is the same, but we have no way of sorting them. The man in jail with the rags may be a thoroughbred, and the professor or the preacher, well-fed and clothed, may be the scrub and breed scrubs. Then, again, if he had the second sight to pick out all the scrubs and kill them and leave only the thoroughbred men and women, the world would be awfully lonesome, with nobody left to do the work.

I recommend this book. I wish every one would read it. It might do some good, but it probably will not.

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM

F. H.

REVOLUTIONARY Industrial Unionism—that is, the proposition that all wage-workers come together in "organization according to Industry"; the grouping of the workers, by the workers, in each of the big divisions of Industry as a whole into local, national, and international industrial unions, all to be interlocked, dove-tailed, welded into One Big Union of all wage workers; a big union bent on aggressively forging ahead and compelling shorter hours, more wages and better conditions in and out of the workshop and as each advance is made, holding on grimly to the fresh gain with the determination to push still further forward—gaining strength from each victory and learning by every temporary set-back—until the working class is able to take possession and control of the machinery, premises, and materials of production right from capitalists' hands, and use that control to distribute the product entirely amongst the workers—such is the aim and teaching of the I. W. W.

This conception of working class unionism is not the wild dream of a handful of radical trade unionists, fanatically trying to force their ideas on to the rest of Labor; nor is it some complicated scheme worked out on paper by a few cranks, and impossible in practice. It is a crying necessity to the working class; a method of organization which, when studied, commends itself to an intelligent worker; a truly scientific way of organizing on thoroughly up to date lines, according to the evolution of Industry; a unionism which must be adopted by Labor if Labor is to move forward.

Industrial Unionism is a growth, a plant, so to speak, whose seed was deeply embedded in the soil of capitalism, and bound to come up. A young plant, truly, but virile and sure to thrive and flourish until, as the full-grown tree, it blossoms out into the Industrial Commonwealth, the Workshop Democracy which shall be the foundation of a future society such as mankind has never known.

Industrial Unionism is revolutionary—

because it is based on the Class Struggle and aims to bring about a social revolution by shifting the control of production from the capitalists—the non-producers—to the workers—the producers. A small portion of the population controls the means of life and buys labor as cheaply as possible. The vast majority of the population in order to live at all, have to sell their labor—as dearly as possible. The working people, on the average, only get enough to just live on out of the vast total of what they produce, while the capitalist class revel in luxury, extravagance and waste. Therefore, a struggle goes on ceaselessly for the product; a struggle which can only be ended by the workers taking possession.

The only way the workers can add to their bare subsistence which they receive is by combination—by organization.

Ordinary unionism as we know it—trade unionism—does not aim at ending the struggle, but tinkers with conditions, barter for bits of the product instead of claiming and struggling for the whole. It therefore perpetuates the wage system with its necessarily ceaseless struggle. Furthermore, trade unionism has the workers split up, and mis-organized so as to be worse than if they were not organized at all. Trade unionism does not advance the workers—it keeps them back.

The Labor movement today, with its wretched tin-pot unions, each only covering one small section of one industry—and often not covering that properly; often overlapping, and jealous of other unions in the same industry; acting spasmodically, incoherently—when they act at all; going, as a rule, cap in hand, at long intervals, to ask for some slight increase in wages—not to really better their conditions or standard of life, but to catch up to the increased cost of living, and often failing in that; undertaking agreements, which are in reality but promises to turn down, scab on, their fellows; bureaucratically governed by officials who are sometimes unscrupulous and often ignorant enough; with their affiliations and so-called federation—foisted in the name of one big union, but functioning only to further the political ambitions of the leaders—presents a sorry

travesty of what militant Labor should be.

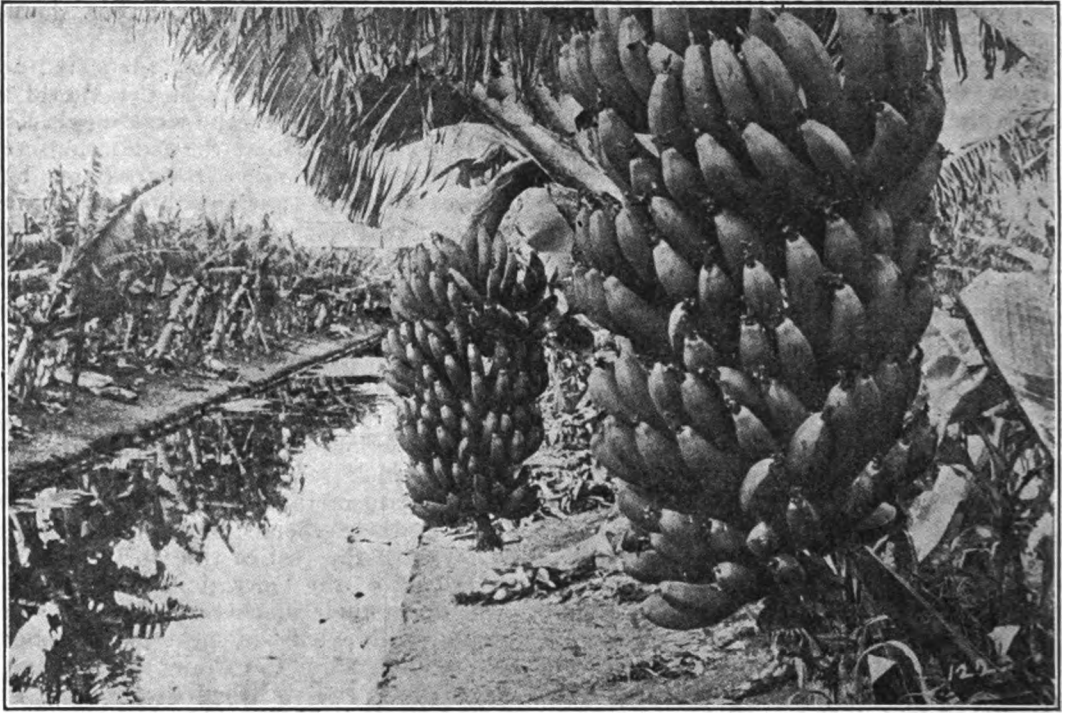
Industrial Unionism as advocated by the Industrial Workers of the World is very badly needed by the working class.

It will be said that the federations referred to are a move towards one big union of workers; at any rate an attempt to evolve the unions in that direction. True, big federations of labor have developed, notably in England, France and America, but, in the main, their successes have been very meagre and then only in so far as they have approached the Industrial Unionist plan of organization by industry, and by industrial or inter-industrial action. The best of them are still dominated largely by craft union ideals, out of date methods, and are led by the nose by their officials, besides lacking the support of the rest of the working class. The best of the federations will have to transform their machinery, develop education and spirit among their memberships and fling the "fair day's wage" motto away. Even then they cannot go far beyond the rest of the working class. If they have served any useful purpose in developing the one big union idea, that purpose is done. Federation must go by the board. The boneshaker must make way for the motor-bike.

Revolutionary Industrial Unionism embraces every individual, unit, section, branch, and department of industry. It takes in every color, creed, and nation. From Scandinavia to New Zealand; from Moscow to 'Frisco it appears to every worker, and forges a mighty weapon of freedom.

Revolutionary Industrial Unionism—I. W. W.-ism—organized efficiency. Every worker in one industry; every industry part and parcel of the one great whole.

And in the forging of the weapon we get paid, "not in the sky when we die," not in the distant Utopian future, but as we go along; for every fight won, every advance made through efficient organization can be held by the same means, and will be reflected in better conditions, better homes, more of the good things we should have, or as the Yankee reb. said: "We'll have more pork chops."—From Direct Action, New Zealand.



ABOUT BANANAS

BY MARION WRIGHT

AMONG the many excellent things which came to be generally accepted in the United States during the Nineteenth Century may be listed the yellow, mellow banana, along with tomatoes and Socialism.

At the beginning of the century a tomato was called a "love apple" and was considered poison. After some fifty years the tomato was finally accepted, but Socialism, by its present name, was unknown. Those who professed its principles were considered fit subjects for the gallows.

The banana made its bow to the public much later and under much more favorable circumstances. Unlike the tomato it gave off a seductive, pleasing odor, and

unlike Socialism it did not "hurt" business. When our grandparents were little folks they did not have any bananas unless they lived in a seaport town. It was not until 1870 that one Capt. Baker nosed around the island of Jamaica, in his two-masted schooner and brought off a cargo of the fruit. Like Adam with his apple, the American public nibbled its banana and found it good and the banana business sprang into being at once. Today we import around 45,000,000 bunches a year, which sell for over \$50,000,000.

Most of the fruit comes from Central America and the West Indies, Mexico and Hawaii furnishing a small portion. About 15,000 bunches are received in San Francisco monthly from the Hawaiian islands.

The history of the culture of the banana in Hawaii extends backward to the early days when only hand implements were used for farming. About 1855 the Cavendish, or Chinese variety was introduced into the islands and proving much superior to the wild variety, was adopted for culture. At the close of the Civil war in the States a small export trade had been worked up by Hawaii. As the Central American and West Indian planters did not begin the culture of the fruit in earnest until some twenty years later the Hawaiian planters had an excellent opportunity to capture the banana trade, but she did not do so for the reason that at about this time the introduction of machinery made the production of sugar on her lands much more profitable than bananas. It is the same in our other island possessions to a great extent. The greater profits arising from the culture of sugar causes the banana business to be neglected and little scientific study has been devoted to its culture.

At the present time there is practically no selection of plants with a view of multiplying plants whose heredity is good. Plants are selected indifferently from those which have produced large bunches and those which have produced small.

The preparation of the land by thorough, deep tillage and plowing before the plants are set is important. And it must be remembered that the process of producing a good bunch of bananas is a continuous one and cannot be arrested even for a few days without damage to the coming bunch. If a banana plant is split down through the middle with a sharp knife when it is about eighteen months old, it will be found that the bunch is already formed within the stem. That is, if it happens to be a plant that will bear. Some banana plants do not bear fruit. Proper tillage and care determine at a very early age the size and number of the flowers which are first to blossom on the "bunch" before the fruit forms, and like flowers, like fruit. After the flower forms no power under the sun can increase the number of bananas on the forth-coming bunch. The planter can see the size of his crops many months in

advance, figuring out the losses from disease, insect pests, etc.

Banana plants grow from 15 to 20 feet high and the blades are sometimes a dozen feet long by two feet wide. The stem pops out of the stalk, sometimes three on one tree and turns down so that when the fruit forms the bananas are pointing up instead of down.

After the bananas mature the stalk gradually dies down and then a new shoot comes up from the roots. The fruit is picked green for export and stowed away in the holds of ships or dark warehouses where it ripens. It is impossible for one in this country to know the taste of a real ripe banana right off the tree, unless he or she has been in a banana country. And like the cocoanut, the banana tastes much better when allowed to ripen in its natural way. The finest, yellow banana on the market in our inland cities was pulled green. At that it is excellent eating and figure for yourself how it must taste right off the tree.

And it is not alone as a fruit that the banana is used by the people in its native land. When the fruit is pulled green and properly dried an excellent flour is made which is used for about every purpose to which wheat flour is adapted. This is not an article of commerce, but is used extensively by the natives.

There are red bananas and bananas five times as large as any seen in the markets to be seen in the home ports of the fruit. But these varieties are so perishable that they cannot be shipped. In fact there are about as many varieties of bananas as there are of potatoes.

Some agitation is being carried on now in the Hawaiian islands to have the government take hold of the banana industry. Some lands unsuitable for sugar cane would produce the fruit and with a trade built up with Pacific Coast cities Hawaii would have a great market at her very door. At present the growers of the islands are unorganized and they are at the mercy of the commission merchants of the coast cities to whom they ship their product.

The banana is a rich article of food as well as a toothsome fruit and its use and culture should be encouraged.



MARY MARCY

PEOPLE in America have often said that there was no tribunal in this country above the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court, they said, was the Court of Last Appeals, and what it decided settled events for good and all.

And when the Supreme Court, including ex-chief justice, Charles E. Hughes, decided that the Danbury Hatters should pay damages to the hat manufacturers of several hundred thousand dollars, and that the members of the union should be assessed *personally* to pay these damages, some folks said the knell of trade unionism had been sounded in America. They said that when it became possible for employers of labor to secure personal damages from the members of unions, or to absorb the union funds in the form of damages, no trade union could endure.

Now comes a decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Minneapolis, which, prominent labor journals declare, "threatens the existence of the entire trade union movement. This de-

HAMSTRINGING THE UNIONS

By MARY MARCY

cision makes a union liable for three-fold damages under the Sherman anti-trust law.

Two cases are involved in this recent decision. The Bache-Denman Coal Company, of Arkansas, and the Pennsylvania Mining Company, each brought suit against the United Mine Workers. The first corporation sued for \$1,250,000 and the Pennsylvania company for \$600,000.

The alleged facts on which damages were claimed and which were approved by the court were more dangerous to the trade unions than the basis of the Danbury case. The *Wall Street Journal* which is rejoicing over this decision, informs us that the complaints in the coal mine suits "set forth the attempts of the United Mine Workers to prevent the operation of open shop mines in the states of Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Colorado, and allege that these attacks were part of a general scheme to monopolize interstate trade for union coal, and to further prevent the operation of open shop mines; that in furtherance of this scheme the defendants determined to destroy the competition of open shop mines by preventing the operation of these mines."

Members of the United Mine Workers claim that if this decision stands any union that calls a strike will be liable for any damage the employer may claim to suffer as a result of that strike. If the strike prevents the sale of commodities and causes the loss of a market, the union must meet the damages.

The court ruled that labor organizations can be sued and held responsible to the same extent as individuals and corporations and they referred to the decision of Mr. Hughes and the other members of the Supreme Court in the Danbury hatters' case, which held that the members of labor unions are liable for whatever is done by their union thru its officers within their delegates' authority.

Perhaps, after all, every strike means

sabotaging the property interests of employers, for it is obvious that all strikes damage these property interests. Every intelligent striker hopes for victory *thru the destruction of property interests*. It is by stopping production, and, therefore, stopping profits that all strikers hope to attain victory. They hope to bring employers to the point where they prefer to yield a part rather than to lose all.

We do not see how an isolated trade union can fight this latest weapon of the mine owners. Or how a trade union that permits and encourages its members in different states and counties to sign up contracts which expire at different periods of time—can hope to win out against the mine operators. It looks to us as tho the union men have forged their own chains. The courts are against them; the laws oppose them and if a portion of the miners go out on strike at the expiration of their contracts, the other portions of the United Mine Workers will probably keep right on working and scabbing on their fellow workers. One half of the "union" (?) miners will break the strike of the other half.

It looks to us as tho the isolated, conservative trade unions were going to be doomed by this last move on the part of the capitalist class. They are certainly doomed so long as they remain conservative, respectable and *divided* by time contracts.

To begin with—no union ought to have a million dollars in its treasury. As Bill Haywood used to say when he was secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, "the best place for the miner's money is *in the miner's pocket*." As fast as a union receives dues it should spend that money for revolutionary, class literature

and in broadening its organization. An empty treasury makes a strong and a fighting organization. The leaders will not so often try to block progress or prevent strikes when they have no Honey Pots to protect.

The situation is like this. Take the railroad brotherhoods. These organizations have great sums in the treasuries of the various organizations. If the railroad men go out on strike, they face the possibility of losing these funds, a large part of which may mean insurance to the men. If they do *not* go out on strike (later on) they may find, as they have found out in the past few years, that wages will continue to fall and the hours of labor to increase.

Wasn't it Bismarck who said, "Help every German workingman to own his own home, and he will never rebel against the government," or words to that effect? The capitalist class is counting on something like that. Mont Bozeman declared that a workingman would slave twenty years at \$20 a week, when he might have gone on strike and secured \$30—rather than risk losing the \$500 he had paid on his home, or the \$1,000 coming to him on union insurance.

It looks as tho the conservative unions were going to be crushed by their conservatism.

A mass of workingmen can defy any power on earth. Four hundred thousand men, well organized, defied the United States, its government and its capitalist class. It has won—at least a temporary victory—thru its *economic strength*.

The working class can *make* any law *break* any law, scrap any court or any constitution, win any victory—whenever it decides to *unite* and *fight* for these things. It alone is the real Court of Last Appeal!

A MAN VS. TAXES

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

AS a whooperup of the prosperity attitude, Los Angeles is the great Pacific coast cave of the winds. During the lean years thru which it has been struggling its organs of business have asserted, asseverated and vociferated that prosperity perched upon every bill board with which its fair hills

are weatherboarded. While the pathetic real estate grafter—a shadow of his former self—found no one willing to become a millionaire upon an acre of sunburnt beach sand and landlords were haunted with the hollow mockery of tenantless rooms; while fruit rotted on the ground for want of a market and people who re-

fused to live upon climate exclusively quietly suicided in the parks, the voice of the prosperity spieler was loud in the land.

Then one day the unthinkable happened: The Earl papers came out with a flat declaration that Los Angeles is not prospering; that in the past two years business generally has been forced to reduce expenses twenty-five per cent. What this burst of candor meant was that the shoe was pinching the other foot. Prosperity of the Los Angeles Christian Science what-aint-is variety came high in the way of taxes.

After that anything might happen, so Ed Gammons, secretary of the Workers' International Defense League, looked up a few details and lack of details of the enormous expenditure by the present district attorney in the Schmidt and Caplan trials. These he laid before the squirming tax payers thru the daily papers and letters to the Improvement Associations, along with the reminder that they were expected to pungle up \$40,000 more of good tax money to try Caplan again.

By this time the campaign for a 25 per cent reduction in taxes was in full cry and the Earl papers announced in a long editorial that law and order have been upheld in the community and dynamiters punished and that another trial of Caplan would not be worth the price, the likelihood of conviction being remote.

The candidate for district attorney supported by the Earl papers, Mr. Helms, has announced that if elected he will dismiss the Caplan case, while Thomas Lee Woolwine, present incumbent, is shouting his pure love for justice and that, therefore, necessity is laid upon him to re-try Caplan. He states to the public, from which Caplan's jury must be drawn, that he is convinced of his guilt. Unkind people say the five jurymen who voted first to last for acquittal in the former Caplan trial blurred a vision of the gubernatorial chair for Mr. Woolwine which they say

he was seeking through these prosecutions.

Today I visited David Caplan in the county jail. He was suffering from a cold but said nothing about it. He came to meet us with the same brave, cheery smile. After his loss of liberty his greatest hardship is lack of exercise, that being limited to walking back and forth in a cell in which there are nineteen other prisoners. He makes the best of the situation, is president of the jail club in his section and seems to be regarded by the jail attaches with a feeling of good fellowship. He is allowed to meet his friends in the reception rooms down stairs. He is uncomplaining and appreciative. At the same time there is no one so alert and so keenly analytic of every smallest point in relation to his case. Asked as to making an appeal for funds he said: "No; I believe my friends are doing all they can for me. It would look like a lack of recognition of their efforts to make an appeal."

And yet he is one of our prisoners of war and he is none too well provided for in the way of defence. If Woolwine is re-elected district attorney he will be the subject of a relentless prosecution. His having been brought into the political conflict will make him the sacrificial goat upon whom Woolwine will demonstrate and around whom the consuming flames of his passion for justice will crackle.

Caplan's case is peculiarly one in which money will count. The case itself is weak and needs only a full presentation of his defense for acquittal. It must have that, because of the strength of the prejudice. It will not be a feather in the cap of the labor movement if David Caplan is left so poor a second time as to be denied the primary right of presenting the witnesses necessary for his proper defense.

His trial is set for October 16th. Anyone desiring to aid him should send funds to Luke North, editor of *Everyman*, 230 Douglas building, Los Angeles, California.



UNORGANIZED

The Militant Harvest Workers

HUNDREDS of swarthy faced, hard muscled harvest workers are now turning their backs upon a hard summer's work and are bound for the lumber camps and mills in the northwest, where they will be heard from during the coming winter.

The Agricultural Workers Organization, better known among the farmers as Local 400 I. W. W., is closing its second year's work 20,000 strong. The members are going to carry their organization with them into the lumber camps and on construction work. Thus insuring not only the continued growth of the organization, but new unions in other industries.

In spite of the fact that crops were small in North and South Dakota, the boys were able to enforce job control on half of the machines, making \$3.50 per day for ten hours' work.

In Montana the harvest is now on in full blast and the farmers insist upon paying their help by the hour, as well as docking the boys every time they take a drink of water.

The officers of the law have been partic-

ularly busy in their efforts to break up the organization. Hundreds of members have been arrested at one time or another during the season, on all sorts of flimsy pretexts. At the present time Charles Bonner is being held at Valley City, N. D. When a lawyer for the Organization wrote to the State's Attorney, he was advised that there was no state charge against Bonner, and referred to the magistrate, who is holding Bonner under \$1,000 bail, which shows how the majesty of the law is tangled up in its own machinations. Of course, the big idea on the part of the Commercial Clubs, Citizens' Alliances and others of like ilk, is to try and break the organization by piling up as much legal expense as possible.

All sorts of false reports are spread thru the little country papers, the following is a fair sample:

I. W. W. SEIZE TRAIN AS SPECIAL

Refuse to Let Nonmembers Ride

Great Falls, Mont., Sept. 13.—Twenty-five professed members of the Industrial Workers of the World, a portion of a crowd of more than 100

that boarded a Great Northern freight train yesterday at Havre, were arrested on the train's arrival here last night at the request of Great Northern Railroad officials. The arrests were made by Sheriff Kommers and his deputies, aided by the entire police force of Great Falls.

According to Conductor Marcott, the men insisted on running the train as an "I. W. W. special"

and refused to let any one ride who was not a member of the organization.

At Fort Benton the sheriff was appealed to, but made no arrests because the capacity of the county jail was too small.

The Annual Convention will be held in Chicago, beginning November 20th, when plans will be made for the coming year.

MILLIONS MADE ON THE MESABA

ANDREW CARNEGIE, father and patron saint of the Steel Trust, once said: Take away all our money, our great mills, ore-mines, and coke-ovens, but leave our organization, and in four years I shall have re-established myself.

That the Steel Trust wields more power than the government at Washington is but saying something which every student of industrial and political life recognizes as a cold fact. Its will is law. Its supreme will is the supreme law.

The State of Pennsylvania has been owned, body and soul, by this trust for years. The making of steel is its leading industry. Pennsylvania politics is steel and coal politics. Its laws protect steel and coal property. Only last Thursday, September 14th, 262 coal miners in an open union meeting were arrested in a body, thrown in jail and are now being held in default of \$1,305,000 bail, by orders of the Coal and Steel Trust.

In Minnesota six men and one woman are charged with murder in the first degree, by orders of the Steel Trust.

The story of how the coal and iron happens to be owned by the Steel Trust will never be written. More than once the Steel Companies have accepted large money losses rather than disclose their secrets in courts, but, we find that sometime in 1892 a Pittsburgh capitalist by the name of Oliver formed a company to operate the Misabi Mountain mine on the Mesaba Range, in order to secure as cheaply as possible a supply of high-grade Bessemer ore for his Pittsburgh mills.

However, he was short of capital and soon after we find him giving the Carnegie Company one-half the stock of the Oliver Mining Company, in consideration of a loan

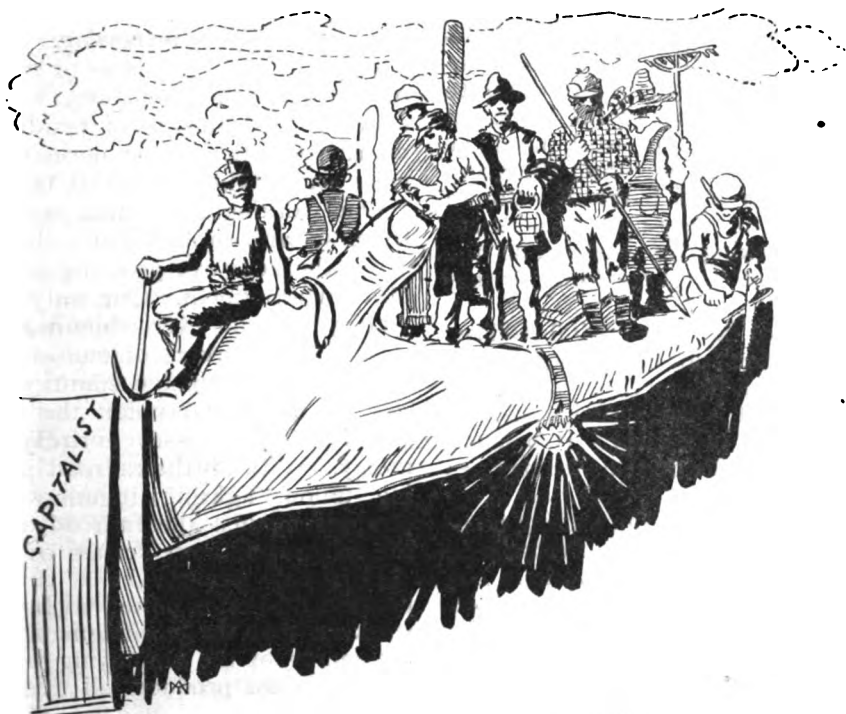
of one-half million dollars, secured by a mortgage on the ore properties, to be spent in development work. In this way the Steel Trust secured its first grab at the iron ore without the cost of a dollar.

In 1896 Capitalist Oliver and Capitalist Frick leased the other great mines on the Mesaba Range from John D. Rockefeller on a royalty basis of only 25 cents a ton. This low price was given by the Rockefellers on the condition that the output of 1,200,000 tons a year be shipped over the Rockefeller railroads and steamships on the Lakes. The contract was to run for fifty years and meant a saving of \$27,000,000 to the two gentlemen. How easy it is for a capitalist to save money!

We thus see the mines, transportation and mills tied together in one vast industrial organization. Upon the organization of the United States Steel Company, the Carnegie-Oliver Company owned two-thirds of the known Northwestern supply of Bessemer ores—roughly, 500,000,000 tons, which Mr. Schwab valued at \$500,000,000.

The first Mesaba mine secured by Mr. Oliver had an output of 164,000 tons per month. In fact, eight men with a steam shovel not only mined but loaded 5,800 tons of ore in ten hours, at a cost of less than 5 cents per ton for labor.

Nineteen summers and winters have passed over the range since the first mine was opened. Thousands of miners worked long hours during the hot months, only to be laid off when winter came on, because they had mined too much ore. Strikes also came and went. In June, this year, 15,000 strikers downed tools, although unorganized. They faced an army of Steel Trust gun men without flinching. They are now facing the courts. Meanwhile, what are you doing to help them win?



THE WAY THE CAPITALIST SEES HIMSELF

AT THE MERCY OF THEIR EMPLOYEES

By JACK MORTON

UNTIL very recently when workingmen went out on strike, their employers have declared they "had nothing to arbitrate." But when it became apparent that the railroad men had decided that arbitration always meant victory for the railroad companies and refused to arbitrate their demand for an eight-hour day, the very roads that had formerly insisted that "there was nothing to arbitrate" sent their bitter appeal broadcast over the land for "the principle of arbitration." They declared that the loss of arbitration as a means of settling labor disputes and controversies meant that the railroad companies would hereafter be "at the mercy of their employes."

The railroad companies do not realize that they and all other employers of labor are ALWAYS AT THE MERCY OF THEIR EMPLOYEES. Far from recognizing the fact that the capitalist

class is merely the leaf upon the twig of the branch upon the limb of the social tree, they actually imagine that the capitalist class *supports* society as it is organized today.

There are many institutions for fostering this belief in the importance of the mine owners, the railroad stockholders, the mill and factory owners—in the social schemes today. Books, newspapers, periodicals propound this viewpoint. Schools, colleges, churches regard the factory and mill owner, the railroad stock manipulator and banker as the *Pillars of Society*. They believe that private property is the *foundation* of society upon which all other superstructures rest. All classes of men and women absorb this viewpoint at every source of information, or misinformation, from childhood to old age and it is small wonder that workingmen who have never learned to think for themselves accept it without question.

My mother brought me up on Sarah K. Bolton's "Lives of Poor Boys Who Become Famous," which assured the innocent reader that all you had to do to reach the very top rung of the ladder of wealth and fame was to work hard, be honest, loyal and saving. And the arguments of mother and Sarah K. Bolton were reinforced at every point of personal contact till working for wages and the class struggle set me to thinking for myself.

As a matter of fact, the capitalist class, which contributes no useful service to society and which produces no value, has come to believe it is the actual basis, the actual foundation of society. It believes that the tail wags the dog; or it imagines itself to be the dog.

Have you ever known the leading manufacturer in a small town? Perhaps he employs two hundred male workers out of a population of two thousand people. He fancies himself master of the chief industry in that town. As he walks or rides down the main street he is accosted by the village minister, who asks him to make a job for one of his needy relatives. Workingmen stop him on the streets and ask for work. This small manufacturer *owns* the factory and hence *controls the jobs*. He imagines that *he* supports the town; that he supplies work; that the town owes its prosperity and its life to him.

In reality he owes his high (?) position, his power, his wealth and his dividends to the productive workers in his factory. They produce commodities and he appropriates them and pays wages to the workers, or the market price of their labor power. Without the workers there would be no products, no wages, no profits. He is *at the mercy of his employes*, for when his wage workers learn to co-operate with their *class*, they can demand all things—even the abolition of the *private ownership* of the factory and of all the other instruments of production and distribution.

The whole question involved in the struggles going on constantly between the

owning class and the working class is a question of *private ownership*. Because we permit the factory or mine or mill owners, or the railroad companies, to privately own the instruments of production and distribution, they insist upon making the rules under which we shall labor.

One workingman cannot win in a controversy with the mine or mill owner because the boss can give the job to some other workingman. Our only chance of victory is in an ever widening organization of the workers of our class. With every mechanic in the country united in one big industrial union the mechanics can hold the bosses entirely at their mercy. With all the railroad men in one big union, fighting together in every struggle against the railroad companies, the railroad men are certain of victory.

It is only because he is unorganized, because he is not united with his fellow workers, that the workingman is ever at the mercy of the employing class. The working class produces all the food, and says that the world may eat; the working class builds all the homes, and says that the world may find shelter; the working class digs all the coal, transports all the food and clothing; it makes all the clothing. It performs all useful and necessary service; it produces all useful and beautiful things. The working class supports society from the cradle to the grave. It says always whether trains shall run, whether coal shall be mined, whether clothes shall be made and food produced. The whole world is at the "mercy of the working class."

Kings, courts, parliaments, congresses, constitutions, laws, supreme courts—not one nor all of these—can stand before the active opposition of the *working class*. Whenever the workers decide to unite as a class, the world is theirs for the taking for they are the real economic masters of every society.

The idle, official, legal—the parasitical world—is at the mercy of a *united, militant working class*. But why show any mercy to the idle parasitical class?

The Left Wing Socialists

MASS ACTION

By S. J. Rutgers-Holland

IN THE August issue it was stated that the European middle class democracies are passing away, and it was found that in the United States this process had already developed so far, as to eliminate almost entirely the influence of the working class, and also to a great extent that of middle classes, on the Government controlled by Big Capital.

The result is, that as long as the Socialist Party is working on the old lines, it is doomed to inactivity. There, of course, is left the possibility of doing some work of propaganda and education, but we know that without *action*, the general educational work does not amount to much. Besides, in keeping to the old conception of a growing political democracy, it is logical that the party looks upon the empty form of democratic institutions as upon the most precious treasure, and mistakes governmental jobs, which are acquired by some of the leaders, in co-operation with non-socialist elements, for real power. The result is this most disgusting situation, of electing socialist mayors, sheriffs, aldermen, etc., only to expel them afterwards from the party or else to disrupt what is left of the socialist organization. Is there any wonder that there has been a general feeling of discontent among the rank and file, and that the workers as such do not join the Socialist Party?

As soon, however, as we recognize the fact, that the old democratic form is rapidly losing its significance under the new form of Imperialistic Capitalism, there is some hope of adopting methods in accordance with the new conditions.

Voting for Congress or for political jobs, and in general what we call parliamentary action, pure and simple, loses much of its significance as a proposition to improve the conditions of the working class, and it is simply absurd to expect that we could vote our ruling class out of power.

But parliamentary action is not the only form of political action.

To understand European literature and to understand the Resolution of the Left

Wing mentioned in the May issue, it is necessary to realize what European Left Wing Socialists mean by political action. In this resolution one of the most important forms of future action is indicated by what is called "political strikes," by which are meant strikes that go beyond the purpose of getting higher wages or shorter hours, or any other improvement in the position of the workers on the job. Not only a strike like the one in Belgium to conquer general suffrage is called a political strike, but also strikes for free speech or to protest against reactionary decisions by judges, and in general, those strikes in which the general class interests of the workers conflict with general capitalist class interests. An economic conflict and strike, in which the capitalist class uses its political power of militarism and militia, may broaden into a political strike, because it is no longer a conflict between the worker and his employer, but becomes a conflict between the working class and the capitalist class.

Now, some of you may feel as if this were playing with words, but it always proves an absolute necessity to keep to fundamental definitions, in order to know exactly about what we are talking. And at all events, it is essential for you to know what our European comrades understand by certain expressions, if we want to co-operate with them on an International understanding.

As far as the United States is concerned, it has long been recognized by a great number of our comrades, that the old form of economic action, as represented in the craft unions and the A. F. of L., has been outlived. The highly concentrated monopolistic industries are beyond the reach of unions on craft lines and it has been recognized that the future forms of fighting will have to be along industrial lines. It has been realized also that, in this industrial action, unskilled labor will play a decisive part, and that this action is only possible when the rank and file emancipates itself from the system of all-powerful leaders.

This is most apparent, be it only for the simple practical reason, that it has already become a practice of your ruling class to imprison or to shoot the leaders as soon as an important mass action is at hand.

Now, there is no doubt that, as far as *economic action* is concerned, the general recognition of the fact, that class power has to concentrate from craft unionism into industrial action, has made more headway in the United States than in Europe, and this is in harmony with your more developed concentration of industrial and financial capital. But on the *political field* the old methods have been maintained on account of the successful attempts of Capital to fool the workers with the obsolete forms of a sham-democracy. It, however, must be clear to anybody with some sense for reality, that a parallel change in political action is absolutely indispensable.

As soon as we don't stare ourselves blind on parliamentary votes and jobs, it is easy to understand that political influence can only result from power, and that power, now that the laboring class is confined to its own force and has nothing to hope for from the help of middle classes, can only be developed in mass action. So we get to the very logical result, that political action must be developed along the same lines, along which economic action has already started: *those of mass action.*

Now there can be different forms of political mass action: meetings, street demonstrations, political strikes and revolts, which gives an opportunity to develop gradually into higher forms of mass action. Even voting in an election can be made a mass action, if only there is no compromising and no effort to catch non-socialist votes, but real Socialist propaganda and education. If you don't compromise, there is not much danger of getting jobs, and wherever there should be so much influence of uncompromising Socialists, as to conquer a political position by virtue of their own strength, mass action means that the workers themselves keep control of their nominees, or else have to leave them to their own fate. Mass action, however, is by no means confined to elections, nor is this the most promising field for this form of political action.

As soon as there is a general (or political) class issue, for instance, reactionary measures in Congress or Senate, an attack

on free speech or ~~free~~ press, a reactionary decision of the Supreme Court, an attack from the police or the militia, etc., the working class should get into the habit of showing their sentiment and indignation by protesting in meetings, on the streets, in temporary strikes of protest, etc. And the more reactionary our present-day, Imperialistic capitalism becomes, the stronger will be the feeling of protest and the more the mass actions will develop, and will gain in power. Of course, we cannot "make" a powerful mass action, but the more we make the workers see that the present methods are insufficient and that the only possible result is in mass action, the sooner we may expect that the general discontent and oppression will give birth to an organized mass action, which will lead to a new and effective form of political action.

It must be clear, that this mass action as a political method, at the same time solves the problem of democracy. The old democratic system of voting the power into the hands of leaders and leaving it to those leaders to make the best of it, has utterly failed. The German Socialist party certainly is the best and unmistakable example. There evidently is no other alternative to the old "democracy" than a permanent and effective influence and control by the masses. We have so long worshipped the old forms of democracy that we can hardly imagine how to do without a complicated system of more or less independent leaders, but we must understand that the spirit and capacities necessary to have democratic mass control will develop gradually, together with the development of mass action itself. It is already much to see the direction in which the only solution of this important problem is to be found and it is encouraging that this is the same solution that has already been recognized on the economic field.

This leads us to another important feature of this form of political action. It solves the antagonism between political and economic action. Present day parliamentary action does not appeal to the industrial wage-workers. There really is not much to gain for an industrial wage slave in joining the Socialist Party, and every now and then they lose a good comrade, who becomes a "politician," gets a job and ends by being a traitor to his class. This proves to be almost a natural process, which only strong

personalities can resist. No wonder that this sort of outgrown parliamentarism is condemned, nor that at the same time, to the disadvantage of the working class, political action as such sometimes is condemned with it.

On the other hand, some among those workers who realize, what cannot be denied anyhow, that the political power of the capitalists is a strong weapon in their class struggle, advocate a kind of political action by direct influence of the industrial organizations. This opinion, for example, dominated in some of the older preambles of the I. W. W., and also among those of many of the European Syndicalists.

Practical fighting methods, however, have increasingly developed a feeling among industrial unionists, that there is a great strength in self-restraint, and it is the prevailing opinion that the industrial organization should confine itself to the industrial field, in order to broaden its membership and to concentrate its efforts.

Some may have a conception for the future, to develop this industrial action into a general or political action, but they see this more as an ideal than as a practical working proposition for the present day class struggle.

Those who admit that it is possible to organize political Socialist parties on the principles of mass action and what we might also call a more direct action of the workers, will greet every effort in this direction with sympathy. And although it may often be difficult to decide where industrial action ends and political action begins, this is no disadvantage, provided both are real *class* action. On the contrary, whenever there proves to be a field, covered by both actions, there can be co-operation, and this co-operation will again broaden the mass action until both industrial and political action become practically one strong class action, which means the realization of the ideal of the Socialists, as well as of the Industrialists.

Many of you will perhaps admit that this sounds well, that it is almost too attractive, and they will ask, whether this is more than a scheme, and whether we may expect that the working class will be able and willing to fight in this way, which no doubt will involve great sacrifices.

I answer:

First. Old political "democracy" is

doomed by the Imperialistic development, under the iron heel of Big Capital.

Second. On the industrial field, the new form of mass action has already developed, and few doubt that the future belongs to the more concentrated form of industrial action.

Third. Industrial Unionism, under present conditions, cannot cover the whole field. It is, as such, powerless against the most powerful modern manifestations of capitalism: Imperialism, militarism, judges, and last, but not least, the crippling of the minds in public schools and educational institutions.

Fourth. Political instruments of Capitalism in its Imperialistic form, with police, judges and militarism, will strongly and brutally interfere with industrial action and will compel the working class to put its *general class-power* against the general class-power of capitalism.

Fifth. Therefore, political mass action in the new and only possible form is bound to grow out of the very fact of aggressive capitalism and the only problem is to realize *in time* what will be the most efficient form of political class action, so as to lose no time and restrict the sacrifices in misery and life to the smallest possible amount.

Sixth. As soon as conditions will be ripe for it, industrial action and the political action will both emerge into the unit of one fighting organization on democratic mass action lines; in accordance both with the ideals of social democrats and industrialists.

There is another feature in this conception of political mass action which is not less important to us. It solves the dualism in the conception of the "Revolution." In reading some of the excellent articles in your REVIEW, I often found that, up to a certain point, there was a climax, leading to a final peroration about the Revolution. Almost without exception however, there was an absolute lack of sense for reality, as to how this revolution could be expected.

It seemed to drop from the air, rather than to result from some previous developments.

Most of us understand that there cannot be such a thing as a sudden revolution, resulting from some accident with a

stone or a gun, and that the working class cannot seize *and hold* the power, unless it has developed forms of organization and democratic institutions of its own. To the old style Socialists this was easy enough and most of us will remember that there was a time when the general conception was as follows: The influence of the workers on the political institutions of the bourgeoisie was considered growing. One industry after another was to be converted into State or municipal ownership. It was admitted that this was not yet Socialism, but with a growing democracy, some day or another we would get to have the majority in parliament and State owned industries could be changed into socially owned and managed ones, while at the same time the working class would have acquired the necessary qualities as to organization and government, in the practice of increasing democratic institutions.

This idyllic conception has been destroyed, but at the same time the Revolution has become for many of us such a vague, unreal ideal that it seems to be no practical issue in our expectations. As soon, however, as we understand that the only possible form of democracy is in mass action, we must realize that this new form of democracy is able to develop gradually the qualities which the workers need to organize and maintain a new social commonwealth.

Those qualities, as well as the necessary power, will develop in the fighting itself, which at the same time is bound to disorganize the existing instruments of class power of our dominating class.

It is beyond the scope of a series of articles like this, to even attempt going into details of what action is required at present, altho a few remarks may prove of advantage.

Mass action means meetings, street demonstrations, political strikes, and can be developed from our present methods. It is, however, essential that a spirit of readiness must develop in the minds of the workers, which makes them rise to protest at important issues, without it being necessary that orders be issued from headquarters.

While the necessity of paid officers to

serve organized labor cannot be denied, there must be effective control by the rank and file. To break down the so-called party machinery is one of the most important issues at hand. If this cannot be done in the present organization, it is worth while breaking down this organization and building a new one. It is far more important to develop the rank and file, so as to make future mass actions possible, than to sustain a most complete system of rules and order, which may have the admiration of judges and schoolmasters, but which requires, even for them, years of practice to use it efficiently to control conventions, and to kill whatever fighting spirit there may develop in the workers of the rank and file.

Together with the development of an organization on democratic mass control lines, our meetings and street demonstrations will have to grow and will meet with the resistance of the capitalist political instruments: police, law and judges.

Protests against these brutal forces will call for stronger means and there will be a logical development into strikes of protest. Here we touch the industrial field. But the issues at hand will be such as free speech, the right to organize and to hold meetings, or such as the shooting of Joe Hill and others. And no industrial organization on class lines will have any objection to supporting such action. Political strikes, moreover, have the advantage that their character in the first place will be that of protest, and therefore, they often can be short ones. There may be not even a direct demand which could be granted at once, and the principal effect often will be that of disorganizing the capitalist instrument of class power. This is not only a conception in the air, but we have had a practical illustration in Russia after the Japanese-Russian war. Under those enormously difficult circumstances, labor there has gained most remarkable results. It even secured an eight-hour day in most of the leading industries. In this movement, economic and political demands were often mixed, and an actual "leadership" was utterly impossible, on account of Russian conditions. As soon as a labor strike was pressed too hard by the instruments of the capitalist state, the strike was dis-

solved, only to spring up in several other places and to be renewed as soon as pressure was released. In this way wholesale slaughter was prevented and the action resulted in such a degree of disorganization of the Government that European Socialists eagerly watched conditions in Russia; many of us expecting that this action would, at that time, spread over the rest of Europe. In fact, there was a beginning of mass action even in Germany, as shown in that remarkable successful demonstration in Berlin contrary to the most positive instruction of the almighty chief of the Berlin police. Continuation of this action was strongly advocated by Rosa Luxemburg, Pannekoek and others, but the party machine, with the assistance of Karl Kautsky, advocated a policy of defense, rather than aggression, and helped to kill a beginning mass action which might have prevented the present European war.

The Russian movement could not maintain itself against a new strengthening

of the Government, inaugurating a new reactionary period. Russian industry being only in its infancy, the working class proved to be too weak even to maintain the results, without the response from the older and stronger labor organizations in other European countries. But the glorious achievements of the Russian proletariat will stand as an example of what can be accomplished under difficult circumstances by mass action.

And it is hardly possible to imagine what could be achieved along similar lines in a country industrially developed like the United States.

Left Wing Socialists in Europe realize that the only hope in the coming reactionary period, under Imperialism, lies in mass action, internationally organized. Will our American comrades fail to join hands, or may we expect a brilliant example, which would do more to help the present European situation, than a dozen peace resolutions and as many congresses for peace and Internationalism?

THE RAILROAD WORKDAY

By FULLSTROKE

THE nation-wide strike of the four labor organizations in train service being set for Labor Day, September 4, has given a new meaning to that national holiday. All these years since its institution, Labor Day has had little real significance other than to show by parades that labor, on the whole, was happy. Now like a thunderbolt right out of the blue came this proposition, catching up with and passing anything this continent ever contemplated, like the pay car passing a tramp.

Still it is understood amid the superior brains who are in control of things that the railroad movement for an eight-hour day has been neatly sidetracked somewhere at a backwoods station where no tracer will be able to find it. For in the

last hours of waiting for something to happen, the manufacturing and shipping interests got into the game to save their own hides, pried congress loose from its moss-backed dignity and there was enacted in Washington what you might call a hurry up scenario. Not that congress was willing to make any move at all, but for a short time it did go some. The so-called Adamson Bill was passed almost at the last hour, a bill which the labor committee left at the national capitol said would be satisfactory. And the strike was called off.

This Adamson Bill is certainly a peach as bills go. In the first place it provides that on railroads eight hours shall constitute a day's work, which is just an ordinary amendment to labor schedules

previously in force. However, being a law instead of a signed up agreement and as it carries no provisions for a penalty when violated, it may be considered a joke even as a law. The next section provides for ten hours' pay for the shortened work-day. Stop for a minute and think what would happen to any law which might provide for the small matter of compensation for labor where a corporation is concerned, when that law comes before a court. The United States Supreme Court is, if anything, a far more conservative body than congress itself, but if that provision in the Adamson law ever gets before that outfit, the way it will be kicked down stairs and across the street will place judicial dignity among the lost arts of past ages. Lastly the law takes effect January 1, 1917, date far enough after the national election to permit any old party politician to safely add his kick to what is expected will be already dead, without visions of himself in the class of the lame ducks.

As far as law goes, this one may be considered as a first class joke. President Ripley of the Santa Fé has already stated thru the press that his road will pay no attention to the law, which is about the position of all railroads on any law, and they should not be expected to make an exception of this one. Just what position the roads will finally take, it is too early to state, except that their conception of law and order appears to be normal, which is that it is something for the working class to swallow, while it remains invisible to the corporation lords.

Still the roads are going to accept it and without much of a fight. There will be the usual gag and splutter about taking the somewhat bitter dose, but it is going down after a fashion. For behind the enforcement of the Adamson law stand 400,000 men, militant at least on this one question of the eight-hour day, and those men hold a strategic position in modern industry which it is far better for the masters to have them remain unconscious of as long as possible. Then also there is another rate raise, for the

rates have not been raised now going on a year and a half. This idea of any section of labor really getting even a part of a rate raise is what startles the adapt. Never before has it been deemed necessary to give it a thought even after using the argument to the limit for acquiring the raise. But just now the gentle art of rate raising cannot get by without it. Lastly it insures the private ownership and control of the greatest cinch ever worked upon the unthinking multitude, at least until the next social shake-up. So the railroads are going to come down to the eight-hour day in the very near future, not as a basis of a maximum work day, but as a matter of pay.

What makes all this noise that is driving out the chimney swallows is not the eight-hour day, but the time and a half for overtime. That is the thing which, from now till the end of the swindle will stick and hang. And by the term "end of the swindle" is meant the end of private ownership and control of railroads. All the genius and power behind the game is to be turned loose on that part of the demand, with probabilities that the men will lose. Railroadng as conducted at present postulates starting with all tonnage in sight and robbing every siding for the next sixteen hours along the right-of-way. With time and a half paid for overtime, it surely will increase the pay roll and then some. To get a train over the road would be an unpardonable violation of the sacred memory of Jim Hill, or whoever it was that made this method of train operation the standard.

But something has been gained right here. The sacred principle of arbitration is gone among these workers and gone forever. The social patchers are now searching for a substitute, but what can be done with workers rather critical on the source of whence these things come? In a world governed by certain laws of evolution perhaps to get rid forever of arbitration is all that can be expected of one move. The ground will be soon cleared for the next step, and that is due soon.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The Hague Conference Once More.—Last month the Review commented briefly on the Hague conference of Socialists from neutral countries. Early reports gave the impression that the delegates spent much of their time discussing free trade and the terms of peace. There was no sign that the serious problems which face the Socialist movement were honestly faced.

Full reports which are now at hand modify this view only slightly. To put it boldly, the great problem is, What is to be done with the war Socialists? Or, to put the same question differently, How are we to build up an international movement that will stand in spite of war? The capitalist governments will settle this war. The labor movements of the world may have a certain influence on the terms of peace. But the Socialist movement as an international force is at present non-existent. When a couple of dozen Socialists get together and talk in high sounding terms about peace and economic agreements they are in great danger of making a joke of Socialism. Let us start a Socialist international. Let us make up our minds what Socialism is. Let us go ahead and build up a movement against capitalism, against imperialism, and against war. Let us talk plainly to one another. Let us say what we think and stand by it—even when war comes. Then there will come a time when we shall have something to say about the fate of nations.

The two great resolutions which were accepted at the Hague were the least interesting part of the proceedings. One was against boycott schemes, such as the

one being worked out against Germany by the entente allies. The other had to do with the war. It stated very well the fact that war and militarism are products of capitalism and that, therefore, the chief duty of Socialists is to fight capitalism. It developed, further, an argument in favor of using all our influence in favor of an early peace. As to the general principles to underlie the treaty the resolution went back to one accepted at Copenhagen in 1910. All of this seems colorless and almost useless.

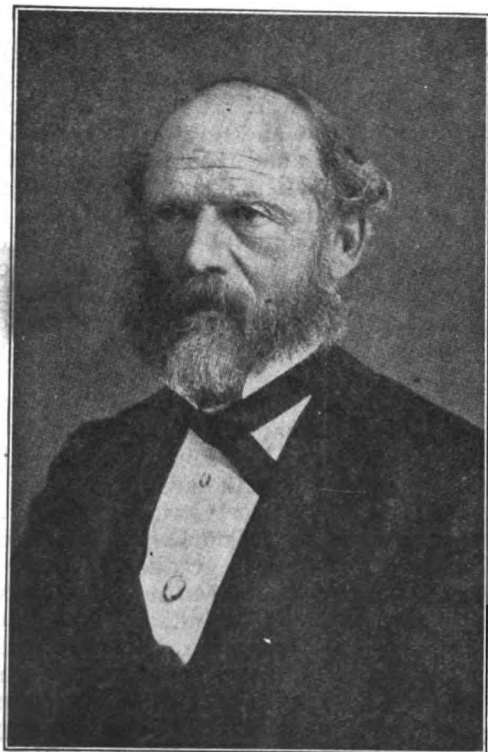
What was my surprise, therefore, to read in *l'Humanite* a statement by Camille Huysmans: "The conference said plainly that the immediate cause of the war is to be sought on the German side." After seeing this statement I went back over the resolutions and the accounts of the debate. There was to be seen not a clean statement of any sort, but, by innuendo, an implied condemnation of the German Socialists. There is, for example, in the war resolution a passage about countries which lack parliamentary government. In one of his speeches, Troestra said that the position of the French Socialists is quite different from that of the Germans, because the French were attacked. The German and Austrian Socialists were rather looked down on both for lack of political influence and for betrayal of Socialism.

This leads one to think that these men really had some ideas in their heads—something more than they said. Then, why did they not make some attempt at formulation? Why could they not do at least as well as those others did at Zim-

ANCIENT SOCIETY

OR

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LEWIS H. MORGAN

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merwald? Their whole plan, so far as organization goes, was to secure a full meeting of the International Socialist Bureau. This would mean, of course, attendance of Scheideman, Sudekum and their friends. One cannot help smiling at the thought of what would happen at such a meeting. The French object to sitting down with such folk. Which is very much to their credit. But these delegates at the Hague seemed to think everything would come right if only the brethren would come together and make a few speeches. There is some charm about such simplicity.

Meantime they must be interested to observe that their conference has fallen flat. Not a single heart has beat faster for what they did. Not a new hope has been roused, not a new thought awakened. Socialist papers dutifully recorded that a conference was held—and that was all. Troelstra issued a warning against Zimmerwald. He might well do so. For it has been proved over again that ideas count for more than credentials.

Position of the French Socialists.—We have all been slow to discuss the actions and words of French Socialists. They were prepared to fight against war to the end. Then they woke up one morning and learned two things: The German army was sweeping thru Belgium and the German Socialists had voted for war. Then they joined in the national defence. No one has blamed them for taking this action; no one can blame them. Socialist opposition to war must be international.

But the war has gone on for two years. A strong minority has developed within the French party. In the sessions of the National Council on August 6 and 7 this minority had an opportunity to state its position and measure its strength.

In fact, this new group represents the Zimmerwald and Kieuthal movement. But under the peculiar circumstances which surround French Socialism it does not at present demand a vote against the war credit. In its resolution it said, in effect. The entente allies proclaim the destruction of Germany as their aim; we are fighting in the national defence and we demand that our Socialist deputies force the government to define its war purposes; if these purposes are imperialistic, we demand that the Socialist party

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work against them; in order that our influence may be brought to bear internationally and that the whole situation may be cleared up we demand a conference of delegates from the Socialist parties of the allied nations.

The debate on this resolution was very bitter. The majority was represented by such well known men as Bracke, Marcel, Sembat and Renandel; the minority by Mistral and Valière. In the end 935 votes were cast for the minority resolution and 1,917 for another one in favor of things as they are.

Strange to say, the majority was also in favor of a conference of the allied Socialists. But it favored drawing up for this conference a program that would prevent the discussion of vital problems. The minority fought to safeguard the conference against the attendance of non-Socialists (like the Italian Reformists) and to secure an open program. It lost. In the end the council asked the International Socialist Bureau to call the conference. This will mean that the Italian Reformists and British National Socialists will be excluded, for they were not members of the International before the war. But the dis-

cussions of the conference will probably be limited to such matters as the tariff and the industrial boycott.

Of course, this division between majority and minority in France does not mean at all the same as the division in Germany. Many more than a third of the members of the French party are real internationalists. But a third of them are so keen, so vigorous, that they will not give up their internationalism or keep still about it, even while a large part of France is being destroyed by German soldiers.

A Conference of German Socialists?—

The executive committee of the German Social Democracy has started a movement to call a party conference. The Socialist Labor Federation (Haase-Ledebour group) have protested vigorously against this action. The war-Socialists are evidently trying to get full control of the party machinery—to whitewash themselves—before peace is declared. At present most of the active Socialists are in the trenches. Moreover, the minority members are locked up for treason if they say what they think; their meetings cannot be reported and their papers are confiscated. Even in a national conference

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they might be pulled from the platform by the police. The majority, on the other hand, have every encouragement. Very likely if a conference is held in the near future the war-Socialists can ride roughshod over the real Socialists.

At the end of July the minority met to consider the matter. After protesting against the official action they resolved to do all in their power to secure full representation of the minority. All their friends are urged to vote and attend the meeting. So there will, no doubt, be a pleasant gathering when the Socialists assemble.

State Socialism for Profit.—Yes, Socialism is coming in England. The lesson is an old one, but it must be learned over and over again. The British government now has industrial power. The labor unions have abdicated.

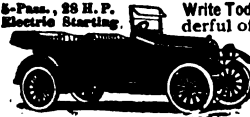
On August 7 various labor members of Parliament put questions to the Minister of Munitions. They drew from him several reluctant admissions. A company of British soldiers are working in the Slanelly steel works. They are marched to work and marched from it. They receive no pay, but the government is paid for their labor at the regular rate. Another company works under the same conditions at the Woolwich arsenal. It is all according to Army Council Instruction 707, and who could have anything to say against that?

"Labor must arouse itself," says The Herald. We all agree.

Liebknicht's Sentence Increased.—Karl Liebknicht appealed from the decision of the court martial. He had been sentenced to 30 months' imprisonment and dismissed from the army. His appeal was heard, near the end of August, by a high court martial. As a result he was resented to four years and one month of penal service, expulsion from the army and loss of civil rights for six months.

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NEWS AND VIEWS



LATEST PORTRAIT OF KARL LIEBKNECHT

Karl Liebknecht—This photo of Carl Liebknecht was taken behind the front of the German Prince in Lorraine. Liebknecht, who had served one year as an active soldier in the Kaiser's army as pioneer, was soon after the outbreak of the present war called to arms and compelled to work with the pick and shuffe, wheeling crushed rock on wheelbarrows, building highways behind the battle line in France, and later in Poland.

All his comrades were given strict orders, under heavy penalty, not to speak to him. The most ragged uniform was selected for him, as it was probably thought advisable to make him look as unimposing as possible. In this shabby costume our comrade appeared in the Reichstag and before the Committee on Military Affairs. Liebknecht always had been the most feared and hated enemy of Prussian

militarism, and he knew what to expect from them. The treatment of Liebknecht was no surprise to him or his friends. The surprise came when all the German party officials and all his colleagues in the Reichstag, with the exception of one or two, treated him even worse. He was driven like a coolie and worked like a slave on the front. The Scheidemanns and Heines did not miss this splendid opportunity to start a campaign of slander and abuse against him.

To silence the one man who had dared to face the war-crazed ruling class and their shield bearers, the official Socialist party of Germany, those renegades and traitors, went so far as to declare him insane. There was hardly a sheet of the official party papers that did not bear the glad tidings that Liebknecht had gone mad. His unpatriotic anti-war stand was explained in this way. This low method of attack proved to be a failure. A more crude and positive way was found. On the first of May, 1916, at the International Labor Day meeting, the foremost international Socialist of the world was silenced at last. His enemies, including the patriotic Socialists, may well rejoice, but who can say that the walls at Spandan are of more solid foundation than were the walls of the Bastille. In the meantime the Liebknecht spirit is growing outside of these walls.

KARL WITTMAN.

There's a Red Spot in Ohio—Local Cleveland Socialist party is on the job all the time. Their little, clean-cut weekly news letter is chuck full of what they have done and are going to do. Everybody seems to have their "Socialist working clothes" on. Picnics, street meetings, Benson meetings, Bennett meetings, and all kinds of social activities are pulled off regularly per schedule.

Three hundred September REVIEWS were ordered for the annual picnic and they wired in for 300 more for their Benson meeting. The secretary writes: "We have been selling the REVIEW successfully at our street meetings."

More power to these wideawake militant comrades! If we had a hundred more Local Cleveland in the Socialist party there would sure be something doing across the country.

From Colorado—"Glad to send you one sub. to the I. S. R. You have got the goods. Keep it up!—J. M."

Socialism and War

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx."

A brilliant and adequate Socialist interpretation of the Great War by the foremost Marxian scholar in America.

This book develops a theory of the economic basis of Imperialism that is at once original and satisfactory.

The general problems involved in the Socialist attitude to ALL wars are brilliantly discussed.

The Analysis is Strictly Scientific, the Style and Presentation Simple and Direct.

This important book has lately been published in New York at \$1.10 postpaid. We have bought part of the edition, and while our copies last, we will mail the book to any REVIEW reader on receipt of \$1.00. Address

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THE HUGHES' VIEW

They say Mr. Hughes believes that you can tell what a man is by what he *has*. If a man can't pay his rent, for example, you may know that he has been intemperate, shiftless, spendthrift, lazy and *bad*. If a man is worth a hundred million dollars, on the contrary, you know at once that he is a *very good* man. His possessions bespeak *constant* industry, application, foresight, economy, thrift, temperance, etc., etc.

Mr. Hughes will make the ideal High Servant of the Back Stairs for the capitalist class. He is an honest man. He was "highly" educated and believed all the stories his professors told him, namely, that all good things are of the capitalist class. He has the *perfect* mind for a capitalist class slavery because he *believes* that the *owning* class can do no wrong.

When the workers grow as class conscious as Mr. Hughes—there will be no more profits for the master class.

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I. W. W. JUNGLE PARTY—CHICAGO—HELD AT LIBERTY HALL

A Snug Sum Was Sent to Mesaba Strikers

From Local 65, I. W. W., Bisbee, Ariz.—Secretary writes: "We have been very successful in raising funds for the Mesaba Range strikers. Over \$200 was sent in the first part of August."

"Local 106, W. F. of M., has donated \$50. Warren District Trade Council has sent \$10, and the state convention of the A. F. of L. donated \$50 to the strike fund. We are selling 100 copies of Strikers' News every week and forty copies each of the Industrial Worker and Solidarity, as well as a bunch of REVIEWS. Yours for the O. B. U. Sebla Maxwell."

Encampments a Success—The Northwestern Encampment Association of Oklahoma is a success. Comrades write that they will reach 30,000 people during the thirteen encampments of three days each. Comrade Kirkpatrick is drawing large crowds. Comrade Whalen, secretary and treasury of the encampments, sends in a good bunch of subs. every week.

From Local 222, I. W. W.—"We had no difficulty at all in disposing of 180 copies of the September issue. Could have easily sold twice as many if we had been fortunate enough to have had them on hand, for it certainly delivered the goods. Yours for O. B. U. R. B."

From Away Up in Alaska—Comrade Wadleton of Juneau orders a good sized bundle of September and October REVIEWS and expects to send in a good, big order for the entire year of 1917. The REVIEW is not too red for our red-blooded Alaska comrades.

From Nevada—Comrades write that the chances "look good" to elect several officers, including sheriff's office, at Tonopah, Nev. We sure need all the Socialist sheriffs we can get, as they come in very handy during strike periods.

Moving in Memphis—A comrade who sent us in some live wire notes from Memphis last month writes that the spirit of revolt is ripe among the wage slaves of that southern berg, but he says they are "badly misdirected, as usual. As I told you in my last letter, the street car men won out and went back to work. They had demanded 25 cents an hour minimum and an eight-hour day. And then their leaders went and signed them up for three years at one and one-fourth cents an hour raise and a ten-hour day. Can you beat it? The company still has some of its gunmen running cars, and it is rumored that the company is not even living up to this new contract and that the men will have to strike again before Christmas. The ice drivers are out, demanding a shorter day and more money, but, as usual, the men in the plants are still sticking to the job and making ice, and it looks as though the drivers would lose. One instrument quitting in an orchestra doesn't stop the music. The girls at a snuff factory here are out on strike and we hear that the street car men at Chattanooga won out and have returned to work. But we are doubtful here, as they are leaving the question to arbitration, and this nearly always means working class failure."

The Bible Reviewed in the Light of Modern Science

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

This is the chief subject of debate today between Christians and Scientists the world over.

Robert Blatchford says: "Is the Bible a holy and inspired book and the Word of God to man, or is it an incongruous and contradictory collection of tribal tradition and ancient fables, written by men of genius and imagination?"

Mr. Blatchford believes RELIGIONS are not REVEALED, they are EVOLVED.

"We cannot accept as the God of Creation," he writes, "this savage idol (Jehovah) of an obscure tribe, and we have renounced him and are ashamed of him, not because of any later divine revelation, but because mankind have become too enlightened to tolerate Jehovah."

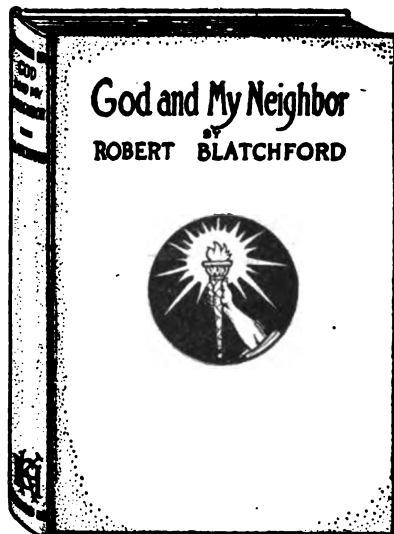
"The ethical code of the Old Testament is no longer suitable as the rule of life. The moral and intellectual advance of the human race has left it behind."

"CHRISTIANS declare the highest conception of God is the Christian conception of him as a Heavenly Father. "God is love," they say. To which Blatchford replies: "This is a very lofty, poetical and gratifying conception, but it is open to one fatal objection—it is not true!"

Mr. Blatchford does not believe that a divine being would need or ask for PRAYER and PRAISE.

"If you were a human father, would you rather your children praised you and neglected each other, or that brother should stand by brother, and sister cherish sister?"

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOR is not an attack upon religion. It is a study of the Bible from the scientific point of view. It is one of the most thought-provoking books of the age. It is being discussed from hundreds of platforms and in thousands of homes.



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The Shame of Louisville—Whenever you see a group of "union" men, belonging to an organization, turn traitors to their brothers and fight with the very corporations which exploit them you may well ask for the nigger in the woodpile.

A remarkable exhibition of working-class treachery and ignorance was given in Louisville this past month when the call was being sent forth over the whole country by the four railway brotherhoods for the strike.

Workingmen organize themselves into unions for the purpose of improving their working conditions, of shortening hours and increasing wages. Day by day they are learning more and more that the only way they can protect themselves is by organizing with their fellow workers to fight the encroachments of the bosses and to make new progress. Nobody ever heard of the railroad companies doing anything to improve the working conditions of the railroad men until they were forced to do so.

When the brotherhoods have asked anything in the past the companies have stalled, or lied, evaded or arbitrated them into defeat until the railroad men have at last awakened to the fact that the only way to get anything from the railroads is to fight for it. And so their officers were instructed to send out a call for a general strike of the men on 225 roads.

The real railroad men, who receive no pay from any corporation except their wages for working on the roads, knew that their only hope of a complete victory was in standing faithfully by their comrades and presenting a solid front to the enemy.

But some of the "union" men on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad secured a restraining order (an injunction) against the calling of a strike by the Order of Railway Conductors of America. They claimed that it was against the rules of the union to call a strike without the vote of two-thirds of the membership, which, they declared, had not been obtained.

The petitioning conductors said they would be thrown out of work and cease to receive wages if the strike order became effective, and that if the railroad men went on strike the funds of the organization would be greatly depleted, paying "strike benefits." They said they were joint owners of these funds and it was more than evident that they did not want them spent. According to the Louisville Evening Post the conductors said:

"It would be a violation of the duty of said men as American citizens to cease work at one time on practically all the railroads of the United States, as directed by the strike orders aforesaid."

Names of the men who did all in their power to help the railroad companies to defeat the

far too temperate demands of the brotherhoods are given herewith. We believe these men have sought to betray members of the working class to the *profit* of their enemies, and we wonder if they are finding it more *profitable* to themselves!

Are these men drawing pay from the railroad in *more than one capacity*?

The plaintiff conductors are:

J. G. Harrison, F. J. Fitzgerald, H. P. Duncan, R. D. Thompson, P. C. Summers, N. S. Campbell, Robert Creeden, J. H. Johnson, L. B. Parsons, R. L. Utterbach, L. Van Arsdale, W. W. Gregg, P. C. Renaker, Thomas Lanan, C. S. Ashby.

From Idaho—Comrade Hofstede fires in three yearly subs and adds: "THE REVIEW is doing real service and I shall do my best to secure subscriptions."

From Local 76, I. W. W.—"Last bundle of September REVIEWS went like hot cakes.—J. C. W., Secy."

From East Liverpool, Ohio—"We sold all our REVIEWS at the Kirkpatrick meeting. Please send us another bundle of twenty by return express.—N. K. B."

An Idol Has Fallen—George R. Lunn, Socialist mayor of Schenectady, has accepted a nomination for congress on a so-called non-partisan ticket of Democrats and Progressives. Comrade Lunn, it will be remembered, has been a source of much contention and strife between the comrades of Local Schenectady.

A considerable portion of the membership of Local Schenectady were suspicious of Lunn from the beginning of his activities in the Socialist movement.

Owing to his social and political prominence, together with a pleasing and fascinating personality, Lunn captivated the local and at once became the dominant personality in the political phase of the Schenectady movement.

The pure and simple politician is a miserable misfit in the Socialist movement, and the case of Comrade Lunn should serve as a warning to the comrades who persist in making heroes and leaders of politicians with fascinating personalities.

The politician, ordinarily, has no more conception of an industrial Democracy than a child, yet he will invariably insist upon directing the movement; and his greed for office impels him to divert the movement into a scramble for political spoils.

Beware of the politician; the Jimmie Higinsses are the best asset of the Socialist movement.—L. D. Gillespie.

Socialist Sunday Schools—We want to perfect a national organization and standardize our methods before the fall opening. A convention should be arranged, if possible, but much can be accomplished by correspondence. All comrades who are teaching in Socialist Sunday schools, or interested in that line of work, write to T. J. Mead, 811 E street, N. W., Washington, D. C. No dues or contributions will be solicited for the present.

Socialist papers, please copy.

Mammy—A drama by Mrs. Benie Babcock, made up of sobs and smiles, of simple faith in "shadder angels" and a gripping pro-

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it is not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write today for a Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved tell your friends about it. Send No Money. Address ZENITH CO., Dept. 12, Milwaukee, W. S.

—THE—

Universal Kinship

This is the most important of the works of J. Howard Moore, author of our recent books, "The Law of Biogenesis" (50c) and "Savage Survivals" (\$1.00). "The Universal Kinship" has been out of print some years; we have now in response to persistent demands issued a new and very attractive edition. The book includes the following chapters:

The Physical Kinship

Man an Animal.
Man a Vertebrate.
Man a Mammal.
Man a Primate.
Recapitulation.
The Meaning of Homology.
The Earth an Evolution.
The Factors of Organic Evolution.
The Evidence of Organic Evolution.
The Genealogy of Animals.
Conclusion.

The Psychical Kinship

The Conflict of Science and Tradition.
Evidence of Psychical Evolution.
The Common-Sense View.
The Elements of Human and Non-Human Mind Compared.
Conclusion.

The Ethical Kinship

Human Nature a Product of the Jungle.
Egoism and Altruism.
The Ethics of the Savage.
The Ethics of the Ancient.
Modern Ethics.
The Ethics of Human Beings Toward Non-Human Beings.
The Origin of Provincialism.
Universal Ethics.
The Psychology of Altruism.
Anthropocentric Ethics.
Ethical Implications of Evolution.
Conclusion.

Mark Twain, the greatest of American writers, said in a letter written shortly before his death: "The Universal Kinship has furnished me several days of deep pleasure and satisfaction. It has compelled my gratitude, at the same time, since it saves me the labor of stating my own long-cherished opinions, reflections and resentments by doing it lucidly and fervently for me."

Jack London says: "I do not know of any book dealing with evolution that I have read with such keen interest. Mr. Moore has a broad grasp and shows masterly knowledge of the subject. . . . And then there is his style . . . He uses always the right word."

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test against war. It is a picture of life in the Old South during the closing period of the Civil War and is unique in American literature . . . that its leading character is a negro, the first really great negro character since Mr. Stowe's Uncle Tom. By southern critics the drama is said to stand alone as the greatest drama of the Southland. The great humanity of the simple story will make its appeal to all sections . . . for real heroism is not determined by the color of the skin. The volume is issued by the Neale Publishing Co., New York. \$1.00.

Birth Control—This league begs to call your attention to a matter of great public importance. Van Kleek Allison, a young newspaper man from New York, was recently sentenced to the house of correction for a term of three years, which sentence is likely to be soon confirmed on appeal if an adequate defense is not made for him in the Superior Court.

He was sentenced for distributing (to a police officer in plain clothes, who represented himself to be a poor working man with a large family) pamphlets giving detailed methods as to effective birth control. Allison also received a year's sentence for circulating in a periodical, which he and a friend were publishing, an article discussing the abstract question of the desirability of birth control. The article was written by a regular physician, had been published previously in a reputable medical journal in New York state, and contained no detailed information as to contraceptive methods.

It is apparent from the above statement of the case that the sentence passed upon Mr. Allison amounts to saying that it is unlawful in this commonwealth even to discuss the abstract proposition whether birth control is desirable.

We ask you to contribute to the defense of Mr. Allison in the upper court. Checks may be made out to Stuart Chase, treasurer, and sent to 84 State street, Boston.—Massachusetts Birth Control League.

Socialist Work Among American Japanese

A monthly paper for Japanese working men is published at 2204 Pine street, San Francisco. The editor is Comrade S. Katayama, well known for many years for his heroic services to the working class of Japan. His purpose is "to break the ground for the labor union movement among his countrymen." He is hopeful of good results. The name of the paper is *The Heimen*, and the subscription price is 50 cents a year. Socialists and labor unionists who want to settle the race problem the right way cannot do better than to support Comrade Katayama in his good work.

Revolutionary Propaganda in Portland—All of our old-time readers will be glad to read the following news from Comrade Tom Lewis, the veteran fighter of the Pacific Coast. He writes: "The reds who formerly belonged to Local Portland, S. P., are as busy as in former days. All during the summer we have held on an average of six street meetings per week. In fact, our meetings have been the only outdoor meetings held, and they have been attended by large and enthusiastic audiences. "Moses Baritz of Manchester, England, has

been lecturing week after week with such good results that we have already arranged for a popular science course during the fall and winter months.

"The Portland Socialist Club has secured Lurn Hall, at Fourth and Yamhill streets, which we hope will be large enough to take care of the class and lecture work planned. The professors of Reed College are going to co-operate with us by giving one illustrated lecture per week, beginning October 5th, on which day Prof. Wm. M. Morgan, chair of chemistry, will lecture on 'The New Materialism.'

"Every Sunday night Comrade Baritz will lecture on some phase of Socialist philosophy and we want all comrades who visit Portland this winter to drop in and see the work we are doing. You will find the hall always open and some one on the job."—Tom Lewis.

From Michigan—The following platform was drawn up and unanimously endorsed by Local Muskegon, Mich., 125 members in good standing:

We, the Socialist party of Michigan, affirm our allegiance to and support of the principles of the revolutionary working class as propounded by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels.

Labor, applied to the natural resources, produces all wealth. The present economic system, being based upon the private ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth, it follows, as an inevitable result, that the product of labor belongs to those who privately own the means of life; that is, to the capitalist class.

From this body of created wealth the capitalist returns to the worker, in the form of wages, an amount sufficient to enable him to maintain himself in working condition and reproduce his species. The private ownership of natural resources and machinery, however, vests in the owner the power to deny absolutely to the worker access thereto, and, therefore, to take from him the means of life. The capitalist, therefore, is a master and the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class retains control of the government, all the powers of the state will be used to protect and defend its so-called property rights in the means of wealth production and distribution and its control thereof.

The capitalist system is constantly increasing the wealth of the capitalist class and inflicting on the working class an ever-increasing degree of misery and degradation.

The economic interest of the working class demands that it free itself from capitalistic exploitation by the abolition of the wage system under which this exploitation at the point of production is now cloaked.

To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of the production and distribution of wealth into socially economic forces.

Their repressible, everyday conflict of interest between the capitalist class and the working class necessarily expresses itself as a struggle for political and industrial supremacy. This is the class struggle.

This is the only struggle in which the workers can be interested, and we stand steadfastly opposed to all other struggles. All wars, except the class war, are fought in the interest of the capitalist class.

Therefore, we call upon the workers of Michigan to organize under the banner of the Socialist party with the object of seizing the political power for the purpose of establishing and enforcing the economic program of the working class as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production and distribution (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads, etc.) into the collectively owned means of production and distribution.

2. The organization and management of industry by the working class.

3. The establishment, as soon as possible, of production for use instead of for profit.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by Act of Congress of August 24, 1912 Of International Socialist Review, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1916.
STATE OF ILLINOIS,
COUNTY OF COOK—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles H. Kerr, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the International Socialist Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Charles H. Kerr & Company, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

Editor, Charles H. Kerr, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

Managing Editor, Mary E. Marcy, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

Business Manager, Leslie H. Marcy, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

2. That the owners are (give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock):

Charles H. Kerr, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

(All others hold less than 1 per cent each.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so state):

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1916.

MICHAEL J. O'NEILL,

(My commission expires March 8, 1920.)

THE SITUATION IN THE FIFTH DISTRICT OF INDIANA

By MAYNARD SHIPLEY

(Associate Campaign Manager, Fifth Cong. Dist. of Ind.)

THE candidacy of Eugene V. Debs for Congressman, from the Fifth District of Indiana, has turned the eyes of the world on Terre Haute, 'Gene's home town. His election on Nov. 7th is a matter of concern as well as of interest to the workers of the world.

"The workers of Australia and New Zealand have their eyes on the Fifth District of Indiana," says Comrade Scott Bennett. And from Italy, Switzerland, and other countries come words of cheer and good wishes. "We workers in Ireland know all about your campaign here, and we expect to see Debs sent to Congress, so that he may speak not only for his own district but for the workers of the world," declares Comrade Cornelius Lehane.

"The election of Debs to Congress in November would have such an invigorating effect upon the Socialist movement of this country," said a visitor to this office yesterday, "that the usual post-election slump and inactivity would be entirely missing for once." And I, for one, believe that this is no exaggeration of the wonderfully stimulating effect that the voice of Debs, heard in Congress, would have. On the other hand, I candidly admit that, in my judgment, the defeat of Debs for Congress would have a most disheartening effect on comrades throughout the nation. All comrades with

whom I have talked agree on this point. And yet—

The comrades of this nation only wish the election of Debs \$20-a-day's worth!"

Yes, comrades, the contributions to the Debs campaign fund have averaged \$20.31 for the eighteen days ending Sept. 2nd.

This is just the amount needed to keep one automobile, a speaker and his advance-agent and helper, and a chauffeur in the field for one day. And this allows nothing for cost of free literature, leaflets, bill-posting, etc.

And we have six big, mostly unorganized counties to bring into line.

On \$20 a day for all expenses incident to the campaign:

We might just as well face the situation right now, and then get busy with subscription blanks, all of us, every Socialist in the United States! Get your shop-mate or your neighbor to contribute *something*, if it is only a ten-cent piece. But get busy, comrades, before it is too late.

No campaign manager on earth could win this election on the basis of \$20 a day for all expenses!

Talking and begging and explaining are useless.

I state here merely the plain, bald facts in the case.

YOU will have to get into action, and act quickly, unless YOU do not think it worth while to DO YOUR PART.

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Socialist Books Below Cost to New Co-operators in Our Socialist Publishing House

The strength of American Socialism has been the outgrowth of the vast educational work in the principles taught by Marx and Engels, which has equipped tens of thousands of active workers with a clear understanding of the social process now evolving. This educational work has been in great part due to the literature circulated by Charles H. Kerr & Company, a co-operative publishing house owned by three thousand Socialists.

Socialism in the United States is now entering upon a new stage. The growth of big capital, the suppression of competition, and especially the new factor of government control of hours, wages and working conditions—all these will presently make our old Socialist propaganda obsolete and useless. History has verified the social laws discovered by Marx, but a new set of economic conditions has arisen differing radically from the conditions analyzed by Marx fifty years ago. To interpret these conditions will require the clearest of thinking on the part of Socialist writers; to circulate the new literature will tax the resources of our publishing house.

Most of our capital was subscribed from five to fifteen years ago. Selling literature at cost, we have been unable to build up a surplus. The new need can be supplied only by newly subscribed capital. The object of this argument is to show why YOU should do your share toward raising the capital that is needed.

How the Publishing House Began. It was established here in Chicago in the year 1886, long before the Socialist Party existed. Its early publications were in the line of "a religion that is rational and a rationalism that is religious;" from 1891 to 1898 it was identified with the "Populist" revolt against big capital, and since 1898 we have been actively tho unofficially identified with the Socialist movement. In 1893 the business was incorporated

without change of name, and in 1898 it was placed on a co-operative basis. In 1899, with the money raised from the sale of the first few shares of stock, we published the first complete American edition of Engels' "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," and from that time on, as fast as our scanty resources made possible, we have been bringing the Socialist classics of Europe and the clearest writings of American Socialists within reach of the working people of the United States.

No other Socialist publishing house in the world has a list of books that compares with ours.

Our annual sales of literature increased from less than \$10,000 in 1899 to more than \$60,000 in 1911, in which year we had the active co-operation of the Socialist Party, our books being sold all over the country in connection with the Lyceum Lecture Course. The unfortunate dissensions over tactics in the party reduced the circulation of literature for the next two years, and the outbreak of war in Europe almost paralyzed our work for many months, resulting in a deficit for the year 1915, as shown by the following financial report as published in the International Socialist Review for February, 1916.

December 31, 1915

ASSETS

Cash on hand	\$ 230.81
Books, bound and unbound.....	12,414.07
Electrotype plates	13,953.80
Copyrights	12,165.94
International Socialist Review.....	5,000.00
Office fixtures and furniture.....	485.00
Real Estate	450.00
Accounts receivable	619.08
Bills receivable	1,001.25

Total\$46,319.95

LIABILITIES

Paid-up capital stock.....	\$41,160.00
Co-operative publishing bonds.....	620.00
Accounts payable	454.63
Loans from stockholders.....	4,085.32

Total\$46,319.95

1915 RECEIPTS

Book sales	\$16,351.69
Review subscriptions and sales	8,342.97
Review advertising	1,706.58
Donations	620.40
Deficit for year	2,300.36

Total\$29,322.00

EXPENDITURES

Manufacture of books	\$ 5,076.78
Manufacture of Review	5,871.81
Wages	8,408.07
Postage and expressage	4,259.31
Advertising	917.50
Review circulation expense	43.80
Review articles and photographs	428.09
Authors of books	477.26
Books purchased	1,376.94
Rent	1,110.00
Taxes	44.51
Miscellaneous expense	772.82
Interest	25.59

Total\$29,322.00

Since that time we have kept down expenses and reduced our indebtedness to stockholders, and have continued to pay all bills promptly.

High Cost of Paper. This year we are confronted by an unexpected condition, in the sudden advance in the price of all grades of book paper. The cheaper grade has advanced from \$2.50 to \$6.50 per hundred pounds; the higher grade from \$4.00 to \$8.50. The increase is due to the war, and it is probably only temporary, but no relief can be expected while the war lasts. Thus far we have been able to protect our stockholders in their privilege of buying our books at 40 per cent discount, postpaid; this was equivalent to cost on the old price level, but will not cover cost should we have to produce our books at the new scale of prices. Fortunately our stock of most titles is large.

The International Socialist Review. We established this magazine in the summer of 1900; it has a circulation in every country in the world. It is the largest and best of Socialist magazines, and the sun never sets upon its readers. The **Review** is of, for and by the working class. Every month it publishes the latest news of the Class Struggle all over the world, with photographs from the scenes of action. The ablest writers in the socialist and labor movement are its contributors, and it is the mouthpiece of the worker in mine, factory, field and mill.

The **Review** tells of the never-ending struggle between the owners and the workers for the product of the workers. It describes the new machines that are revolutionizing the jobs and the lives of the workers; it pictures the new inventions and new methods of production that are making history.

In the stormy days now impending, we want to make the **Review** more vitally useful to the workers than ever before.

Our Plans for the Future. When the smoke of the world war blows away, we shall see a different world from the kind we have hitherto known. Industrial power in all the warring nations is concentrated in the hands of the central governments. When the war is over, will the rulers generously resign this power? Will they not rather use it ruthlessly in the interest of the property-owning classes? And if that is their course, how long will American capitalists be satisfied to remain unorganized in competition with European capitalists organized efficiently and aggressively under their governments? The answer to this question spells STATE CAPITALISM. It is coming, and it is not the wage-workers who will be active in establishing it; on the contrary it is we of the working class whose liberties will be menaced by the change.

To help American wage-workers to understand these coming changes and to perfect their organizations so as to be ready to meet them is the task of our co-operative publishing house. It is a task that will be beyond our strength unless we have at least a thousand new co-operators. Will you be one?

What It Means to Be a Stockholder. Our company is organized under the general corporation laws of Illinois, with an authorized capital of \$50,000, divided into \$5,000 shares of \$10.00 each. Of these 4,160 have been subscribed, including about 1,100 still held by Charles H. Kerr. We want to sell the remaining 840 shares before the end of 1916, so as to build up a reserve fund that will enable us to push the work of education rapidly when the time is ripe. And we have an offer that we believe will sell the shares.

Books Below Cost to New Subscribers.

As already explained, the cost of paper has more than doubled this year. Con-

sequently we shall be unable to reproduce the books now on hand at anything like former figures. But we have a stock of at least a thousand each of the following titles, and we offer them to NEW stockholders at LESS THAN COST, for the sake of raising at once the capital that is urgently needed. Here is the offer:

Send us FIVE DOLLARS, with your written promise that you will pay a dollar a month ten months for a share of stock, and we will ship to you by express, CHARGES PREPAID, a thirty-volume library of Socialist Classics, bound in cloth, as follows:

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Class Struggles in America, Simons.

Doing Us Good and Plenty, Russell.

Eighteenth Brumaire of Louise Bonaparte, Marx.

End of the World, Meyer.

Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History, Kautsky.

Evolution of Man, Boelsche.

Evolution of Property, Lafargue.

Evolution, Social and Organic, Lewis.

Feuerbach, Frederick Engels.

Germs of Mind in Plants, France.

High Cost of Living, Kautsky.

Human, All Too Human, Nietzsche.

Life and Death, Teichmann.

Memoirs of Karl Marx, Liebknecht.

Marx Versus Tolstoy, Lewis and Darrow.

Militant Proletariat, The, Austin Lewis.

Positive School of Criminology, Ferri.

Puritanism, Clarence Melly.

Revolution and Counter-Revolution, Marx.

Russian Bastille, Pollock.

Science and Revolution, Untermann.

Science and Superstition, Lewis.

Social and Philosophical Studies, Lafargue.

Social Revolution, Kautsky.

Socialism, Positive and Negative, LaMonte.

Socialism for Students, Cohen.

Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Engels.

Ten Blind Leaders, Lewis.

World's Revolutions, Untermann.

The books just named retail at 50 cents each, and sell regularly to stockholders for 30 cents each. If desired, we will substitute for any TWO of the foregoing ONE of the following books retailing at \$1.00 each:

Changing Order, The, Triggs.

Economic Determinism, Lida Parce.

Landmarks of Scientific Socialism, Engels.

Looking Forward, Rappaport.

Love's Coming-of-Age, Carpenter.

Marxian Economics, Untermann.

Physical Basis of Mind and Morals, Fitch.

Principles of Scientific Socialism, Vail.

Revolutionary Essays, Burrowes.

Savage Survivals, Moore.

Theoretical System of Karl Marx, Boudin.
Thoughts of a Fool, Evelyn Gladys.

For descriptions of all these books, see our illustrated catalog, mailed free on request. But observe that no other substitution will be allowed. Our stock of the other books described in our catalog is comparatively low, and we must hold these for the benefit of stockholders who wish to buy them at 40 per cent discount.

Cash Price for Books and Stock, \$41.25.

On the installment plan just described, the books will cost you \$5.00 and the stock \$10.00, making \$15.00. But if you have the money to spare you can save 75 cents for yourself and 75 cents worth of extra work for us by sending \$14.25 cash with order.

What This Offer Means to You. The Socialist library that we are putting within your reach on such easy terms will help you **educate yourself** in the principles of Marxian Socialism, so that you can understand the bewildering changes that have come and are coming so swiftly. Your ownership of a share of stock will enable you to supply yourself and your comrades with the literature of Socialism at the lowest cost possible. And finally, your subscription of stock may be the deciding factor in enabling this publishing house to do the all-important work of education thru the stormy years that are just ahead.

Let us hear from you at the earliest possible moment. We are doing the work that you want done, and we count on your help.

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NOVEMBER, 1916

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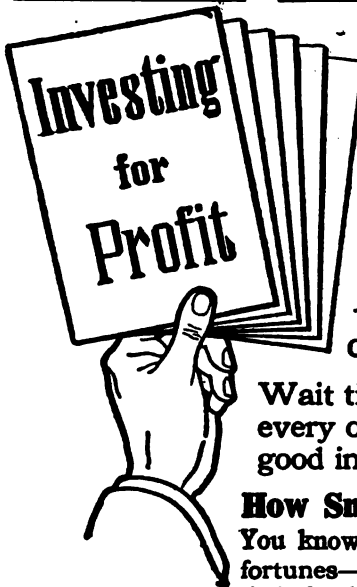
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Communist Manifesto and No Compromise, Marx, Engels and Liebknecht.
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 End of the World, Meyer.
 Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History, Kautsky.
 Evolution of Man, Boelsche.
 Evolution of Property, Lafargue.
 Evolution, Social and Organic, Lewis.
 Feuerbach, Frederick Engels.
 Germs of Mind in Plants, France.
 High Cost of Living, Kautsky.
 Human, All Too Human, Nietzsche.
 Life and Death, Teichmann.
 Memoirs of Karl Marx, Liebknecht.

Marx Versus Tolstoy, Lewis and Darrow.
 Militant Proletariat, The, Austin Lewis.
 Positive School of Criminology, Ferri.
 Puritanism, Clarence Melly.
 Revolution and Counter-Revolution, Marx.
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Address: CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, 341-349 East Ohio Street, Chicago

November

1916

The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

Vol. XVII

Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 5

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Mary E. Marcy, William E. Bohn, Leslie H. Marcy, Frank Bohn,
William D. Haywood, Phillips Russell

The Editor is responsible only for views expressed on the editorial page and in unsigned department matter. Each contributor and associate editor is responsible for views expressed over his own signature

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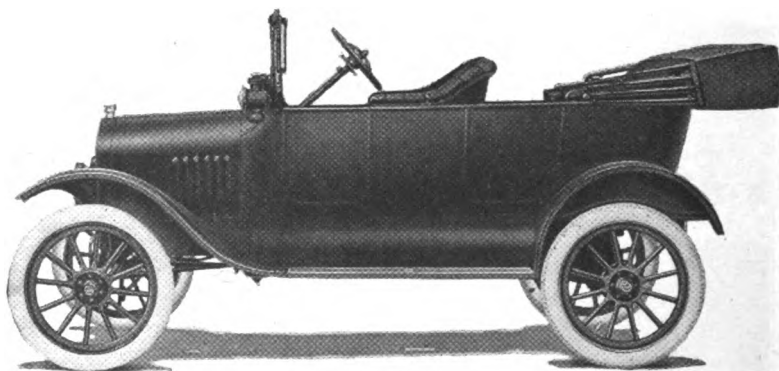
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LAST month we thought the best offer we could make was a Ford Runabout for 600 and a Ford Touring Car for 700 yearly subscriptions to the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.

We are now offering to send you the Touring Car for 600 subs. and the runabout for 550. Or send 700 subscriptions to the REVIEW and we will pay the freight on the touring car!

You know the Ford gasoline engine. It never fails. You know the REVIEW—it hits the target every time. Do your campaign work by automobile. It will pay for itself in saving car fare and five can travel as cheap as one.

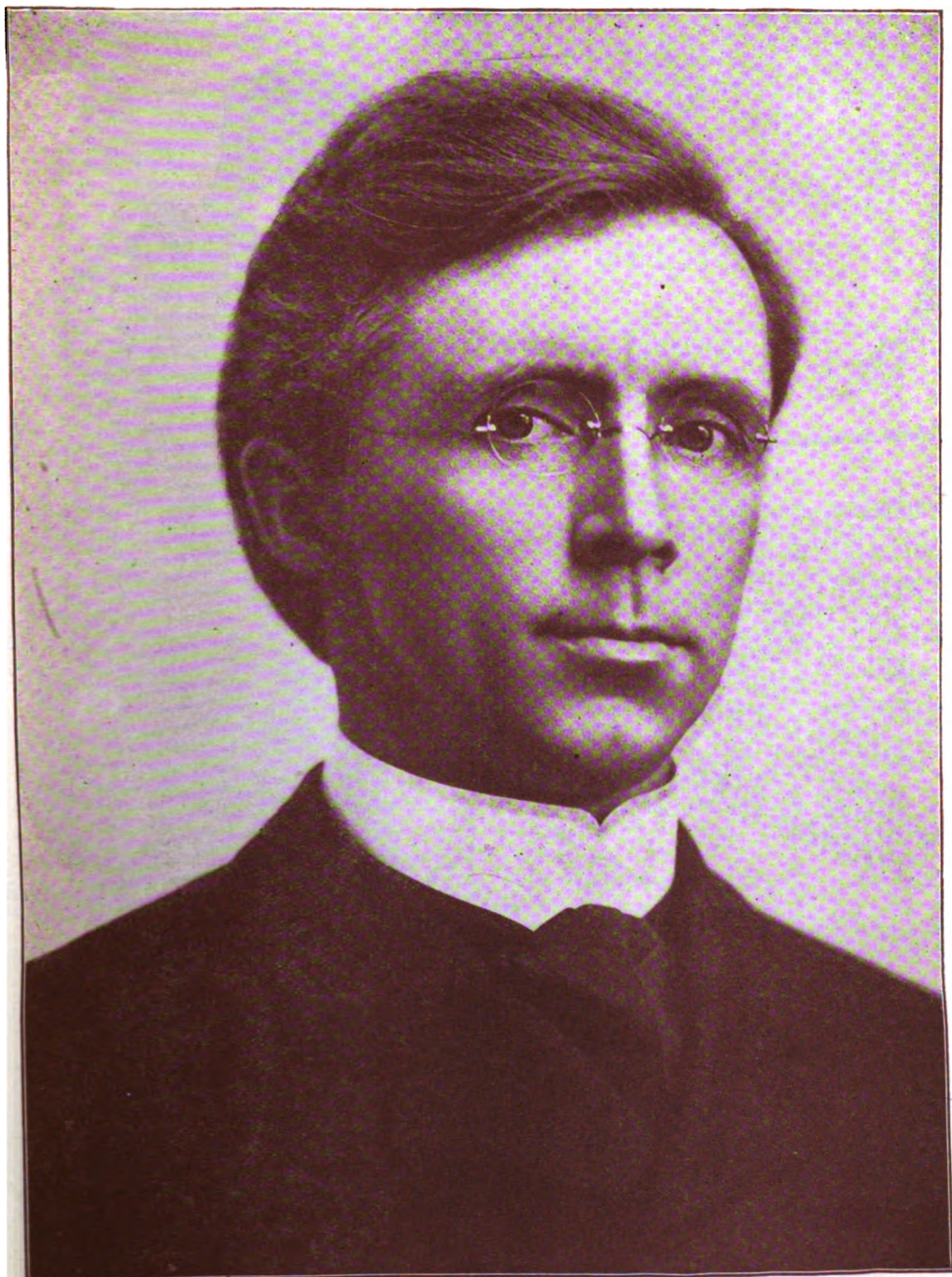
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We want you or your local to have one of these Fords and will send samples, sub. blanks and descriptive REVIEW circulars and do all we can to help you win it. All you have to do is pay the freight from Detroit, Mich., or send the original number of subs. required and **WE PAY FREIGHT!**



FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK



Drawn by Robert Minor
From the Blast

Lest We Forget

The Eight Hour Railroad Worker of 1916

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVII

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 5

POLITICS AND PEOPLE

THE eight-hour day has jumped from the dusty obscurity of text books and libraries and forgotten platforms of politics and labor into a new life, into one of the leading issues talked and thought across the nation.

Thirty years ago the Knights of Labor waged a long campaign that came to a finish about the time of the Chicago Haymarket affair and the eight-hour day was the chief demand and the focal point of the agitation and education of the working class of that period.

Then the eight-hour day as a big issue slept and slumbered and was not.

And this pleased the exploiters of labor. Once labor is organized there are no issues such as higher wages, restriction of output, adjustment of personal grievances, so disturbing to employers as the eight-hour day issue.

So they have been glad, the exploiters, that this issue has been kept down, that eight hours' work, eight hours' recreation and eight hours' sleep as the proper division of the American proletarians' workday, has not been in the national talk and thought.

Now this is changed. Now country-wide, in city saloons and wilderness cabins, in the mine sheds and the railroad shanties, they are talking about this eight-hour day deal as they formerly talked tariff and free silver and imperialism.

Schwab, Gary, Morgan—they don't like it. Otis, Shonts, Wool Trust Wood and all exploiters from Lawrence to Mesaba Range and Los Angeles—they don't like it.

Eight-hour workday once granted is harder to take away than any other concession labor wrings from capital.

What eight hours' work in twenty-four means is so simple, clear and specific that no lawyers, glib gabbyjacks hired for skill in

tergiversation, can come in and make black white or white black.

Eight hours' work means eight hours' work and there is no going behind the returns.

A wage raise dependent on this and that interpretation, contingent on this and that condition, is often defeated by the cunning employer.

Always, too, the capitalist class with its power of fixing prices can raise the cash cost of life necessities so as to take away thru higher prices all that has been conceded in higher wages.

Not so with the eight-hour workday. Once granted it stays.

The standardized short workday is not defeated in its workings as the standardized higher wage so often is.

How the Adamson law is going to work out is one of the puzzles of history waiting answer.

If Hughes is elected the Adamson law will get a big hole kicked in it at the start because The Whiskers is already committed to defeat its workings under the theory that it was "legislation under duress."

If Wilson is elected there will be one of the most interesting struggles between the government, political and military, of this nation, and the industrial autocracy of this nation which has never in recent years lost any battle involving issues as vast as that of the Adamson law.

NEW YORK sociologists find in that city thousands of children with teeth rotten, teeth going to pieces. Cause: lack of proper food. Not enough wages to buy food that makes tooth material.

Hot-Air Shonts would say it's far-fetched to suggest that higher wages for street car men would mean better teeth. O, very well!



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

WHILE John D. Rockefeller wears a wig and plays golf, financial writers figure out that John D.'s 246,972 shares of Standard Oil stock are now worth in the open market \$498,864,644.

With his U. S. Steel stock, banks, railroads, and city, state and national bonds, experienced financial reporters now say, John D. is a billionaire and it's no use for him to deny or quibble about it.

The whole smear of this unearned increment will pass on to John D., Jr., when the Old Man cashes in and rests under a monument.

What's going on inside the bony structure

of John D.'s head is momentous with destiny. He is the most powerful young man in these United States, in the sense that money and economic resources mean power.

To date Frank P. Walsh, as head of the U. S. Industrial Relations commission, is the only fellow that's been able to singe the hair of the young Rockefeller goat as guarded by the junior member of the House of Rockefeller. Ida Tarbell singed the hair of the Old Man's goat. So did Henry D. Lloyd in his "Wealth Against Commonwealth."

The Rockefeller goat is well protected in our leading magazines these days. The American magazine, for instance, looks like it had been captured hide, hair and hoof by the Rockefellers and transformed into a willing publicity mule.

WHEN you see a string of horses being led thru the streets of a city now for rail shipment these days, pick out most any of them and say "Good-by, old horse." The chances are the nags will be hauling guns and commissary wagons over European roads in a few weeks. In 1914 we exported \$3,388,819 worth of horses. It jumped to \$64,046,534 in 1915 and \$73,531,146 in 1916.

They are a pathetic by-product of war—these horses in photographs from the war zones—flat on their backs and feet in the air—quadruped chattel slaves.

HAVE we been in the war? Or have we kept out of it? Export statistics show for 1915-1916 an increase in total exports of this country amounting to \$1,942,173,743, while the increase in munitions exports alone amounted to \$1,866,074,156.

Profits out of these totals have made a new raft of American millionaires. And incidentally the fury of the American working class at the hog tactics of the millionaires in trying to grab all the profits without any accompanying wage raises, has shown new fighting stuff in the workers across the country.

IF leather medals were to be awarded to snob war correspondents who attained distinction in snobbery during the war, then something ought to be handed James O'Donnell Bennett of the Chicago *Tribune* and William Bayard Hale of the Hearst papers. Bennett slobbered over the Kaiser and the German war lords till the *Tribune*

had to tell him he was making Germans as well as Americans sick with his guff.

The only thing that equals the way these Americans have slobbered over the Kaiser and the Crown Prince is the way some American and English writers have gone into fits of admiration over the democracy of the Russian Czar and the wonder and promise of Russian art.

"He is very manly, very human, very fond of what is beautiful and what is gallant," writes William Bayard Hale after an interview with the German Crown Prince. "The seriousness of his destiny in a supreme hour has gripped him. A new enthusiasm flames upon his forehead and great tenderness lies upon his heart."

What are we going to say about the citizens of an American republic who writes this kind of slush about the young pimp of war who is blamed even more than the Kaiser by the German Socialists who are trying to fix responsibility for the war?

As noted above, nothing equals the posterous quality of this except the tributes paid the Czar and his aids. If you want to smell the real odor of snobbery and militarism rampant, look through the book on Russia written by Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*.

"CERTAIN female visitors have ordered special portion of whipped cream to set before their dogs. It is to be hoped that such contemptible and scandalous behavior is a rare exception and need not be made the matter of official action."

Such is the official warning posted by municipal authorities of Stettin, Germany. Here's a case where a government is showing some human common sense. Whipped cream for the lapdogs of lapwomen, while the workers in munitions factories can't buy meat or butter except two days in the week, certainly is an issue for a government to seize on.

In this free American republic, which is not at war with any nation, the lapdogs of the lapwomen of munitions millionaires go their way unchallenged.

GUY BIDDINGER, the Burns agency sleuth under indictment in Cook county, Illinois, for bribery and extortion, is putting up a last-ditch fight against extradition and trial.

His lawyers this far have been able to

beat the Illinois attempt to get him back where a jury of twelve men can listen to his answer to charges that he took a hand in a confidence game and that he held out his mitt for money from thieves and swindlers.

Those familiar with Biddinger's dictograph tricks by which he obtained the so-called evidence in the ironworkers' cases, are watching with keen interest to see whether the star witness of the National Erectors' Association, the Steel Trust, and the W. J. Burns detective agency can be convicted of the crimes of extortion and bribery for which he has been indicted.

GENE DEBS makes himself entirely clear when he writes about the Milwaukee preparedness parade which was led by the Socialist mayor as a marcher.

"Whether it was a 'preparedness' parade or a 'patriotic' parade amounted to one and the same thing, and they who are responsible for it ought to be made to account to the Socialist party for action, which amounts to nothing less than sanction of bourgeois 'patriotism' and the betrayal of Socialist principles and ideals," writes Debs. "The parade was conceived, initiated, organized and managed by the ruling class and its hirelings were expected to march in it—and did. Since when has it become necessary for Socialists to demonstrate their 'patriotism' by marching in parades financed by the steel trust, the powder trust, the gun factories, and the munitions manufacturers who are fastening an infamous militarism on the country? Was this action on the part of the Socialists at Milwaukee intended to popularize the party and catch votes? If so, these are the dearest votes they ever bargained for. The political managers of the parade were shrewd enough to flash the news over the country the following morning that the Socialist mayor had headed the preparedness parade in Milwaukee."

With its Mexican intervention stuff and its preparedness parade stuff—just where is the Milwaukee movement trying to take the working class these days?

FRANK HANLY, Prohibition candidate for President, took a hitch in his pants, buttoned his Prinzalbert tighter making a spooch at Sioux City, Iowa, and said he's for intervention in Mexico. Wants American rights respected in Mexico and the way to do it is "intervene." He's against booze and for war.

ON paper no country was ever more completely conquered than Belgium. It is absolutely in the hands of its enemy, and within its borders not a finger may wag except by the enemy's permission. But that seems to mark the limits of the conquest; for, broadly speaking, hardly a finger will wag at the enemy's command. Negatively, Germany can do anything she pleases with Belgium; positively, apparently she can do very little.

For example, Director Bicknell, of the American National Red Cross, relates this episode in the Survey: "Malines is the site of extensive railway repair shops; and, as the operation of the railways by the Germans was steadily reducing the rolling stock through accidents and natural wear, the German Government decided that Belgian workmen formerly employed in the repair shops

should be forced back into them. An order was issued that no more food be distributed by the relief committee until the men returned to the shops. Farmers and gardeners were forbidden to bring in their produce. No inhabitant was permitted to leave the city. Sentries were posted about the outskirts and a barbed-wire barrier erected around the city."

But the Belgians stubbornly refused to work for their enemy; the Red Cross protested; the Germans gave up the attempt.

The present population of the country, Mr. Bicknell thinks, is seven millions against seven and a half millions before the war. Pretty much the whole population refuses to perform work by which their foes will benefit. Passive resistance is almost unconquerable.—From *Saturday Evening Post*.

If the Cost of Living Continues to Go Up



From the Chicago Tribune

A Combination Refrigerator and Safe Will Be Necessary

MORE "LAW AND ORDER"

By LESLIE MARCY

ON Thursday, September 15, two hundred and sixty-two union miners were arrested at Old Forge, Pa., and taken to Scranton where they were thrown in jail, charged with inciting to riot, unlawful assembly, and disorderly conduct. Seven honorable aldermen tried the prisoners in batches and bail was fixed aggregating one million five hundred thousand dollars.

These miners, most Italians, Polish and Lithuanian, were members of Local 511, I. W. W., and at the hour of their arrest were in open union meeting—enjoying their constitutional privilege of peaceably assembling together. Forty thousand local miners in the district were on strike in sympathy with the Minnesota iron miners and noon-hour meetings were held daily at many places.

The Law and Order mob was led by Sheriff Ben S. Phillips, who was heroically assisted by a dozen deputy sheriffs and a squad of state troopers, better known across the country as "black cossacks." In order to be a cossack one must have a "good moral character" and "be able to ride." Among the deputies were "leading business men" and one mine owner. All were heavily armed with business-like looking revolvers and riot clubs.

All the leading Scranton papers carried graphic front page display stories of the raid. It was a regular Law and Order red-letter day and the kept press celebrated by columns. A few samples from the Scranton Republican run as follows: "Urging their horses at top speed, the troopers, moving in double file, rode over fields, jumped ditches and fences until the hall was reached. * * * For an hour the I. W. W.'s were hemmed in like cattle.

Inside the hall the miners were held up and searched, but no fire arms were found. The minute book of the local was torn up by a trooper. Outside hundreds of men, women and children gathered around the conveyances. Women with babes in their arms shouted good-bye to their husbands, with tears streaming down their faces.

Boys and girls looked on with a curious gaze at their brothers and fathers being taken to prison. Some women remained stoically silent during it all, seemingly awed at the business-like manner in which the small number of officers controlled the mob. Trucks of Scranton's business houses, privately owned automobiles, coal wagons were commandeered."

"Never before in the history of the state has there been a raid of such wholesale proportions."

As the long procession of prisoners were driven to Scranton, thousands of men, women and children lined the roadways and streets, hooting and jeering the police, uttering threats and chanting revolutionary songs. The prisoners joined in the singing.

"Five prisoners were placed in each cell. Ordinarily the jail will accommodate 300 prisoners, including the women's ward, but a count revealed 402 within the prison."

"Sheriff Phillips was profuse in his praise of the good work done by the troopers. And he did not forget to praise the county deputies who played their parts in good fashion, and the city police force for their co-operation and good work. 'I can't say too much for the troopers,' the sheriff said. 'The way they worked today was something marvelous and shows the kind of men that are in the organization. Our own deputies and the city police officers also did good work.'"

"Scores of women and children walked all the way from Old Forge the next morning; many carrying a babe in arms as well as edibles for their husbands. They plodded their way to the country prison, where the warden refused to admit them."

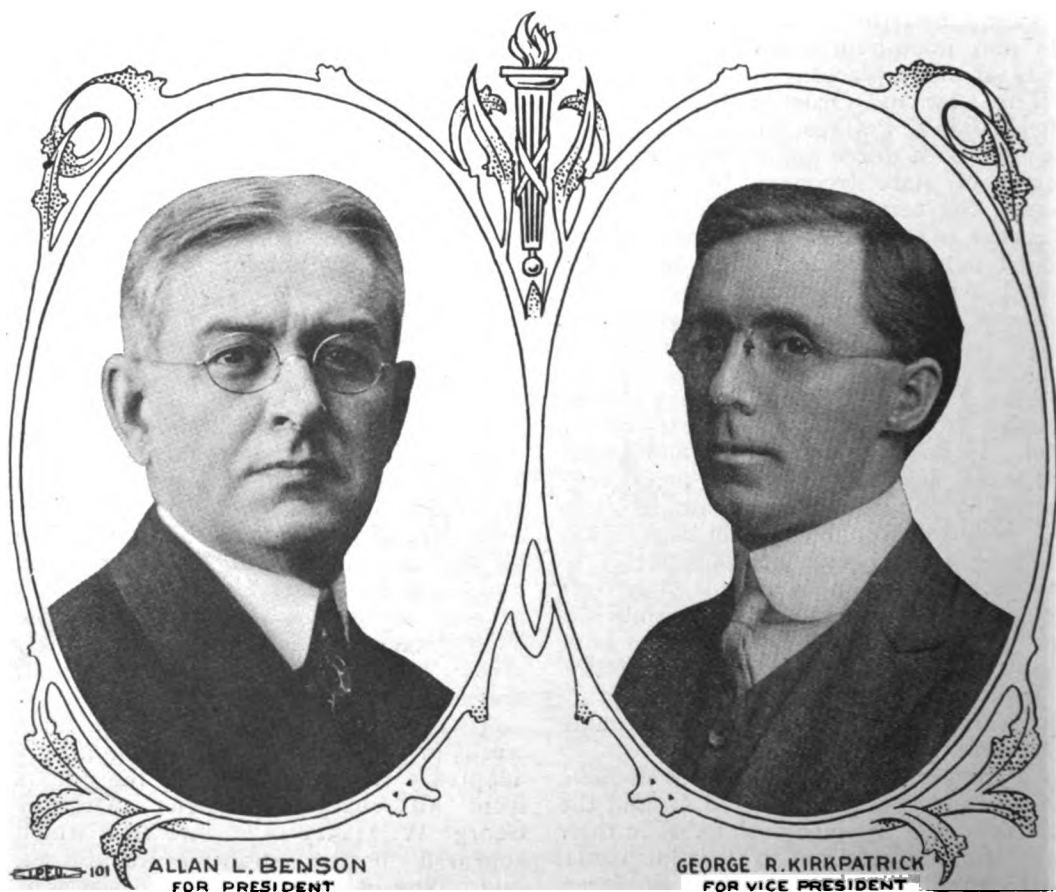
After being held from one to three weeks in jail the grand jury unanimously adopted a report exonerating the miners from all charges. District Attorney George W. Maxey in an interview which appeared in the Scranton Republican, said: "Sheriff Phillips and his score or

more of deputies presented no legal evidence against any one for rioting, or for unlawful assemblage, or related offenses, and consequently the bills had to be ignored. . . . We called the sheriff himself before the grand jury, and found that his testimony was worthless. . . . These cases were so important that I took the precaution to have the testimony taken down, and after the testimony was all in, all parts that the jury desired to have read to it were read. . . . There was not a man on the jury who was not disgusted with the way Phillips had handled this entire matter. . . . The sheriff's evidence not only failed to make out a case of the graver crime of riot, but failed even to make out a case of the pettiest misdemeanor known to the law." "Sheriff Phillips blundered all through this matter. Any official clothed with a little brief authority can make raids, but

when such an official makes raids without legal cause, he himself becomes a law-breaker and subjects himself to the law's pains and penalties."

The motive behind the raid is a desire on the part of the coal mine owners of Pennsylvania to break by force of arms and legal machinations the growing solidarity of the miners. Industrial Union principles, as expressed in the I. W. W., have been traveling as fast as prairie fires during the past few months. Hence the enthusiasm of Law and Order to stamp out this militant organization. How eagerly the business men in any strike zone form mobs to raid and fight organized labor!

Speed the day when every working man will realize the full meaning of industrial organization. The revolver, the riot club and the jail are the last resorts of the rulers.





THE RAILWORKERS' "VICTORY"

By S. J. RUTGERS

IT is the worst of all policies to deceive yourself, to claim victory when you are beaten.

The new laws proposed and partly passed by Congress leave the railroad workers to be exploited sixteen hours as before the "victory" and the sixteen hours may even be increased by simply recording the fact to the proper authority, which has been done, and will most likely be done hereafter in hundreds of thousands of cases.

In dropping the punitive overtime the leaders, who, from the very beginning of negotiations, looked for an opportunity to do some kind of a trade and to avoid a strike, dropped the eight-hour working day.

The new laws are only another example to show that all capitalist officials, be it a president or a policeman, are bound to talk or to club labor into submission, and that no fraud is bad enough but that it is considered worthy for that purpose. Is it not an insult to the intelligence of American labor to hear Mr. Wilson advocate a set of laws, the object of which is to crush the fight of labor, by saying that public sentiment nowadays is in favor of an eight-hour working day and proposing a law called "eight-hour law," which he knows perfectly has nothing to do with a working day of eight hours?

But how about the increase in wages? One-fifth of the railroads did already figure their wages upon an eight-hour basis. And as the "hundred mile" basis remains in force this excludes a great number of passenger train crews from the benefit. Soon the increase in freight charges will have been secured to an amount several times greater than all

possible wage increases, it being absolutely impossible for a commission to control the administration of the clever railroad managers. The speeding up of freight trains will do away with the greater part of whatever expenses may come to the railroads and will leave a fair amount of clean profit. At the same time the work of the trainmen will have been intensified without reducing the work-day.

These results, very meagre indeed, have been "conquered" after preparing for a fight during the last three years, after building up a strong organization with millions and millions of dollars in its treasuries and under circumstances extraordinarily favorable to labor—circumstances which most likely will not return for any length of time.

The wage increases, which will be, at most, 25 per cent, but will dwindle down to perhaps 10 per cent or less, are given at a time when, according to the capitalist index figures of Bradstreet, the food prices have increased 36 per cent in the last two years. And one month after a capitalist commission will be through with its investigations, which are sure to result in an increase of freight rates, the railroads will be free to suggest all kinds of new frauds to cut down the wages of the "loyal" workers.

This "victory" would be shameful enough, but the worst is still to come. Together with the so-called "eight-hour law," and a law that practically increases the freight rates, of which increase labor will have to pay the greater part, there have been proposed two other laws which were not rushed through at that time, but which by no means have been withdrawn.

To the contrary, President Wilson has most solemnly pledged himself to take this matter up immediately after his re-election, and labor did not even protest seriously. About the law to draft railroad men into the army in case of military urgency, the labor leaders declared that, altho not in favor of drafting in general, they would accept this special draft for "military urgency," at the same time declaring their most loyal feelings to defend a country and an administration that gave an "eight-hour law," enabling the leaders to deceive the rank and file.

Those workers, however, who did not go crazy because President Wilson shook hands with more than six hundred of their own inferior class, will be compelled to admit that the capitalist class will be sure to declare it a "military urgency" if a labor revolt or a labor strike should threaten their profits. And what is not less important just now, our fight against militarism and war gets a setback that could not even be compensated for by a few more dollars of wage increase.

The most humiliating part, however, in this well staged drama is the compulsory arbitration, the very principle against which the railroad workers were supposed to fight, and which is to be enacted in a special law. What did the labor leaders answer to this insult? They declared that they are opposed to such a law, but that if Congress passed the law, they would have to accept it altho they would continue fighting the law. No indignation, no threatening whatever, with serious fighting opposition. Is this the

language of representatives of an army of 400,000 prepared to fight and in command of the situation?

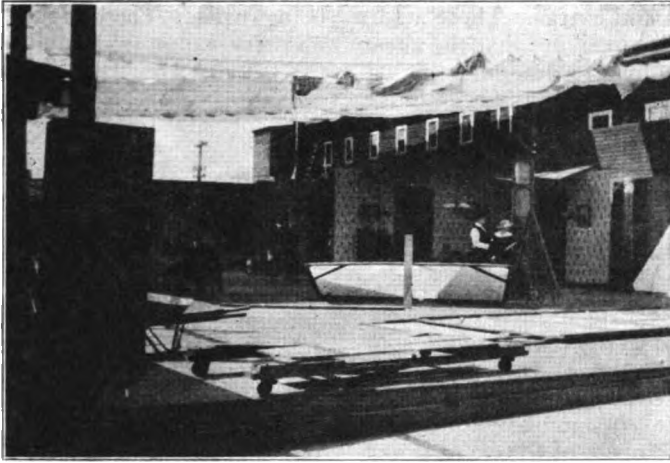
If labor has to submit to such an infamy, it should not claim a victory, and if there is any common sense left, it will not support a President on the recommendation of the very fraud with which he is to forge new chains to enslave labor.

There is one hope left to redress, at least in part, what has been spoiled by the losing fight of the leaders. This hope lies in a relentless opposition of the rank and file against compulsory arbitration and a clear understanding that a strike as planned this summer will not be too high a price if it goes to prevent this reactionary legislation, which will be a stumbling block for all future action.

But whatever labor may decide to do, there should be at least a clear understanding of facts and no illusions, no show of power and victory to mask lack of vitality and defeat.

The street car strikers in New York after their first strike have submitted to a fraud and are being punished for it in a second strike, which is waged under much more unfavorable conditions, and the railroad workers will most likely awake soon to get the same kind of experience. May all the misery and pain at least result in a growing understanding, in a clear notion that each worker of the rank and file has to do his own bit of thinking and must be prepared to stick to his class struggle in the near future under conditions where only organized mass action will have any chance against the combined and trustified capitalists in the period of Imperialism.





STAGE—A SCENE BEING REHEARSED

THE TALE OF THE MOVIE

By JULIUS HESS

IN its earlier days, when its possibilities were as yet not understood, the moving picture presented itself, from the workers' standpoint, as an inaccessible and highly specialized industry. Only the few could break thru the barriers of influence which surrounded it and they, once belonging to the favored and highly salaried few, maintained a sort of sympathetic solidarity. They deluded themselves that, altho unorganized they could retain their standard, and even raise it, primarily because they were experts and few in number, and secondly because the moving picture industry could not, on account of the intense rivalry between the hundreds of small concerns, ever develop into the huge and dictating trust which it now inevitably is becoming.

But as the industry developed, the smaller companies soon found it more profitable to organize to produce their films. Instead of, as individual concerns, fighting furiously for actors, or photographic experts, etc., they organized their capital, three and four together, used one site as a producing ground and, as organized and concentrated exploitation, dictated the wages and conditions. Thus the "secure" and superior aristocrats of labor suddenly found them-

selves, instead of working a few hours for one company, working long and right lustily for several, at the same time facing a concomitant drop in wages. For instance, the Universal was a combination of twenty-eight units. The Majestic became the Majestic, Reliance, Komic, Broncho, etc., all claiming the same address, and the concentration of capital went merrily on. Finally came the union of these small groups into larger ones, such as the Triangle Film Corporation, containing the Fine Arts (which formerly was the Reliance, Majestic, Komic, Broncho, etc.), the Ince and the Keystone. Companies of this caliber own their own theaters all over the country and are exhibitors as well as producers.

Meanwhile there had sprung up the "big feature," such as the Clansman, which often necessitated the employment of thousands of people for one scene. Being at a loss to obtain these, the usual procedure is to connect with the Municipal Labor Bureau (I am writing of Los Angeles here), when a horde of unemployed are hurried out to work for \$1 or \$1.50 per day. After doing so these invariably burn with the desire to become movie idols, go to the company office and compete with the once high-sal-

aried stock-actors and extras. These actors are now gradually perceiving that the cheap and despised mob-man is dragging the salaries down to his level, and thus the movie industry has become ripened for organization. But there are huge difficulties and to understand them it is first necessary to know something of how the movie is made.

Making a Movie

The studio is usually a series of small buildings, perhaps fifteen or twenty, collected together on a tract of ground commonly termed "the lot." It represents a small town in itself, with cafeteria, barber shop, etc., and is even supplied with a town "bull" to watch members of the extra fraternity who may become unruly during their search for work. The manufacture of the film itself is a more or less complicated process. The film is of celluloid, $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches in width, and is coated with a light-sensitive substance called the emulsion. Down each side of the film are the sprocket-holes or perforations which enable the film to be projected. As in ordinary photography, there are two varieties of film, the negative and positive. The negative is the original film exposed by the camera man, and from which any number of prints may be taken until the negative is worn out. Film is received from the Eastman Company, of Rochester, N. Y., in 400 foot rolls, a four hundred foot roll being about the diameter of a small plate.

A scenario having been decided upon, a number of property men, carpenters, painters and helpers proceed to erect the first "set" (scene), which the director is to photograph. It does not necessarily follow that this is the first scene of the plot. Once a "set" is erected all the scenes which occur on it, during the progress of the plot, are filmed, without any sequence. So that sometimes one of the characters may be "shot" in the first scene taken, and then spend several weeks elaborating the plot which leads up to that event. After all the scenes in this room or rooms are taken the "set" is demolished.

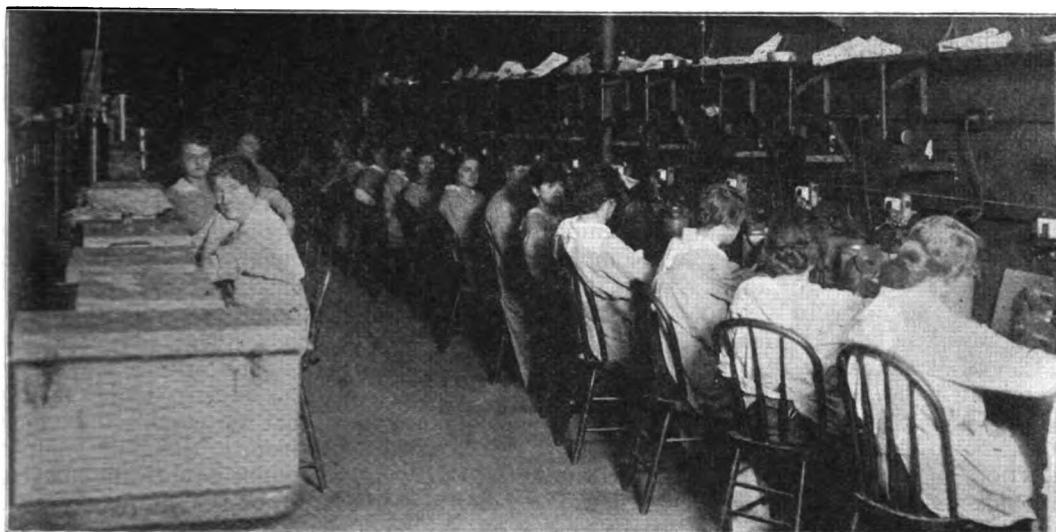
Overhead are the diffusers, which are long strips of canvas laid upon wires, and drawn along by ropes. These enable the camera man and his assistant to regulate the quantity and locality of the light necessary for clear photography. Scenes are often taken at night time indoors, artificial light

being used. These lights are a series of mercury-vapor tubes and a type known as the Cooper-Mewitt is generally used. The operation of these necessitates the services of a specially trained electrician and assistant.

When exposed the roll of negative is taken to the factory. The first process is to wind it around a square frame called a "rack." This is next taken to a dark room and is placed in a wooden tank by a negative developer and developed. After being immersed in liquid the emulsion becomes soft and gelatinous; hereafter, until dried, it requires great care in handling as the least touch rubs off the emulsion and the entire roll may be spoiled and the scene would have to be retaken. Upon leaving the developer, the film goes to the hypo man, who makes it possible for the light sensitive surface to be taken out into the washing room. Here it is washed on drums revolving in water. Some companies use racks instead of drums for this purpose. All of the men who handle the film in the factory are skilled or semi-skilled. The cost involved in taking some scenes in large productions may be from \$500 to \$8,000, and it can be readily seen that the handling of a negative of this description involves great care and responsibility. A single false move, a touch on the jelly-like surface, and the entire scene is useless.



FILM DRYING RACKS IN LABORATORIES OF SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., CHICAGO



WORKING ON THE FILMS DEVELOPING AND PRINTING DEPARTMENT.
SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., CHICAGO

Having been developed, hypoed and washed, the negative is handed to the dryers who wind it on huge skeleton drums. There may be from twenty to thirty of these in the drying room and they are electrically driven. Revolving rapidly on these, in a high temperature, the film soon dries. Having been wound from the drum into a compact roll it is next taken to the negative inspection room. Here are girls who examine it on rewinders to see that there have been no scratches or rough handling during the chemical processes it has undergone.

All being found correct, the printing room is the next to receive the roll. If you were to examine the negative now you would find that it resembles in appearance a kodak negative. The black portions are white and vice versa. The printing room is, of course, dark, that is to say lit only by red light. In it the printer takes our roll of negative and another roll of positive, places them together on the printing machines and reproduces the scenes from the negatives on to the positive. The positive film reverses the lights and shades of the negative and is the true film which is projected upon the screen in your theater. Nothing can as yet be seen upon it, for it too has to be developed. The process of developing, hypo, washing and drying is similar to that of the negative. The positive developing, however, is distinct from the negative developing, and

is a trade in itself. Positive film is invariably colored. This is done on a rack, while still wet from the washing room and before drying. Aniline dyes are generally used. The coloring of film, since the war, has become increasingly difficult as the cost of dye has increased as much as 750 per cent. We now see that the film is completed in itself, but it still remains to be "assembled," that is to say, the rolls placed in sequence, the titles in order, ready to be "spliced" or joined together. The inspectors do this work after first seeing that the quality is good, the density of the prints correct, and the coloring even.

The process of joining film together is semi-skilled work. First the scrapers, usually girls getting about \$7 per week, carefully pare off the emulsion at the junction of the scenes leaving the raw film exposed. Next comes the splicer who places the ends together and applies some amyl acetate. The action of this is to melt the celluloid, this softened part immediately hardens again and the scene is joined. There are approximately one hundred splices to be made in a thousand foot reel, consequently the speed of a splicer determines her salary. It would take you between 12 and 20 minutes to see one of these reels on the screen.

The completed picture is now taken to a projecting room, which is a miniature theater, and run upon the screen to see if all is well. Then comes the shipper who

sends it to the exchange that has purchased it. The exchange rents it to the exhibitor. Then one evening you pay your dime, the operator places the first reel upon his machine and the show begins.

Future of the Movie

Thus, it will be seen, that the complete production of a film, ready for screening, involves a number of more or less complex processes. And, for the application of these processes, an army of skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled labor is needed.

There has now come a time when, in common parlance, there is a "slump," that is, the movie magnates, by mutual agreement have decided to practically cease production, discharge all their employees and re-engage them on a sadly depleted paycheck. This is a mighty blow at the star as well as the smaller salaried man. Whereas, previously, corporations were wont to struggle for the services of the more brilliant of the film luminaries, these are now forced to return, contracts having expired, at any wage considered sufficient by the concern. The Fox Film Company has been discharging employees of all kinds. So has the Lasky and the Fine Arts.

The only Moving Picture Union in California (outside of the Operators) is the A. F. of L. Laboratory Workers' Union, recently organized and consisting of about forty members (there are approximately 4,000 laboratory workers in Los Angeles

alone). It is composed mainly of washing room men, with one or two printers. They are all attached to the Lasky or Fine Arts Studios. The rest of the companies are untouched. The making of a moving picture, as shown, needs the skilled or semi-skilled attention of about fifty different crafts (including actors). *To completely tie up a factory it is absolutely necessary for all of these crafts to strike.* Not only this; the movies monarchs have shown such a degree of affection for each other that, on occasions, such as fire, they will develop and turn out each others' films. So consequently a strike in a particular factory will simply mean that the work will be done by a "rival." Therefore, the only solution must be *one big union* of all the moving picture workers, from the actor down to the shipping clerk. They have not individual companies to fight, but a gigantic trust *and the battle for more and more of the fat profits cannot be won by an isolated strike against one particular concern.*

Finally, this industry is becoming one of the largest in the United States. The few rebels I have come in contact with already realize the futility of a petty craft union among such a net work of little crafts. The I. W. W. has sought—and has not yet abandoned the seeking—to establish an *industrial union* of moving picture employees. Such a union is the only kind to achieve results, so it is to be wished that its birth will be soon and its growth rapid.



How We Robbed Mexico in 1848

By ROBERT H. HOWE

THESE is one page of our own history that our historians pass over lightly and to which America cannot point with any feeling of pride, but only with shame and disgrace. I refer to the Mexican war. When the causes and results of that war are studied it can be readily understood why the Mexicans hate us and why the rest of the South American republics view us with suspicion.

Prior to the Mexican war the Nation was divided over the question of chattel slavery. That form of property had been abolished north of the Ohio river and Mason and Dixon line, but altho the South was still in the saddle, it felt that its seat was by no means secure. At that time the Nation consisted of 28 states, 14 of them free and 14 slave. States were admitted to the Union practically in pairs—one free and one slave state being admitted at the same time. This kept the United States Senate equally divided. But the more rapid growth of the population in the free states of the north threatened the political supremacy of the slave holding power. Wisconsin was applying for admission, and further west Minnesota, Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska loomed up as future free states. Louisiana, admitted in 1812, was the western limit of slave territory. Beyond Louisiana lay Mexico. Adventurers not only permitted, but encouraged by the slave power, entered Mexico and joined in a revolt against Mexico, and Texas was declared an independent state. Negotiations were immediately begun, looking to the annexation of Texas with the intention of dividing it into four states, and thus securing the South with a new lease of power.

Upon its admission a conflict with Mexico arose over its western boundary—Mexico claimed that the Nueces river was the dividing line, while the United States claimed the territory to the Rio Grande. This left a strip about 150 miles wide as debatable ground. Here was a question that could easily have been settled by



ROBERT H. HOWE,
Socialist Candidate for Congress, Illinois

diplomacy and a treaty drawn up and the War of 1848 prevented. But the American army invaded the disputed territory and were met by resistance by the Mexicans—a number were killed and wounded and the rest compelled to surrender. The war spirit always lying dormant in some people was lashed into a frenzy by such public declarations as "Our country has been invaded," "American blood has been spilled on American soil," all of which sounds strangely familiar to us today.

General U. S. Grant was a soldier in the army at this time and it is pertinent at this point to quote the following extracts from his Personal Memoirs:

"There was no intimation that the removal of the troops to the border of Louisiana was occasioned in any way by the prospective annexation of Texas, but it was generally understood that such was the case. *Ostensibly we were intended to prevent filibustering into Texas, but really as a menace to Mexico. . . . And to this day I regard the war which resulted as one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation. It was an instance of a republic following the bad example of European monarchies.*" (Vol. 1, Chapter 111, page 53.)

"The same people who, with permission of Mexico, had colonized Texas, and after-

wards set up slavery there, and then seceded as soon as they felt strong enough to do so, offered themselves and the state to the United States, and in 1845 the offer was accepted. *The occupation, separation and annexation were, from the inception of the movement to its final consummation, a conspiracy to acquire territory out of which slave states may be formed for the American Union.* Even if the annexation itself could be justified, the manner in which the subsequent war was forced upon Mexico cannot."

"The southern rebellion was largely the outgrowth of the Mexican war. *Nations, like individuals, are punished for their transgressions. We got our punishment in the most sanguinary and expensive war of modern times.*" (Vol. 1, Chapter III, pages 54-56.)

"The presence of United States troops on the edge of the disputed territory furthest from the Mexican settlements was not sufficient to provoke hostilities. *We were sent to provoke a fight, but it was essential that Mexico should commence it. It was very doubtful whether congress would declare war, but if Mexico should attack our troops, the executive could announce: 'Whereas war exists, by the acts, etc.' and prosecute the contest with vigor.*" Vol. 1, Chapter IV., page 68.)

War was declared and it ended in the complete defeat of Mexico. And then the greed that incited the war gained full sway. The 150 miles of debatable ground, the dispute over which brought on the war, was lost sight of. Mexico, defeated and helpless, was forced to sign a treaty giving to the United States not only all of Texas, which in itself is as large as the whole German empire and New England together, but in addition, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Is it any wonder that the Mexicans hate us and call us "Pigs?"

In the present agitation in America for the invasion of Mexico, ostensibly for the purpose of establishing order or punishing a bandit for an invasion which it has been declared on the floor of the United States Senate was organized and financed by Americans, they see a cleverly planned scheme of financiers to force intervention and they know that once the army and the flag were in Mexico they would remain permanently. They see that unless this is

resisted to the death the ultimate fate of Mexico is to be absorbed by the colossus of the North and her independence as a nation destroyed.

There is abundant proof that their fears are well grounded by the record of events that have recently occurred in Central America and the West Indies. Some years ago Nicaragua borrowed \$3,000,000 from J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York. A revolution broke out and this was urged as an excuse to land the marines from American warships to protect American interests. They are still there. America has established a protectorate over that country and the present congress has ratified a treaty and appropriated \$3,000,000 for the exclusive right to the Nicaraguan canal route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it further stipulates that the money shall be used to pay its foreign debt under the advice and supervision of the Secretary of Treasury of the United States.

This is an example of what is known as "dollar diplomacy." First get a nation into debt and the rest is easy.

United States troops are also in possession of the Republics of Hayti and also of Santo Domingo under precisely similar conditions. The troops were landed and took possession of the Custom Houses; in other words, of the Nation's finances. Representatives of the United States are at the elbow of the native officials, dictating the expenditures and in general telling what may and may not be done.

Porto Rico is the absolute property of the United States. Cuba is dominated by the American tobacco and sugar trusts and cannot make any treaty without the consent of the United States government.

The Panama Canal strip was seized as the result of a plot formulated in Washington and of which President Roosevelt was fully advised—American warships were in the harbor when the so-called revolution was sprung. A provisional government was organized and immediately recognized by the powers at Washington; a treaty already drawn up was hastily adopted and accepted by Washington; the troops were landed and took possession of the ten-mile canal strip, and when the navy of Columbia, which consisted of one small gunboat, arrived, it was confronted with the American fleet and was helpless. All this was done within the space of forty-eight hours

And this dastardly piece of land piracy was endorsed by all the governments of Europe—Kaiser Wilhelm personally congratulated President Roosevelt. Ten million dollars was loaned by J. P. Morgan & Co. to the Republic of Panama and the bonds are guaranteed by the United States.

In 1848 the dominant economic class was represented by the slave-owning, cotton-growing element in the South. They sent troops to the border of Mexico with the sole purpose of fomenting trouble so as to have some valid excuse for the invasion of Mexico. They succeeded and took from Mexico one-half of her territory.

The dominant economic class today is represented by Banking, Railroad, Oil, Mining and other interests and they are playing the same game that the exploiters of chattel slaves played in 1848. To prove this is an easy matter, all one has to do is to read a few extracts from the current press.

From the *Chicago Tribune*, June 24, 1916:

INTERVENTION GROWS IN FAVOR.

Members of Congress Fear It Is Inevitable
—Favor Annexing a Part.

* * *

It also transpires that many senators and representatives who advocate immediate intervention also favor annexing the northern portion of the republic as compensation for the cost of the undertaking.

Typical expressions of opinion follow:

Representative Rainey—Events of the week seem to make it clear that there is no way of escaping intervention in Mexico. We have striven and striven to get along with our neighbor, but it seems impossible. We have on our southern border the longest boundary in existence between a civilized and a semi-civilized nation. To police it properly would require over 2,000,000 men. I favor taking over the northern tier of Mexican states.

Representative Sabath—I hope it will not be necessary to intervene, but if we do and are forced to lose the lives of a number of men, we should annex the country either wholly or in part.

Should Do a Good Job.

Representative Britten—If it becomes necessary to go into Mexico, we should make a complete job of it by annexing the northern tier of Mexican states.

Representative Denison—If it turns out that our troops were treated treacherously, we should not hesitate to intervene. We should go southward, taking the border with us. We should either do this or receive a large indemnity.

On June 24, 1916, the *Chicago American* printed a cartoon that pictured in the most brazen way what the capitalist intended to do, and followed it later with an editorial from which the following extracts are taken:

"Nothing worth while will be accomplished by occasional 'punitive expeditions.'"

"The way to IMPRESS the Mexicans is to REPRESS the Mexicans. The way to begin is to say to them:

"We are no longer planning to catch this bandit or that. We are GOING INTO MEXICO. And as far as we GO, we'll stay."

"When you see an American soldier one hundred feet inside of Mexico, you may take it to mean that ONE HUNDRED FEET ARE NO LONGER MEXICAN, BUT UNITED STATES.

"If you make it necessary for our soldiers to go in two hundred MILES, you can change your geographies and add two hundred miles to the United States.

"In this way we hope to make you realize that it is not wise to make us go in TOO FAR."

"The United States OUGHT to make one single bit of the cherry, go down all the way, and civilize everything between the Rio Grande and the Panama Canal.

"The right kind of American enthusiasm will eventually DO THAT."

March 24, 1916, Senator James Hamilton Lewis introduced the following resolution in the Senate, recounting the fact that Villa, the "bandit," was notoriously receiving support of both munitions and money from Americans.

"The text of the Lewis "treason" resolution follows:

Whereas, It is known to the authorities of the United States that funds and supplies are being furnished to the force and following of Villa in Mexico from foreign countries, and from sources in the United States of America, and

Whereas, Such supplies and sustenance are being delivered for the purpose of being used against the soldiers of the United

States and to oppose the authority of the United States; therefore, be it

Resolved, That those who are furnishing supplies and sustenance to the force of Villa for the purpose of opposing the United States are the enemies of the United States, and those in the United States who are furnishing supplies and sustenance to the said Villa forces, either of money or provisions, arms and ammunition, are within the provision of the laws of the United States defining treason as giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States." . . .

"I shall push my resolution vigorously,"

said Mr. Lewis, after the splutter of Mexican debate it had caused, died away. "I may call it up Saturday." The administration is in possession of a means of information as to the identity of the persons or corporations who have been assisting this murderous Mexican bandit for the sake of filthy money or dirtier politics.

"The nation would be amazed to learn the names of some of the men of national repute who are mixed up in the intrigue against national peace. Many of them are noisy champions of the campaign for preparedness."

THE CAMPAIGN FORECAST

By A. N. OBSERVER

THERE will be no 2,000,000 Socialist votes this November. Nor will there be "eight Socialist Congressmen" elected this fall, at least.

Even the most optimistic Socialist who does not permit his enthusiasm to get the best of his reason will concede this.

Notwithstanding the above assertion, the prospects for progress of the Socialist movement are such as to encourage all of us who believe in the evolutionary character of Socialist growth.

If on November 7th of this year we can place to our credit 1,200,000 votes and can return Comrade Meyer London to Congress reinforced by two Socialist Congressmen from Oklahoma we shall be doing as well as we have a right to expect. This estimate is based on close study and observation of conditions as they actually are and not as we might wish they were.

Local conditions in Milwaukee indicate that the party's two Congressional candidates whose chances are best make their election impossible, for the present, though they will poll a heavy vote. The atavistic regeneration of the erstwhile dormant nationalist spirit will play havoc with the prospects of a victorious vote in that city. Poles are going to vote as Poles for a candidate of Polish descent and name. The Germans are going to vote as Germans for an old party candidate who is pronouncedly pro-German. The above holds true at this writing and

the outcome can only be changed by an unexpected political situation which may alter the predicted result.

In New York Comrade Meyer London's chances are as good as they could possibly be. Of his re-election there is no doubt. This, of course, with the proviso that the comrades in that district are fully prepared against some eleventh hour election trick that Tammany might plan to put over. Morris Hillquit's prospects for an unusually large Socialist vote are good indeed, but again there enters a psychological factor that militates against his being elected. His strongest opponent is popular with the mob, and has a history that is "politically clean." What effect the "carpet-bagging" charge that is hurled against our candidate will have remains to be seen. The campaign against Hillquit is not conducted on a basis of fundamental issues, but on the allegation that Hillquit is not a resident of the Twentieth Congressional district.

In the Fifth Indiana district, from which all of us would like to see Comrade Eugene V. Debs come out the victor, there is a problem the solution of which it is hard to foretell. Comrade Debs' popularity with the masses down there is unanimous. All the workers within that district, with hardly any exceptions, are going to cast their ballot solidly for Debs, even if not all of them vote "straight." But the vote of the industrial

workers is not sufficient to carry him through. The farmers here hold the balance of power. What they will do is a puzzling question just now.

Most of the farmers within the boundaries of this congressional district are what is commonly termed "well-to-do." Practically all of them are employers of labor either during parts of or the entire year. Congressman Moss, Debs' opponent on the Democratic ticket, is a "farmer." Nevertheless, these farmers, many of whom have never heard of Socialism before, are giving Debs record audiences that exceed in numbers any of those that gathered to hear the old party candidate.

The question: Will Debs be elected? can only be answered by the question "What will the farmers do?"

In Oklahoma there are only two congressional districts that can be grouped as "sure winners," while in a third our candidate may come within a few hundred votes of election.

The writer will not make any estimate of the prospects for Comrade A. Grant Miller's election to the U. S. Senate from Nevada for the good and sufficient reason that he knows nothing about the situation out there.

The prospects for the capture of the city of Minneapolis are good—just as good as the prospects for the three congressmen. Of Comrade Van Lear's election as mayor of that city the writer has no doubt, but is not at all certain that enough members of the city council can be elected to give the mayor a solid backing in that body.

The estimate of the 1,200,000 vote is based on close observation and investigation. The writer has had occasion to interview numerous eastern labor leaders; he also carefully perused the editorial and news attitude of the labor press.

Had both the Democrats and the Republicans conducted their campaign in the usual manner and had Wilson failed to throw out a sop to labor as an election trick, there would have been some justification for the expectation of doubling our vote. Even with the vote doubled we would be about 200,000 votes shy of the longed for 2,000,000. Wilson in his action during the railroad controversy played a

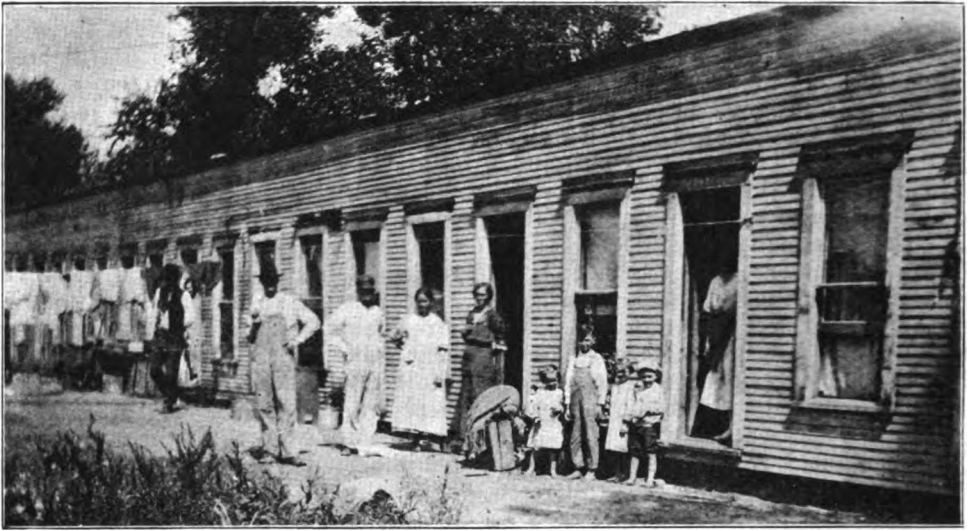
good card, threw out some bait to labor, and labor insists on its right to be fooled whenever it pleases, and it will bite, not perceiving the hook hidden within the bait.

No doubt that a number of the 900,000 who voted our ticket in 1912 are among the group that is going to bite for Wilson's bait. We shall, therefore, calmly expect some desertions from the 1912 ranks. On the other hand, however, it is reasonable to assume that all of our propaganda of the last four years must bear some fruit. Then again there are a number of states in which the women were enfranchised since 1912. We have a right to expect a fair portion of the feminine vote. During these four years, no doubt, many young men have grown mature enough to vote, and that their numbers exceed the number of Socialist voters that have died since 1912.

Should our estimate of the possible November results become a reality then we shall certainly have no cause to complain. We should rather look the facts in the face NOW instead of building air castles about impossible immediate achievements, and then have them shattered by a result out of proportion with our dreamy hope.

With 1,200,000 Socialist votes recorded at the November election, with three Congressmen, with an increased number of municipal and state representatives, we should energetically set ourselves to the task of organizing and educating this army of over 1,000,000 that have voted our ticket. We should make of every one of them an agitator or an organizer so that our propaganda may be multiplied ten thousand fold. That is our big opportunity—to reach and educate these people!

There is a big job ahead of us. We shall look upon the total Socialist vote this fall as we would look upon a thermometer, watch whether the temperature is rising, and after having cast a look upon it turn away with a satisfied determination to raise the temperature, to make the mercury climb up higher and higher until we will have succeeded in making it so hot for capitalism that it will be unable to survive the change in our industrial and political temperature.



HOMES OF FREE BORN AMERICAN CITIZENS IN OKLAHOMA CITY
One room for each family. Rent, \$4.00 per month. Owned by a leading merchant

Hunger in the Midst of Plenty

By L. D. GILLESPIE

O KLAHOMA is wonderfully rich in natural resources. With her exceptionally fertile soil and mild but healthful and invigorating climate, she is capable of supporting ten times her present population in comfort and happiness.

But comfort and happiness are not the portion of the masses of her citizenship. Poverty and wretchedness abound in the midst of plenty; and hunger haunts the mind of giant strength.

In June, 1906, Congress passed an act to enable Oklahoma and Indian Territory to form a state government, and on November 16, 1907, Oklahoma, with boundaries as now fixed, became a state of the Union.

The total land area of the state is 69,414 square miles and the population at the time of admission to the Union, in 1907, was 1,414,177, of which 19.3 per cent was urban, while 80.7 per cent lived in rural territory.

As to color and nativity, 87.2 per cent were white; 8.3 per cent negroes and 4.5 per cent were Indians. The native whites

constituted 79.1 per cent of the total population of the state.

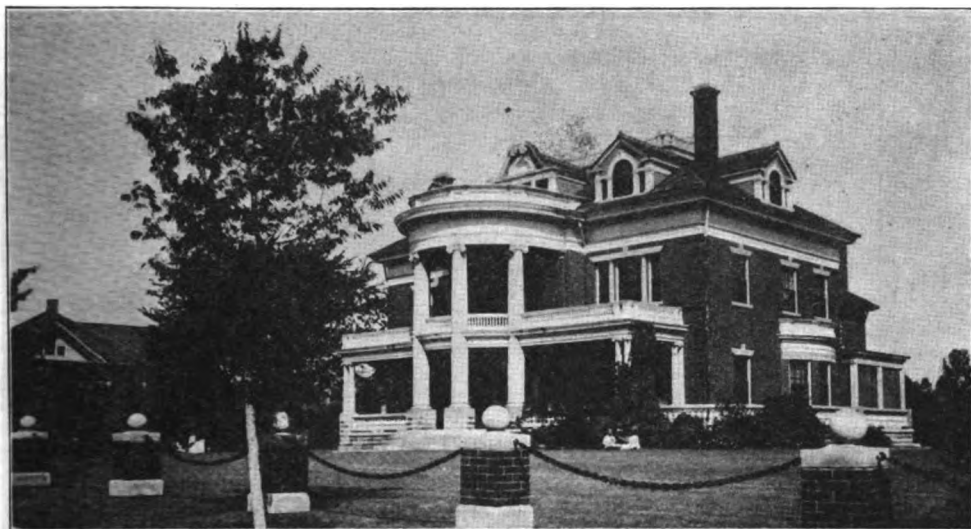
Industrially, Oklahoma is classified in order of importance, into agriculture, mining (including the production of oil and gas) and manufacturing.

The principal agricultural products are: corn, cotton and wheat. The valuation of those three products for the year 1915 was as follows: corn, \$47,940,000; cotton, \$38,640,000; wheat, \$32,707,500.

The amount of oil, gas and mineral production for the year of 1915 was: Oil, 107,429,208.26 barrels, the actual cash value of which was \$49,069,765.51; gas, 65,458,756 M. feet, the actual cash value of which was \$2,116,389.11; lead and zinc, 26,963.76 tons, valued at \$1,732,808.14; asphalt, 417,931 tons, valued at \$31,292.38.

The coal production of the state has not been officially reported since 1912. The production for that year was 3,183,457 tons, representing a cash value of \$6,617,645.54.

During the few brief years since the beginning of statehood various groups of



RESIDENCE OF C. F. COLCORD, OKLAHOMA, CITY, OKLA.
Real Estate Broker and Speculator in Oil and Gas Lands

pharisaical parasites have sprung up in this state who are waxing fat through the conscienceless and merciless exploitation of the working class.

They are the gentry constituting the eminently respectable citizens of the cities and county seat towns of the state; the directors and officers of the chambers of commerce; the deacons and pillars of the aristocratic churches.

They are the bankers, the credit store merchants and the heads of enterprises operating under municipal franchises; the landlord and the corporation lawyers.

One of the most oppressive and the most hated of these groups is the bankers, who through their organized associations have obtained control of the political machinery of the Democratic party, through which they control legislation and exert a most powerful influence upon the court decisions of the state.

They are thus enabled to evade or ignore the laws of the state governing interest rates. Evidence gathered by John Skelton Williams, the comptroller of the currency, establishes the fact that some of the banks of this state have been charging from forty to one thousand per cent interest on some of their short time loans.

Landlordism is another form of exploitation, equally as oppressive and no less conscienceless than the banking system.

According to the census of 1910, there were 190,192 farms in the state of Okla-

homa. Of this number 104,137 are operated exclusively by tenants; 20,520 farmers operate partly owned and partly rented land; 651 farms were operated by managers.

This makes a total of 125,308 farm operatives out of a total of 190,192 who must pay tribute to the landlord for the privilege of working the land.

In addition to this there are 36,036 of the 64,884 farms operated exclusively by owners that are under mortgage, which raises the number of exploited farm operators to 161,337. In other words, only 28,855 out of a total of 190,192 farm operatives were free from exploitation by either tenantry or interest on mortgage.

Of the 36,036 farms reported as mortgaged, the amount of mortgage debt was reported for only 24,488 farms, which was \$27,384,765.

This form of exploitation is absorbing more than \$40,000,000 annually from the producers of agricultural wealth in the state of Oklahoma.

This represents the exploitation upon land values only. The cattle mortgage business of this state is enormous, and this is the most vicious and iniquitous of all forms of exploitation.

It is with such mortgages that the conscienceless bankers and loan sharks keep the tenant farmers hopelessly in debt.

The landlord, the loan shark and the



A FAMILIAR RURAL SCENE IN OKLAHOMA. AN EVICTED TENANT FARMER
AND HIS "PROPERTY"

credit merchant have preyed upon the tenant farmers of this state until these farmers are reduced to a state of economic wretchedness that beggars description.

The wretched and miserable shacks in which they are housed, with their cheerless and dingy walls and barren floors, are indeed a sad commentary upon the civilization of the twentieth century, but the more heinous phase of their economic condition is manifested in the disconsolate expression in the faces of their ill-clad and over-worked children.

The children of these tenant farmers are kept out of school to work in the cotton patch during the growing and picking season of the cotton crop.

The return from his crop is insufficient to enable the farmer to employ adult help, so the wife and children are compelled to work in the field.

All day little children may be seen drudging through the cotton rows, in the broiling hot sun, coining their sweat and lives into gold to appease the rapacious avarice of a conscienceless landlord.

Tenant farming in Oklahoma is rapidly approaching a state of peonage, unsurpassed by any country in the western hemisphere, an ever-increasing number of tenants, who are unable to produce enough to clear their teams and personal effects from mortgage find themselves as firmly tied to their masters' land as the most helpless serf in the days of feudalism.

But peonage, indefensible and abhorrent as it is, is overshadowed by the dramatic climax to Oklahoma tenantry in

the evictions of the tenant. After the cold-blooded and bestial landlord has exploited his tenant to the point of physical depletion, he takes by process of foreclosure the last dollar of his tenant's worldly possessions and turns him and his family out into the highway to swell the vast army of homeless and wandering outcasts of society.

Turning to the miners, the largest group of the organized forces of the working class in the state, we find a condition prevailing little, if any less oppressive, than that affecting the tenant farmers.

The report of the Department of Interior for 1915 shows that there were 6,850 underground and 1,128 surface men, or a total of 8,078 men, employed in the mines of this state during that year.

No data have been gathered by the state since 1912. The coal production for that year was 3,183,457 tons, having a cash value of \$6,617,645.54. To produce the above named tonnage, it required the services of 5,167 miners, 2,395 inside or day men, 1,382 outside or top men, making a total of 8,743 in all. They worked 13,953 days, using 149,194 kegs of black powder, 48,795 pounds of carbonite, 121,005 pounds of masurite, 26,094 pounds of monobel, 3,536 cases of dynamite. Nineteen and one-third tons produced to each keg of powder used. There were 103 fatal accidents, making 72 widows and 169 orphans. There were 30,610 tons of coal produced for every fatal accident, or for every man killed.

The report shows that the 5,167 miners taken to produce the above named ton-

nage show an average of 616 tons each, for the year ending June 30, 1912.

Placing this tonnage at the average rate of 90 cents per ton, including yardage and other dead work, would make the earning capacity of each miner \$594.40. The grand total cost of all explosives to produce the above named tonnage was \$361,771.48, making it cost each miner the sum of \$70.

Deducting the \$70 for explosives leaves a net balance to each miner of \$524.40. This is not including the cost to the miner of blacksmith work, fuse, oil and blasting paper and other incidental expenses.

The living quarters furnished the miners by the company are very much the same as that furnished the tenant farmer by the landlord, the buildings consisting chiefly of a two-room house with a one or two-room lean-to, for which they must pay \$8 per month rent.

The unorganized group of the working class constitute the largest body of workers in the state and they are the poorest paid of all, their average wage being \$1.50 to \$1.75 per day.

These men are the victims of that large hoard of real estate grafters infesting the electric light towns of the state, who are growing rich from inflated prices upon real estate and high rents.

They are the residents of the industrial sections of the cities, and occupy the dingy shacks and dilapidated houses that invariably surround the industrial quarters of the cities.

This class of workers constitutes the source from which the great army of migratory workers are being recruited. Being without means of support

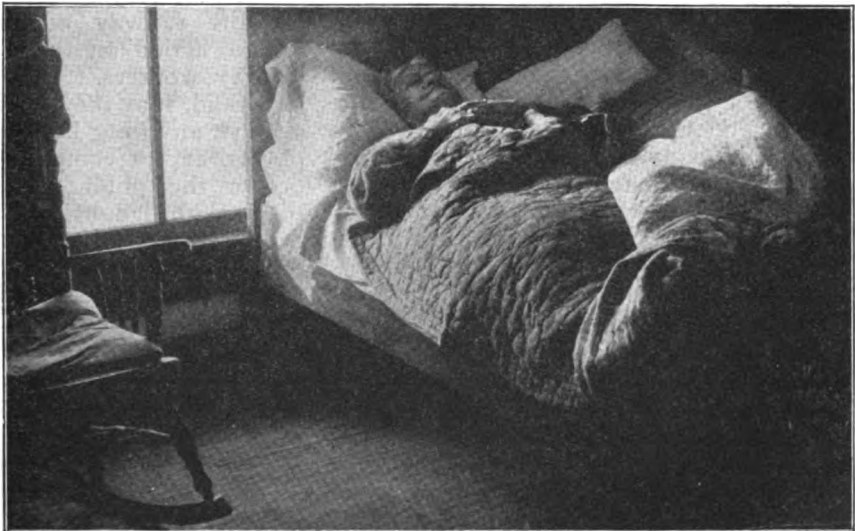
during periods of enforced idleness, he goes from city to city in search of employment until his scanty savings are exhausted and he becomes the victim of the vagrancy ordinances, so common and so rigorously enforced in the cities of this state.

The upkeep of the streets in such cities as Tulsa, Muskogee, Oklahoma City and Ardmore, and the construction of the country roads in the counties where such cities are located, are maintained principally by fines assessed against this class.

Oklahoma is a concrete example of the baneful influence of unrestrained commercial greed, supported and augmented by the political power of a sordid machine.

The class struggle, in this state, is vividly portrayed in the marked contrast between the luxurious lives of the master class in its arrogant possession of wealth and the melancholy condition of the working class, whose incessant toil leaves them hungry in the midst of plenty.

But the day of reckoning is near at hand. A new and revolutionary organization, known as the Working Class Union, is being formed among the tenant farmers and wage workers of the state. This organization is growing with the marvelous rapidity that characterized the formation of the revolutionary clubs that battered down the Bastille in Paris and overthrew the feudal lords of France.



THIS OLD LADY WAS EVICTED ALTHO SICK IN BED. HER FOREFATHERS FOUGHT IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

The Strike of New York Carmen

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

THE scene is laid in the City of New York, early in August, Nineteen Sixteen. Enter on the stage: Theodore Shonts, the Panama Canal Building Grand Fiasco and the New York Street Railway Looting Grand Success; James L. Quackenbush, won first renown as a spy on the death cell of Czolgosz, assassin of McKinley, brought to New York to succeed Robinson, attorney for the New York Street Railways, who was removed when the practice of the company in suborning witnesses, bribing juries, judges and court attendants was revealed. Behind them came arrayed the gigantic powers that be—the elephantine press, trumpeting its mastodonic lies of the hardships to the capitalists and prosperity of the workingmen. Mayor Mitchell, oily and foxy, rubbing his hands, with a friendly smirk to the workingmen on his face and loyalty to the capitalists in his heart. Commissioner Strauss, a good man as good men are found, but steeped in capitalistic bias and prejudice as a herring is steeped in pickle. Behind all of them loomed Wall Street, greedy, ugly, and brutal, ready to pounce, tear and devour.

And who were the men that opposed this mighty force? William Fitzgerald, indomitable fighter in labor's cause, who, standing on the threshold of a vision, yet would not step across. William Mahon of the Amalgamated, one of the "aliens" on the side of the strikers. A fairly solid body of surface street railway car men; a substantial minority of the subway and elevated railway car men; organized labor of New York City in its pledged sympathy and support; American Federation of Labor, loyal, yet extremely cautious.

Trouble started in the suburbs of the City of New York in the beginning of August. The car men of Yonkers walked out. Some car men of the Bronx joined. It was suddenly bruited about that the entire street railway system of New York City was going to be tied up by a walk-out of all the carmen. Organizer Fitzgerald admitted the possibility. Presi-

dent Mahon came to New York. The revolt of the street, subway and elevated conductors was at hand. This any one could observe. Conductors in vast numbers, attended openly, in their uniforms, the organization meetings called by Mahon and Fitzgerald, defying the companies to discharge them. Union buttons were openly flashed from cap and coat by men at work, challenging the companies to "put up or shut up."

It was evident that the companies were panic stricken. The railway men had just grievances from any point of view. They were paid less than the street railway men of any other great American city. Yet the street railway magnates were piling up vast profits. Also the scandal of the subway building contracts, disclosed by the Thompson Commission, revealing the looting of the city, black-mailing and bribing under the guise of "commitments," were still fresh in the memory of the people. On the whole, the situation and conjecture of circumstances seem to be favorable to the street railway employees. It was a strategic moment for them to strike out, straight and true.

For that very reason it was incumbent for the railway magnates to prevent drastic action on the part of the street railway workers. They knew, the magnates did, that they could not personally achieve anything before the railway employees, except complete submission; nor before the public, which would treat them with laughter of derision. Here is where oily Mitchell and "good man" Strauss stepped in to lend a hand. They rolled up their eyes heavenward and avowed that they were going to be absolutely honest, just and fearless in judging the issues between the railway employees and their employers. They invited both sides to submit the matter to the judgment of the Public Service Commission, in which Mayor Mitchell sat by courtesy.

With that fatal gullibility which seems to obsess the laboring man since the

first time when one man labored for another for hire, the street railway employes rushed into the trap. Everything went through swimmingly. The only demand made by the employes was recognition of the union to the extent that the companies should not refuse to deal with representatives of the employes regardless of whether the representatives were themselves employes of the companies or not. The question of wages and hours they were willing to arbitrate. An agreement was signed and "underwritten" by Mayor Mitchel and Commissioner Straus. "Everything is settled," said Mayor Mitchel. "Do you think so?" queried Fitzgerald, doubtingly. "Well, they have signed it, have they not?" His Honor reassured him.

Yet only a few days have passed and the companies withdrew their satin-gloved hand and put forth their cloven hoof. Full page advertisements appeared in the newspapers setting forth the grievances of the companies. We may laugh at the matter contained in such advertisements, but the companies know better. They do not throw money out without weighing results. The advertisements served a two-fold purpose: they bribed the newspapers and arrayed public opinion against their employes. At the same time individual contracts were circulated and submitted to each employe of the street railways. In many other brutal ways the companies sought to intimidate and terrorize their employes. Bribing employes by the offer of double pay was resorted to.

It must be remembered that the subway is owned by the City, which has formed a partnership with the Interborough Rapid Transit Co., the company gathering all the profits and the City paying all sorts of strange liabilities, but never receiving any profits. It was openly announced by the companies that the City will have to pay the increased running expenses, meaning the cost of breaking the Union. The companies ignored the signed agreement underwritten by Mayor Mitchel and Commissioner Straus, and began to discharge every employe who was active in the Amalgamated, including the committees that were sent by the employes to ne-

gotiate with the companies' officials. At the same time the companies began to organize "Yellow" Unions, pretending to concede the point of collective bargaining. They announced that they will deal directly with their men, individually and collectively; that no "aliens," meaning the representatives of the National Organization, will be allowed to interfere; that theirs was a happy family, all working for a common cause, all having a common interest, Theodore Shonts, of \$100,000 annual salary, James L. Quackenbush of \$75,000 annual salary, and the ticket chopper of 21 cents an hour.

Yet some may wonder how such a raw deal could go through. The sufficient answer is—it went.

There was a reason. The favorable conjuncture of circumstances for the railway workers has passed away. Say what you may, yet it must be admitted that public opinion is a weighty factor in strikes. For the public includes all other wage earners whose conservative views are molded by the press. And public opinion has veered about. At the beginning of the controversy, attention was centered on the fact that the railway barons were organized, yet would not permit a similar privilege to the railway workers; that the railway plutocrats were piling up vast fortunes, yet refuse to pay their employes a living wage. Now, the newspaper campaign of the companies began to tell. Firstly, only shortly before, the Four Brotherhoods "held up" Congress and President and, at the point of a stop-watch, exacted nobody knew what, but something tremendous. It meant the overthrow of organized government, yelled the newspapers. The public was taken aback. Anyhow, attention was diverted from the original issues. Also the work of bribing employes to remain "loyal" to the companies began to bring results. There are always "weak brothers" in any labor controversy. And at this time the impression spread that the companies will not yield, no matter what may happen. It was natural that thousands of the employes were little inclined to abandon the meagre subsistence which their jobs afforded them and plunge their families into privation and suffering. At the same time the companies brought down from

the West the cohorts of professional strikebreakers, brought together by the steam railroads for the eventuality of a strike, and marched them with great ostentation for the intimidation of their employes.

The Amalgamated Union found itself in a situation where it could pursue one course only—it declared a strike of all street railway employes. Charges of breach of faith and other recriminations, between the leaders of the street railway employes on one side and the street railway magnates and public officials on the other, filled the air. But never was a great labor victory achieved by leaders who resorted to guile and shrewdness instead of courage and audacity. The representatives of street railway employes were outwitted and outgeneraled completely. They were compelled to accept battle under most unfavorable circumstances.

Here it must be noted that the confidence which other labor leaders placed in Fitzgerald and the support which they were ready to lend him were remarkable indeed. There was no length to which many of them were not prepared to go to help a just cause out of a great difficulty. The employes of the surface cars went out in a fairly solid body. But the subway and elevated lines continued to run, manned by their old employes. What proportion of the subway and elevated employes went out I will not state here for the reason that I do not desire to come into conflict with any statement made by the leaders of the strike. It was, however, admitted that only a small minority of them struck. The bulk of the subway and elevated employes remained at work.

With great skill and perseverance Fitzgerald raised squarely the issue of destruction of all unionism. It was not, he claimed, a question of the local organization only. If the Amalgamated should be defeated in New York City, it will be attacked everywhere and destroyed. And it would mean not the destruction of the Amalgamated alone. It meant an attack on all labor unionism. He called upon all trade unions to accept the gage of battle and make of this strike an issue involving the existence of labor

unionism. Color was lent to Fitzgerald's contention by a statement of Quackenbush, attorney for the companies, who, paraphrasing Lincoln's statement that "the country could not exist half free and half slave," said that the country could not exist half union and half non-union.

The Central Federated Union of Manhattan lined up solidly behind Fitzgerald and appointed a committee with the authority to call a general strike. It must be here noted that the C. F. U. itself had no such authority as all union men know. For the calling of strikes of members of national organizations authority is vested only in the national officials. Whether the rank and file of labor unionists were at this time in favor of a general strike, I greatly doubt. General strikes are not brought about by skillful engineering and manipulating. Yet all that the labor leaders could do in the matter of a general strike at this time was engineering, manipulating and threatening. But of that anon.

The reader may get some original impressions by perusing the statements issued at this time by both the strikers and the companies. Here is the statement issued by the strikers published in a leaflet form and distributed broadcast:

WHY THERE IS A STRIKE ON THE NEW YORK CAR LINES

More than eleven thousand car men are on strike in Manhattan, Bronx and Queens boroughs and in Westchester on subway, surface lines and "L." They want a living wage and organized themselves into a union to demand an increase. They were getting LESS than traction employes in any other large city in the country. The men were organized and Shonts, Hedley and Whitridge yielded. They granted slight increases and signed a compact with the union officials and with the mayor and chairman of the Public Service Commission that further increases and other demands would be arbitrated. The union officials were glad to arbitrate. The men returned to work.

This was early in August. A month later Shonts and Hedley discharged hundreds of employes because they would not quit the union. They demanded that the carmen throw away their union buttons. "We have you signed up on individual contracts," they said, "and that means you cannot belong to any union but ours."

The men refused to give up their union for Shonts and Hedley. Whitridge started to imitate Shonts and Hedley. He was hiring strikebreakers in anticipation of forcing the men out just as Shonts and Hedley had done.

The men were compelled to leave their jobs.

Shonts and Hedley want to break the union. They want to control the wages and lives of the men and their families, just as they have done. The men want to be free. They are taxed from seventy-five cents to a dollar a month for Mr. Shonts and Mr. Hedley's "Benevolent Society." They would rather pay that sum to a union of their own. They don't want to pay that much to the company's union to be further "controlled" and subjugated. They don't get anything back if they leave the company and they lose the sick benefits they paid for. In their own union they retain this benefit if they resign or leave.

Shonts, Hedley and Whitridge are only tools. They must enforce the will of the masters. Rockefeller and Morgan want the men subjugated. They want unionism destroyed. They want to control their employes like chattels.

WHAT THE CARMEN WERE RECEIVING

Electric surface lines: Conductors, 25 cents an hour first year; 28 cents an hour fifth year and after. Motormen: 26 cents an hour first year; 29¼ cents fifth year and after.

Storage battery lines: Conductors: 23½ cents first year; 24 cents second year and after. Motormen: 25 cents first year; 26 cents second year and after.

Horsecar lines: Conductors and drivers, 22 cents first year; 23½ cents second year and after.

These wages were increased one and two cents an hour AFTER the union was organized. Subway and "L" guards and conductors who were receiving \$2.10 and \$2.45 a day for ten hours, were increased ten and twenty cents a day. Motormen, special officers and other employes were also increased as a result of the union's activities.

THE MEN ARE NOT STRIKING FOR HIGHER PAY OR SHORTER HOURS. These questions they agreed to arbitrate. They are striking because Shonts, Hedley and Whitridge want to destroy the unions which compelled them to grant the slight increases. They deliberately violated their solemn pact and discharged men who would not quit the unions and sign the company's individual agreements. Many of them had signed through fraud and intimidation. Now Shonts says the directors were no party to the compact which Hedley and Quackenbush made on August 30th for the Interborough and which the Public Service Commission says they broke. Had they not broken this agreement there would be no car strike, says the commission.

Quackenbush made the issue. He told the commission, "I believe that as Lincoln said, 'This country could not exist half slave and half free'; and that it could not exist half union and half non-union." Quackenbush, attorney for the Interborough, N. Y. Railways Co. and Third Avenue Railroad, admitted under oath that he drew the individual agreements which, if accepted, would destroy trades unionism in

America. Quackenbush, advocating peace in August, was preparing for war on trades unionism in September. **THIS IS NOT A TRACTION FIGHT. IT IS A FIGHT AGAINST UNIONISM.** Roads on which there was no strike loaned car crews to break the strike.

Some portions of the strikers' statement, not pertinent to the strike were omitted by me.

And here is the statement issued by the Interborough Rapid Transit Co., which dominates all the street railways in Manhattan:

TO THE PUBLIC

Let no one be misled by the charge that the Interborough is trying to crush out unionism.

WE ARE NOT FIGHTING UNIONISM.

The fact is that the company actually encouraged the formation of a union, to be entirely controlled by the men themselves and to include every employe on the payrolls not having disciplinary power over other employes.

The fundamental ideas of the company in encouraging the formation of such an organization were:

1. That the men in their dealings with the company should enjoy the benefits of collective action without expense;

2. That the public should be protected against sympathetic strikes arising out of disputes in which this company and its employes were not concerned;

3. That more efficient service to the public would result if the relations between this company and its men collectively were conducted within the company's ranks and without the interference of third parties;

4. That the interests of this company, its employes and the public they serve would be fostered if all relations between this company and its employes were conducted in the light of their common interests, rather than with reference to the interest of outside parties.

Some 9,700 men out of 11,800 eligible to vote embraced the opportunity to ballot for representatives to form a general committee of this union.

A working agreement was arrived at between the company and this union providing increased wages and improved working conditions for the next two years.

This was a "collective bargain" just as much as any union agreement is.

But the company went one step further: it not only agreed to a contract with the men collectively, but it asked that the agreement also be submitted to each man individually.

That it was satisfactory to the men individually as well as collectively is shown by the fact that over 10,500 have signed and are now working under it.

* * *

An important feature of the Interborough Union is this provision for arbitration in the constitution adopted by the men, and unanimously approved by formal action of the board of directors of this company:

"If for any reason the general committee for the entire Brotherhood and the officers of the company are unable to settle any matter of mutual interest between them,—it is then the plain duty of the Brotherhood and the officers of the company to submit the matter in dispute to a board of arbitration."

Thus the men of the Interborough have an effective union of their own which is obviously satisfactory to them.

The real point underlying the existing difficulty is the determination of the Amalgamated Union to impose itself upon the company, and to supplant the union of the Interborough employees against the expressed will of the men themselves.

* * *

This company is only protecting its employees in their right to work and the public in its right to ride as against the efforts of the Amalgamated Association to prevent the doing of these two things.

Interborough Rapid Transit Company,

Frank Hedley,

Vice-President and General Manager.

Approved:

Theodore P. Shonts,
President.

New York, September 11th, 1916.

The forces of labor and capital were lined up without any confusion. Mayor Mitchel placed policemen on every car to protect the scabs; every subway station and elevated platform was manned by the police. It was shown at the public hearing that policemen were used to hold forcibly strikebreakers in the sheds and to club the few who became recalcitrant. Commissioner Strauss repudiated all sympathy for the strikers, charging them with breach of agreement. There was nobody behind the strikers but organized labor. There was no question of public opinion or sympathy. All available material of that sort was controlled by the companies.

GENERAL STRIKE

The New York general strike is famous for the fact that it never occurred. As a matter of fact and in justice to Fitzgerald and other labor leaders it must be stated that it was never called. The men in charge of the matter were experienced, old-time labor union leaders. They knew very well that the strike of the building trades could be called only by the Building Trade Council, and a strike of unions belonging to International bodies could be called only by national officials. Now, the question first

occurred as to the strike of trades that would cause most harm to the railway companies, as the longshoremen, boat men, who handled and delivered coal and other material to the companies, and of the firemen and engineers who manned the power houses of the companies. The local longshoremen were willing enough to line up with the strikers, but the national officials vetoed such action, claiming that they must stand by their contracts with employers. The National Typographical Union officials acted likewise, giving the same reason. Some thousands of brewery workers, machinists, painters and some other trades came out on a sympathetic strike, evidently believing that the general strike was on. They had to return to work, as they had no controversy with their own employers, at that time. So the general strike was not.

And it could not be. The New York Times said editorially: "It would have been a marvelous strike that could feed the laboring men and starve the capitalists." Indeed the general strike involved a problem which the labor leaders could not solve by any means of reasoning—how could the millions of working people in this city exist with all food industries tied up? Yet, we hold, that a general strike is far from being an impracticable proposition. It could take place in New York City right now. But it must be inspired by a greater motive than the labor leaders have shown at this time. It must fire the imagination of the masses and lead to an outburst of revolutionary fervor before which all engineering and manipulating pale into insignificance and all difficulties become evanescent. Great revolts and even revolutions have occurred before with a suddenness that defied reason. How were the people fed at those times? The sufficient answer is—they were. In the City of New York, during the month of September, Nineteen Sixteen, a general strike, a revolt of organized and unorganized wage earners, which would have shaken the present economic system off its foundations, could have taken place; that it did not take place was due to the want of two great indispensable things in the labor leaders and the masses—ideas and vision.

ORGANIZE—ORGANIZE RIGHT!

BY WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

(Note—The following letter was written by Fellow Worker Haywood, to a worker in Indiana. It so well explains the difference between craft and industrial unionism, that we reprint it here in full.)

YOU ask me to give you ten good reasons why any craft union should withdraw from the A. F. of L. Here they are:

If the membership of a craft union has no broader outlook on life than the narrow confines and limitations of their craft, there is no reason why they should withdraw from the American Federation of Labor, as that is the institution in which they belong.

But, if the membership of the said craft union has had experience and knocks enough to make them realize the class struggle that is going on every minute in present-day society, then there are reasons why they should change from the craft to the industrial form of organization.

1st. The modern method of production, new inventions and the development of machinery, has eliminated many craft unions. I have on my desk a glass paper weight, in which is a picture of the Owens Glass Bottle Blowing Machine. This machine has eliminated the trade or craftsman in that particular branch of industry. Other machines are doing the same thing in other lines.

2nd. The American Federation of Labor recognizes what does not exist, and that is mutual interest between capital and labor. The Industrial Workers of the World deny that there is any such mutual interest and reply that labor creates all wealth, some of which is converted into capital.

3rd. The American Federation of Labor asks for a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. The Industrial Workers of the World demand the best wages paid, but wants wages abolished altogether and the worker to receive the full social value of his labor.

4th. The American Federation of Labor is a loosely constructed association of craft unions without common industrial and so-

cial interests. The Industrial Workers of the World are One Big Union of the working class, organized as the workers are assembled on the job in the industries without regard for state lines or national boundaries.

5th. The American Federation of Labor divides industries into small craft unions. The Industrial Workers of the World unites the crafts and trades into large industrial unions.

6th. The American Federation of Labor discriminates against women. The Industrial Workers of the World recognize women as industrial units and the cards they carry are the same as the men and are acceptable universally, transferring them into any branch of industry in which they may be employed.

7th. The American Federation of Labor refuses children admittance into their unions. The Industrial Workers of the World recognize children are doing much of the labor and carrying a great part of the burden of industry. We say that those who are old enough to work are old enough to say the conditions under which they shall work, whether they have passed an apprenticeship or not.

8th. The American Federation of Labor discriminates against the negro, the Asiatic and other foreigners. The Industrial Workers of the World freely admit the negro, barring neither race, color nor creed.

9th. The American Federation of Labor fosters the apprenticeship system and limits the number of boys that should learn a trade. The Industrial Workers of the World proclaim that every mother's son and every mother's daughter should have the privilege of learning applied mechanics, that they should be encouraged in acquiring such knowledge that will urge them into some vocation where they would produce things beneficial to society.

10th. The initiation of many of the unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. is prohibitive, made so to *restrict* membership. The Industrial Workers of the World say that membership in a class labor union is a necessity of life to a worker. Therefore it is fixed annually at \$2.00.

11th. The American Federation of Labor, in some of its departments applied rigid examinations to applicants for membership. The Industrial Workers of the World has no such examinations, leaving it to the boss to discover his employee's ability.

12th. The American Federation of Labor in all of its branches stands ready to divide against itself and enter into contracts and agreements with the employing class, thus dividing labor's great force into smaller groups or sections. The Industrial Workers of the World recognize that these contracts are the death warrants of labor. No time agreement has ever been entered into by any part of the organization. The settle-

ment of any difficulty between the workers and the employing class is but an armed truce. The workers organized are ever ready to take advantage of any situation that will improve their condition, and thru this kind of action, unity and solidarity, will emancipation be achieved.

13th. Some unions of the American Federation of Labor, when times are slack, close their books and refuse to accept new members. The roster of the Industrial Workers of the World is always open. New members are ever welcome.

These reasons will apply to nearly all kinds of crafts. These should be sufficient to convince a member of any craft union, but I know that they will not, as most craft unionists have the same psychology as small business men. They are getting a little more than the majority of the working class, and with this little improvement they are satisfied. They are craft conscious instead of class conscious.

Building a Union At 40° Below

By FRANK HANSON

AS you all know, Uncle Sammy has started an experimental railroad in Alaska. In fact 18 months has gone by since actual construction started.

At the main camp, or headquarters, which is at Anchorage, the work opened up in May, 1915, in charge of Lieut. F. Mears. Thousands of workers came in here with the intention of making a living, but they were badly disappointed. It was pretty near impossible to get a job of any kind and if you did happen to get a day's work it was only at \$3.00 per day and eight hours, or 37½ cents per hour. Work one day and lay off four was a common thing here. Nor could you buy any grub from the commissary for Uncle's hard, cold dollars. You had to have a commissary book and before you could obtain one of them you would have to have at least two days' work to your credit.

No construction work was done by day

labor. The officials adopted a system of station work. That is, they let a piece of work on contract to a gang of men and these men had to do two men's work each in order to be able to make common wages. These gangs had to put up their own camps, too, and in many cases it was only for a couple of months' use.

Anyone familiar with camp life knows that it does not pay a small gang of men to put up a camp for a short period like that, but as they were working for Uncle Sam—why then it was all right! Prices were low, too, so it looked like cheap labor was wanted. Nearly every American was hollering about how the foreigners were cutting down the American standard of living, but it looks to me like it was the U. S. government that was doing it. Remember, you Americans, that all the aliens that come to this land are not all dead-heads. Many of them have fought for the right of every man

to live long before they ever landed on American soil, and let me tell you that these are fighting for the same standard as you, if not a better one.

The season was a very short one, too, so at freeze-up there was not much more to do. At that time there was about 1,400 men in Anchorage, most of them with not enough money to buy grub for the winter. And there was no work in sight for several months. Nearly everything was shut down. A few men were working here and there, but I don't think that the whole force outside of the foremen and the office force was 150 strong. The biggest gang was the steel gang in charge of "Hurry-up Jones." The steel gang was a little better than 50 strong and they lived in four box cars 9½ feet by 40 feet. One of these cars was used as kitchen, one as office and the other two as sleeping quarters. It was just like sardines in a box and the sanitary conditions were very poor. The eatings could have been a whole lot better, too, but what do the workers expect for a dollar a day when there is no profit on it. Some days it was a little cold up here—35 degrees below zero—and these poor devils had to handle rails and ties in that kind of weather for 37½ cents per hour.

These are the things that led to the first walkout and the forming of the Alaska Labor Union.

On the 7th of February the steel gang demanded 50 cents per hour or there would be no steel laid. They did not receive any answer to that, but the engine coupled on to the boarding cars and hauled them into town.

That same night there was a mass meeting in town of the workers. Some one that was looking for a pie-card had sounded a call to try to organize the workers into the A. F. of L. The carpenters had already sent for a charter and, of course, they wanted the support of the rank and file as they realized that they themselves were helpless. The hall was crowded to capacity and about 500 men were turned away, so enthusiasm for organizing was good. After much discussion it was decided to form an independent industrial union for Alaska and to try to get them all under one banner.

It was voted to support the steel gang in their struggle and delegates were sent out along the road. Four hundred joined that first night and the next five days the number

increased to 1,200 members. Not so bad when you take into consideration that *every nationality was represented*.

A committee was sent down to Mr. Mears and presented to him the following demands: Common labor 50 cents per hour; mechanics, 75 cents per hour; cooks, from \$90 to \$125 per month and board; flunkies from \$60 to \$75 per month; teamsters, \$90 per month and board. Mears said he had no authority to settle any labor disputes which may arise, but that he would communicate with Secretary of the Interior, F. K. Lane in Washington, D. C., but that it would take two weeks to get an answer from the outside as the cable was broke.

Things moved along in shipshape manner in those two weeks. A lot was secured and a hall 48x100 feet in the clearing started. Hundreds of men donated their labor. Logs were cut and hauled in and fifteen days after the first log was cut the walls were up 12 feet. Two more weeks saw the completion of the hall, and today this hall stands as a monument in Alaska as to what labor can do.

Will have to mention here that the Alaska Engineering Commission had been trying to get men to go out, but they were not very successful. One day they got a few to go out under false pretense. When the men found out that they were going to lay steel they refused to work. The foreman, "Hurry-up Jones," threw some of the bedding off the car. One of the men spoke to said slave-driver about transportation back to town. Mr. "Hurry-up" drew a big gun and said, "Now we will talk about transportation." Of course, the fellow-worker had to foot it back to town, which was twenty-two miles distant.

On the 19th day after we put in the demands Mr. Mears came and delivered part of the Secretary's answer. A conciliation committee of three was going to leave for Anchorage in the first part of March and said committee was going to settle the trouble, and set a scale of wage satisfactory to all. At the next meeting it was then decided to go back to work under the old scale and wait and see what the future would bring. On the 26th of March the committee arrived. The worthy gentlemen were: J. A. Moffett, Hyvel Davies and B. M. Squires.

The investigation went very slow. Day

went by after day, week after week, but no results. When three weeks had gone by in that manner it was decided at a meeting to call a general strike on the whole line to go into effect on the 22nd of April at noon. Everybody responded nobly when the call to strike was sounded, so by the 24th, at noon, everything was tied up once more. Of course, there was a few A. F. of L. members working—and did they receive a royal reception coming from work in the evening? Even the dogs would not associate with these skunks. On the 4th day after the strike broke out, Mears laid them all off. That's what they get for being traitors to their class. On the 27th of April the union received an answer from the conciliation committee. The offer was 40½ cents per hour for common labor; 70 cents for mechanics; pile-drivers, 60 cents; drillers under ground, 60 cents; cooks from \$90 to 125 per month and board; flunkies and other help around the kitchen, from \$60 to \$80 per month and board; teamsters, \$85 per month and board.

It took these gentlemen one month to find out that the common laborer could live on a 25-cent-per-day raise, while the mechanic needed \$1.60 per day. I wonder if that fat Moffett could get along himself on that wage in this country?

That offer was not considered at all at the meeting of the A. L. U. held that afternoon. It was a solid vote for the continuation of the strike, and that vote showed that these men or the majority of them know the first commandment of labor, which is Solidarity.

The committee now had to go to hard work again and draw up a new scale. This time it took them two days to raise the scale for common labor to 45 cents per hour. At the meeting that same afternoon it was decided to go back to work on the first of May and to accept the wages that were offered.

Many may think that we have not accomplished much, but if we consider that this was the first time that common labor has struck against dear old Uncle Sammy, why then I think that the workers gained a big victory!

Working conditions have improved a whole lot, but some of these slave-drivers need a lesson in handling men. The grub and accommodations are very poor in some of the camps and this is not the model job which it ought to be.

On Labor Day the union had a holiday. Nearly everybody was in from the work and took part in the parade.

After the parade there was all kinds of sports and games and by next spring we will be ready to take another tumble with the old fellow.

WHO PAYS THE TAXES?

By MARY E. MARCY

KARL MARX, the greatest economist of modern times, says that the working class, on the average, gets, for its labor, just about enough to live on and to raise children to become future workers. And this is true whether the wage workers live in a land where the general cost of living is \$2.00 a day, \$6.00 a day or only 10 cents a day. In each and every place the worker receives, on the average, just about enough to exist on.

At the end of twenty years the wage worker who receives and spends \$6.00 a day has just about as much to show for his labors as the native in Central America who has worked for ten cents a day. It is the

cost of living; food, clothing, coal, shelter, rent, taxes that *determine* the wages paid the working class in any particular country at any particular time.

Take a cotton mill worker in Central America and consider his wages. His employer is able to hire native cotton workers for 12 cents a day. The cotton worker is only able to get 12 cents a day for his labor power. Why? Because in the part of the country where the cotton mills are located much of the land is still free. The workers can go out and build a thatch hut on this free land. The climate is warm and the worker needs no steam-heated apartment, no furnace nor stoves to keep himself warm.

The few cents he receives a day are more than enough to buy what little food he cannot secure in the forests and what little clothing he desires.

In England, where the *taxes* on a house are added directly to the rent, the cotton mill workers receive *in their wages* enough *more* money than the Central American workers, to enable them to pay not only the low *rent but also the taxes*. In one place the employing cotton mill owner gets the labor of his worker for 12 cents a day; in another the employer has to pay \$1.00 a day—because it costs him more for food, for clothes, for rent and taxes, for his workers.

Now, who ways the taxes?

In the eastern part of the United States, where the cost of living is still higher than it is in England, the cotton mill operatives receive higher wages than they get in England.

If all taxes are removed from house rents in England, what would happen? Would the English cotton workers be able to save any more from their wages than they do now?

In any industry, or any country, or city you will always find that when the cost of living is reduced wages fall correspondingly except where there is a great scarcity of labor—because the wage workers who need work compete with other workers for jobs. One offers to work for less than the other and the second offers to work for less than the third and fourth, and so on—they keep *under-bidding* each other for the job until the wages again just about correspond to the cost of living.

Where the cost of living is reduced, wages fall because the workers can work for less and have to work for less. The boss always hires the cheapest man or woman.

Rent is one form of taxes. Just consider one city for a moment. Suppose there is only *one* landlord who owns all the houses for rent to the factory workers. And suppose there is one great factory owner and a lot of small grocers, clothiers, butchers, barbers, coal dealers, etc., etc. These make up the basis of the town. And then, of course, there are, say, 1,000 factory workers. Somebody has to pay the rent on the houses these factory workers occupy.

If the factory owner were to *buy* the houses and the land and let his employees live in these houses for nothing, he could

hire them for just that much less wages. And the *factory* owner would be *saving the rent for himself* formerly charged for the homes of his employees.

On the other hand, suppose the landlord *doubles* the rent on the factory-hand cottages in a single night. *Who* pays the increase? Not the factory workers. They haven't the money. They demand *more* wages from their employer, who is compelled to grant the increase, because he knows that *all* other wage workers will ask the increase before they can go to work for him.

A high tariff is a form of tax and many people believe that wage workers ought to oppose a high tariff rate because it means a higher cost of living. But the wage is determined by the cost of living. One of the reasons working men and women receive higher wages in America than they do in England is due to the high tariff. Food and clothing cost more in America than they do in England. But the American wage workers do not pay this increase. Their *employers* pay it. Their employers have to pay the workers *higher wages* to cover the increased cost of living caused in part by a high tariff.

You know and we know that the working class produces all the commodities in the world. The workers build the houses, raise the crops, produce the food, clothing and homes of the world. But all these things, which the workers *make*, are *taken* from them by their employers and the workers are paid *wages*. No matter where you may go, you will nearly always find that, owing to the number of unemployed workers, wages fluctuate very closely around the cost of living. The employers of workers *have* to pay enough wages to enable the worker to live.

A high tariff (or tax) on sugar enables the sugar manufacturers to sell sugar at a higher price than a low tariff, because foreign sugar manufacturers are unable to pay the tax and compete with the American manufacturers. Sugar and all other high tariff articles sell at a higher price because the high tax (or tariff) eliminates foreign competition. And so the wage workers are able to get higher wages. Without a high cost of living we in America would receive the average English wage, or, if the cost of living was forced still lower, the 12-cent-a-day wage of the Chinese laborer.

An employer sometimes regards his employe as the farmer regards his horse. The employer has to see that his employe is fed, clothed, sheltered—or he has rather to see that his employe receives enough wages to permit him to do these things for himself. The factory owner hates to see his employes forced to pay high rents, or high taxes, because he knows these come out of *his*, the employer's, *profits*.

Like the owner of a horse, he wants cheap fodder, cheap oats and corn, cheap pasturing, cheap *bread* for his worker.

Suppose somebody passed a law providing that every single week in the year the owner of every horse was required to inject two dollars' worth of anti-toxin into the equine's blood, or that the horse had to pay \$2.00 *taxes* every week.

Suppose you received a notice that *your* horse had to pay \$2.00 taxes every month. What would *you* do? Would you leave it *to the horse*? Would the horse pay the taxes? Or would the man for whom the horse works have to pay the taxes? Would *you* pay the taxes?

The employer of the wage worker is in the same position. It is true, we regret to confess, that the employer *takes* all the useful and beautiful things the worker *makes*. But the *expenses* of the worker determine what wages the boss will have to pay the worker!

Of course, the more widely the workers learn to organize with their comrades against the exploiting, propertied class, the more they can force from their bosses in the shape of wages. Some unions have long been able to get back a little more than just enough to live on.

Is a Raise in Wages a Real Raise?

There have always been casual students of economics who have claimed that it was useless for workers to strike for higher wages because the boss would turn right around and raise the cost of living.

But you know, and every other wage

worker knows, that this is both impossible and absurd. We know that your boss and my boss cannot raise the cost of living. We know that they cannot even raise the price of the things they sell, because they have to compete with other manufacturers. And if they raise the price of the things we have produced higher than their competitors, they will soon be forced out of business. We will buy of the other fellow. Individual employers, except in rare cases, such as mining communities, where the miners are compelled to buy at company stores, are unable to raise the cost of living.

Karl Marx wrote a book and called it "Value, Price and Profit," precisely to show that a rise in wages is an actual gain to the workers. Marx says that even a *general* rise of the wages of the working class of one country would not affect prices in that country to any considerable extent.

He says, however, that if, say, 2,000,000 workers received an increase in wages and began to buy more woollen underwear during one particular winter than they had ever purchased before, the new demand and inadequate supply might force the price of woollen under-clothing up for one season. But because of these high prices the following winter would see many new names in the woollen suit manufacturing business. Dozens of companies with capital to invest would be attracted to the woollen industry and its high rate of profit for the preceding year.

Then the working class would find these manufacturers competing with each other to sell their goods. There would be an over-supply of woollen underwear and prices would fall. Ultimately prices would stay at that level where the manufacturers were able to make only the *average* rate of profit.

Marx says: "A general rise in the rate of wages would result in a fall of the general rate of profit, but, broadly speaking, would not affect the prices of commodities." (Value, Price and Profit, page 127.)

Work And Play

FOR something like a hundred thousand years the naturalists, and anthropologists, the sociologists and ethnologists and a lot of other "ologists" tell us, man lived in a state of lower savagery. He lived in the tops of trees, in rude thatch shelters, in caves and dug-outs; he loved widely and freely; he fished in the rivers and found sustenance also in fruits, nuts, berries and in the hunting grounds. Only recently in the life of the human race, they tell us, has man overcome his natural inclinations and concentrated his attention upon *work*.

And he has set about working with all the aversion that thousands of years of playing, hunting, and loafing ancestors have wrought in his natural tendencies. Necessity has compelled him to fix his roving attention, to limit his playful moods, to restrict his freedom and to get down to the misery of sowing, reaping, of hewing and building, of confining his old bold spirit in the dank walls of great office buildings, adding up endless columns of horrible figures. Schiller declares that man is only fully human when he is at play.

We believe the tendency still persists, and we hope it always will endure, for man to throw off the burden of work at the sound of the whistle at five o'clock, or six o'clock, or whatever o'clock the blessed signal of release may come—and revert to his original nature and *play*.

When men or women leave an office, a factory or mill in which they have violated all their natural instincts for eight or nine hours, they want diversion, light, music, good food, dancing, the theater—in fact, they want to relax and play. They desire something that does not require their *fixed* attention, concentrated thought or effort.

And this is why the seats of our lecture halls remain empty and the theaters put out the Standing Room Only signs; why the libraries are never worked to their capacity and the saloons and music halls, the cabarets, dance halls and saloons are often jammed to the doors.

This is why a group of workingmen will go to sleep over the most learned lecture

and stay up all night to laugh over a good comedian, or a witty story-teller.

The man or woman who rises at six or seven o'clock, goes to work at seven or eight, returns home to supper at five or six and *works* all evening over three hundred days in the year is no longer a human being. He is a *machine*.

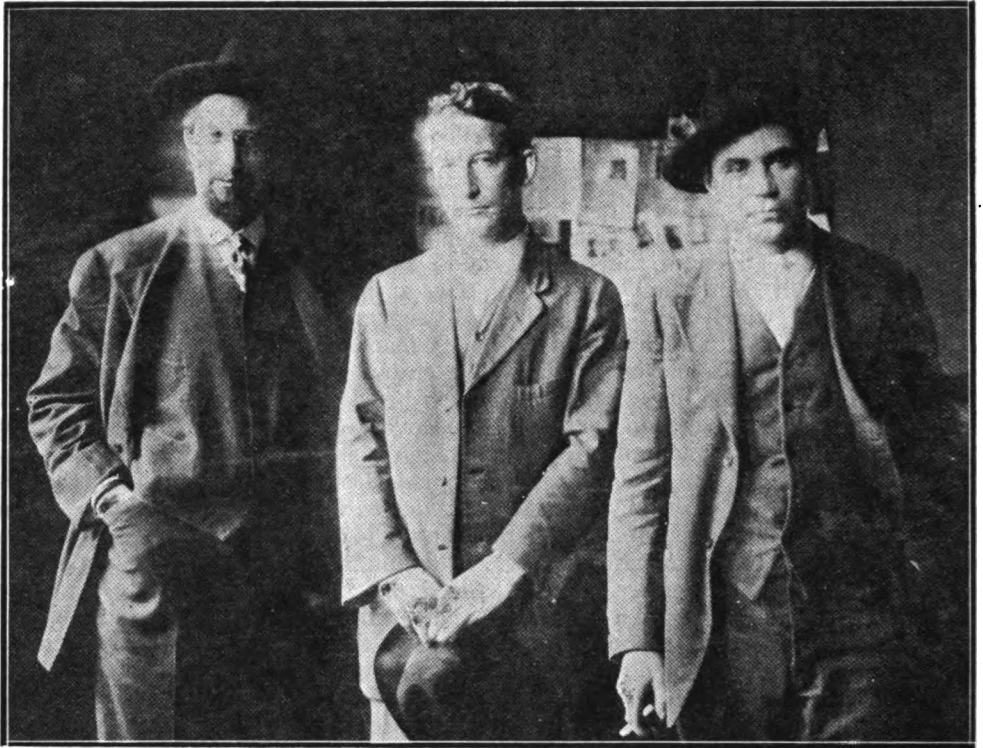
A man *lives* according to the experiences he enjoys, the variety he is able to mingle with his days. Doing the same thing over and over again is not living. It is *habit*.

Man's chief superiority over the other animals lies in his *ability to respond to a greater variety of ways to stimuli*. He may respond to nearly the same set of conditions in a hundred different ways upon a hundred different occasions. He is attracted and repelled by an infinite variety of things; he has a thousand places to go, innumerable ways to occupy himself; a whole world of things to think about.

But to the large percentage of men and women these opportunities are closed. For man must have the earth under his feet—and the earth has been grabbed up by those who charge *rent* for permission to live upon the land. You must have money to pay rent. Likewise a man must have food to live by and the propertyless man has no food; neither has he money to buy food; neither has he clothing, and clothing also requires money from empty hands.

The average man possesses nothing and so he must sell his strength and his brains to get money to pay rent, and buy food and clothing. And when he has done, over and over again, day in and day out, the same things in factory, shop or mill, for several years, all his instincts for play drive him from the factory, not to books and lectures and a study of how to better his conditions, but to—*play*.

Propagandists want to remember this. They want to remember to mix a whole lot of laughter with their learned speeches; they want to learn to mix music and song and dancing with new ideas and books and lectures. The propagandists must learn to attract man through his *play* instincts when they cannot catch him by solemn ideas!



CARLO TRESKA

SAM SCARLETT

JOSEPH SCHMIDT

Legal Side Lights on Murder

By ARTHUR LESUEUR

EIGHT men and one woman are under indictment for murder in the first degree, on the Iron Range in Minnesota; this, as a result of the brutal attacks of mine guard deputies in the effort to break the strike of the iron miners.

Philip Masonovich, Joe Orlandich, Nick Nickich, Joe Cernogortovich, and Milica Masonovich—the wife of Philip—were attacked in the Masonovich home by mine guard deputies, and, in the fight resulting, one deputy and a bystander were killed. The miners were unarmed. The deputies were all armed, and there were four of them.

To this point, nothing unusual occurs, from the legal standpoint. It is the usual, sordid, soulless tragedy of the effort of corporate wealth to break the spirit of the workers in a strike; but there have been indicted, also, for the same offense and in

the same case and for the alleged murder of the same deputy sheriff, four other men; that is: Carlo Tresco, Joseph Schmidt, Sam Scarlett, and Arthur Boose; who were engaged, at the time of the killing of the deputy sheriff, in an effort to organize the miners during the strike. On July 3 none of these last named men were within twelve miles of the place where the deputy was killed, some of them being sixty or seventy miles from there; and yet they are indicted by the Grand Jury, and the indictment charges them with the killing of the deputy by means of a dangerous weapon, to wit: a gun. If the Grand Jury for St. Louis county, Minnesota, believes that their indictment is a true indictment, and that such a gun exists as would make possible the killing of this deputy by these four men—all of them located at different points, and more than a hundred miles apart, none of them

within twelve miles of the place at the time of the killing, and yet all of them committing it with the same gun described in the indictment—they should, in the interests of humanity, convey this information to the warring powers in Europe, so that the very terror of such a weapon would end the war.

The Constitution of the State of Minnesota provides that any one charged with the commission of a crime must be informed "of the nature and cause of the accusation" against him. The indictment, in this case, does *not* carry any other or further information to these four men, than that they are charged with killing the deputy sheriff with a dangerous weapon, to wit: a gun, on July 3. This gives them absolutely no information concerning what the State expects to prove against them in the way of connecting them with the killing of the deputy. This is not a new method of procedure on the part of the State. It involves practically the same principles as were fought out in the Haywood case in Idaho, and in the Chicago anarchist cases, wherein men are held bound as principals in the commission of a crime by virtue of things said or done, which had no immediate connection with the commission of the crime, but which are con-

strued by the law as calculated to assist in bringing it about.

In the Iron Range case, there can be no possible contention, on the part of the State, that the four organizers were in any way actually involved in the killing of the deputy, and, therefore, it is to be expected that the State will attempt to prove a case—if it attempts to prove a case at all—on the theory of conspiracy, and, as evidence to back up this theory, proof will doubtless be offered by the State of statements made in speeches by the four organizers.

This shows the unfair position in which the defendants are placed in cases of this kind. They are not informed of the nature and cause of the accusation against them—they do not know what the State will claim they said that incriminates them, until they hear it from the lips of the witnesses on the witness stand. There is then small opportunity, if any at all, to procure witnesses to rebut the statements of the witnesses for the State; and unless they are able to do this, should the State bring witnesses testifying to incriminating statements, imprisonment for life will be the penalty to be visited upon these men—not for any crime committed, but because of their inability to



JOE CERROMOVITCH

JOE ORLANDITCH

MILITZA MASANOVITCH

PHILLIP MASANOVITCH

JOE NICITCH

deny the statements attributed to them by mine guards and other low types of criminals.

It is hard to convey to the lay mind the enormous difficulty of such a situation on the part of the defendants. For instance, Arthur Boose is not under arrest. There is no chance to consult with him as to things which he said, and yet, if he made incriminating statements, his statements may be used against all of the others. Unless the rigor of the strict rules, as heretofore applied in similar cases, is abated by the trial judge, the defendants, Tresco, Scarlett, and Schmidt, will have to go on trial, knowing nothing whatever of the things that will be charged against them as connecting them with the crime of murder.

No more striking illustration of the lack of care for the personal rights of a worker, on the part of the State, can be imagined than this. It would be impossible to get a judgment, in a Justice Court, for so much as seventy-five cents, without serving notice to the party against whom it was to be entered, of the nature and cause of the indebtedness, as a basis for the judgment; and yet these men are put on trial for their very lives, without a word of notice as to the things which they must meet in Court.

This is just one of the things which Labor must meet, in its contest with the real power that governs the State of Minnesota, and this power is Organized Wealth. The powers of the State are thus prostituted to the purpose of persecution of the workers who demand fair treatment, and they will continue to be so persecuted until the workers learn the efficiency of organization, and by

their solidarity on the industrial field, meet the organized power of wealth with the organized power of brain and brawn. If every working man and woman in Minnesota belonged to a Labor Union that was class-conscious, and could act in that spirit of solidarity that actuates organized wealth in all of its dealings with the workers, these men would never be tried, for it is known in advance that they are innocent, and the only reason for trying them is for the purpose of putting out of the way men obnoxious to organized wealth, who are, in a measure, standing between the Steel Trust and its victims.

It ought to be very plain, even to those not versed in the law, why it is necessary for Labor to rally to the defense of these men—all of them—and to the defense of this woman, as well, with finances that will enable them to act instantly and effectively in their own defense, while the trial is going on, in the matter of procuring evidence to meet the case which the State presents against them, which they can not deliberately prepare in advance of the trial, for want of notice.

Labor should rally to the support of these defendants, from coast to coast, as one man, for this reason: That if Labor's leaders and champions can be "railroaded" on such a flimsy frame-up, and put out of the way for life under such circumstances as are presented in this case, then, indeed, is Labor's cause hopeless. Labor must protect its own; otherwise, the power of the State, and Organized Wealth that rules the State, will make of Labor nothing but slaves.



THE LEFT WING

Mass Action and Mass Democracy

By S. J. RUTGERS

THE disadvantage of a series of articles, especially in a monthly review, is that nobody can be expected to recollect what has been said a few months, or even a month, ago. We live in such a hurry and have such a variety of impressions, provided we are not yet dumb-founded and crushed by modern capitalism, that we are prevented from fully enjoying even *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*. Most of us have lost the art of reading properly. If you only try to experiment with yourself in reading an article which interests you, asking at the end about the beginning, you will be astonished at the results, unless you read very carefully several times. To remember the contents of an article which was read a month ago is practically beyond human effort and this means a serious setback to the greater part of the American people, who, for their mental development, depend largely upon magazines and newspapers, rather than upon books and pamphlets.

To develop any kind of logical reasoning on a serious subject generally demands more words than can be pressed into one article, the more so because lengthy articles are very seldom read carefully. The only half-way remedy seems to give a short summary at the end, which, altho it will always lack logic and force, may induce some of the readers to take up once more the original articles and re-read them as a whole.

The Left Wing series, not being the expression of the point of view of some individual, but of a growing group of International Socialists, it is worth while to reconsider their new conceptions and to compare their experience with American practice.

To facilitate this, I give the following summary:

Capitalism with its concentration of capital and growing productivity of labor, develops monopolistic tendencies, which enable the monopolists to get a bigger share in the general surplus value. To invest these big profits in a profitable way, it is

necessary to extend big business and monopolies, broadening the field by opening new territories or deepening the monopolistic tendencies by subjugating new industries. This leads to aggression, both abroad and at home and to a complete breakdown of whatever was left of a more or less independent capitalist class. The big monopolistic interests, concentrated in the banks, secure complete control of the so-called independent capitalists and middle classes, economically as well as politically, which are only two sides of the same condition. (July issue.)

This leads to a new aggressive policy of the capitalist class against the workers all over the world and it is this new form of class struggle which we call *imperialism*, of which the foreign aggression is one face and brutality against the workers at home, another. In this sense, the United States are by no means behind in the imperialistic race, altho the special form of development here has prevented the workers from recognizing its complete form in time. (June issue.)

Instead of a growing democracy, this development means the end of the old middle class democracy. Democratic forms are used in the political control of financial monopolistic capital, and develop into a new form of absolutism, the so-called "plutocracy" (government of money kings). The United States show the most typical and most advanced form of this political system, and it is the worst of self-deceptions to tell the workers that there is so much as a political democracy in this country. (August issue.)

The new forms of capitalist class struggle and the fundamental change in what we may expect from middle class democracy greatly affects our own class struggle. The old form of Socialist parliamentary action becomes ever more obsolete; we can no longer hope to gain practical results by instructing our leaders to skilfully exploit the differences in the interests of capitalist groups, even if we put our power into the

hands of the most prominent lawyers. We gradually realize that we confront one solid opponent, who succeeds only too well in fooling the workers by all kinds of promises or even by accidentally voting a labor law, that often is not even put into effect, or that is more than checked by other measures.

The situation certainly must look hopeless to those comrades who fail to see the new development which brings its own solution of the problem.

Instead of putting our hope on leaders, on which we were fully dependent in the period of political negotiations, the workers are forced to take their fate more in their own hands. We have to realize that the "leaders" generally belong to a (middle) class, which becomes ever more antagonistic to labor, which makes it still more dangerous to depend upon them, and at the same time the issues at stake lose the complexity of old style politics and become more and more straight issue of class power. It may require a competent lawyer to understand at least some of the tricks of politicians and bankers, but to protect against the shooting of peaceful strikers requires class sentiment and courage in the first place. Our Socialist politicians and office holders gradually become useless, because they have no success and cannot have any real success in their old style fight for the working class. They are worse than useless, because the rank and file trust in the ability of leaders to protect their interests and fail to develop their own energy and class power.

The cleverest and strongest among a group always will have a certain amount of influence, but experience has already shown that those who have influence upon the workers in critical times of class war are thrown into jail. And we cannot hope to gain the slightest advantage when our methods of fight are not such as to allow every open place in the ranks to be readily occupied by another worker during the fight. This demands simple, open methods of fighting and a general class consciousness and understanding among the rank and file.

Strong leaders who did complicated fighting were a feature of the old form of "democracy" and they failed, together with the general failure of middle class democracy. In fact, a class of powerful leaders is out of harmony with the very principle of real democracy. The new form of class

fighting, in which the masses (rank and file) will have understanding and control, solves the problem of democracy, as the very meaning of democracy is the control of the masses.

Mass action and mass democracy have to develop gradually; in fact, there is a beginning of this development, mostly on the economic field, and there is no use in denying that the future of labor belongs to these new forms and not to the Gompers, Hutchinsons and other leaders of the A. F. of L., nor to the politicians and officials of the Socialist party. (October issue.)

So far, this is a summary of what has been illustrated more fully in the preceding articles. It seems to me that the facts as stated are very plain. They may be wrong and then you should say so, but if not, if the facts are all right, then it cannot be denied that this conception of the Left Wing is very important; that we have to make up our minds what to do; how to help the new developments, the new methods; how to act to increase our class power.

Somebody asked me: how can you expect the workers to understand their own interests without sufficient schools and teaching and time to read and to study? and, as in Europe, as well as in the United States, imperialism has decided that the present school system is already too expensive, that the workers know already too much to be good slaves, to agree with this view means to give up all hope in a victory of the working class in the near future.

We readily admit that, very likely, the workers will never learn to clearly understand what is their interest in fighting for certain laws, discussing whether labor is a commodity or not; they will not learn to understand what it means when the same policy is called first a protective tariff, then a competitive tariff, then fiscal, then anti-dumping, etc.; they will not understand parliamentary fighting as long as their own leaders follow the capitalists in their methods, which are established by the capitalists for the sole purpose of fooling the workers.

But the workers will easily understand their interests in important class issues, they will understand their interests, when their fellow workers are shot by thugs or militia, or jailed by capitalist judges, and they would rise to protest if they had not lost the control of their own interests and their own self-respect, and yet the victims of capitalist

power will not have fallen in vain, because the brutality of the ruling class will gradually awaken the workers. They will see this series of bloody crimes from Ludlow to Minnesota and they will note that their leaders did nothing to prevent or even to protest seriously. And if the class consciousness of the workers is not dead, if the workers are not prepared to be beaten to pieces, one group after another, they will back up protests with their masses, if necessary, over the heads of their leaders.

It is not, in the first place, the difficulty of understanding what are the real interests of the workers in the class struggle, it is the difficulty of how to act, how to break the old forms of power, including the power entrusted to leaders, and how to get the habit of fighting and experience to fight and to control the fight, both on the political and economic field. The capitalist class uses political instruments, militia, judges, etc., as strong, efficient tools in their class

struggles; the workers will have to fight those tools as well as the economic instruments, but in a manner that suits their purposes and not according to the methods their foes invented for them; not in parliamentary negotiations and hair-splittings, but by the power of their masses, compelling the capitalist class to openly oppose or to submit to their demands.

Fighting, as everything else, has to be learned in practice, and mass fighting means that the rank and file has to do some independent thinking and has to get its own understanding of important class issues under imperialism, not resting before there is organized protest and organized action in each special case. The form of this mass action will develop with a growing class consciousness and a growing international understanding, and will at the same time enable the workers to acquire the qualities necessary to organize a co-operative commonwealth.

The German Minority and the War

By CARL WITTMAN

MANY comrades left the Socialist movement because on August 4, 1914, all the 111 Socialist deputies in the Reichstag failed to do their duty. Among them are some of the best members in Germany and also here in America.

From Comrade Rühle I received the following explanation of those critical days at the beginning of the war: The great majority of the members of the Socialist group took unconditionally the ground that the Fatherland must be defended; once war has begun, they said, everyone must fight for his country. Ten members held that everyone must fight in case the nation is attacked, in case it is not waging a war of conquest. These ten are not fundamentally opposed to war of defense; their doubts are of purely opportunistic character. Only four were definitely, fundamentally, opposed to all war, even defensive war. These were Liebknecht, Rühle, Herzfeld (from Rostock), and Henke (from Bremen). Their view is that during this imperialistic era all wars are carried on for the purpose of conquest; that no land is safe as long as there are

capitalist armies; that for the proletariat of any nation the army of that nation is the greatest source of danger.

The fourteen members of the last two groups were prepared to vote against the war appropriation in the Reichstag. In order to prevent this the majority passed a resolution providing that every member was to be present and was to vote for the appropriation. The fourteen faced the alternative of voting in accordance with the resolution or splitting the group and the party. The voting of the appropriation thus became a subordinate issue. The division of the party was the great issue up for discussion. The fourteen had to decide for or against it on August 4, 1914. The ten opportunists were unwilling to see the thing thru, to vote as they wished to do at the expense of a split in the party. They pleaded with the other four and threatened them. As their trump card they said that a movement begun by only four members would excite nothing but ridicule. To divide the tiny minority of fourteen would be to rob it of all influence with the majority. In order to prevent this the four yielded to the fourteen. That Lieb-

knecht on December 2, 1914, in spite of the resolutions of the group, in spite of the pleadings and threatenings of the ten, voted against the war appropriation—this was his great deed. But he was the only Socialist in Germany who could defy the whole group, the whole party machine, the whole press. He could do it because he had an international name, a name which had international weight when he received it from his father. Had Rühle done, alone and unsupported, what Liebknecht did on December 2, he would have been disgraced before all Europe. It would have been thought that he imagined that he could, single-handed, bring about a division in the great Social Democratic party.

Thus vote for the war appropriation became on August 4 the great issue. This issue must be settled in every village, every city, every nation where there are Socialists. It is the question which faces the Socialism of our day. It will divide friend from friend and sever the false from the true. It will leave nothing as it was. Those who believe in defense must grant everything—appropriations, taxes, cannons, cannon-fodder, constitutional rights. Everything must be granted. On the crooked track of defensive warfare there is no halting place. In the hour of danger every sacrifice must be made. Necessity knows no fine distinctions. Once place the Fatherland above internationalism and you must sacrifice your party, your Socialism.

There is a sharp division between international Socialism and national defense. The opposition between these two is not new. At nearly every congress of the second International it was on the program. It was a nut that could not be cracked. We should not crack it now were we not forced to do it. The days of theory are past. The catastrophe has arrived.

After two years of experience with the

misery which follows in the trail of this policy of national defense we, here in America, still stop our ears and close our eyes to the facts of the matter. Everywhere we have the poor courage to say to Liebknecht and Rühle that they also failed on August 4. If they, right at the start, had voted no, how much better it would have been, how great a disillusionment we should have been spared! But they could not do it without splitting the party and the group. They understood the state of the case perfectly and they did not for a moment betray our cause. Almost hand-to-hand they fought against the defense-Socialists in the party caucuses.

Sad to say, many Socialists are bewitched by their notions of bourgeois parliaments. To them the part they play in the parliamentary debates is everything. This, too, will be changed after the war. All European parliaments have resigned their prerogatives or had them wrested from them since the outbreak of the war. They have become maids-of-all-work to military dictators. We have to bear in mind that Liebknecht and his friends have definitely cut themselves off from the majority. They refuse to pay dues and call upon the comrades to refuse further support to the party officials.

The American Socialist party must take some position with regard to this division with the German party. What this attitude is to be is a question which is being carefully side-stepped at the present time. But it is a question which cannot forever be avoided. When the conditions demand an answer it will be fought out among our members. Any American who condemns Scheideman's fight-to-a-finish policy and then allows some one to unload Berger's Patent Preparedness upon him, resembles the Pharisee who wished to pull the mote out of his brother's eye but was unconscious of the beam in his own.



EDITORIAL

State Capitalism After the War

A well-meaning clergyman named Thomas J. Hughes is the author of a disappointing book on the subject of immense importance.* His publishers state that he has devoted years to the study of his subject, and since the outbreak of the war has been in close touch with several British statesmen who advocate a form of State Socialism for their country when the great conflict ends. The book itself, however, compels us to be skeptical as to this last statement.

Mr. Hughes, with a few swift and clumsy strokes of his artist brush, connects what he has to say with current events in this fashion: The Great War ends; there is industrial unrest in England; the government proposes the nationalization of additional industries; the owners object; they compromise on a plan for establishing state-owned industries in British East Africa, and prepare to transport a large population to virgin soil, where State Socialism is to be Established under the Dictatorship of a Parliamentary Commission.

At this point the author cuts loose from all connection with historical or economic facts and gives free rein to his middle-class imagination. He proposes government ownership of industry, but not government control. In other words, as appears from the elaborate details which he works out, his idea is that a multitude of small capitalists should carry on industry with all the wastes incident to small production, but that the government should supervise the distribution of the product in such a way that no worker should receive less than \$42.60 a month and house rent. People of superior brains would get increased incomes proportioned to their "earnings," and those show-

ing a disposition to shirk would do the unpleasant work under compulsion.

To any one in touch with the modern proletarian movement, Mr. Hughes' Utopia is a grotesque and ridiculous nightmare. One thing may be said for it: it is American thru and thru. The alleged British statesmen who collaborated must have been overruled on every important point. Evidently the reverend author thinks that the golden age of the world was the small-capitalist stage of the Middle West of the United States, when the middle class was virtually the only class, and the aim of his whole book seems to be to reconstitute such a society artificially, while abolishing inheritance laws so as to prevent the re-appearance of the big capitalist.

The book may have some popularity, because it voices certain middle-class desires which are still prevalent, but except as a photograph of petit-bourgeois class psychology, it is worthless.

The real State Socialism (or rather State Capitalism) which is impending is an entirely different matter. It is probably not so unendurable as the status Mr. Hughes would establish, but it is bad enough. In its main outlines we can see it already working in England, France and Germany. Efficiency in the production of munitions and supplies for the armies is as vital to the continued existence of each of these nations as is efficiency on the battle field, and neither profits for any particular capitalist nor liberty for the worker is allowed to stand in the way of this efficiency. But the worker can not be underfed, as he has been in the past, since this would reduce his efficiency. Under the stress of war, State Capitalism is taking more definite form every day, and if the war lasts two years more, as now seems more than likely, there will be little

**State Socialism After the War. An Explanation of Complete State Socialism. What It Is: How It Would Work.* By Thomas J. Hughes. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.50 net.

left of the "competitive system," and little chance for re-establishing it.

One piece of immensely important news which has passed the official censors from Germany is that since the beginning of the war the organization of all the important industries into trusts has been practically completed. Thus the war is hastening the process predicted by Engels in "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," pages 120-135 of our edition. We quote a part of this remarkable passage:

In the trusts, freedom of competition changes into its very opposite—into monopoly; and the production without any definite plan of capitalistic society capitulates to the production upon a definite plan of the invading socialistic society. Certainly this is so far still to the benefit and advantage of the capitalists. But in this case the exploitation is so palpable that it must break down. No nation will put up with production conducted by trusts, with so barefaced an exploitation of the community by a small band of dividend-mongers.

In any case, with trusts or without, the official representative of capitalist society—the State—will ultimately have to undertake the direction of production. This necessity for conversion into State-property is felt first in the great institutions for intercourse and communication—the postoffice, the telegraphs, the railways.

If the crisis demonstrate the incapacity of the bourgeoisie for managing any longer modern productive forces, the transformation of the great establishments for production and distribution into joint-stock companies, trusts, and State property, shows how unnecessary the bourgeoisie are for that purpose. All the social functions of the capitalists are now performed by salaried employees. The capitalist has no further social function than that of pocketing dividends, tearing off coupons, and gambling on the Stock Exchange, where the different capitalists despoil one another of their capital. At first the capitalistic mode of production forces out the workers. Now it forces out the capitalists, and reduces them, just as it reduced the workers, to the ranks of the surplus population, altho not immediately into those of the industrial reserve army.

But the transformation, either into joint-stock companies and trusts, or into State ownership does not do away with the capitalistic nature of the productive forces. In the joint-stock companies and trusts this is obvious. And the modern State, again, is only the organization that bourgeois society takes on in order to support the external conditions of the capitalist mode of production against the encroachments, as well of the workers as of individual capitalists. The modern State, no matter what its form, is essentially a capitalist machine, the state of the capitalists, the ideal personification of the total national capital. The more it proceeds to the taking over of productive forces, the more does it actually become

the national capitalist, the more citizens does it exploit. The workers remain wage-workers—proletarians. The capitalist relation is not done away with. It is rather brought to a head. But, brought to a head, it topples over. State ownership of the productive forces is not the solution of the conflict, but concealed within it are the technical conditions that form the elements of that solution.

This solution can only consist in the practical recognition of the social nature of the modern forces of production, and therefore in the harmonizing the modes of production, appropriation, and exchange with the socialized character of the means of production. And this can only come about by society openly and directly taking possession of all productive forces which have outgrown all control except that of society as a whole. The social character of the means of production and of the products today reacts against the producers, periodically disrupts all production and exchange, acts only like a law of Nature working blindly, forcibly, destructively. But with the taking over by society of the productive forces, the social character of the means of production and of the products will be utilized by the producers with a perfect understanding of its nature, and instead of being a source of disturbance and periodical collapse, will become the most powerful lever of production itself.

Active social forces work exactly like natural forces; blindly, forcibly, destructively, so long as we do not understand, and reckon with them. But when once we understand them, when once we grasp their action, their direction, their effects, it depends only upon ourselves to subject them more and more to our own will, and by means of them to reach our own ends. And this holds quite especially of the mighty productive forces of today. As long as we obstinately refuse to understand the nature and the character of these social means of action—and this understanding goes against the grain of the capitalist mode of production and its defenders—so long these forces are at work in spite of us, in opposition to us, so long they master us, as we have shown above in detail.

But when once their nature is understood, they can, in the hands of the producers working together, be transformed from master demons into willing servants. The difference is as that between the destructive force of electricity in the lightning of the storm, and electricity under command in the telegraph and the voltaic arc; the difference between a conflagration, and fire working in the service of man. With this recognition at last of the real nature of the productive forces of today, the social anarchy of production gives place to a social regulation of production upon a definite plan, according to the needs of the community and of each individual. Then the capitalist mode of appropriation, in which the product enslaves first the producer and then the appropriator, is replaced by the mode of appropriation of the products that is based upon the nature of the modern means of production; upon the one hand, direct social appropriation, as means to the maintenance and extension of production—on the other, direct individual ap-

propriation, as means of subsistence and of enjoyment.

Whilst the capitalist mode of production more and more completely transforms the great majority of the population into proletarians, it creates the power which, under penalty of its own destruction, is forced to accomplish this revolution. Whilst it forces on more and more the transformation of the vast means of production, already socialized, into State property, it shows itself the way to accomplishing this revolution. The proletariat seizes political power and turns the means of production into State property.

But in doing this, it abolishes itself as proletariat, abolishes all class distinctions and class antagonisms, abolishes also the State as State. Society thus far, based upon class antagonisms, had need of the State. That is, of an organization of the particular class which was pro tempore the exploiting class, an organization for the purpose of preventing any interference from without with the existing conditions of production, and therefore, especially, for the purpose of forcibly keeping the exploited classes in the condition of oppression corresponding with the given mode of production (slavery, serfdom, wage-labor). The State was the official representative of society as a whole; the gathering of it together into a visible embodiment. But it was this only in so far as it was the State of that class which itself represented, for the time being, society as a whole; in ancient times, the State of slave-owning citizens; in the middle ages, the feudal lords; in our own time, the bourgeoisie. When at last it becomes the real representative of the whole of society, it renders itself unnecessary. As soon as there is no longer any social class to be held in subjection; as soon as class rule, and the individual struggle for existence based upon our present anarchy in production, with the collisions and excesses arising from these, are removed, nothing more remains to be repressed, and a special repressive force, a State, is no longer necessary. The first act by virtue of which the State really constitutes itself the representative of the whole of society—the taking possession of the means of production in the name of society—this is, at the same time, its last independent act as a State. State interference in social relations becomes, in one domain after another, superfluous, and then dies out of itself; the government of persons is replaced by the administration of things, and by the conduct of processes of production. The State is not “abolished.” It dies out.

Frederick Engels, writing in 1877, foresaw with wonderful clearness the process of industrial evolution from the little capitalists thru the trusts to the capitalist state. His only mistake was in underestimating the time that would be required for the process. Now the great war has speeded up the transformation, so that we can see the new State Capitalism taking definite shape before our eyes. Even were the war to end tomorrow, the world will not move back to

where it was in the spring of 1914.

The question may be raised of whether this change is not confined to Europe. In answer we will not quote any Socialist writer, but one of the ablest exponents of modern capitalism in the United States. The *Chicago Tribune* says in its leading editorial of October 7:

Today in Europe there is going on a tremendous transformation. In England changes are taking place hardly less profound than those which took place in the age of invention, when machinery began to replace the hands, when the great industries were born and finance and commerce spread over the earth.

The nations opposed to the central powers are being reorganized primarily to beat down the mighty engine which the German genius for organization and collective action has built, but with a second thought for commercial efficiency after the war. Each great nation of Europe is today thrice a nation. All resources of moral energy and of national strength have been organized and concentrated so that the nation may exert all its powers in the maximum. Back of the huge armies, welded into weapons of warfare, are economic armies as carefully and completely controlled by the collective wills of government. If Europe before the war was an armed camp, today it is one vast battlefield in which every energy is taken up and directed to the collective purpose. Every great nation is at its highest point of organized might, with its spirit raised and stimulated by the most intense nationality. Every Briton is thrice a Briton, every German thrice a German, every Frenchman, Russian, Austrian, Italian is conscious of his race as never before.

For the moment this tremendous fact does not bear directly upon us in America because the nations are preoccupied with the war. But the moment the war has ceased we shall find ourselves in the midst of the world current where are floating these mighty engines of national organization.

Isn't it clear to any man's common sense that we shall suffer if we do not match the powerful nationalism and the iron organization of the European nations with the same strength and preparedness?

This is all plain and logical. American capitalists are today reaping immensely greater profits than have ever fallen to the ruling class of any nation since history began. But when the great war ends their profits will be imperiled and they realize it. What they must do and what economic laws show they surely will do is to build up a war machine that can meet that of any European nation on equal terms, and to organize the productive forces of the United States under a centralized control that will make it possible to compete successfully in the world market.

We Socialists should wake up to an un-

derstanding of the big things that are taking place. Our old fight for "public ownership" is a thing of the past. The wage workers have been slow to understand the need of it; the capitalists have been quick. Soon it will be a condition, not a theory. It will eliminate waste and increase the production of wealth at a bewildering rate. Who will

get the new wealth, the new comforts, the added leisure? The owners or the workers? The owners now are in control. But by the very acts necessary to keep their vast income, they are making themselves as a class wholly superfluous in the industrial process. The workers are just beginning a new fight in which final victory is sure. C. H. K.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

*The War—
a Look
Forward*

The war has now gone on for two years and three months. In that time much water has flowed under all sorts of bridges. Both rulers and people have had time for more than one sober second thought. Even Socialists have learned something. At least some of them have

During the past two months the great conflict has entered upon a new phase. A change is noticeable in all countries, and with regard to all sorts of activity. The REVIEW and its readers are not usually interested in purely military or diplomatic achievements. It is only when they have a definite influence on popular thought that they become important for us. There is no doubt that recent events have brought the nations almost face to face with the issues of peace and war. So we must take account of them.

*A New
Military
Situation*

For two years the war has been a deadlock. The great drive into France was beaten back within six weeks. The Gallipoli campaign was begun and discontinued. The Germans made a great incursion into Russia and were partly driven back. The Italians entered the arena and carried a vigorous fighting to the south. But on the whole, the struggle has led to nothing. England has been gathering her forces. It has been generally understood that the Entente Allies were not using their maximum power. All the time Germany has held large slices of French and Russian territory. So matters have stood. For six months the Germans battered in vain at Verdun. The same redoubts were taken and retaken a dozen

times. But the line, as a whole, stood still.

In July began the long advertised offensive of the Entente. Progress has been slow, but in this case there has been a definite advance. The capture of Comblès on September 26 was only a dramatic incident in a progress which has been going regularly from day to day. At the same time the Russians and Italians have been advancing their lines. The great iron ring has begun to tighten.

*Roumania
and Greece
Pick the
Winner*

The various neutral states of the continent soon discovered the change. Roumania and Greece had been looking on with frightened and covetous eyes. The Socialists in both these countries stood out nobly for peace. But everyone knew that the controlling politicians would go in for war as soon as they could pick the winning side. By the end of August, Roumania was able to make up her mind. Instantly her old scores against Austria-Hungary began to burn. She declared war and threw her army over the border in a fine imitation of the Germans. And at the present writing (October 9) Greece is preparing her hostilities against Bulgaria.

Poor Balkan states! They may pick the winner, but they are sure to be losers. If they had formed a Balkan federation after their own war, they might have stood by themselves and developed their own resources. As it is Bulgaria looks to Germany for help, while Servia, Roumania and Greece expect it from the Entente Allies. They are all in a fair way to lose their independence. But for the moment we are chiefly interested in the effect they will

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Socialism and War

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have on the great war. Roumania and Greece, entering the conflict at the same time, bring important military forces and exercise a tremendous influence on the psychology of the warring nations.

Von Hindenburg to the Rescue

No doubt the effect on the Germans has been a very depressing one. Early in September, General von Falkenhayn was removed from the head of the German staff and von Hindenburg was put in his place. It is by no means certain that the new leader in the great headquarters is a better general than the old one. But he is a popular idol. He drove the Russians out of East Prussia and public imagination made a hero of him. The occasion of his promotion was seized by press and platform to start a rally of national enthusiasm. The Kaiser who had the genius to select such a commander was celebrated even more than the commander himself. It looks very much as tho the whole episode had been carefully arranged to buoy up the spirits of a people who saw the battle turning against them.

On the other hand, there probably was a real military reason back of the change. Van Falkenhayn was all for pressing the fight against the French. He it was who planned the long battle of Verdun. When that failed the Kaiser naturally lost faith in the policy back of it and looked for a man with another one. Von Hindenburg won his great battle in the east, and he favors bringing matters to an issue there. So the transfer of authority is, in a sense, an acknowledgement that the English and the French cannot be beaten.

A New Note in Germany

When the Reichstag opened on September 29, the Chancellor's speech was entirely defensive. There was no talk about peace on the basis of the war-map, as there was in mid-summer. But Germany's house is on fire, and all hands were needed. There was a detailed account of Roumania's action to show that German statesmanship had done the utmost to prevent it. And, finally, the Von Bethmann-Hollweg expressed sympathy with the people of Germany in their trouble. He expressed it in a form which suggests that he was making a desperate effort to allay discontent.

There has been, too, a change in the tone of German newspapers. At first they

talked of civilizing the world. They wanted a place in the sun, fortified with goodly slices of territory to east and west. Now the talk is chiefly of fending off the enemy, an enemy so fierce and so numerous that the utmost effort is necessary. Frequently the editors refer to the numerical and economic superiority of the enemy as tho it were the sad result of some unforeseen accident.

The war will not end soon. The Central Powers are said to control 2,000,000 square miles of territory and 200,000,000 inhabitants. The defense of the realm will become easier rather than harder as time goes on. No one can tell when the collapse will come.

*Germans
and Other
People*

As Socialists we are not at all interested in the defeat of the Central Powers. The anti-Germans among us do not represent Socialism. There is something peculiar about Germany's economic position, and that is why she began the war. But there is nothing peculiarly dangerous about Germans or German civilization. The small number of American and English Socialists who cry out that there is, have forsworn their Socialist theory in the very act.

For us the important point is that people everywhere have begun to think about the end. We are now looking forward instead of back.

*Effect of the
Hague
Conference*

This statement applies especially to Socialists. The Hague Conference came at the psychological moment. The discussions carried on there and the resolutions adopted seem vague and stupid enough, but coming thus at the time of uncertain forward-looking they have served a real purpose. They have become a focus for German and French thought.

In this capacity they have suffered the fate of most neutral proposals. The Germans say they are anti-German, the French find them anti-French. The German majority, apparently, looked forward to the Conference with a good deal of hope. They had distributed to the delegates copies of a pamphlet explaining just why making war is good Socialism. But the Conference was profoundly unimpressed. Tröelstra referred to the Germans as citizens of a backward nation and suggested that they had

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better spend their time trying to get some sort of rudimentary rights at home. The *Hamburger Echo*, an ultra militaristic, "Socialist" paper, grew very wrathful because no similar advice was given to the French. The Conference resolution proposed that French and German Socialists get together and agree about the Alsace-Lorraine question. The *Chemnitzer Volk* another patriotic "Socialist" paper, replies with heat that there is no such thing as an Alsace-Lorraine question. The *Korrespondenz-Blatt*, organ of German Labor Unions, accuses the Conference of prejudice against German Socialists, who have steadily advocated a meeting of the International Bureau, and in favor of the French, who have thus far made such a meeting impossible. Heinrich Cunow, now a leader of the German majority, denounces the Hague delegates because they did not limit themselves to the one important question, "How can the Socialists' parties of the warring nations get together?"

*What Is
the Great
Problem?*

This remark of Cunow is in line with much of recent German Socialist propaganda. The German majority are evidently trying to put the French into a predicament. The French refuse to meet with Germans who support the war. So, superficially, they may be said to be the enemies of reunion. If indignation is directed against them it may detract attention from the great crime of the Germans.

French comment on the Hague Conference is in part an effort to counteract this move of the Germans. The Conference was a failure, says Marcel Cachin, in *L'Humanité*, because it did not take up definitely, and energetically the question of responsibility for the war. "There was no necessity," he goes on, "of lamenting the calamities which have followed in its train, but there was need of going over the events of July and August, 1914, determining the facts and visiting punishment on the guilty

after they had been dragged forth." This thought is also the main staple of a pamphlet recently issued by the French party. Past wrong must be righted, says the French, before there can be a solid rebuilding of the International.

An American View
If the question of the French were differently stated many of us here in America would agree to it as a definition of the issue. The German Socialists did not start the war. The question as to whether German capitalists or others started it is not fundamental for Socialists. The real question for us is, What was wrong with the Second International? How did it happen that a large body of persons, like the Germans, could belong to this international, take an important part in determining its policies, and then betray its principles under the influence of a capitalist government? And how can the membership of the Third International be limited to international Socialists who can be depended upon to stand together against all enemy influences? These are the main questions.

The Germans are not the only traitors to internationalism, and while we are denouncing them we must be on our guard lest we ourselves fall into their predicament. And if they are the arch-criminals, you French, you English, why have you allowed them to control the affairs of the International? Why have they been allowed even to be members? And will you permit men who believe in the duty of making war to sit with you in the Third International?

These Things We Know
With regard to the important facts we already have sufficient information. Being among neutrals we do not have to stand off and ask for an investigation—as do the French. We know that many German "Socialists" made patriotic declarations long before the outbreak of the present war. We know that for years past their efforts were lim-

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ited to the promotion of little, national reforms. We know that up to the beginning of August, 1914, they denounced the evident intent of Austria to make war on Servia. We know that suddenly, when Germany turned in by the side of Austria, they discovered that the war was for defense and voted for the war-budget. Meantime, the French were still holding off. We know that since the war began, the German majority have defended their action by developing a systematic theory of nationalist Socialism. This theory has been expounded in scores of speeches and articles.

What we need is not so much an investigation as a little clear thought and stern determination. What shall we do with this nationalistic Socialism? Let the French, Russians, Italians and English think it over. There is in Germany a growing group of international Socialists. Shall they constitute the German section in the Third International?

No Truce in England During the past month many things have tended to crystallize working-class thought in Europe. First in importance comes the great trades union congress at Birmingham. There were 2,850,547 members represented, a gain of nearly 200,000 over last year. The majority of delegates were patriotic. A violent attack was made on the Independent Labor Party for its work against the war. But a resolution to exclude it from the Labor Party was voted down. That the delegates were nearly all for the war and against the Germans was, however, perfectly clear.

It was on this account that the American proposal to hold a labor conference at the time and place of the peace negotiations was not favorably received. Those Englishmen cannot picture themselves sitting down with Germans to discuss peace. After the enemy is out of France and Belgium it may be different. But not now. A good comrade who explained that capitalism is the same everywhere got scant attention. But Jack Jones got an ovation when he told how the Germans at the last international conference promised to refuse to fight. He wound up by shouting, "and now see what they did." All reference to the American proposal was omitted from the resolutions adopted.

But there is no such thing as a truce

with the English capitalists. The cost of living still mounts. Stock companies are declaring unprecedented dividends. The unions have for the time being given up their rules, but they passed a resolution proclaiming that if the government does not keep its promises there will be a special congress and the cabinet will be summoned to face it.

*German
"Socialist"
Imperialists*

On the 15th of August the executive committee of the German Social Democracy issued a proclamation. It is against the German annexationists and in favor of an open discussion of the purposes of the war. In two respects it is rather a pitiful document. The poor authors feel obliged to defend for the hundredth time the position of their party. And afterwards they tell about a letter they have sent to the chancellor asking him to allow them to discuss the purposes of the war in which their comrades are dying. It seems not to occur to them that it might have been wise to have the discussion first and the war afterwards.

In fact, the hope of the executive committee has been realized. Socialists imperialists are allowed the freest possible expression of their opinion. Our old friend, Conrad Haenisch, has published in Vorwaerts a very clear statement of his notions. "And concerning annexations," he writes, "I have never concealed the fact that I consider a great shift of our line toward the east to be in the interest of the nation and of the working-class. We ought to hail with joy a liberated Poland. We ought also to obtain guarantees that Belgium will no longer remain a port lying open for English invasion of Central Europe, such guarantees to be compatible with the independent political existence of the Belgians."

This declaration has led to a violent controversy. It is evident that Haenisch had no right to speak for the majority. But it is evident, too, that many members of this group have long since left behind their original prejudice against the war of conquest.

*A German
Socialist
Conference*

This and other similar matters have by this time been threshed out in an imperial Socialist Conference. The date of this gathering was set for September 21, and Berlin was to be the place. At the time of going to press no

reports of the proceedings have reached this country. It will be remembered that the minority Socialists objected energetically to the calling of a regular congress. Under present conditions anti-war Socialists cannot speak their minds. The so-called majority might seal the fate of the party while the police took charge of their opponents.

So a congress was not called. The conference was arranged to take its place. It was to be made of party officials, Socialist deputies, including Otto Ruhle and the twenty who stand with Haase. The elected delegates were to be chosen according to a system giving the small electorates almost equal influence with the largest ones. So the minority comrades were deeply discontented with the arrangements. Nevertheless, they took a vigorous part in the election of delegates. At a meeting in Berlin a resolution against the policy of the executive was adopted and then anti-war delegates were elected. At Leipzig, also, minority delegates were elected. At Kile, Stettin and Cologne majority delegates were selected. Probably Scheidemann and his group were in control, but it is certain that there was a strong band of real Socialists there.

*Breaking
the Truce?*

A cablegram from Berlin brings unexpected news. The truce among German classes and parties is famous. Thus far the war "Socialists" have kept it perfectly. But the Saxon Socialists are different. The agreement is that when a member of the Reichstag dies or retires his party shall appoint his successor without contest. Now a certain Conservative Deputy Giese, has died, and those Saxon Socialists announce that they are going to put up a candidate and make a fight for the seat. Another sign that a good

many German Socialists are coming back to consciousness.

*Ultimate
Leisure for
English
Workers*

In England more than anywhere else workers and capitalists are facing the future. Justice publishes enlightening excerpts from a series of articles running in the *London Times*. An author signing himself "D. P." writes on July 24 that after the war, labor must have "something more than the pitiful old struggles." "It is an idle dream," he thinks, "and all too prevalent a dream, to suppose that any great economic reorganization can be brought about by quiet meetings of bankers and big business men and unobtrusive bargains with government departments." Compulsory unemployment and child labor are to be done away with. Industry is to be nationalized to the extent of letting the government in as a partner. This partner will assure the worker of "that most attractive of all wages, security," and will guarantee "a man's ultimate leisure and independence." Of course, there are to be no strikes in this paradise. Probably the agreeable partner will see to that.

The articles are typical of many now going the rounds. English labor is expected to make a tremendous fight "when peace comes." So the capitalists are taking on a battle of intellectual preparedness. If labor strikes quickly it may derive real benefits from the habituation of the English mind to government control of industry. If it allows itself to be lured on by hope of ultimate leisure and independence it will find its last state worse than its first.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The Iron Miners of Minnesota have declared the strike off for the time being. Meetings of all branches of Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union No. 490 were held. The Central Strike Committee on Sunday, September 17, announced the vote.

The mine workers have made a good fight against overwhelming odds. Unorganized when the strike began, no funds on hand, they struggled along for more than three months. The general headquarters, the unions of the I. W. W., with the contributions from other sources, were able to meet every call of the strikers with money for relief, for counsel and for organization work.

The needs of the strikers were comparatively small, but they realized that expenses would soon be increased on account of the trials of Mrs. Masanovitch, the four strikers and the organizers, Carlo Tresca, Jos. Schmidt and Sam Scarlett, who are under indictment, charged with first degree murder.

Every striker has promised the men who came to their assistance their whole-hearted support, and have pledged themselves to go on strike again if the men in jail are not released. They are determined to stand by the Union and be prepared for action the coming spring. Well organized, with some funds on hand, and with the other iron ore districts in line, they will be able to strike a blow at the steel trust that will count.

From a New Jersey Red—Comrade Urbaniak of Trenton comes across with eight new yearlies. This is the kind of cooperation that counts.

From a French Comrade—Paris, France, Sept. 17th. Dear Comrade: Enclosed I send you \$1.50 postal order, amount of my subscription to the REVIEW. We are in war. I can neither send you more nor say more! International and brotherly greetings to you and thru you to all Socialists who stand with Comrade Liebknecht.—Filiol.

News From the Northwest—Organization work is going on at a fast clip in the lumber industry. The fake industrial unions started three years ago by a few craft union pie card artists have been put out of business by the bosses, and efforts to organize the workers along craft lines have met with no success.

Many active I. W. W. members have left the harvest fields and are busy these days in the logging camps and lumber mills. Over 100

loggers and shingle-weavers joined the I. W. W. at Seattle during September.

What Others Do—Comrade Whalen of Buffalo, Okla., comes in with eleven subs. in one letter to wind up the month of September with a whoop, and Comrade Weathers of Lenapah sends in four, while Comrade Becker of Sharpsville, Pa., adds eight new ones to the list. You could do as well if you would ask your shop-mates and neighbors for a short-time sub. Write and ask for our special campaign offer.

A Letter of Thanks—I wish to personally thank all members of the I. W. W. and other radical groups for the aid rendered me during the time I was forced to spend in jail at Aberdeen, S. Dak. Most of you are familiar with the case, but wish to briefly state that the incident which made me spend one year in jail, occurred on the 9th of Sept., 1915, near Aberdeen, S. Dak. It was purely and simply a case of SELF-DEFENSE, and I am sure that I was justified in what occurred. On Oct. 19, 1915, I came to trial and the verdict the jury brought in was 10 for acquittal and 2 for conviction, so you see it was decidedly in my favor.

The case was again to come up in Oct., 1916, but for lack of witnesses on the part of the state, was thrown out of court. Such being the case I was RELEASED at 12:30 p. m. Oct. 3, and immediately left for Minneapolis, where I was given a cordial WELCOME by all FELLOW WORKERS. Now that I am again FREE, will, in the very near future, take up the work in assisting to build up the ONE BIG UNION. Again tendering my personal thanks to all concerned, and wishing them every possible success, I remain, yours for one big union. Signed, James Schmidt.

Chicago Branch of Letts—The Cook County Branch of Lettish Comrades are doing great things. They are not only educating their members in scientific Socialism so that all shall possess a sound working basis for revolutionary activity, but they have successfully produced a large number of three, four and even five act plays, with a company of their own, sometimes numbering forty comrades. The plays of Suderman, Bernard Shaw, Ibsen and Galsworthy were among their repertoire last winter. This year they expect to produce some of the successes of the Irish players, among these, Synge's plays and those of Lady Gregory. Why can't we English revolution-

ists succeed in our community endeavors like the Lettish, Finnish and Hungarian comrades?

Japanese Strike at Yokohama Shipyard.

The strike was started in the evening of August 14th, by 50 lathe workers, when the company had rejected their ten demands. On the following day 200 file workers joined the strike. The chief cause of trouble was dismissal of two lathe workers by their boss. The demands of workers are as follows:

1. To dismiss the boss, who is directly responsible for firing two workers and to reinstate the two.

2. To deprive the power to fire the men from the boss hereafter.

3. To increase ten per cent on wages for the entire workers in the company. And other demands.

The Socialist monthly *New Society* points out the deeper meaning of the present strike.

1. It is a result of awakening of workers to the common and mutual self-interest, as a basis of motive to protect fellow workers assuming their claims and interests are common to each other. 2. To demand the increase of wages not only themselves but also entire workers is an indication of spirit of their organized action for the interest and right of the whole in the one, and to invite the rest of workers to join them on the other. This must be recognized to be their wisdom and judgment, viewed from the tactical standpoint.

3. Yu-Ai-Kai, the friendly society of laborers, the government certified organization, stepped in and offered its good office for sweet reconciliation, to which strikers paying a least respect and went on the fight by their solidly organized power to get their right. 4. They gathered at gates of the company, attempting to induce others to join them; thus they followed the western method of picketing. 5. A fact must not be overlooked that the strikers have chosen the busiest season for shipbuilding industry.

In spite of police interference and an unfriendly attitude of the press, the strikers obtained their whole ten demands from the company on the 16th of August.

File workers employed at the Kokura munition factory, a branch of the government arsenal at Osaka, struck for the increase of wages on the 17th ult. Entire employees of the electric railway company, with exception of foremen, went to strike for higher pay.—(*The Heimin*, Japanese Socialist Paper.)

Attention, Cleveland Socialists!—Comrade Theodore Lockwood has been handling the *Review* for ten years. He gets all over Cleveland with his literature and has been the means of starting many a Dubb on the road to revolution. Comrade Lockwood is going night and day, and depends on the sale of the *Review* and other literature for a living. He informs us that his *Review* sales in the last two months have not been what they were in previous months. Now we are going to ask our many friends in Cleveland to assist Comrade Lockwood in every way possible. He has been a faithful and tireless worker for many years and deserves the active support of every rebel in Cleveland. He carries a full line of radical

literature dealing with all phases of the movement of revolt. You that read this will confer a favor on the publishers of this magazine by giving Comrade Lockwood a boost.

Can You Beat This?—We quote the following from an editorial in the silk manufacturers' official journal:

"An ideal location would be one in which labor is abundant, intelligent, skilled, and cheap; where there were no labor unions and strikes; where the laws of the state made no restrictions as to the hours of work or age of workers; where people were accustomed to mill life; and where there were no other textile mills in the vicinity to share in the labor and bid up its prices. * * * In towns where there is a fair population and no manufacturing industries of moment, a good supply of female help can usually be had at low prices, but should other industries come to the town, the demand for help may soon exceed the supply and the employer find, owing to the bidding up of the labor, that its cost is greatly increased, and its character arrogant and independent, and with no growth to the town equal to the increasing employment offered, he finds himself in a very uncomfortable position. * * *

From Montreal—"To the Editor: I bought a copy of the *Review* the other day, and believe me it is just the magazine I have been looking for for a long time. It is brim full of straight from the shoulder statements, and is written in a clear and precise manner, which you do not often find nowadays; and in future you will find me a regular subscriber, as I would not be without it, so allow me to congratulate you and your associate editors for producing which I may correctly define as the best magazine of its kind published, and I am sure it is destined for a great future, so again thanking you and your very able staff for such brilliant results, I remain, Sir, Yours truly, John."

Palestine, Texas—Gentlemen: For some months the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*, and other Socialist literature, has been coming to my address. I am of the opinion that some one has paid a year's subscription to one of these papers to be sent to me.

I truly appreciate good literature, and enjoy logical and broad-minded discussions on any question; but I can not allow myself to read or countenance such "rot" as you are publishing and sending out over our country.

A better feeling, a better understanding, and more appreciation of each other should exist between the classes in this country; but so long as the unthinking, the vicious, and ignorant man reads such literature as you are sending out, strife and hatred will exist.

You will please strike my name from your list, and mark me as one who believes in the brotherhood of all men; and not in the arraying of one class against another. I believe in a man being a *man* in the broadest sense of the word.

Yours for peace, not "rebellion,"

W. C. QUICK.

The National Labor Defense Counsel

BY IDA RAUH

A PROMOTING committee consisting of Fremont Older, Helen Marot, Dante Barton, Lincoln Steffens and Ida Rauh has obtained the consent of the five following lawyers to form a National Labor Defense Counsel. They are: Frank P. Walsh, C. E. S. Wood, Edward P. Costigan, Austin Lewis and Amos Pinchot. These men are known thruout the whole country not only in their legal profession, but for the position they have taken in the struggle of labor against capitalist exploitation. The members of the counsel are serving without compensation:

In many legal cases Frank P. Walsh has acted as the unpaid counsel for labor, but it is as chairman of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations and later as chairman of the Industrial Relations committee, organized to carry forward the recommendations of that commission, that his position is thoroly understood and his place as a leader nationally appreciated. C. E. S. Wood and Austin Lewis have become two of the leading legal advisers of the Pacific Coast. Edward P. Costigan was in charge of some of the most important legal developments of the great strike of the miners of Colorado in 1914. Amos Pinchot has spoken and written for labor in every industrial crisis that has arisen in the last few years.

It is the service of such men as these that the well organized unions command; it has been valuable to them not only in the defense of their members in court, but has brought their cases before the country and the labor world thru the attention they forced from the press.

In order to give the *unorganized workers* the advantages of the organized workers, the National Labor Defense Counsel has been formed. It is obviously impossible for the counsel to give personal attention to the innumerable cases which continuously arise. Therefore, the counsel proposes to employ a man who is intimately connected with the labor movement; who is competent to report situations to the counsel; who is able to carry out the advice of the counsel; employ local attorneys; who will represent the counsel locally, and who will raise the

money for the conduct of the trials. To maintain such an agent in the field will need money.

The need of such a counsel has been recognized in scores of cases in the past few years, and the need is increasing. More and more the fate of a strike depends upon the abuse of the courts of their power, and this abuse is proportionate to the obscurity and helplessness of the victims. It is only necessary to name the most recent instances—Pittsburgh, Youngstown and Minnesota.

The existence of this counsel gives to every man and woman in the country who stands behind the unorganized workers a chance to make an investment where the returns to labor will be the greatest. All sympathizers of labor, all advocates of fair play in the courts, all members of well organized trades will make the work of this National Defense Counsel possible by becoming a subscribing member—by giving his share to the fund of \$5,000 necessary to maintain the field work.

The individual subscription is not fixed at a definite sum. The Promotion committee believes that in a project as important as this is to the most helpless workers, if the sum be left to the decision of individuals, they will contribute more. The counsel are giving their service without compensation. You who cannot give such service can give money.

The Promotion committee will have no part in the administration of the National Defense Counsel but will continue to act as the executive of the sustaining membership fund, that is, it will resolve itself into a finance committee.

Remittances are to be sent to Ida Rauh, treasurer, 33 West 14th street, New York City.

In a letter directed to the counsel, Miss Rauh says:

"At no time in the struggle of labor for justice has a defense against the abuses of the law been more needed than at present.

"A sense of solidarity is beginning to express itself among organized workers and the unorganized are feeling the defenselessness of their position and are groping toward organization.

"The unscrupulous power entrenched behind capital knows this and is using the force of the militia and the machine gun against them and the more insidious force of the law. Alien and unbelievable as it seems to the average American, who is remote from the struggle, the owning class can and does control the judicial powers, from the petty official to many of the judges themselves. In some cases unconsciously this is so; in many cases defiantly.

"This method of *justice*, dictated by corrupt capitalists, gives the great corporations the power to defeat any effort of the workers to improve their conditions. They can arrest or kill any leader of the working class who has aroused their anger and then find sanction and justification in their own courts. This they are doing and doing it repeatedly. We must stop this.

"For that reason the National Labor Defense Counsel has been formed. Help us to crush the forces that are trying to crush labor."

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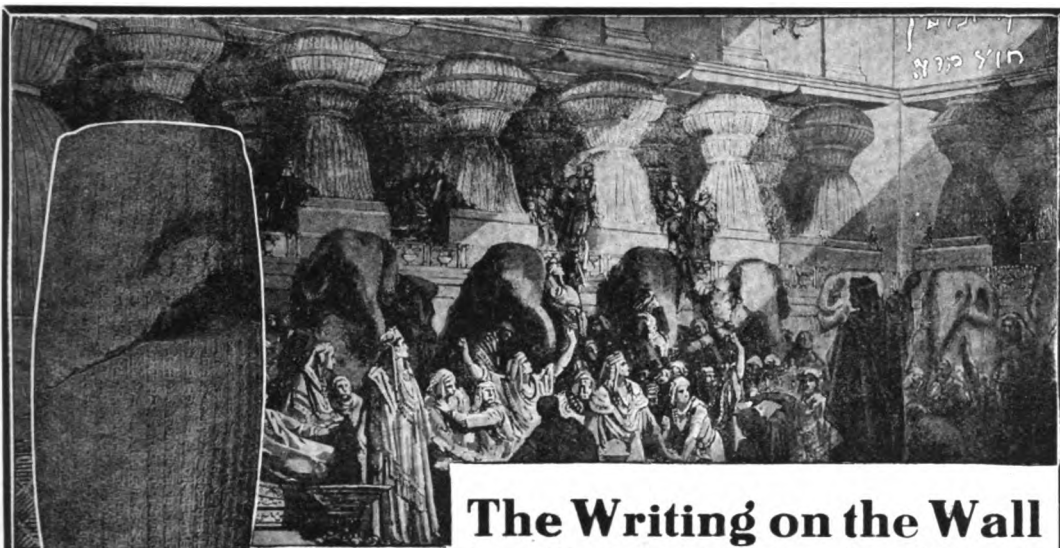
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In Memoriam



Joe Hill

**Murdered by the Capitalist Class
November 19, 1915**

My Last Will

*My will is easy to decide,
For there is nothing to divide,
My kin don't need to fuss or moan—
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."*

*My body? Ah! If I could choose,
I would to ashes it reduce,
And let the merry breezes blow
My dust to where some flowers grow.*

*Perhaps some fading flower then,
Would come to life and bloom again.
This is my last and final will,
Good luck to all of you,*
—JOE HILL.

"Don't waste any time in mourning—organize."

December

1916

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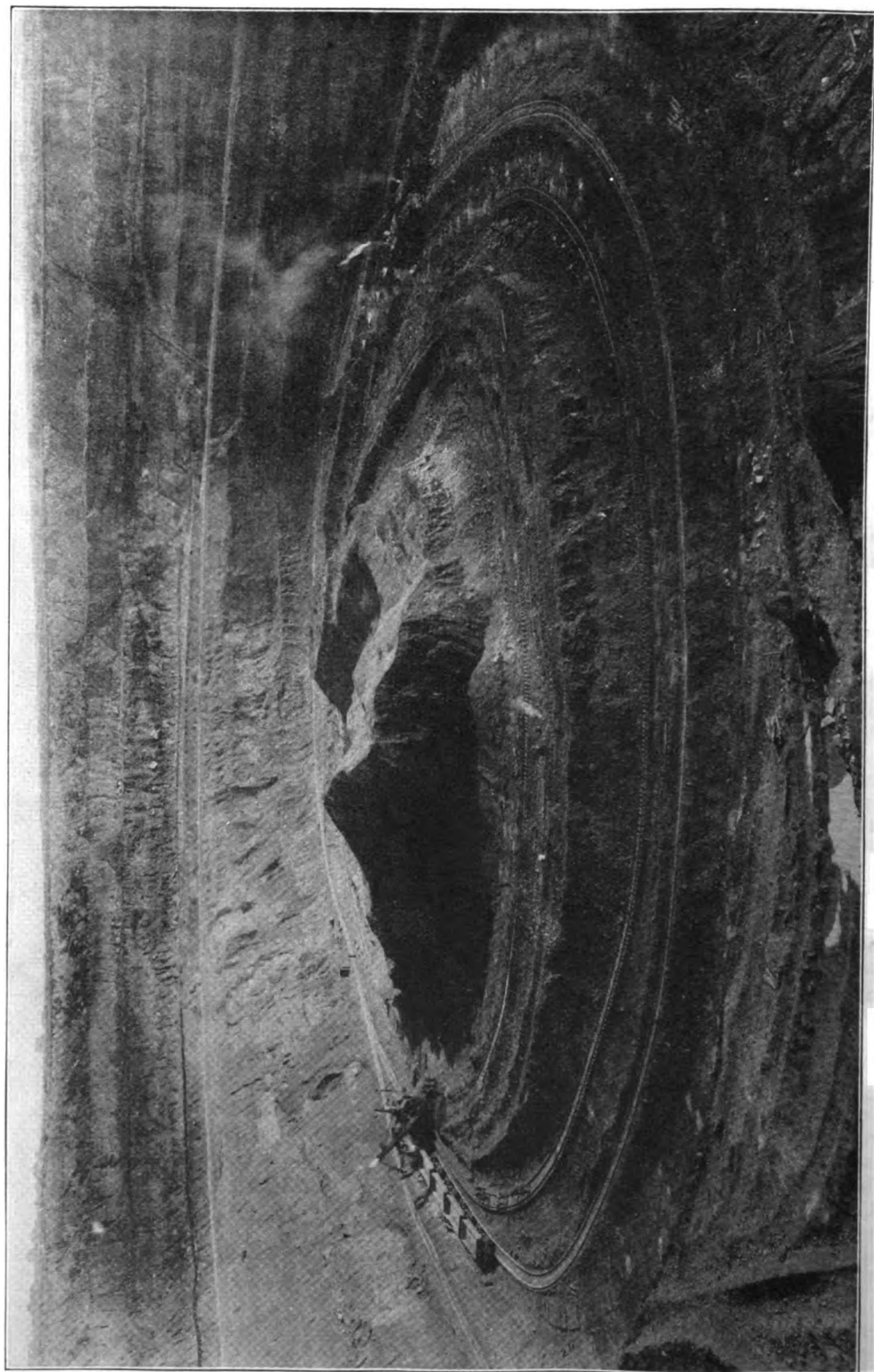
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SHENANGO MINE, MESABA IRON RANGE—THE DEEPEST OPEN PIT MINE IN THE WORLD

66e
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The Mesaba Iron Range

By HARRISON GEORGE

IN THE Chippewa tongue, "Mesaba" means "giant"; the red man having the right slant at things; as when he punctured the dignity of the early French missionaries by terming them "the men waving a stick." The Mesaba Iron Range and everything connected with it is truly giant.

In the dim past some great glacier, grinding its way southward met with a mountain range, smoking and shaking with volcanic fires, and formed thus a low range of hills surmounting the high plateau that lies between the western horn of Lake Superior and the Canadian line.

Here in the forests dwelt the Indian in comparative contentment until came the white man "waving a stick" in one hand and a "piece of paper," called a treaty, in the other—and the happiness of the red man was gone forever.

Yet over a century had gone ere the organized brigandage of the white man, embodied in the Weyerhauser Lumber Company, entered the country in true second-story style and tore out the forests. Then in 1890 it was discovered that the Mesaba Range contained the greatest iron ore deposits known, and a second set of merry highbinders rushed in to burrow under the stumps for concealed treasures.

The first lot didn't make out very well. After finding the ore bodies the next question was transportation. A part of them banded together and built a railroad to the lake. To do so they needed money and they borrowed it from Rockefeller and mortgaged the whole works, mines and all, to John D. But they found that individual capital was too small to

purchase the massive machinery for each mine and conduct a cut-throat competition at the same time. They were not convinced of this however, until John D. foreclosed and took away both mines and railroad.

In the meantime there were two other groups of mine holders grabbing things. H. W. Oliver, a millionaire friend of Carnegie, had gone in and bought to the limit of his resources. Also a third group, a job lot of speculators, had seized onto a respectable share of the known ore bodies and were sitting tight to see what would happen. They found out very soon.

While the "Laird of Skibo" went fishing on Loch Rannoch and his Pinkertons were emptying rifles into the hearts of the Homestead strikers in July, 1892, H. C. Frick, the big guy in the Carnegie Steel Company, was scheming with Oliver to corner the iron deposits of the Mesaba Range. In opposition to the express wish of Carnegie, who in this instance, as in others, demonstrated how brainy he was not, Frick forced a fortune onto Carnegie in the shape of a half interest of Oliver's present and future holdings **without costing Carnegie a red cent.** In exchange for a loan of half a million to be used in development work, which loan was, of course, secured by mortgage and repaid with interest, Oliver made a present to the Carnegie Steel Company of a half interest in all his holdings in iron mines.

This done, Frick, Oliver, et. al., turned to John D., who being busy at that time with a few plans of his own for putting rival refineries on the blink, was not par-

ticularly anxious about monkeying with iron mines. They contracted with Rockefeller and secured leases on all the mines Rocky had foreclosed on, upon a basis of 25 cents per ton royalty, with the provision that in exchange for this extremely low royalty the Carnegie people were to mine and ship over John D.'s roads and in John D.'s boats not less than 1,200,000 tons of ore yearly for fifty years.

This done, that third group of "independents," who had been sitting tight to see what would happen, hearing the news of the Carnegie-Rockefeller combine, and evidently appreciating the kindly intentions of these commercial Apaches, fell over one another to sell at any old price they could get to the Carnegie-Frick-Oliver crew, who thus gobbled control over the Mesaba Iron Range. It is worthy of note that at this time some members of the Minnesota Legislature are accused of having an itching palm—and having it scratched with some of Carnegie's iron dollars, in exchange for a leasehold of state lands for the small royalty of 25 cents per ton, when private holders were and are getting from 50 cents to \$1.00 per ton royalty.

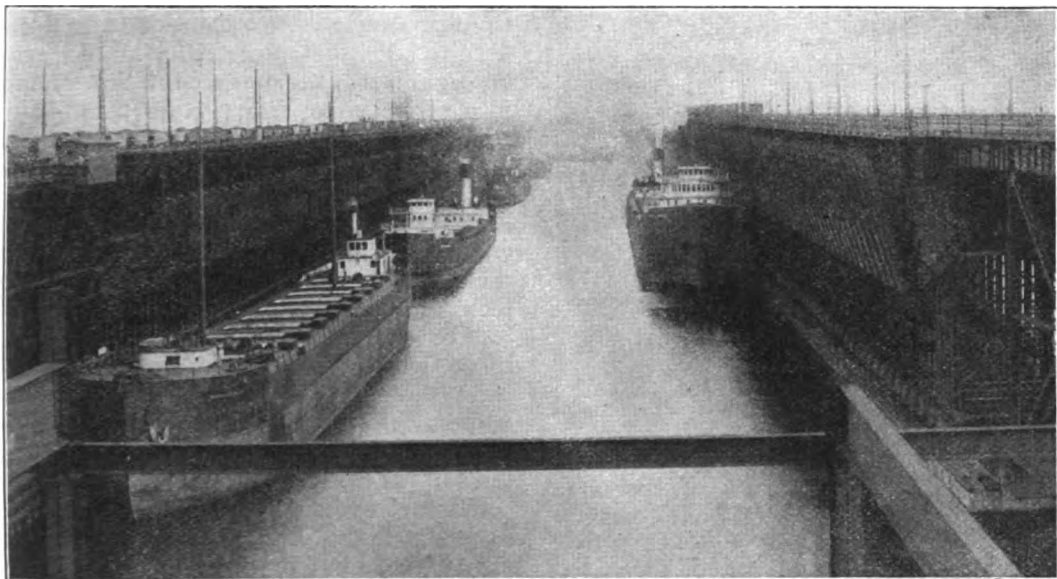
Today the Indian word, "Mesaba," can be rightly applied to everything connected with the Range. Carnegie and Morgan combined, forming the United

States Steel Corporation, a giant organization. Massive machinery was brought in and today the face of the earth bears frightful and gigantic scars. The open pit mining, which requires stripping off the surface to the ore-bed; the milling process, which leaves immense chasms from which the ore has been taken out through chutes leading to an underground railroad; all the impedimenta of vast and ceaseless activities—changing the aspects of nature. Stupendous artificial mountains of over-stripping greet the eye on every hand; great pits yawn where once was level ground; underground caverns have caved in, burying men by the score with entire trains, and there they still lie buried. The silence of the ages has been hunted out by the screaming whistles, the groaning of giant steam shovels, the snorting of innumerable locomotives—while incessant blasting rocks the body of the Range from end to end. Machinery has been invented capable of doing incredible things, and man and his labor are almost lost sight of in the immensity of operations.

Men are there however, thousands upon thousands of them, risking their lives day after day in underground drifts or taking chances at having their brains dashed out by the swift swinging buckets of the steam shovels in the open pits.



LOADED ORE TRAINS READY FOR THE DOWNGRADE HAUL TO THE DULUTH DOCKS



THE GREAT ORE DOCKS AT DULUTH. MANY A MAN HAS MET DEATH BY SLIPPING OFF THE NARROW DUMPING PLATFORM IN ICY WEATHER. THE ORE IS DUMPED FROM THE CARS ON TOP DIRECT INTO HOLDS OF THE ORE BOATS

Loading the ore into hundreds of cars, making up the hundreds of trains that leave the Range every day for the trip by gravity into the hopper-holds of the ore boats at the great docks at Duluth, are men who make possible the basis of civilized life—machinery.

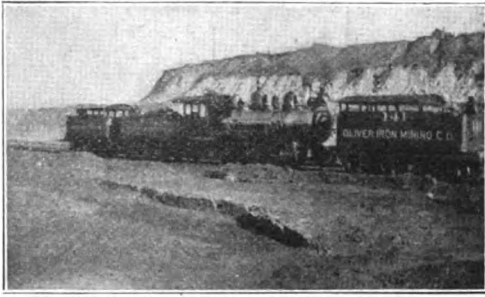
Divided by races and unorganized, these men were exploited to the limit by the boss of the Range, the United States Steel Corporation. The big, stolid Finns could not comprehend the longings for better conditions expressed in the purring tongue of the Slav who worked beside him; the Slav in turn knew not the meaning of the soft-voiced Italian at his elbow when he whispered curses at the boss. Every attempt at quiet organization was killed at once by company spies.

Last summer, however, things boiled over and the smoldering discontent flamed out into open industrial rebellion. Most of the readers of the REVIEW are familiar with what followed; how these divided peoples were welded into a solid fighting body by organizers of the Industrial Workers of the World; how the Italians and Austrians, finding a common cause, clasped hands of FELLOW WORKERS, pledging each other in voices choked with emotion that they would let the old country with its kings

go to war or to Hell—they would stick together in the ONE BIG UNION.

The usual army of drunken slum-scum was imported and deputized. A new record was established for unjustified arrests. LAW AND ORDER, frenzied by the promptings of its master, beat up and jailed over six hundred men and women. John Alar, a striker, died a victim of Oliver gunmen. Likewise, so it is sworn, Thos. Ladvalla, an innocent bystander, died at the deliberately aimed fire of Nick Dillon, a creature whom the Mesaba Ore, a local paper, characterizes as the Steel Trust's "pet murderer"; when Dillon and three deputies invaded the home of Philip Masonowich.

An armored train, a la "Bull Moose Special," of Paint Creek fame, was built in the Duluth shops. Machine guns to commit murder by wholesale were installed. The train was rushed to Hibbing under cover of darkness and there concealed in one of the Oliver pits. Steam was kept up and the band of blood-thirsty cut-throats in charge was ready at any time to swoop down in drunken glee and turn any Range town into a shambles. It is alleged that this crew, knowing they could hide behind the law, could hardly be restrained at times from issuing forth on a murder raid, "just to see if it would



THE OLIVER ARMORED TRAIN. THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN SECRETLY BY A REBEL FOR THE REVIEW

work!" A truly American institution, this private army of the Steel Trust.

The frame-up by the putty officials, moulded by the iron fist of the Steel Trust, to railroad the I. W. W. organizers because of the death of James Myron, a deputy, killed by one of his own gang in the Masonovich raid, is now up for battle in the courts. How successful the Steel Trust will be in slaking its thirst for the blood of Tresca, Scarlett, Schmidt, the Montenegrin strikers, and Malitza Masonovich, depends upon the support, chiefly financial, which the workers everywhere may lend to their defense.

The significance of these trials should move all sections of the labor movement into action in their behalf. Here, so says Judge O. N. Hilton, there is to be a showdown as to whether or not the infamous Chicago Anarchist Decision shall con-

tinue to live as a legal precedent, to be used to stifle the voice of any labor leader or organizer who dares open his mouth in a strike zone. Last year, John Lawson of Colorado was convicted under this diabolical decision; today Tresca, Scarlett and Schmidt face the same fate, and, before the smoke from the battle on the wharf at Everett clears away, I suppose there will be another group of brave men facing the gallows because they cried out for Freedom. It matters not whether those whom the bosses want to "get" were there or not; they will face their doom if this devilish, bewhiskered Chicago Anarchist Decision is not broken in the Minnesota trials.

Whoever you may be that reads these lines, YOU can do SOMETHING! You can, with your fellows, sweep the nation with such a tide of protest that Capital will relax its iron fangs in fear of a GENERAL STRIKE. Send protests and demands for justice to Governor J. A. Burnquist, St. Paul, Minnesota. Send funds, unstinted and at once, to James Gilday, Secretary - Treasurer Mesaba Range Strikers' Defense Committee, Box 372, Virginia, Minnesota. Here in this small city the greatest legal battle for labor waged in this decade will begin on the fifth of December. The fate of seven men and one woman and YOUR right to organize hang upon your answer.



Sweetness—And the Dark

By HARRIS MERTON LYON

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IT SEEMS to me that in the candy trade we have an extraordinarily compact epitome of life as it is lived today; especially I refer to the chocolate bon-bon trade. We who are on top and have the money to buy, buy.

What do we buy?

Why—chocolate bon-bons, of course.

The chocolate bon-bon! Symbol of youth, joy of the young maid's heart, love-offering of the gallant swain. How at this joyous Christmas time a saccharine sentiment pervades all our good, honest hearts, God bless us! How we who have the money do love to buy and present the sweet gifts! In my mind's eye I see us millions of properly-clothed, healthy, cheery people walking out on Christmas morning, in the crisp air, about our errands from one friend's house to another; hearty laughter on the doorstep; decent exclamations of gladness and surprise within, as we look at the youngsters' Christmas tree, at the young lady's presents. A chatter of pleasant talk for a few minutes and then, perhaps, we pull from our own overcoat pockets the things we have brought, a few trinkets for the father and mother, and a box of bon-bons for the young lady. She breaks it open, with tiny shrieks of glee, and munches.

What does she munch?

Why, choc—

Wait a minute. That is not the only thing that's sweet.

There is something else that is just as sweet as sugar-candy.

Life.

Luella was only one of a family of nine. The family, like so many other families nowadays, was "not much good." By this was meant that the family had never had anything and never would have anything. Of course not. Why should it? Mentally,

the family was endowed with that superficial gift known as "reading"; it belonged in that proud American generation which was boasted of as "the first generation in the world that could read." Not being fitted with any powers which would enable it to comprehend as it read, it contented itself with reading trash, because trash was "easiest." Physically, Luella's family was in fair shape. That is, the nine systems stood up pretty well under the adulterated food which various Interests were allowed to feed them; under the adulterated cotton clothing which various Interests were allowed to force upon their backs; under the adulterated shoes which various Interests were allowed to force upon their feet. And so on.

Because Luella's father and mother had been lucky enough to be young and healthy, Luella herself, now at the age of sixteen, had a fairly sound body. (Later, as she lay dying in the hospital, one of the Interests tried to prove that her whole family had been tubercular; the Interest failed in this, but it did manage to have a staff physician discharged. What for? For the very thing I am doing now.) One day it became necessary for Luella to quit helping her mother run the house and seek vulgar employment of some sort. This was necessary because Luella's only sister no longer contributed her share of the cash to keep up the family. (Luella's sister was eighteen and represented the family's only attempt at "higher" education. It was, of course, a disastrous attempt. By studying stenography, Edith had managed to insert herself into a new world where bewildering powers ranged and menaced. Her employer was a superior person with thousands of dollars. Secure in his position, he seduced her; discharged her. When she returned he had her thrown out and threatened with arrest for "creating a disturbance" and for "being a nui-

sance." So, being a girl who came of a family that was "not much good," she did indeed become a nuisance. A public nuisance. Edith went on the town, and never home again.)

"What do you think of my trying this?" Luella read from the "*Help Wanted—Female*": "One hundred girls as chocolate dippers. Steady wages. Ellamo's, 10th and Jackson."

Luella's mother was crying abjectly, with her arms about her husband's neck. Luella's father had been drinking a little and seemed more moody than ever. If there had only been a little more brains in the whole family; and if any one of them had shown any spirit; and if they had simply set about it to get justice, to demand their rights! Yes. It is very disgusting, such obtuseness. No wonder such people do not get ahead. God puts an elemental *something* into those of us who are superior; we act by divine right. The under-dog is born with an ineradicable under-dog germ Was it Christ or Nietzsche said that?

"Steady wages," continued Luella, hopefully.

Finally, in a blind and tragic revolt, her father managed to become vocal. It seems incredible, but there was a sort of ruthless genius in the stupid fellow's remark: "Yes—'steady wages.' Hah! Steady as long as you last."

However, money is money. God bless us all, yes! Money is money. So Luella got a job at Ellamo's.

It was not especially enjoyable to work in a candy factory; it was not nearly as enjoyable as the candy itself. To start with, you cannot dip chocolates successfully in a room where the windows are open; for open windows let in dust. There are ways, however, to have pure air besides the air of outdoors. Ellamo's, unfortunately, could see none of these ways. The air in Ellamo's did not circulate. It was fastened into the chocolate-dipping room from the very first day on which Ellamo's moved in. To have obtained pure air would have necessitated remodelling the building.

More than the lifeless air, Luella noticed the steady cold, or rather chilliness, of the chocolate-dipping room. This chilliness is a peculiar chilliness necessary to the proper hardening of the dipped chocolate. And it has peculiar results. It is not as damp a chilliness as the chilliness of a prison, but

it has just about the same thorough effect upon the breathing apparatus of a human being. This chilliness and the kept air gradually possessed themselves of Luella.

In a quite mysterious fashion Luella felt "a severe cold" growing in her chest. Sometimes this "cold" was quite painful. A sort of dullness, a lack of animation pervaded her. It is quite probable that there were all sorts of contributing causes to this cold; nothing is so detestable as a narrow-minded view of things. Probably Luella's cold would not have been so bad if she could have worn flannel. But real flannel costs so much. Or if there had not been paper soles in her shoes. But genuine leather costs so much. Or if the milk she drank had not been adulterated. But pure milk costs so much. Or if the air she breathed could have been fresh air. But, in the name of common sense, how can you have fresh air when real estate costs so much?

As she felt herself growing stupider, Luella redoubled her energies. There is nothing so eager as a poor person, one of the people who are "not much good," when he feels himself falling behind in his ability to earn a living. But, after a period of this enforced action, Luella really had to lay off a day or two. "Go see a doctor," said her father.

"Where?"

"At the hospital, o' course."

The first day she idled around home, too tired to go to the hospital. The second day she went "to see what was the matter with her." The examining physician asked her that very question.

"I got a heavy cold."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a chocolate-dipper."

The examining physician made an unintelligible noise in his nose. "Do you expectorate?"

"Sir?"

"Spit much?"

"A little."

"Take this box home with you. The next time you expectorate, use this box. Then bring it back here."

Luella worked another day, explained to the forelady she "really had an awful feeling in her chest," and laid off the next day to pay a visit to the hospital with the box. Three or four days of idleness at home. Another visit.

"One of your lungs is slightly affected,"

was the careful verdict of the physician. (As a matter of fact, the Board of Health laboratory, to which the specimen had been sent, reported a positive case of tuberculosis.)

"What'll I do?" asked Luella, pathetically. She crooked an arm and barely touched her offending chest with her hand. Those modern painters who waste their paint on the Virgin might have found here a pose that carried a spiritual poignancy as deep as any in all the personages of the Christian procession. "What *will* I do?"—the eternal cry of those who are "not much good," dumbly facing the great blank horror.

The physician inquired more into her home life. Then he grunted, reached for his pen and a pad of paper. "You'd better rest here a while until you get better."

That was one of the big, central, public hospitals. They kept people such as Luella only so long as they were able to wait on themselves. Then, the piling up of more Luellas forced the older inmates out . . . into other hospitals.

Said the house-physician, in effect: "The air here doesn't seem to agree with you. We can send you to another hospital, up where there is a higher altitude."

Luella was shoved on.

It requires money to operate hospitals; and, of course, we all know—God bless us—how hard it is to get money. But, somehow, the sick people seem to multiply easily, without any difficulty. Under our modern methods of living, quite too many people seem to get sick with astonishing rapidity. And the worst of it all is, that most of these people haven't the money to pay their way through a hospital. You will never get the managers of a hospital to tell you this, but really it is a pretty hard struggle for most hospitals to make both ends meet. They are compelled to cut down all sorts of expenses: food supplies, medicine supplies, staff of nurses, even ice for the morgue. Many a death in a hospital has occurred because one nurse was trying to do the work of three.

Luella, unknown to herself, was for a while a paying patient. Ellamo's made it a point to "try to help out" their chocolate-dippers. This, of course, was not business. God bless us, no! It was all due to an un-stomachable feeling which occasionally assailed Mr. Howard Ellamo, senior partner, in the pit of his excellent stomach. The

thought that he *ought* to do something for his discarded chocolate-dippers used to afflict him suddenly with a nausea like that we feel when the life is running rapidly out of us. But such feelings and the charity consequent upon them cannot endure long. After all, everything comes into your balance sheet. The thousand and one outlays necessary in conducting a successful business—consider the one item of advertising alone—foot up tremendously. You have to prune off your luxuries and pay strict attention to business, or you are lost.

Luella was a luxury.

"The altitude here is entirely too high for you," said the house physician. "We can arrange to have you transferred back onto Manhattan Island. Much better for you there than here."

She progressed, descended, through two more hospitals, a patient of the city. At last she came to a full stop in Segmore, a year and a half after she had taken home the little box.

At Segmore, the examining physician noted her "clubbed" fingernails—sure sign of the consumptive—made her strip to the waist; swathed her chest with a linen band to keep him free of any skin disease while he auscultated; then he used the stethoscope.

"Where do you live? Where did you work?"

"I was a chocolate-dipper about—"

He waved his hand and went on with the examination, calling out some meaningless words about "apex" to another severe man who sat writing at a desk. Luella's temperature was high; she was sent straight to bed in the charity ward.

Here, for the first time in her hospital career, she was happy. Of course she was happy. For she found in the charity ward eight other chocolate-dippers, seven of whom had worked at Ellamo's.

It was approaching Christmas time. Even in that long, white room, with its enamel, its linen, its whitewashed walls—all as pale as a ghost would be pale—some little trickle of human merriment and cheer ran from bed to bed . . . moribundity grasping at a novel bit of life. Luella, because of her fever, was strapped into her bed. But others of the chocolate-dippers were allowed to move about and visit. They all expressed the opinion that by the next Christmas they would be "out."

It is regrettable to relate, Mr. Howard Ellamo was dying. He was dying in his beautiful home on Riverside Drive. It is, perhaps, noteworthy to relate that he was dying of Bright's Disease. Suddenly, one day, he had an idea he would be well again by Christmas; and this idea aroused in him another. He called his secretary and feebly dictated a note to his junior partner, a man by the name of Steiner. The note was to the effect that all the Ellamo girls "who could be located" were to have a two-pound box of candy as a Christmas gift from the firm.

It would be absurd to get a false impression of this man. He was an entirely loveable and human sort of man; he had a family of his own, two daughters and one son. He was a religious man, a vestryman in his church. You doubtless think you have broader sympathies than he; on the contrary, he had broader sympathies than you. I do not know just exactly what charity means nowadays (it used to mean love in Greek), but this man would pass for a broadly charitable man. I do not imagine you spend very much of your time on any sort of charity, anywhere, anytime, at all. You see, he knew all you know about it, and more. And, at that, he did not know how to begin being charitable: he gave two-pound boxes of candy. No one knows how to begin being charitable. Somehow the beginning is at the wrong end. We are ready to lay our charity at the needy one's feet; but the puzzle is, why did the needy one become needy? Why was he allowed? There was a famous corpse rose up once and cursed the rose-bearers, asking why such deeds had not been done while the corpse yet breathed. Too many of us are carrying roses to corpses.

Mr. Howard Ellamo lay dying. The immanence of his dying was within him, though he roused himself with false hopes. He sincerely wanted to do good, because of the permeating demand of his own soul, agitated by breaths of eternity. He thought he wanted to do good as a testimonial of his getting well. Never mind what he thought. Because it was too late to matter what he thought. It was even too late to matter what he did. A man's deeds should be done when he is thoroughly alive, able to watch them, to construct them.

Lo, and behold, all of a sudden, Mr. Howard Ellamo was dead.

Mr. Steiner, the junior partner, was a good business man. Advertising is advertising—even if it be for a man who is starting into a world where he will have absolutely nothing to sell. So, as each list of girls' names came in from each forelady, and as each forelady murmured some appropriate remark about the astounding effrontery with which Fate approaches the most superior of persons, Mr. Steiner wheeled and said:

"Wouldn't it be a good thing for all the employees to get up a sort of general notice of their regrets, etcetera? Something to—ah, sort—ah, testify publicly to—ah, their regard for Mr. Ellamo? We could have 'em all at the burial. Have it in the newspapers, too."

The foreladies, quite miraculously, thought it a good idea. A mass-meeting of all the workers was held—all the new Luellas, who had answered new "*Help Wanted—Female*" advertisements, and who still had new worlds by which to be conquered. The resolutions were passed, dealing at length with the goodness of the deceased and the love in which his memory was kept by all who had had the fortune to be employed by him. It made quite an obituary.

There was one forelady who was an old maid. She too was "not much good." She was getting a bit aged and she had no place else to spend her Christmas and so she did up eight of the two-pound boxes and took them out to the girls in the charity ward at Segmore.

All the patients were well enough to be about, for an hour or two. There was a great deal of genuine joy in their quarter. They laughed like the little children they once had been; their pinched faces lost that extraordinary expression which accompanies life when life folds in upon itself . . . a placid sombreness.

The forelady distributed the boxes amid handclaps. The girls were undoubtedly happy. They held up old familiar forms of chocolates which they had once dipped themselves. In giggling, agitated fashion, they rushed about until they aroused fevers.

The forelady mentioned Mr. Ellamo's death.

"Isn't it too bad!" said Luella, vivaciously. Everybody agreed it was; and a discussion arose as to which "gentleman" he had been at the factory. One girl had seen him drive

away in his motor car. Another had seen him twice on a tour of inspection.

These were immediately frankly envied by the rest.

"What did he look like?" asked Luella.

"I saw him in a gorgeous fur coat. Handsome old man—"

The other: "I didn't think he looked old."

"Well, distinguished. Elegant."

And so on.

That night eight feverish, tousled heads

tossed upon pillows daubed with chocolate stains. The sheets were daubed with chocolates. The nightgowns were daubed with chocolates. Each girl, clinging greedily to her own box, had gone to sleep—a light, unhealthy sleep—with her chocolates clutched in her fretful hand or slipped under her pillow. Consumptives are very fond of bonbons.

You never get well at Segmore. It is the "last" hospital, the hospital at which you always die.

Children of Hawaii

By Estelle Baker

We are hungry in Hawaii,
In the Isles of cane and flowers;
There are many mangoes hanging
In a yard that is not ours.
We are hungry in our school time,
In the afternoon tired hours;
We would buy the good "school lunches"
But the nickels are not ours.

We are hungry in Hawaii,
In the Isles of rainbow showers;
There are fish within the ocean,
But the boats—they are not ours.
We stand looking upward, wishing,
Where the cocoanut high towers,
We can climb to reach the highest
But the tree—it is not ours.



We are hungry in Hawaii,
In the Isles that once were ours;
We are very fond of taro
Growing in a field, not ours.
We are longing, always longing
In the Isles that are not ours;
There are sheep and swine and cattle
On a ranch that is not ours.

Kapu* over all the mountain,
Kapu bird and beast and flowers,
Kapu earth and tree and ocean,
In the Isles that once were ours.

*Kapu means forbidden (private, no trespassing, etc.)

Nine Short Ones

By MILITANT

GET out your overcoats. Keep your sweaters handy. Winter is almost here.

A special kind of loneliness and suffering for the working class attaches to winter. The haunting air of it is suggested in a poem from "Flashlights" by Mary Aldis:

The winter dusk creeps up the avenue
With biting cold.
Behind bright window panes
In gauzy garments
Waxen ladies smile
As shirt-sleeved men
Hustle them off their pedestals for the night.

Along the avenue
A girl comes hurrying,
Holding her shawl.
She stops to look in at the window.
"O Gee," she says, "look at the chiffon muff."

A whimpering dog
Falters up to cringe against her skirt.

A FEW years ago press dispatches told of a grandson of the author of the song "America" killing himself while hungry and despondent in a mid-west city. His grandfather wrote and millions of school children sang how this is the "sweet land of liberty" and how

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,"
and how this is the country where "freedom sings." Patriotism!

An Associated Press dispatch from Topeka, Kansas, says Governor Capper has started a subscription list for Salmon Brown, who is the only surviving son of John Brown, living at 2024 East Court St., Portland, Oregon, crippled and destitute. Which may show that though John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave, his soul

hasn't marched a long ways toward economic freedom among the American people.

A RUSSIAN captain was sent back wounded during the Czernowitz drive. Told the Associated Press correspondent that "where possible, religious services were held before the offensive was begun." This modifying phrase, "where possible," is taken to mean that machine gun operators held no prayer meeting while running a steady spit of metal at the enemy.

NOT yet from Europe has there come mockery at war, mockery at the proletariat of sixteen nations, bleeding itself to white exhaustion equal to this from The Crisis, organ of the American negroes:

"Carrizal was a glory and a blunder; a joke and a crucifixion. Carrizal was a glory for the Mexicans who dared defend their country from invasion and for negro troopers who went singing to their death. And the greater glory was the glory of the black men, for Mexicans died for a land they love, while negroes sang for a country that despises, cheats and lynches them. Even across the sunlit desert as they died came the last wild shriek of a human bonfire in Texas where southern 'gentlemen' and 'ladies' tapered in glee—brave, filthy Texas. Laugh? Why shouldn't they laugh at simple death and grim duty? Have they not faced the harsher and more horrible things? 'Jim Crow' cars, helpless disfranchisement and organized insult? Why should they not laugh at death for a country which honors them dying and kicks and buffets them living? God laughed. It was a joke."

Race consciousness burns in these negro words. No I. W. W. men in a free speech fight, no Irishmen on the barricades, are more superbly passionate and ironic.

SALARIED employes working by the year and paid by the year are members of what is sometimes called "the white collar proletariat."

Census bureau report on manufactures for 1914 shows that this white collar proletarian has had his pay raised nearly every year and in percentages on pay raises the salary-earning office workers beat out the wage earners. From 1909 to 1914 salaried workers got increases of 22 per cent in pay while wage earners got 6 per cent.

These figures, of course, may be off. At that, however, they are the only figures anybody has come across with on this point. That the salaried men of the country, who are *not* organized, should win pay increases far surpassing the pay increases of wage earners ought to prove something.

If the entire working class was organized and had the potential power of a great mass strike or of strikes in any industry, then the foregoing census figures would prove that organization accomplishes nothing.

As the figures now stand, however, they merely indicate that the ability of the white collar proletariat to market their labor power is a better selling ability than that of the wage earners. Both divisions of the working class—white collar and overall—are *unorganized* in anything like the possibilities.

MANY statistics are given out by the nations at war. Nothing has come through so far, however, about deserters, how many, who and why.

"Usually, before a great offensive, many deserters slip over during the night. For they prefer ending the war in prison to going through a hell of an attack."

So writes Raymond Swing, with the Hindenberg armies, for the Chicago Daily News.

The Pole given a rifle to kill other Poles, the Jew encased in a uniform and equipped with a bayonet for stabbing other Jews,—the terror of this has been much emphasized during this war by all the respectable forces of pacificism.

For working men with no natural antagonisms except class antagonisms to be thrust at each other's throats in wholesale killing of working men—this is what?

WHEN Billy Sunday quit Detroit in November he took along \$46,102, a "free will thank offering" from 27,109 persons he "brought to Jesus" in the Michigan metrop-

olis. Now he's in Boston bringing more sinners to Jesus, which sinners will also come through with a "free will thank offering."

CHARLIE SCHWAB, the Bethlehem steel muck-a-muck, never wears diamonds, the Sunday papers and the society pages are reporting. Pearls are what he likes. Pearls are his favorites. He keeps pearls in his shirt front and cuffs and has his wife wearing pearls.

WHAT proportion of the people of this country want universal military service?

Who are the people and how many want enforced, mandatory, universal military service?

Nobody knows the answer to these questions. There is no data on the point. There have been no popular referendums.

Two of the essential facts in the situation are (1) that on all previous occasions in U. S. history, when newspapers, financiers and politicians set up the cry for universal service in peace time they didn't get it, and (2) this country today has a large population, exactly how large unknown, who came here because thereby they escaped universal military service requirements of the European nations from which they came.

The force element, the compelling of a citizen to do a certain act, has driven advocates and opponents of universal military service to queer phraseology.

"Universal *required* service" is the way to say it, according to President Harry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago.

"Universal *obligatory* service" is the way Theodore Roosevelt, our American Bernhardt, puts it.

"Universal *compulsory* service" is the way Henry Ford and John Reed say it when they have to.

You can be required, obliged, or compelled—all the same thing.

It means you have no chance to say yes or no to it.

The one feature that damns it just now so far as the American working class is concerned is that every brutal, grasping, inhuman, tyrannical labor master, labor driver and labor hater in America is for it.

The Voyage of the Verona

By WALKER C. SMITH

FIVE workers and two vigilantes dead, thirty-one workers and nineteen vigilantes wounded, from four to seven workers missing and probably drowned, two hundred ninety-four men and three women of the working class in jail—this is the tribute to the class struggle in Everett, Wash., on Sunday, November 5. Other contributions made almost daily during the past six months have indicated the character of the Everett authorities, but the protagonists of the open shop and the antagonists of free speech did not stand forth in all their hideous nakedness until the tragic trip of the steamer Verona. Not until then was Darkest Russia robbed of its claim to "Bloody Sunday."

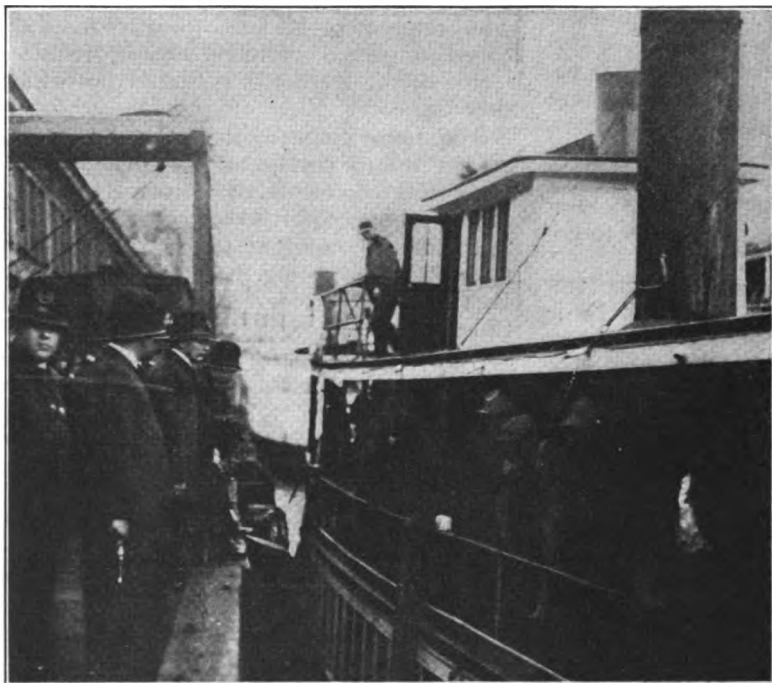
Early Sunday morning on November 5 the steamer Verona started for Everett from Seattle with 260 members of the Industrial Workers of the World as a part of its passenger list. On the steamer Calista, which followed, were 38 more I. W.

W. men, for whom no room could be found on the crowded Verona. Songs of the One Big Union rang out over the waters of Puget Sound, giving evidence that no thought of violence was present.

It was in answer to a call for volunteers to enter Everett to establish free speech and the right to organize that the band of crusaders were making the trip. They thought their large numbers would prevent any attempt to stop the street meeting that had been advertised for that afternoon at Hewitt and Wetmore avenues in handbills previously distributed in Everett. Their mission was an open and peaceable one.

The Seattle police, knowing that I. W. W. men had been jailed, beaten and deported from Everett, singly and in crowds, during the past six months, without committing a single act of personal violence in retaliation, made no attempt to detain the men, but merely telephoned to the Everett

authorities that a large number had left for that city. Two Pinkerton detectives were on board the Verona, according to the police and to members of the I. W. W. The capitalist press of Seattle and Everett claim that all the I. W. W. men were armed "to the teeth." On behalf of the I. W. W. some have made the counter claim that the men were absolutely unarmed, as was the case in all former "invasions." Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Hellsell, King County, who is assisting the prosecutor of Snohomish County, has stated in an interview that



THE VERONA ARRIVING AT SEATTLE WITH ITS CARGO OF DEAD AND WOUNDED



WOUNDED FELLOW-WORKERS ON BOARD THE VERONA

the number of armed workers was between eighteen and twenty-five. This would mean that less than ten per cent of the men were armed even were the higher figure a correct one.

Following the receipt of the telephone message from Seattle, Sheriff Donald McRea cleared the Municipal dock—owned by the city of Everett—of all citizens and employes, and after the erection of a temporary barricade of heavy timbers, the several hundred gunmen, scabs, militiamen, ex-policemen and other open shop supporters who had been deputized to do vigilante duty, were stationed at points commanding any incoming boats. These semi-legalized outlaws were provided with high power rifles, side arms and many rounds of ammunition. It has been reported that a machine gun was in readiness for service on the dock. Scabs located on the Everett Improvement dock, lying to the south of the Municipal dock, also had a part to play. The scene was set, and the tragedy of the Verona was about to be staged.

As the Seattle boat swung up to the wharf shortly before 2 o'clock the I. W. W. men were merrily singing the English Transport Workers' strike song, "Hold the Fort."

We meet today in Freedom's cause,
And raise our voices high,
We'll join our hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

CHORUS.

Hold the fort for we are coming,
Union men be strong.
Side by side we battle onward,
Victory will come.
Look, my comrades, see the union
Banners waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;
Hear the bugle blow,
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear.
Help will come when'er it's needed,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

When the singers, together with the other passengers, crowded to the rail so they might land the more quickly, Sheriff McRae called out to them:

"Who is your leader?"

Immediate and unmistakable was the answer from every I. W. W.:

"We are all leaders!"

Angrily drawing his gun from its holster and flourishing it in a threatening manner, McRae cried:

"You can't land here."

"Like hell we can't!" came the reply from the men as they stepped toward the partly thrown off gang plank.

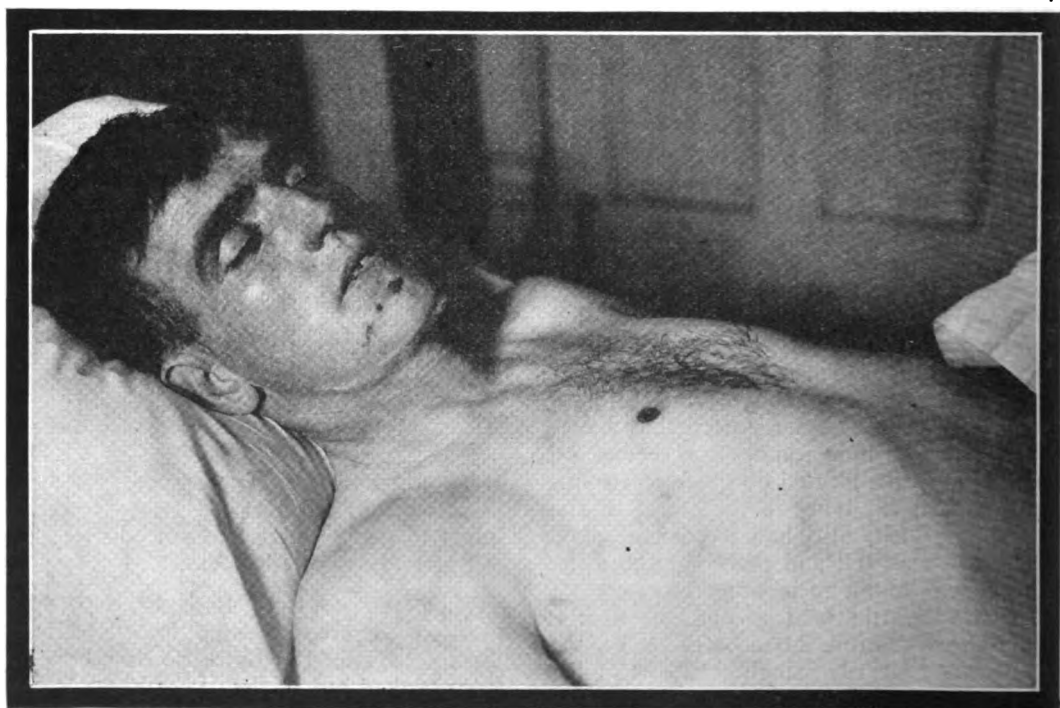
A volley of shots sent them staggering backward and many fell to the deck. The waving of McRae's revolver evidently was the prearranged signal for the carnage to commence.

The few armed men on board, according to many of the eye-witnesses, then drew revolvers and returned the fire, causing consternation in the ranks of the cowardly murderers barricaded on the dock. Until the contents of their revolvers were exhausted the workers stood firm. They had no ammunition in reserve. The unarmed men sought cover but were subjected to a veritable hail of steel jacketed soft-nosed bullets from the high power rifles of the vigilantes. The sudden rush to the off-shore side of the boat caused it to list to about thirty degrees. Bullets from the dock

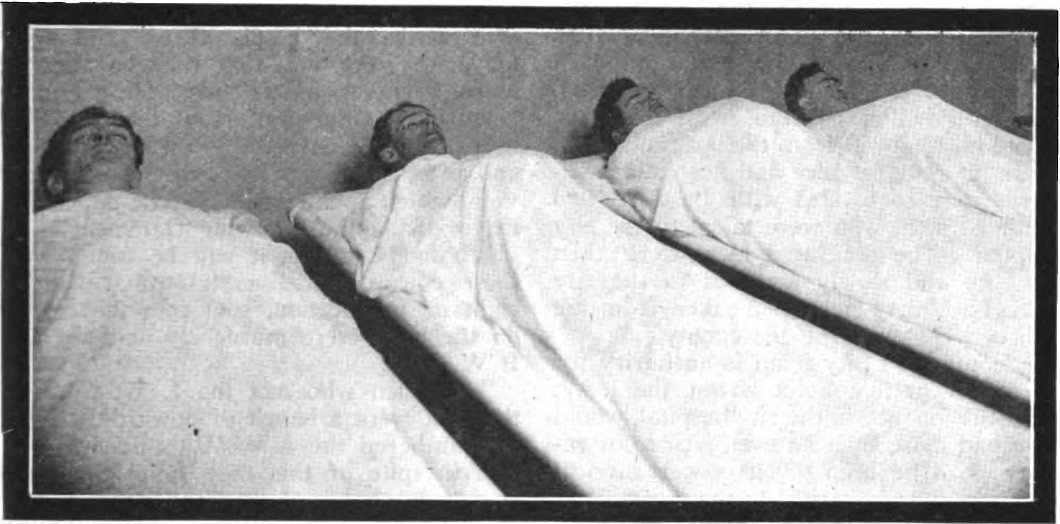
to the south and from the scab tugboats moored there apparently got in their destructive work, for a number of men were seen to fall overboard and the water was reddened with their blood. No bodies were recovered when the harbor was dragged the next day. On the tugboat Edison, the scab cook, a mulatto, fired shot after shot with careful and deadly aim at the men on the off-shore side of the boat, according to the Pacific Coast Longshoreman, the official I. L. A. paper. This man had not even a deputy badge to give a semblance of legality to his murders. That the gunmen on the two docks and on the scab boats were partly the victims of their own cross fire is quite likely.

After ten minutes of steady firing, during which hundreds of rounds of ammunition were expended, the further murder of unarmed men was prevented by the action of Engineer Ernest Skelgren, who backed the boat away from the dock with no pilot at the wheel. The vigilantes kept up their gunfire as long as the boat was within reach.

On a hilltop overlooking the scene thousands of Everett citizens witnessed the whole affair. The consensus of their opin-



JOHN TOONEY



JOHN TOONEY

HUGO GERLOT

FELIX BARAN

A. RABINOVITZ

ion is that the vigilante mob started the affair and are wholly responsible.

Many angry citizens made demonstrations against the vigilantes as they left the dock with automobiles containing the corpse of gunman Lieut. C. O. Curtis, who had fallen early in the fight, and twenty wounded vigilantes, among whom were Jeff Beard, Chief Deputy Sheriff and former Sheriff of Snohomish county, who later died in the hospital, and Sheriff McRae with three bullet wounds in his legs. The recovery of some of the gunmen is still in doubt.

Mrs. Edith Frenette, who was later arrested in Seattle together with Mrs. Joyce Peters and Mrs. Lorna Mahler, is held on the allegation that she tried to throw red pepper in the eyes of the sheriff and then drew a revolver to shoot him as he was being removed from the dock. Mrs. Frenette was out on \$1,000 bail on an unlawful assembly charge made by the Everett authorities.

An Everett correspondent, writing to the Seattle Union Record, official A. F. of L. organ, makes the following statement of the temper of the people:

"Your correspondent was on the street at the time of the battle and at the dock ten minutes afterward. He mingled with the street crowds for hours afterwards. The temper of the people is dangerous. Nothing but curses and execrations for the Commercial Club was heard. Men and women who are ordinarily law abiding, who in normal times mind their own business pretty well, pay their taxes, send their children to church and school, pay their bills, in every way comport

themselves as normal citizens, were heard using the most vitriolic language concerning the Commercial Club, loudly sympathizing with the I. W. W's. And therein lies the great harm that was done, more menacing to the city than the presence of any number of I. W. W's, viz., the transformation of decent, honest citizens into beings mad for vengeance and praying for something dire to happen. I heard gray-haired women, mothers and wives, gentle, kindly, I know, in their home circles, openly hoping that the I. W. W's would come back and 'clean up.'"

Terrorism and chaos reigned in Everett following the tragedy. Over six hundred deputies patrolled the streets. A citizen who slipped into the prohibited area claims that he overheard a group of panic stricken citizen-deputies say: "We must stick together on this story about the first shot from the boat."

Certain officials called for the state militia and, without investigating, Governor Lister ordered mobilization and soon some of the naval militiamen were on the scene. Some militiamen, knowing that the call practically amounted to strike duty *refused to go to the armory.*

The Verona, with its cargo of dead and wounded, steamed toward Seattle, meeting the Calista four miles out from Everett. Captain Wyman stopped the Calista and cried out through his megaphone, "For God's sake don't land. They'll kill you. We have dead and wounded on board now."

In Seattle large bodies of police—with drawn revolvers—lined the dock awaiting the return of the two steamers. At 4:40

p. m. the Verona reached the dock and the first words of the I. W. W. men were, "Get the wounded fellows out and we'll be all right." The four dead members, their still bodies covered with blankets, were first removed from the boat and taken to the morgue. Police and hospital ambulances were soon filled with the thirty-two wounded men, who were taken to the city hospital. The uninjured men were then lined up and slowly marched to the city jail. The thirty-eight men taken from the Calista were placed in the county jail.

A competent physician is authority for the statement that Felix Baran, the I. W. W. man who died in the city hospital, would have had more than an even chance of recovery had he been given proper surgical attention upon his arrival in the hospital.

Up to this writing no inquest has been held over the five dead fellow workers.

The Seattle I. W. W. has been denied the bodies and unless relatives come forward to claim them the men will be buried as paupers. A request that the I. W. W. be allowed to hold a public funeral for the four men met with a denial. It was claimed that the display of these men to the general public would tend to incite a riot and disorder. The even hand of capitalist justice is shown by the fact that at the same time this ruling was made the funeral of gunman C. O. Curtis took place in Seattle with Prosecuting Attorney Alfred H. Lundin as one of the pallbearers. This funeral was held with military honors, Lieut. Curtis having been in the officers' reserve corps of the National Guard of Washington, and formerly of the Adjutant General's staff.

A hastily gathered coroner's jury in Everett viewed the bodies of gunmen C. O. Curtis and Jeff F. Beard, and retiring long enough to put their instructions in writing had laid these deaths at the door of the I. W. W.—"a riotous mob on the steamer Verona." The Seattle Central Labor Council on November 8 characterized the inquest as a farce and appropriated \$100 for a complete investigation. They also demanded that a fair and exhaustive inquest be held, with full examination of all available witnesses.

The men in jail were held incommunicado for several days and were not allowed even the prison bill of fare—being given only bread and coffee. Mayor H. C. Gill, being aware of the fact that the public

generally were sympathizing with the men, directed that they be placed upon the regular prison diet, and that they be allowed to see relatives and friends. He also saw personally to the comfort of the prisoners by providing them with 300 warm blankets and an assortment of tobacco. In an interview which appeared in a Seattle paper the mayor made the following statement:

"In final analysis it will be found that these cowards in Everett who, without right or justification, shot into the crowd on the boat, were murderers and not the I. W. W.'s.

"The men who met the I. W. W.'s at the boat were a bunch of cowards. They outnumbered the I. W. W.'s five to one, and in spite of this they stood there on the dock and fired into the boat, I. W. W.'s, innocent passengers and all.

"McRae and his deputies had no legal right to tell the I. W. W.'s or any one else that they could not land there. When the sheriff put his hand on the butt of his gun and told them they could not land, he fired the first shot, in the eyes of the law, and the I. W. W.'s can claim that they shot in self-defense."

Speaking of the men in jail, Gill said:

"These men haven't been charged with anything. Personally I have no sympathy with the I. W. W.'s. The way I have handled them here in the past ought to be proof enough of that, but I don't believe I should have these men tortured just because I have them in jail.

"If I were one of the party of forty I. W. W.'s who was almost beaten to death by 300 citizens of Everett without being able to defend myself, I probably would have armed myself if I intended to visit Everett again."

The mayor charged that Everett officials were inconsistent in their handling of this situation. He said that they permit candidates for office to violate the city ordinances by speaking on the streets and yet run the I. W. W.'s out of town if they endeavor to mount a soap box.

"Why hasn't a Benson supporter just as much right to speak in the streets as a McBride or a Hughes supporter?" said Mayor Gill.

Passenger Oscar Carlson was at the very front of the Verona when the firing commenced. He now lies in the city hospital with a number of serious bullet wounds.

His affidavit has been taken. In an interview he speaks of the I. W. W. attitude on the voyage to Everett as follows:

"I never expected to have any shooting. All I heard was 'They may not let us land.' I didn't hear any threat of violence—it seemed funny. I was not acquainted and knew but two by sight only."

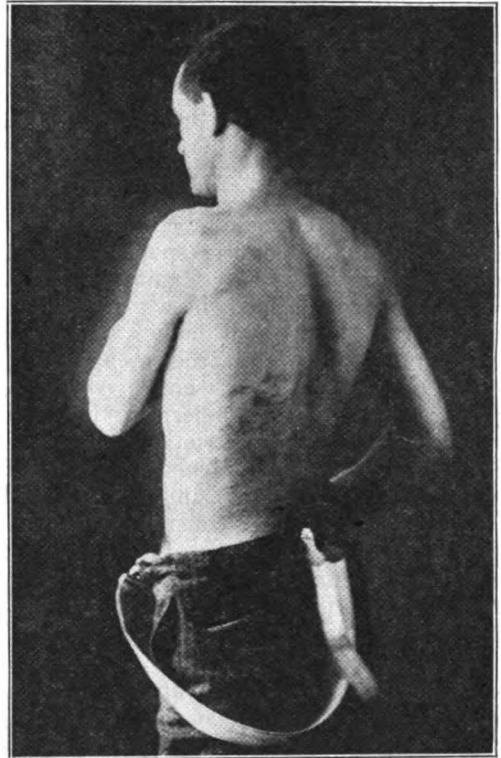
Although in a weakened condition, Carlson stated that he saw no guns and continued the interview long enough to say, "I tell you as it comes to me now, it seems one shot came from the dock first, then three or four from the other side, then all sides at once."

Ernest Nordstrom, another passenger, practically substantiates all of Carlson's statement.

As was to be expected, the entire capitalist press united in their opposition to the I. W. W.'s in this fight. Their tactics have embraced everything from outright lies to the petty trick of placing the words "Jew," "Irish," etc., after the names of I. W. W. men in their newspaper references in order to create the idea that the whole affair is the work of "ignorant foreigners." To combat these capitalist forces there are in the immediate vicinity three official organs of the A. F. of L., the Industrial Worker, the Northwest Worker of Everett and the Socialist World of Seattle. These are weekly papers, but the publicity they have already given the case is swinging public opinion to the side of the workers.

To arrive at an understanding of the tragedy of the Verona some knowledge of the events that preceded it is necessary.

Everett has been in a more or less lawless condition ever since the open shop lumber men imported thugs and scabs to break the shingle weavers' strike of six months ago. Union men were beaten and one picket was shot in the leg. Demands for organization brought the I. W. W. on the scene. Headquarters were opened and street meetings started to inform the Everett workers of conditions in the mills and in the northwest lumber industry generally. Obeying orders from the Commercial Club the I. W. W. hall was closed by the police. Speakers were arrested and deported. Members of the I. W. W. from Seattle, some of them striking longshoremen, aided the shingle weavers in the maintaining of their picket line. Deportation entirely without legal process continued for some



JAMES ROWAN, I. W. W. ORGANIZER, BEATEN UP BY VIGILANTES

time. On September 9 Sheriff McRae and a bunch of vigilantes fired a volley of shots at the launch Wonder and arrested the captain, together with twenty I. W. W. men who were on board. Meanwhile the police were raiding the I. W. W. hall and all of those arrested were taken to jail, where they were severely beaten. Jury trials were denied and finally the prisoners were turned over to the vigilante mob, who clubbed them and illegally deported them. These tactics continued for some time, and increased in their intensity to such an extent that the citizens of Everett, some ten or fifteen thousand in number, gathered in a protest meeting on September 20. There were speakers representing all factions of the labor revolutionary movement, as well as citizens who had come to tell of the beatings they had received at the hands of the vigilantes.

Then, on October 30, occurred an outrage greater than all the preceding ones—an outrage exceeded only by the wanton

murder of the I. W. W. men on the steamer Verona. Forty-one I. W. W. men, entirely unarmed and accused of no crime, were taken from a boat on which they were passengers, and at the point of guns, were searched and abused by a mob of deputized drunks. They were then thrown into automobiles and with armed guards, who outnumbered them five to one, were taken to a lonely country spot, where they were forced to run the gauntlet of the vigilantes who rained blows upon their unprotected heads and bodies with saps, clubs, pickhandles and other weapons. In this mob of 200 fiends were lawyers, doctors, business men, members of the chamber of commerce, "patriotic" militiamen, ignorant university students, deputies and Sheriff McRae. As a result of a peaceable attempt to assert a constitutional right forty-one members of the I. W. W. were sent to Seattle hospitals, with injuries ranging from dangerously severe bruises to broken shoulders.

The answer of the I. W. W. to this damnable act of violence and to the four months of terrorism that had preceded it was a call issued through the Industrial Worker for two thousand men to enter Everett, there to gain by sheer force of numbers that right of free speech and peaceable assemblage supposed to have

been guaranteed them by the constitution of the United States. Then came the tragedy on the steamer Verona.

The prosecution made its first legal move on Friday, November 10, when forty-one men were singled out, heavily handcuffed and secretly transported to Everett. They are charged with first degree murder. The other men are held on the technical charge of unlawful assembly, pending the filing of more serious charges.

The defense of the men will be undertaken by Lawyer Fred H. Moore, assisted by Judge Hilton, Arthur Leseuer, Col. C. E. S. Wood and local Seattle attorneys, according to present advices.

The prosecution is backed by the Chamber of Commerce, the Commercial Club, the Employers' Association, the Lumber Trust and other upholders of the open shop. These men will stick at nothing to convict the prisoners so as to cover the murders committed by their hirelings.

An immediate and generous response is the only means of preventing a frame-up and wholesale conviction of these men. They have fought their class war. Are you game to back them up financially? Let your response go at once to the.

DEFENSE COMMITTEE,

Box 85, Nippon Station, Seattle, Wash.

The International of the Deed

By FRIEDRICH ADLER

(Editorial Note.—This article was published in the Austrian Socialist magazine, "Der Kampf," on April 1, 1915. At that time the author was known as one of the best thinkers in the Socialist movement. On October 23, 1918, he became famous by shooting the prime minister of Austria-Hungary. Since then people everywhere have been asking what manner of man he is. Review readers will find an answer in the following paragraphs.)—Translated by William E. Bohn.

CARL REHNER has given the answer to all our stupidity parochial nationalists. He has made us conscious of the international bonds which control our whole civilization. He says: "Those who look at the facts of life without blinders must conclude that nationalism exists, that it lives and moves in all of us. But internationalism, too, exists. Yes, it lives and moves,—it is the prime motive power in all our social relations. Let us call it the international of facts."

For this "international of facts" there are

as yet no forms of law, or at least only very primitive ones. But, whether they are formulated or not, the tendencies of our society are given direction by these laws. And so, as Renner proves, there has come into existence, not merely as a pious wish but as a necessary goal, word organization. To quote our great hymn, "The international party will be the human race."

But this fact does not relieve us from the necessity of dealing with the practical problems of the moment. And, as it happens, these are precisely the subjects up for dis-

cussion in the Socialist parties of the world. All Socialists recognize the internationality of civilization. But this recognition is not dependent on a Socialist point of view. It is shared to some extent by all Europeans. Even with regard to the "international of facts," the practical organization of the world, there is no essential difference of opinion among Socialists. The problem which the working-class has been forced to face since the opening of the war has little to do with the general theory of world organization or the possible existence of such organization as a fact. It grows rather out of the things which may be summed up in the phrase, "the international of the deed." We are forced to deal, not with possible forms of a future world but with the character of the actual proletarian struggle. It is not the federation of the world that demands our thought, but the union of the working class which is to make this federation a reality. It is not the goal, but the road toward it that constitutes our problem. If we could once find out how to obey the injunction, "Workers of the world, unite," we should not have to worry about the Socialist commonwealth.

The international of the future will be a federation of nations; the international of the present can be nothing but a union of the working class. If we keep these two clearly separated we shall escape a deal of trouble. We shall not attempt to found the structure of our international congresses on the facts of internationalism in general. We shall not expect these congresses to perform the work of world-parliaments. We shall build them firmly upon one great fact, the world-wide condition of the working class. And we shall expect them to function solely as the organ of the working class.

"The struggle against exploitation must be as international as exploitation itself," we say in our program. It is the common fate of the working class that permits of its world-wide unity. Internationalism of capital compels internationalism of labor. Internationalism is a necessary feature of the class character of the proletariat.

The working class is international. It includes all lands and peoples. But the consciousness of internationality is another matter. It is only one aspect of class consciousness in general. It develops like any other form of international life. That is, intercommunication, contact, mutual adaptation are necessary to its development.

There is gradually developing what we have come to call the international mind. The bourgeois peace societies are one proof of its existence. Our political international cannot, however, include all the aspects of international thought and activity. If it is to be capable of action, it must be limited to the working class. It must be firmly based on class interest.

The political policies of the working class take on international character in a very natural and simple way. Let us merely ask ourselves with regard to all events: What will be their effect on the upward struggle of the proletariat? If we answer this question honestly we shall immediately perceive how vastly more important is unity of national labor than that of the classes within the boundaries of any one nation. This was the conception of Marx and Engels. This is the conception which has more and more dominated the working class since the proclamation of the *Communist Manifesto*. It is very clearly outlined in an article by Otto Bauer. He says: "Internationalism cannot be satisfied with mere national demands. It is not to be realized in terms of national democracy, equality and autonomy for all peoples. It is at once the goal and the limitation of all such demands. It requires the subordination of all particular national purposes to the common class interests of the proletariat. It forces us to measure the usefulness of all national endeavors according to their effect on the common interests of the proletariat of all nations. . . ."

"We must support every national demand which looks toward the democratization of Europe as a whole; but we must oppose as energetically any national demand which tends to strengthen social or political forces of reaction. Therefore, the demand for national independence is to be pressed only so far as effort in this direction counts in the struggle for the improvement of the working class in general. This is for us, the international mind, to think of everything in terms of the interests of the working class of the world. It does not exclude national effort but subordinates it to a higher principle. . . . We must have something more than expressions of sympathy and occasional contributions of money to unite the workers of different countries."

The *Communist Manifesto* laid it down as the law that we must "always represent

the interests of the movement as a whole." It is only when we do this that we have a truly international policy.

This is the general principle which should dictate our attitude toward problems of world politics. The bourgeois peace folk may be content with a nebulous internationality of civilization. They may be filled with a spirit of good will and at the same time vote war loans and work hand-in-hand with the rulers. They may be received by potentates and win a peace manifesto from the Bloody Nicholas. In former days we despised such activities and covered them with satire. Now, alas, we can do it no longer.

For we are not deceived: The international has begun to reap what chauvinism has sown. The London conference shows how far the working class has departed from formerly accepted principles. It is true that in the German and Austrian Socialist press some of the resolutions adopted at this conference were hailed as signs of a return of sanity. But it is humiliating to discover that mere declarations against war and despotic terrorism are considered worthy of remark. And is not the fact that such a conference as this is held even more humiliating? German "war" Socialists denounced the English and French as "Entente Socialists." But what was at first a mere slander has been made the truth. In London we saw Socialists grouped according to the alliances of the capitalist governments. On our side of the battle-line we have thus far been spared such a humiliation. We have had no conference of German, Austrian and Turkish Socialists.

This London conference shows as clearly as anything could the real meaning of the International. Those English, French and Russian Socialists tried hard, but they simply could not speak as Socialists. And their impotence lay in the very nature of their organization. They met as representatives of a particular group of war-making nations. But, it is clear, the chief demands of Socialism, such as the demand for peace, can be pressed only by all the workers acting in common. The realization of such a demand can be achieved by only one organization, the International.

Passage deleted by the censor.

The International is now impotent. We undergo the humiliation of seeing the proletarian groups of the world unable even to meet together to take council. We do not underestimate the extent to which the "well-

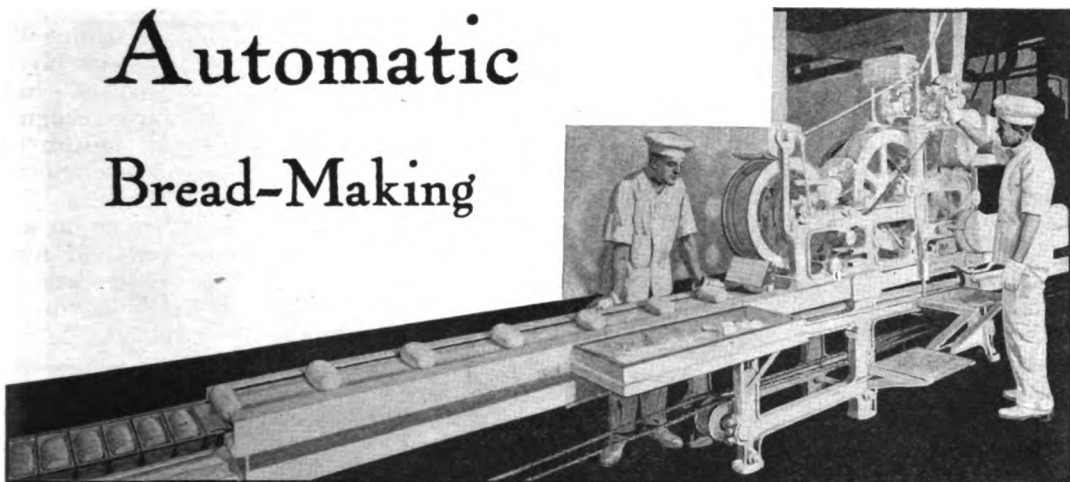
poisoning" carried on by certain "Socialists" is responsible for this situation. We know but too well that we have our Hyndmans and the "Entente Socialists" have their Leuthners. But we must recognize the fact that the cause of our failure lies deeper than the activities of a few "Socialist" chauvinists.

The Socialist parties could not go on with their peace policy because they had made the war their own affair. And this was not all. The Socialists were taken in tow by the capitalist forces.

The enemies of the working class have done their utmost against the International. Sometimes they denounced it as treason. Or, if it served their purposes better, they simply ignored it or classed it with the innumerable bourgeois movements which had an international character. This view has now gained entrance to certain so-called Socialist circles. But there never was a time when the political importance of the International was more evident. In the early days of the second International the effort to improve labor conditions was the main thing. The world-wide movement was chiefly useful as it lent support to this effort in various countries. But as the great conflict of nations reached the point where war was imminent the International became more and more the only possible instrument of the working class peace movement. The workers of each nation could demand peace without suspicion of disloyalty or dishonesty because they could say to their capitalist opponents, "The workers on the other side of the border, in the country of your enemies, are making the same demand."

At the beginning of the war the Socialists of many lands thought it possible to adopt policies contrary to the principles of the International and without regard to the mutual pledges of the various groups. Now we begin to see the obverse side of the medal. This institution, which could speak without fear or favor for the people of all nations, has not yet regained its place in the world. But the proletarians of all lands will learn a lesson from the present state of affairs. They will discover that a vague world-consciousness, a sense of universal brotherhood, is not enough for them. They need something more than this. They are powerless without a fighting force such as that furnished by the International of the Deed.

Automatic Bread-Making



(COURTESY JOSEPH BAKER'S, LTD., "THE BAKER TRAVELING BREAD OVEN," AND THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.)

THE first rays of the sun were just touching the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayan Mountains. In the valley of the River Ganges a man and a woman were sitting by the fire in front of their cave. Steam was rising from one of the flat firestones, where some pap which the woman had mixed from wild barley and water had been spilled. Taking the stone from the ashes, the woman found it covered with a brown, hard crust. Both man and woman first tasted, then ate of the warm, crisp cake. The taste was good. And lo! *Man had discovered the art of making bread.*

Excavations at Wangen and Robenhausen uncovering Swiss lake-dwellings of that same Stone Period have given up calcined remains of flat cakes made from coarsely ground grain (barley, oats, and one-grain wheat). Both hollowed and round stones used for crushing the grain, and flat stones, still blackened and covered with burnt cake and ashes, were found. These were undoubtedly the primitive tools used by these folks of the Stone Age for baking their crude bread.

Five thousand years later civilization had settled on the shores of the Nile. The Egyptians were no longer cave dwellers or nomads. They had learned to till the soil and garner crops from their sowing. And they had learned to bake bread. White bread, too, it was, from the golden grains of wheat which had been crushed into a fine flour

between two stones. And light and of good texture was the bread, because those old Egyptians had discovered the art of leavening the dough before putting it into their brick-built ovens.

In Athens the invention of baking bread was ascribed to Dionysius, in whose honor very large show-pieces of bread in different forms were carried in the procession of the Dionysian festivals.

From Greece the art of baking bread came to Rome, where, as in all other countries, it was at first strictly a home and family affair. In 170 B. C., with the introduction of the bake-oven from Greece, public bakers began to ply their trade in Rome and other cities in Italy. In the time of Augustus, Rome had already over three hundred public bakers, and about A. D. 100 Trajan founded the College of Pistor (millers and bakers) college, in this case, meaning a sort of guild of master-bakers.

The Dark Ages

While the science of bread making was thus early developed into a fine art in the south of Europe, western, central and northern Europe continued, for many centuries after, their barbaric and semi-barbaric mode of living. Caesar and his legions carrying the Roman sword and the Roman eagle into the fastnesses of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, were, after all, mere conquerors, not empire builders. Their civilization, their art, their industrial knowledge they



INTERIOR OF GERMAN BAKESHOP IN THE MIDDLE AGES.



OLD STYLE OVEN IN USE THROUGHOUT EUROPE IN THE LATER MIDDLE AGES.

left behind in Rome. And when with the fall of Rome civilization itself fell, the knowledge of baking bread became, like other things, a lost art.

The western Gauls were the first who had learned bread making while still under the Roman régime, and they are credited with having first discovered and used yeast as a means for leavening the bread dough. Bread making in France remained domestic until the period of Charlemagne, when we first hear of public bakers.

Whatever there was in the way of bread making during this period was crude and did not show much progress. The centuries were pregnant with strife and war and developments of a political character. The industrial development was practically at a standstill. The trades in the larger cities were hide-bound by laws, conventions and customs which had found outward expression in the formation of guilds. And these did not allow for individual achievement along new and progressive lines.

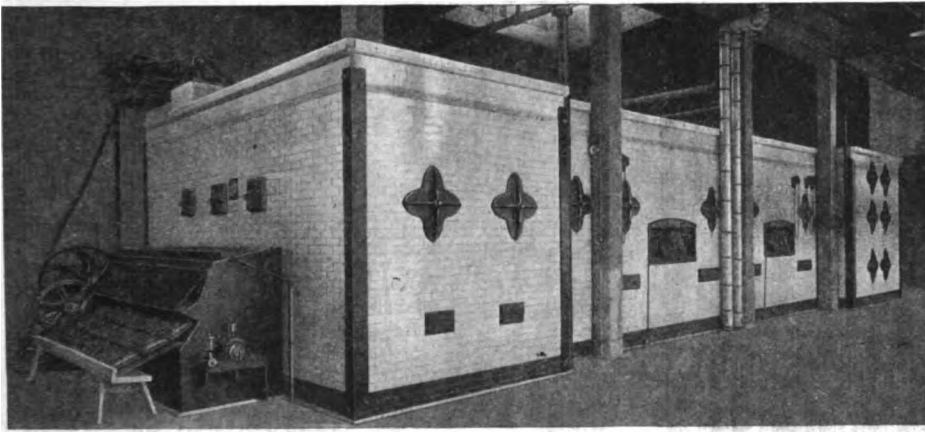
Not until the exploitation of the laws of physics and chemistry had stirred the spirit of invention in the nineteenth century does the baking industry begin to turn to machinery in the place of hand-work. Lemberth, the Paris baker, may justly be called the father of modern machine baking, inasmuch as his dough kneading machine (1810) was the foundation of the improved Fontaine and Boland kneaders, which achieved considerable success between 1835 and 1850.

The baking of bread from flour or parched grains by means of heat is the most

ancient of human arts. It is remarkable that an industry producing such an important commodity as bread, and an industry old as civilization itself, should have developed so slowly until comparatively recent years.

Probably no other trade has made such slow progress as had the baking industry up to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. However, during the last twenty-five years it has made marvelous advancements, through the use of automatic machinery and the scientific developments of its processes. A few years since it was estimated that twenty per cent of all the bread consumed was produced by the baker—the other eighty per cent being baked in the home. This condition is rapidly changing, and in the very near future at least eighty per cent of all the bread baked will be produced in modern sanitary bakeries. Recent inventions and scientific discoveries, the establishment of sunlight bakeries, with their scrupulous cleanliness, the sanitary handling of the finished product and the modern system of delivering fresh bread each day, naturally enough stimulate the increasing demand for baker's bread. The popularity of the bread will continue to increase because of the constant improvement of the product, due to the baker's better knowledge of fermentation, better knowledge of all the ingredients entering the loaf, more sanitary methods of production, and because of the absolute cleanliness in the handling of the baked loaf.

The modern baker uses an absolutely



SMALL CAPACITY TRAVELING OVEN FOR MEDIUM SIZED BAKERY.

pure, uniform grade of flour, pure compressed yeast (instead of the uncertain ferments which cause sour and otherwise undesirable fermentation), pure water and the best available material for shortening, dough-kneading machines, regulated so as to produce uniform mixing and a uniform temperature of the dough, devices for maintaining a uniform temperature and humidity in the fermentation-room, and complete automatic machinery for scaling the dough into loaves, moulding them into the desired shape, placing them into pans and conveying them into the oven and out again. He has also recognized the value of the wrapping machine, which wraps each individual loaf in germ-proof paper, keeping it absolutely pure and clean until it reaches the consumer.

The greatest triumph for modern baking has resulted in the development of a completely automatic plant, by which the bread, during the process of manufacture, is positively untouched by human hands. This achievement is all the more noteworthy because of the difficulties that were overcome in constructing a machine that would handle such a plastic and everchanging mass as the loaf in its formation.

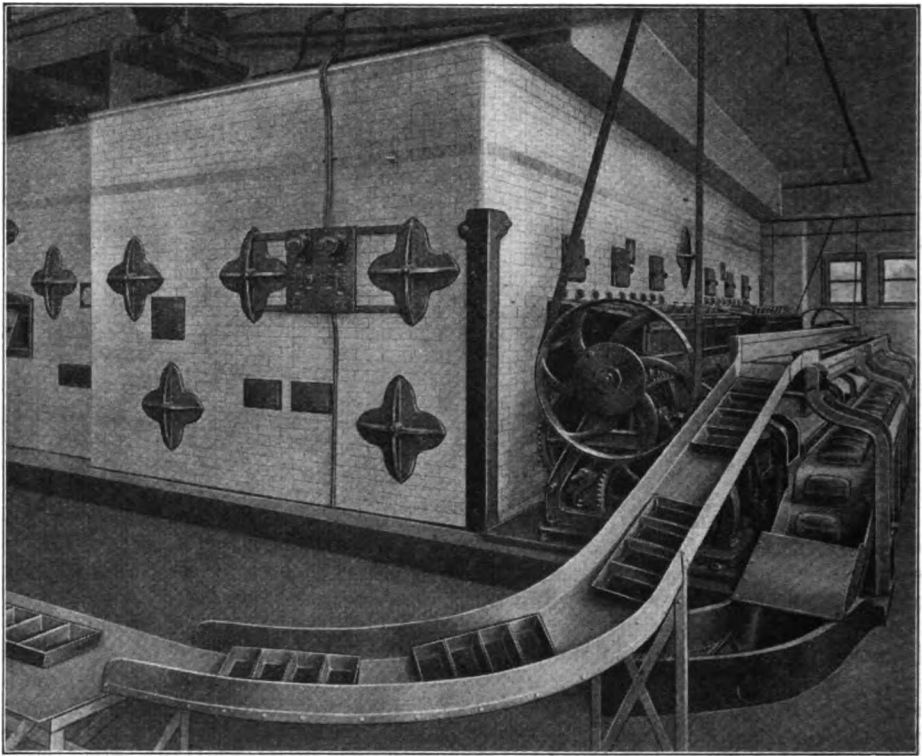
This automatic plant increases the capacity of the bakery, lowers the cost of production, insures the utmost cleanliness for the finished loaf, and produces a pure, uniform, nutritious and wholesome loaf of bread.

Of no little interest, too, is the manner in which the raw materials are handled before reaching the automatic plant. The flour, on arrival, is usually stored in a cool, dry, well-

ventilated basement for three or four weeks, to condition and give it the proper age. When ready for use, it is dumped into a hopper, to be conveyed to the top floor of the building, where it is delivered to the blending and bolting machines, which thoroughly mix it and, at the same time, remove from it wood, nails, fiber, etc., before it is automatically weighed into the kneading machine. The other ingredients—water, sugar, shortening, salt, malt, milk and yeast, that finally become the finished loaf—are also weighed automatically into the kneader, which works and churns them thoroughly into a uniform mass of dough, absolutely the same throughout in temperature and composition.

A continuous blast of cold washed air passes into the mixer and acts upon the dough during the mixing. This whitens the dough materially, aids in developing the gluten, and cools the dough, which would otherwise become too warm under the high speed mixing. The dough is mixed fifteen to twenty-five minutes, and is then discharged from the kneader into a trough, where it is left to rise three to five hours, in a room abundantly supplied with sunshine and fresh air, and the temperature under perfect control. During the rising the dough becomes permeated with carbon dioxide gas and the glutinous material is highly developed, so that it produces a loaf of maximum value. The matured dough is then dropped through a chute into a hopper below, ready for the automatic plant.

The hopper delivers the mass of dough, often weighing over 1,500 pounds, to the



DELIVERY END OF TWO BAKER TRAVELING OVENS. TINS ARE RETURNED AUTOMATICALLY TO PANNING MACHINE, AND BAKED LOAVES TO BREAD ROOM AND WRAPPING MACHINES.

dividing machine, which scales off six loaves at a time, and always of uniform weight. These six loaves are then delivered to the rotary turning-in machine, which moulds the dough into a round mass and at the same time closes up the pores of the dough by putting a soft outer skin upon it. This prevents it from sticking to the boxes of the first proofer into which it is dropped. The proofer consists of an endless series of boxes, six in each, and each canvas-lined. Here the dough, through oxidation and loss of moisture, develops a soft outer skin, making it possible for the rounding-up machine, which receives the loaves automatically from the first proofer, to mould the dough perfectly into a round ball. The dough comes from this machine completely closed with a firm outer layer, and passes continuously to the second proofer by a conveying belt which drops it into an endless conveyor provided with canvas-lined boxes (six abreast). Here the dough remains, each piece in its individual box, but travels continuously for fifteen minutes, expands and recovers completely before it is auto-

matically delivered in regular succession to the moulding machine. This machine moulds the loaves and automatically places them into pans, which in turn are conveyed to the steam proofer. The dough now expands to the desired height in the open pan before entering the oven to be baked. The steam proofer is so constructed that any desired degree of humidity or temperature can be attained. When the plant is in full operation the proof box carries 4,000 loaves and is never empty—loaves enter continuously at one end and pass out at the other, ready for the oven.

This brings us to the final step of the automatic plant—the traveling oven. This is the most wonderful achievement of the whole process. The loaf of bread, which up to this stage has been kept so scrupulously clean and pure and developed to the highest degree possible under modern scientific methods, now goes to the oven for its completion into a nutritious and wholesome loaf.

It is truly a wonderful sight to see the continuous stream (5,000 every hour) of

unbaked loaves automatically enter the traveling oven at one end and emerge from the other perfectly baked loaves, most attractive in appearance, with their golden brown color and characterized by their uniformity of size and composition. Every precaution necessary for the production of a perfect loaf has been taken in constructing this oven. The top or bottom of the loaf can be baked more thoroughly, if conditions so require, by merely pushing or pulling a damper. Steam can be injected or withdrawn from the oven at will, and by pressing an electric button the speed of the oven can be increased or decreased.

The nice, crisp, well-browned and thoroughly baked bread is then—as it comes from the oven—conveyed to another floor—usually below. Here it travels continuously on canvas belts until it is thoroughly cooled, before being wrapped by wrapping machines, which wrap each loaf with a dust-proof and germ-proof wrapper. This in-

sures for the consumer a clean, pure and wholesome loaf of bread.

The advent of the automatic baking plant adds another decided improvement for the production of better bread. It comes rather opportunely, since at this time the public is demanding cleaner, purer and more sanitary food products. The modern baker realizes this condition and is ever ready to meet it by installing such devices which will improve his product. The rate at which the automatic plant is being installed in this country is truly astonishing—over fifty have been installed within the last five years. A New York company was the pioneer in the field and was the first in this country to adopt it; just as it was the pioneer in establishing sunlit and well-ventilated bakeries, and mechanical devices for keeping the bread absolutely pure and clean during the process of manufacture. It was also first in maintaining research laboratories for developing the science of bread-making.

The General Strike

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

THE poet's vision.

"All wheels stand still

When the strong arm so wills"

is the ideal of a general strike. In

reality the "general strikes" are peculiar for not being general. The general strikes of Russia, France, Italy, England and Belgium were dock laborers' or teamsters' with some cessation of work in dependent industries. Most of the wage earners were still at work.

The Chicago teamsters' strike, the Philadelphia trolley strike and I cannot think of how many other strikes pretended but failed to be general strikes in a limited sense. As yet, we are still to have a real general strike in these United States.

Even in a limited sense, the general strike is a potent weapon in the hands of organized labor, provided it is used only on important occasions and with courage and audacity.

A general strike that would really paralyze the industries of a great industrial center or even of a nation, is not an im-

possibility. But its aims and objects must be vaster than the mere question of the working conditions of any group of wage earners. The objects must be of a kind that will stir the soul of all wage earners; will appeal to them as something that concerns them all alike, and will draw into its maelstrom even a great number of non-wage earners, attracted by their interests in it as social units. These objects must be of a great social and political import. Organizer Fitzgerald of the Amalgamated Carmen's Union understood that he could not command a general strike by the ordinary issues involved in local strikes. And he made a claim that not only the existence of the Amalgamated but the existence of organized labor generally, was at stake in the carmen's strike. It was, he claimed, a great although covert attempt on the part of Wall Street to carry out generally the policy of the Standard Oil in Colorado of destroying labor unions by organizing Yellow Scab Unions. Fitzgerald may

have been right as to Wall Street's policy. But organized labor was not convinced and not aroused. Yet one could imagine a situation when organized labor may be so convinced and aroused. And a struggle may be precipitated which would involve not only the question of open or closed shop, but the right of the wage earners to organize as they deem best. This involves the fundamental social and political rights of citizenship. Under such circumstances a great struggle between capital and labor, with an array of all the forces commanded by either side may be precipitated, bringing to a standstill industrial activity in all great industries. Again, the wage earners may be aroused by political tyranny to use the economic weapon of a general strike in defense and retaliation. They did so in Russia and in Belgium. They may be compelled to do so here.

The capitalist class oppress and tyrannize over the wage earners in this country no less than in Russia. But they do it here and there, spasmodically and locally. Unlimited, brutal and open oppression and tyranny was practiced on the unemployed and unorganized wage earners and on the members of the I. W. W. The right of citizenship, of free speech, free locomotion were taken away. Wage earners were beaten, maimed, murdered, deported or held to forced labor. There is no brutality known in the darkest Russia that is not even now being practiced on the unemployed or unorganized wage earners of the United States.

A classical instance of such arrogant brutality occurred only recently during the strike of the Standard Oil workers in Bayonne, N. J. The stagings seem to have been set for an illustration of the conditions for which capitalists everywhere long. The employers were the Bloody Rockefellers; the public officials of Bayonne, from the Mayor down, were paid employees of the Standard Oil; the wage earners were unorganized.

Note the new Rockefeller dispensation. In Ludlow it was "the majesty of the law" that was to be maintained at all costs. In Bayonne the strikers offered to the Mayor 300 of their own men to keep order. But Mayor Garven, a Standard Oil lawyer, viewed these "hunkies and dagoes" as so many wild beasts to be

hunted down, clubbed and shot at sight. Here there was no question of law or order. "I will break the strike," the Mayor declared at the outset.

In Colorado, Rockefeller poses as a friend to collective bargaining and organizes Yellow Scab Unions. In Bayonne the mere gathering of wage earners was considered a crime to be suppressed by the armed forces of "law and order."

Mayor Garven was breaking a strike. He did it in the peculiar frank, brutal and lawless Rockefeller manner. Gunmen were loaded on automobiles and, bristling with arms, were sent roaring through the strikers' quarters, shooting, killing, maiming, destroying property, wrecking homes, stores and halls where strikers gathered. White terror reigned in Bayonne. Even the New York Sun, a blackest reactionary sheet, asked anxiously whether those Bayonne officials knew what they were about.

"Yes," answered Wilson, Bayonne's Director of Public Safety. "We've got this strike broken and we'll keep it broken."

It is nothing new for capitalist public officials to kill and break strikes, but it is novel to hear one speak frankly on what he is about and not prate of law and order.

The massacre of wage earners in Everett, Wash., is another instance showing the murderous manner in which the capitalists deal with the unemployed and unorganized wage earners. They seem to get beside themselves with rage at the sight of rebellious wage slaves. They dare to show their hearts' true desire only with the unemployed and unorganized. When the wage earners have enough intelligence to get together and show a united front, fear and cowardice takes the place of rage in the heart of the capitalist.

Mark you, again, the difference of Rockefeller dispensation in Colorado and in Bayonne.

Mark you how the Four Brotherhoods dictate terms to Congress and President. And again how the unorganized workers of Everett are shot at sight.

The lesson of Ludlow, Bayonne, Everett and of thousands and one other places is that only by organization and power will the wage workers deter the capi-

talist from their brutalities. A general mass strike would be the best means to this end. But first you must see to it that you have the masses with you.

The masses may be gotten either by explicit or by tacit consent. The tour de force of the Four Brotherhoods proved one thing—a general suspension of work may be caused by tying up a strategic industry.

There are only two such industries—railways and coal mines. Coal mines are the seats of national economic energy, the motor centers of our economic organization. Railroads are the main arteries and motor nerves of this organization. A suspension of work in the energy supplying centers or transmitting lines will find instantaneous response throughout the entire economic system. Years ago I have pointed out how important it was for the Socialist movement to secure a strong footing amongst coal miners and railroad workers. As a National Committeeman from New York, I made a motion for the inauguration of industrial system of propaganda, a special effort to be made to carry Socialism to coal miners and railway workers. But owing to stupid inertia with which our party's official life is plentifully blessed, my motion was not even seconded.

The practicability and success of a general strike lies in the hollow of the coal miner's and railway worker's hand. It

is for us to see to it that the mind that commands that hand is awakened to class consciousness and class solidarity.

Another important point must not be overlooked in the discussion of a general strike. Though the strike may be a spontaneous outburst of a revolutionary fervor, yet those responsible for its organization and success must take care that the necessary supplies be at hand. The striking army must be fed. Vision and audacity alone, on a hungry stomach, will not hold the army together. There must be a commissariat.

The European general strikes have demonstrated that the workingmen's co-operatives furnished the best material basis for such strikes. Some Socialists still view the co-operatives as undesirable experiments in middle class trade. Others view them as the outposts of the coming economic organization. At the present time, we are interested in them as commissary depots of the Social revolution.

Socialism has passed the jejune period, when it was still permissible to hold that parliamentary action alone or economic action alone was the road to final emancipation. Mass action will no doubt prove as great a weapon in the hands of the working class. It will be the business of the Socialist to examine and organize the necessary conditions of mass action.



THE SWISS MILITIA SYSTEM

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

THE militia is the military aspect of a period of small production; the standing army is that of a period of large scale production and imperialism.

This is true historically. Practically every European nation had a militia system during the 18th century and in nearly every one this system has gradually given way to modern military organization, step by step, as capitalism has developed. The militia has all the marks of small capitalism. It is local. It is somewhat democratic. It is inefficient. The great standing army with a trained nation as its reserve force corresponds in spirit and structure to a period of imperialism. It is national or international. It is autocratic. It is a masterpiece of efficiency.

The Swiss military system is merely a survival of earlier days and simpler things. What it was and what it has become Ernest Nobs makes clear in a series of articles published in the New York Volkszeitung. Ernest Nobs evidently knows Swiss affairs from the inside. What he has to say is authentic.

According to his detailed account the Swiss militia has for a long time past not been democratic, and it is rapidly modeling itself according to the accepted system. "It is often emphasized that in the Swiss army a working man may become an officer," he says. "But as a matter of fact the corps of officers is chiefly recruited from among government officials, merchants and the professional classes. Workingmen do not become officers. They lack the necessary education, time and money. It has not been by accident that General Seville, who is more than anyone else responsible for our military system, has advocated forcing the young officer to purchase his own outfit. This system is now in operation. The officer is only partially reimbursed by the government."

"The present spirit of our militia is well represented," he says in another passage, "by the well known Order 5. This regulation creates between privates and

noncommissioned officers the same chasm which formerly divided the general body of the army from the officers' corps. 'The decisive thing,' writes General Wille, 'is the spirit in which the officers are trained, the spirit in which they are compelled to think and act.' Just what spirit he had in mind is clear from an article of his published in 1915. In this article he speaks disrespectfully and impatiently of the luke-warm thinking of civil life, of the 'peaceful good nature and human carelessness' that allows the 'sturdy, virile qualities' to degenerate. He writes quite like a Prussian general. He seems to regard all civilians as a pack of sloppy, good-for-nothing ne'er-do-wells. He goes on: 'Of all human activities, that of the military officer requires the highest consciousness of class dignity.'"

More and more the army has been transformed. Our author quotes a famous Swiss authority, Alfred Zesiger, as follows: "The Swiss army has lost its character as militia since the changes of 1907 and 1911." How necessary and natural the change is from the capitalist point of view becomes clear when we are told that the chief changes were made at the very times when Socialism was growing and labor troubles were plentiful. It was in 1899 that the private's gun and ammunition were taken from him. Since then the necessity of mastering the technical apparatus used in modern military operations has helped to complete the effect of this change. More and more Swiss soldiers are becoming part of a great machine. Less and less are they capable of directing their own movements or selecting their own enemies.

"It is a great mistake," say our author, "to suppose that the militia is not as much in the service of the ruling class as any other military organization. The forms of democracy can easily be adopted to the needs of the bourgeoisie." "In a long series of strikes beginning as far back as 1860 our militia has done the bidding of the employers."

Who Owns the United States?

By R. F. PETTIGREW

Ex-Senator from South Dakota

LAST week it was announced that John D. Rockefeller had finally succeeded in accumulating one billion dollars, thus making him the richest man that ever lived.

The American people know how he succeeded in accumulating this vast sum. He produced none of it—he stole all of it. He exploited the American people who had produced it out of it.

The most thrifty of the American people do well if they succeed in saving \$300 a year above all of their expenses, and they must be busy every day in the year in order to do that. To accumulate one billion of dollars at the rate of \$300 a year—a dollar a day for three hundred working days—a man would have to live and labor 3,333,333 years. He would have to be older than Methuselah. He would have had to start when the world was hot no matter where he ended up.

But, if he was cunning, unscrupulous and religious and followed Rockefeller's methods of robbing his fellow-men, he could get the billion-dollar prize in fifty years.

One billion of dollars is equivalent to the earnings of one hundred thousand men for twenty years, provided they earned \$500 apiece each year, and during all that time leaving nothing out for sickness, death or accident. The fact that Rockefeller could appropriate the earnings of his fellow men and the fact that he did do it is what has caused the social and economic unrest and universal protest against the existing system and the cry for justice.

This great and powerful force—the accumulated wealth of the United States—has taken over all the functions of government, congress, the issue of money and banking and the army and the navy, and now they are clamoring to increase the army and the navy in order to have a band of mercenaries to do their bidding and protect their stolen property. They

absolutely own the Supreme Court and they nominated Hughes as their candidate for President of the United States.

Immediately after the announcement that Rockefeller was worth a billion dollars, Armour and Swift announced a dividend upon their capital stock of 33 1-3 per cent, and each of these concerns increased their capital stock from twenty millions to one hundred millions.

It is safe to say that neither of these concerns had any capital stock for which they had paid a dollar. Their capital stock represented what they had stolen from the people of this country. Their working capital is represented by bonds. The eighty million of stock which they have since added is also nothing but water, and is issued so as to make the annual dividends appear smaller. The exploited people will object less to paying six or seven per cent on a hundred millions than to paying thirty-three and one-third per cent on twenty millions. It looks better in print.

How do Armour and Swift make their money? They are the great packers. They are in collusion. They fix the prices they pay the farmer for his hogs and cattle, and they fix the price they will charge the consumer for their product. They are simply robbing the producer and the consumer, and their robbery is represented in their great wealth which they did not produce but which they took from the people under the guise of law.

Has not what Lincoln feared already happened:

"As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed. I feel, at this

moment, more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."—Lincoln's letter to his personal friend, Elkins, of Illinois, 1864).

When the bill to take the census of 1890 was pending before Congress, I secured an amendment requiring the enumerators to ascertain the distribution of wealth through an inquiry into farms, homes and mortgages.

Using the figures thus secured by the enumerators of the census of 1890, on June 10th, 1898, I delivered a speech in the Senate of the United States on the subject of the distribution of wealth in the United States and from the census of 1890, I showed that 52 per cent of the people of the United States owned \$95 worth of property per capita, or \$95 each of second-hand clothing and second-hand furniture, and that four thousand families owned twelve billions of the wealth, and that 6,604,000 families, or 52 per cent of

the population, owned three billions of the wealth, or just five per cent.

It will be seen from these tables, which were compiled from the census report of 1890, that 52 per cent of the people, or two per cent more than half of them, owned but five per cent of the accumulated wealth of the United States. The report of the Industrial Commission of last year, which thoroughly investigated the distribution of wealth in the United States, discloses the fact that after twenty-six years, covering half the period in which Rockefeller and Armour and Swift and the others have exploited the people who own only five per cent of the wealth, these had increased to sixty-five per cent of the population.

During this period, two millions of the hundred millions of our population had secured sixty per cent of the wealth, and here follows the tables showing the distribution of wealth in the United States in 1915:

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH BY CENSUS 1890

Class	Families	Per Cent	Average Wealth	Aggregate Wealth	Per Cent
Millionaires	4,000	0.03	\$3,000,000	\$12,000,000,000	20
Rich	1,139,000	8.97	27,000	30,600,000,000	51
Total rich.....	1,143,000	9.00	37,358	42,600,000,000	71
Middle	4,953,000	39.00	2,907	14,400,000,000	24
Poor	6,604,000	52.00	454	3,000,000,000	5
Grand Total.....	12,700,000	100.00	4,725	60,000,000,000	100

DIAGRAMS SHOWING, BY PERCENTAGES, THE POPULATION AND WEALTH DISTRIBUTION IN THE UNITED STATES, ACCORDING TO CENSUS 1890

POPULATION

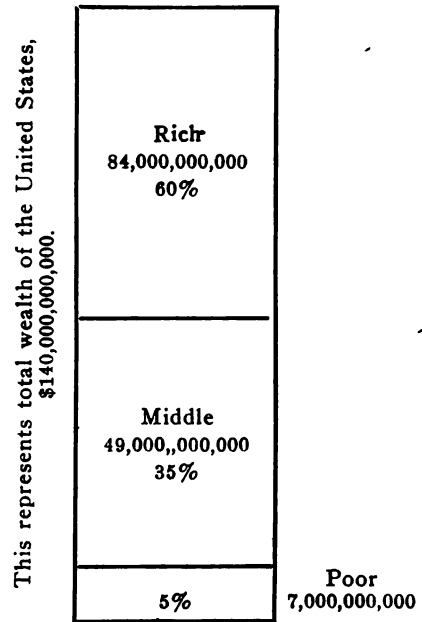
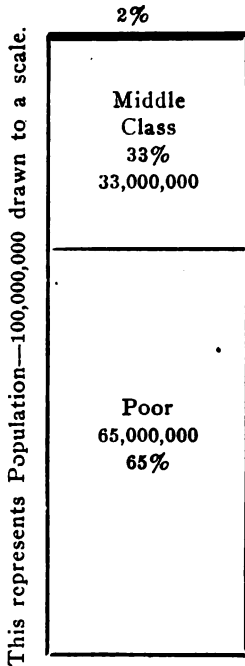
Rich 9%	Rich8.97	} 9%
	Millionaires0.03	
Middle 28%	Middle28.00	
Lower 11%	Lower11.00	} 91%
Poor 52%	Poor52.00	

WEALTH

Rich 71%	Millionaires20.00	} 71%
	Rich51.00	
Middle 20%	Middle20.00	} 20%
Lower 4%	Lower4.00	
Poor 5%	Poor5.00	

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH REPORT INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION 1915.

Class	Number	Per Cent	Average Wealth	Aggregate Wealth	Per Cent
Rich	2,000,000	2	\$42,000	\$84,000,000,000	60
Middle	33,000,000	35	1,480	49,000,000,000	35
Poor	65,000,000	5	107	7,000,000,000	5
Grand total...	100,000,000	100	\$ 1,400	\$140,000,000,000	100



I wish a careful examination of these tables. You will see that sixty-five per cent of the people own five per cent of the wealth and that two per cent of the population, the little black line at the top of the diagram, own sixty per cent of the wealth. They did not produce the wealth. It was all produced by the sixty-five per cent of the population who have nothing. They were able to do it because they owned the government and the courts, and enacted the laws which made it possible. They have done it through manipulation, combination and exploitation. They have done it through corporations. They have done it because they own the railroads and the banks and all the public utilities, and used them all—all of these great, important public service institutions in order to gather the product's of everybody's toil into their hands. In other words, they have stolen what others produced.

You ask me what is the remedy. The remedy is clear and plain—the same rem-

edy you apply when a man breaks into your strong box and takes your money. You capture him and take the stolen property away from him. It is the duty of the sixty-five per cent of our population who produced all the wealth to reach over and take back the sixty per cent of the wealth which the two million thieves have stolen from them, and appropriate it to the general welfare, not divide it, but appropriate it to the good of all, as all produced it, and therefore the mass of the people are entitled to it.

Take over the railroads, take over the banks and the issue of money and the public utility concerns, and take over the title of the lands that have no value except the value the community has given it, and then use all of this property for the general welfare of the community. This is not confiscation nor robbery. It is simply taking from the thieves what they have stolen from you, and the first thing to take is to take control of the government out of their hands.

Will Labor Stand for Another Haymarket?

By THEODORA POLLOK

SAN FRANCISCO in 1916; Chicago in 1886. The closed shop fight now; the 8-hour fight then. In both cases, a crime of violence occurs and is tied around the necks of innocent labor men in the hope of helping to crush the spirit of labor.

In Chicago in 1886 a slavish press and an inflamed public mind, and the labor and radical groups, too weak to save the chosen victims. Today in San Francisco a slavish press, but a public mind open to conviction. Yet young Billings, first of the San Francisco Preparedness Day explosion defendants to be tried, has been convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, and *only the fighting working class of the country can save him—by saving his four co-defendants.*

Tom Mooney's trial, the second trial, is set for the 27th of November. It is Tom Mooney's life that is desired above all others by this gang of ruffians, the "gentlemen" of the Chamber of Commerce, the United Railroads, and the Pacific Gas & Electric, and their tools in the District Attorney's office. For Mooney, helped by his little music teacher wife, Rena, who is one of his co-defendants—Mooney recently dared actually try to organize the carmen of the United Railroads, who have been beaten down, spied upon and "weeded out" since the great car strike before the earthquake.

The tactics of the prosecution are such as might rather be expected in some backwoods lumber baron's camp than in a great urban center. Indeed, with the "Law and Order" Committee from the Chamber of Commerce censoring all the press, the truth is even harder to get to the people than in a small town where it flies from mouth to mouth.

Scarcely a day passes now without some attack on Mooney's case in the newspapers—the prosecution's way of preparing the public for the extreme penalty. Yesterday it was the story of a negro who had been paid \$500 by

Mooney to blow up—what do you suppose?—the "Liberty" bell (long since, poor bell, cracked and silent in the land of Ludlow and Bayonne, of Mesaba and San Francisco). He was also approached by Mooney to blow up a building at the Exposition (reason not given) and a boat (I seem to have failed to grasp the "why" of that, but it had something to do with causing or not causing war). This negro authority on Mooney's past is a "three-time" forger, who was on his way to the penitentiary when he confessed. Negroes in town say he is a well-known police tool.

Before his story came out, we got track of a janitor at the house of Mrs. Mooney's sister who, having been lied about to the police by his anger-crazed wife, was being put under the thumb-screws that his "confession" might help to convict Mooney.

On testimony so extracted from criminals or underworld "stools," with whom the police can play "cat-and-mouse," Billings was convicted. Here's the list: (1) A prostitute, Estelle Smith, once indicted for murder in an incestuous "love" shooting and later dragged into the police net in a red light raid along with a negro. (2) A sneak thief, Crowley, who had been convicted of a most revolting felony, on parole when he testified, who is an habitue of houses where male perverts pick up their companions. (3) A dope fiend, McDonald, who boasted to responsible people of the money he was to receive for his testimony; who "seen Billings" as "in a dream" deposit the fatal suit case—and also "seen" Mooney with Billings until the prosecution was shown a picture, accidentally taken, which proved Mooney to have been a mile and a half away, when the prosecution admitted that he didn't see Mooney, but asked the jury to convict Billings on this same man's "seeing." An ex (?) detective, an ex-strikebreaker policeman, two women dead-beats—such are the

people, and practically all of the people, who sold Billings' young life for a part of the reward of \$21,000 offered for the conviction of the bomb planter.

Against them stood the twenty witnesses for the defense, entirely reputable people, unknown to and without friendly feeling for the defendant—working people, store-keeping people and professional people.

Over-zealous for their masters, the Chamber of Commerce and the public utilities, the District Attorney's office proved Billings in three places at the

same time; identified him as wearing a "light-dark" suit, a plain suit and a striped suit; proved that he was 5 feet 3, and also that he was 5 feet 9; that he carried a new black suit case, also that he carried an old yellow suit case. And the defense proved a perfect alibi by word and detail and circumstance, an alibi unshaken from the first days of Billings' arrest, as the Chief of Police himself testified.

You would say a conviction was impossible on such silliness. So did the San Francisco public, even after the rage

THE FRAME-UP SYSTEM

Men are railroaded to penitentiary and gallows on the testimony of denizens of the underworld, who exchange their oaths on the witness stand for indulgencies and pardons.



"And the District Attorney says, says he, 'Mrs. Kidwell, if you can be quite SURE you seen Tom Mooney, you get a pardon for your hubby.'"
(Mrs. Kidwell was not produced in the Billings case after this exposure by the defense and her husband is still serving time for forgery.)

which the Law and Order Committee-censored papers had sought to lash them into, subsided. So did the San Francisco *Call*, which had the story "Billings Acquitted" all set up and had three times to corroborate the crazy verdict of guilt before it changed its presses.

But what was there to wonder about?

Billings' jury of his peers consisted of eight *acknowledged* "retired" men—the trade name for professional jurymen; the foreman, a man of eighty-three years of age, "hard of hearing," eleven years a juror—men whose death beds should be haunted by the gibbets of those whom they have hanged at the nod of their master, the District Attorney. The judge knew this prearrangement for beating the truth; the district attorney knew it; these jurymen are their daily servants, and the much praised fairness of the rulings of the judge on the bunch of trash which the District Attorney presented as the evidence against Billings, has but fastened the prison doors more securely on Billings, for their very "fairness" (merciful heaven!) makes a reversal in the Appellate Court the more difficult to obtain.

And this District Attorney Fickert! In his occupancy of the office the Chamber of Commerce was surely blessed. For District Attorney Fickert has been the acknowledged tool of the United Railroads since he was put in there (by the help of union labor) to dismiss the prosecutions for graft against the labor-hating Pat Calhoun and other officials of the United Railroads in the great San Francisco "Graft Prosecutions."

The same kind providence seems to have been with the Chamber of Commerce on Preparedness Day. For, blocked in their war shipments by the strike on the water front, the Chamber of Commerce had, with insane ravings, declared its now historic "open shop" war, appointed its Law and Order Committee to usurp the government of the city of San Francisco, pledged within fifteen minutes \$300,000 of a million dollar labor-breaking fund. A white-haired shipping magnate, Captain Dollar, had shouted that the way to restore order in San Francisco was to send a few ambulances of union men to the hospitals with broken heads.

Right then came the Preparedness Parade and the bomb. "This is a fine chance for the open shop!" a well-known member of the Chamber of Commerce was heard to exclaim. (Was this forethought or after-thought?) Disregarding dozens of letters of warning sent to prospective paraders beforehand, the Chamber of Commerce forces swept the five defendants into jail, taking them from a list of active union men given by the chief detective of the public utilities corporations, Martin Swanson, who, from sundown of the very day of the disaster, became City Detective Martin Swanson.

The assertion has been sent out from the District Attorney's office that these are not labor cases.

But anyone who really knows the labor game in San Francisco (and not merely its political dickering, knows that these are labor cases and nothing but labor cases, and that they constitute an early assault in the "open shop" war now on in this city.

Examine the bare record for yourself! Then judge: Is this a labor case? Ed. Nolan (Machinists Lodge man for fifteen years, and formerly a member of both the Los Angeles and the San Francisco Labor Councils), a brainy, ardent fighter for the Hop Pickers, for the McNamaras, Caplan and Schmidt, the Magons, to the fore in the iron trades strike in Los Angeles, and the late lockout in Stockton—a marked man to the M. & M. Tom Mooney (in the Molders' Union for fourteen years), Socialist educated and a Socialist still, tireless and full of vim in every recent strike in San Francisco, and especially obnoxious for his expose (along with Nolan) of a detective's "plant" in Stockton, and very recently an organizer of the local carmen's unsuccessful strike. His wife, Rena Mooney, a music teacher by profession, but an indefatigable and plucky worker in labor's cause. Billings at twenty-two president of the Shoe Workers Union and a delegate to the Labor Council, and three years before that an active and responsible worker in the Pacific Gas & Electric strike. Israel Weinberg, on the Executive Committee of the Jitney Bus Operators Union, now in a violent struggle with the United Railroads, and an enthusiastic helper of Mooney in the

work of organizing the carmen. These men, this woman, are the victims of the labor-hating public utilities and their financial associates!

The twentieth anniversary of the Chicago Martyrs was held all over this country a few days ago—the men who twenty years ago gave their lives in the eight-hour struggle. Will it take five lives and twenty more years to establish the fact that these men are the martyrs of the closed-shop movement? Disgraceful to commemorate that bitter harvest and not save these men from a like ending!

And as Ed. Nolan says of himself and the other defendants—Ed. Nolan, as brave and wise and true a fighter for liberty for the workers and as pure-hearted an idealist as the American labor movement has ever been privileged to make a fight for—"They've got us in here now, but by God, we don't intend to go down without making a fight out of it. That's all we ask."

Send us funds and still more funds, and every bit of outside pressure you can muster by meetings and talks and shop agitation. We can save these men if you will help. And saving them can score a victory for the "closed shop" in the



Courtesy of The Literary Digest.

TOM MOONEY AND WIFE

new industrial cities of the West. Big Business, emboldened by its huge war profits, has attacked the greatest stronghold of unionism in America; and if it succeeds in strangling its San Francisco victims, every leader of radical thought in America will be victimized. Address Robert Minor, Treasurer, International Workers' Defense League, 210 Russ Building, San Francisco.

From German Socialists THE LEFT WING

New Methods of Parliamentary Action*

THE period in the labor movement before the present world war may be called the period of parliamentarism.

The organizations grew, victories were gained, there was an illusion of power and . . . a catastrophe. A new period of Socialism has begun. What position will Parliament, will parliamentary action, hold in this new period?

Up until now parliamentary action had to conquer direct improvements for the

working class. The delegates of the workers denounced the shortcomings of capitalist society, urged the necessity of improvements, fought every paragraph of every law and proposed amendments. By parliamentary action a growing number of mandates were conquered, a growing amount of power . . . till at last, as soon as a majority of Parliament, or at least of the citizens, should be in favor of Socialism, the end of the Supremacy of Capital would be in sight.

That such conceptions of the purpose of Parliament are outdone, is clear to almost anybody. That improvements in the conditions of the workers are *not* conquered by

*From "*Arbeiterpolitik*," the weekly paper of the utmost left wing of the German party opposition, edited in Bremen.

Parliaments is shown beyond the shadow of a doubt in the last decennium in Europe; in the same degree that mandates were conquered, reforms grew less and less important. Imperialism needed all the money and increased the self-consciousness of the capitalist class. And that political power is by no means identical with parliamentary power is clearly shown by the present situation.

Therefore, what can we expect from Parliament? It gives us no reforms and no power. Are we not bound to admit that the syndicalists were right in advising us not to spend energy in parliamentary action?

In order to answer this question, we have to dig a little deeper beyond the surface. What we have given above is only a superficial conception.

Reforms never were brought about by talking or by the suggestions of Socialists in Parliament. They were granted when the dominating class thought it to be of advantage to give reforms. This was brought about by a growing opposition of labor against capitalism. And such opposition was greatly strengthened by parliamentary action, by critics in Parliament. This aroused the masses; this showed them their own interests and what may be expected from bourgeois parties; it uncovered the real objects of the policy of the ruling classes. So *indirectly* parliamentary action caused reforms, and for this reason the Socialist party got the support of the masses and inspired the workers with a high ideal.

But as soon as the party lost sight of this reality and tried to get improvements by adjusting itself to capitalist politics; as soon as the proletarian power grew less quick than that of the bourgeois, the reforms were withheld. For the power became only a sham power.

How will all this work out under future conditions?

Whatever may be uncertain in future developments, one thing may be considered beyond doubt: Imperialism will not change anything in the fundamental economic position of the workers; it will demand new and great sacrifices; the power will be concentrated in the hands of Big Interests, against which Parliament is powerless. New power can only be gathered by the proletarians when they act as a class, in mass action. Only in this way reforms can be gained.

Now, someone may ask: If all depends

upon the action of the masses, is it not logical that a true Socialist, who happens to be a member of Congress should reason: I cannot achieve anything in Parliament, same being without significance, so I'll resign and join the mass-action? The answer will have to be: This would *not* be the proper thing to do, because a *class conscious* socialist can do important work also in Congress.

It is *not true* that Parliament under Imperialism is wholly without significance. Parliament is powerless *against* Imperialism, *against* the money trust. But it is important and powerful *as an instrument of Imperialism*. Parliament fulfills a very essential function under Imperialism: it is one of the most efficient mental weapons to subjugate the masses and to make them support Imperialism. The solemn speeches, the public statements, the complicated order of business . . . all this is of a strong suggestive character to the masses. In this also consists the assistance which the Social patriots render to Imperialism. The autocracy of Financial Capital is only possible under the form of acts of Parliament. Even an opposition of words and words alone may be to the advantage of Capitalism, because they satisfy the masses by hollow phraseology. It, therefore, is of the utmost importance that there should be *real* socialists in Parliament, who make Parliament instead of a tool of Imperialism, a *battlefield against Imperialism*. What is said in Parliament about the real character of Imperialism may reach the remotest and most unconscious group of workers.

Those words will not be hollow long speeches, full of scientifically dressed platitudes, but sharp criticisms, which will come down like lightning. This is another kind of parliamentary action than the old styled one. But when compared with the methods of the best fighters in a period of about thirty years ago, it will prove only to have changed in form, but to be the same in spirit and aim. The essential features being now as before: *To awaken the masses and to help in building up the proletarian power by showing the facts in their proper relations.* And especially under circumstances under which the ordinary methods of propaganda are interfered with, *such* parliamentary action can be of utmost importance.

This is not mere theory or a conception for a possible future. (The minority weekly here evidently refers to Liebknecht,

without being allowed by the censor to proceed in that line, and continues.): Also in this respect, the new parliamentary methods are very different from the old styled and resemble more the conditions in the early beginnings of parliamentary action, in that the function of the socialist representatives becomes much more difficult and dangerous.

Imperialism arouses such strong passions, such a dominating will to conquer power, that a relentless opposition will attract the deepest, most unscrupulous hatred from all

of its defendants, the Conservatives as well as the Social patriots.

The new advocates of parliamentary action form the sharpest contrast to those bureaucrats who consider themselves to be indispensable as "leaders," for the very reason that the new leaders are convinced that the workers will have to learn to dispense with them until they prove to be real leaders, who can show to the workers the road that leads to a better future.—*Translated by S. J. Rutgers.*

THE LEFT WING

An Actual Beginning

By S. J. RUTGERS

WHILE many of us were "talking it over," a group of comrades in Boston performed a deed, made an actual beginning in trying to organize the Left Wing forces in the Socialist Party of America. Born in the actual fighting of a minority opposition in the State Convention of Massachusetts, the "Socialist Propaganda League" is a legal offspring of the Socialist Party.

Its first manifesto appeals to the members of the Socialist Party asking for revolutionary socialism instead of opportunism; democracy instead of bureaucracy, a firm stand for Industrial Unionism as being superior to Craft Unionism and endorsement of Political Action in its fullest sense instead of Parliamentarism for reforms and offices only.

Furthermore, this manifesto appeals to all Socialists who stand for the uncompromising class struggle on the industrial, as well as on the political field, to unite and emphasize the fact that this unity should be made international in a new international organization "with authority on questions affecting workers in more than one nation," under control of a world referendum.

It goes without saying that a special demand is made that the party members should take a firm stand against all militarism, including compulsory military service, as well as defensive wars.

It was inspiring to meet the Boston comrades who took the initiative for this

"Socialist Propaganda League," a bunch of class-conscious workers who, mostly through every-day facts and experiences of life, had come to realize the new forces of imperialism as it develops all over the world and who rightly responded by an *act*. Organizing means preparing for action, is a part of the action, and once started on a sound basis is bound to proceed. Local in its beginning, the Socialist Propaganda League has now decided to make a nationwide appeal and to support their action and their organization by a weekly paper, "The Internationalist Weekly of the Left Wing."

COMRADES ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES

This is an effort to organize the workers of the New World to take their share in the immense world struggle between the capitalist and the working classes, of which the European war is only a most frightful but instructive episode. The Socialist Party in this country confronts a capitalist class unscrupulous in its methods, fully under control of financial monopolistic capital. In no other country of the world has "bourgeois democracy" been so abused to fool the workers, and the results of parliamentary action along the old lines nowhere have been poorer. There is not the least doubt but among the rank and file of the Socialist Party, as well as among thousands of former members and uncounted workers who have not joined it, there exists a hopeless feeling and a disgust with the inefficiency of present methods of fighting. They know that the working class has to fight and has

to win, but they do not see how it can be done. Let them look the world over and notice that everywhere, even on the battlefields of Europe, new hope is arising.

Left Wing organizations are an international feature in the Socialist parties of all countries. They mean new life rising from old ruins. Do your share; join the Socialist Propaganda League; read the new weekly, together with *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*, the monthly that has kept to the fighting line all the long years of its existence. Don't say that the program in the Manifesto should be a little more this or a little more that. It is a living proposition that will grow and develop with the facts and with you—if you at least join and work for it with heart and soul.

Don't worry about this not being the most formal way to reorganize a Socialist Party. We have already had far too much of formalities. The party members advocate new forms of action, new forms of organization, and the party will have to follow, no matter in what manner this majority expresses itself.

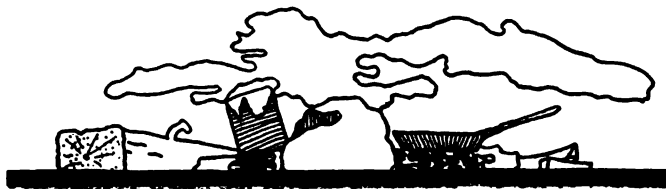
Freedom of speech and of criticism is the very fundamental democracy, and we have the right to form organized groups to criticize and if possible to reorganize the party in every land. To deny the full rights of

criticism or to keep to dead formalities in a period of rebirth and readjustment will mean to disrupt the Socialist Party. We want a new adjustment of opinions and a new lining up. This is to the interest of new groups, which can only gain by clearing up the situation. But suppression of free speech has often been the tactics of old elements who fear that criticism will hasten their downfall. If those elements refuse a chance for reorganization, this will only illustrate their lack of vitality.

* * * * *

There now is a beginning of *action*, however small as yet. Some of you may not like it at this moment, others perhaps would have preferred it in some other form. Don't bother about smaller details. Act; join; participate in discussions, in meetings, in demonstrations; give your backing, give your personality, and this will gradually develop into a strong group, an organized power capable not only to disorganize the government of the capitalist class, but to build up the organized "New World" of the workers. It is worth while to join and to try.

Send \$1.00 to P. O. Box 23, Roxbury, Boston, Mass., for a yearly subscription to the new paper, *The Internationalist Weekly*, and join the League.





EDITORIAL

MASS ACTION

Where We Stand

We hope you have been reading the series of articles running in THE REVIEW by Dr. S. J. Rutgers. Comrade Rutgers has tried to show us what knowledge the Left Wing members of European Socialist parties have gained through the breakdown of the International and the great war.

An article translated by Dr. Rutgers from one of the leading German socialist papers, and printed elsewhere in this number, will add to the information already printed.

To sum up briefly the most important decision these European socialists have reached is that *mass action* is *today the only remaining form of democracy left open to the workers*. And they advocate *mass action* as a means to prevent war and as a weapon of protest and *force* to execute the will of the working class toward emancipation.

These Left Wing socialists advocate industrial strikes, to be broadened into *class* strikes whenever possible, as the best means to enforce better conditions, shorter hours, higher wages, legislation in favor of the workers, and for furthering the revolutionary movement of the workers in any field. They urge that all industrial strikes be broadened into *political strikes* wherever possible. And by "political" strikes they do not mean parliamentary strikes, but *class struggles*.

In spite of the fact that real socialists everywhere agree that all nationalist wars are waged in the interests of the capitalist classes, both offensive wars and so-called defensive wars, we have, here in America, as well as in the warring nations of Europe, so-called socialists who vote for war appro-

priations, for armies, who write editorials saying that the Socialist Party ought to assent to the invasion of Mexico; we are burdened with a so-called socialist mayor in Milwaukee who marched at the head of a preparedness parade; we have so-called socialists endorsing plans for universal military service.

On the other hand, in the Socialist Party Platform of 1916, we have the members of the American Socialist Party taking a stand for *mass action* and the *general strike* as a means to prevent war:

"The proletariat of the world has but one enemy, the capitalist class, whether at home or abroad. We must refuse to put into the hands of this enemy an armed force even under the guise of a 'democratic army,' as the workers of Australia and Switzerland have done.

"Therefore the Socialist Party stands opposed to military preparedness, to any appropriations of men or money for war or militarism. . . . The Socialist Party stands committed to the class war, and urges upon the workers in the mines and forests, on the railways and ships, in factories and fields, the use of their economic and industrial power, by refusing to mine the coal, to transport soldiers, to furnish food or other supplies for military purposes, and thus keep out of the hands of the ruling class the control of armed forces and economic power, necessary for aggression abroad and industrial despotism at home."

So we have the Socialist Party of America advocating *mass action* and the *general strike* to prevent war, as the Left Wing European socialists are doing. It remains

for us now to utilize this weapon at every opportunity as a means of *class protest*, *class revolt* against the degrading conditions imposed by wage slavery, and as a weapon to further the revolutionary movement.

It was the Belgian socialists a few years ago who inaugurated the general strike for the ballot; but Left Wing socialists urge that we also educate the working class to employ *mass action* as a means for serving their interests today and working out their emancipation from the profit system as soon as they shall have become sufficiently educated and organized.

It is obvious to any revolutionist that socialist parties which restrict themselves to legislative contests alone are in no position to rally to the support of the working class in any sudden emergency. Left Wing European and American socialists expect that we American revolutionists will follow the lead of our comrades across the water, who have seen the suicidal folly of the old party tactics in the presence of a declaration of war of one nation upon another nation.

Furthermore, *mass action* is bound to become, is already in this country becoming the best school for revolutionary activity. As Marx taught, ideas do not fall from heaven, but spring from the actual, material *needs* of human beings. The same rule applies to *tactics* in a revolutionary movement; they follow in response to an obvious need. Furthermore, we have seen among the old so-called Marxian socialists of Europe how futile are mere *ideas* in the minds of leaders and of private when they have not grown step by step with revolutionary *activity*.

The day of the leader in the revolutionary movement is past, for capitalist governments have everywhere discovered that where a constituency merely follows the dictates of socialists in office, or socialists editing periodicals, it is an easy matter to suppress the offensive press and imprison the leaders and check any incipient revolt. Mass action develops initiative in the rank and file and renders the working class independent of leaders.

The working class, schooled in Mass Action, cannot be suppressed or imprisoned, sold out or led astray. Further, Mass Action will develop new tactics, new weapons, new means for waging the class war for the abolition of the profit system.

THE POSITION OF THE REVIEW

We wish to send this message to our Left Wing comrades in war-torn France, and Belgium, in Germany, Russia and England, and to those loyal comrades in Holland fighting so valiantly for international working class solidarity:

We, too, in this class-war-torn Land of "Liberty," will do our small part in the great work you are doing to build up a true working class International that shall have for its aim the joining of the hands and hearts and heads and aims of the revolutionary workers of all lands for the overthrow of the Capitalist System of society.

We hereby wish to repudiate all so-called socialists, those traitors to the working class, whether they be at home or abroad, who march at the heads of military preparedness parades, who vote war appropriations, who advocate aggression on weaker nations, and sing the siren song of Nationalism as opposed to Internationalism.

The interests of the Mexican workers, the American, German, French, English, Belgian, Austrian workers, of all those who are exploited by the capitalist owners of the means of production—the interests of these people are *one*. These workers have no national flag, no country. They must unite against the capitalists of all nations and take back the world for those who labor and those who produce. They must unite to make the whole world the country of the workers of the world.

Left Wing socialists in Europe are urging that every industrial struggle of the workers be broadened from craft to industrial groups, and further into *class* (or, as they say, *political*) struggles wherever possible.

This has always been the sort of propaganda work THE REVIEW has tried to carry on. Left Wing socialists everywhere find themselves gaining new revolutionary recruits because they throw themselves into every labor struggle, showing how much more effective these struggles may become if made a struggle of all the workers in an industry than when they represent only the interests of a small group in an industry, and how ultimately, when the workers more and more learn to fight and to organize as a *class*, they may overthrow the present system of exploitation.

THE REVIEW stands for Political Action in its broadest sense, Mass Action, Industrial Unionism, Class Unionism and for International Socialism, of which these are the strongest weapons. We oppose Imperialism in all its forms.

We are for such reforms as shorter hours and higher wages only for the reason that the struggles of the workers for these things are one of the best means of education in the class struggle. No reforms can materially benefit the working *class* as long as the present system of *product-taking* continues.

WHAT WE NEED

We received a telegram today stating that six members of the I. W. W. were killed and forty injured when a machine gun was turned upon them as they advanced to disembark from a boat docking at Everett, Washington, to organize the timber workers at that point. The business interests of Everett decided they would throw law to the winds and merely kill on sight men whom they knew to be intent on uniting their exploited wage slaves to put up a fight for better conditions—and Industrial Democracy later on.

Such things are happening every week in this great privately owned capitalistic America today. We have had more strikes in America during the past year than in any previous five years.

Every true *Left Wing* socialist ought to be on the job during those strikes to teach the workers *how to win*, to propagate industrial, or class, unionism, and teach the workers what Socialism, or Industrial Democracy, is.

The simple vote-once-in-four-years "socialist," who does not know that labor power is a commodity and who believes the working class pays the taxes, does not know how to fight. Like Public Ownership politicians they don't understand Marx; they imagine they ought to lower *taxes* or work for penny telephones. They do not know that low prices mean low wages. And they fear to see any man get higher wages for fear his product will *cost them more*.

If you don't know anything about Socialism, of course you will always be shooting in the dark, or advocating Public Ownership or some other thing that is beneficial to your enemies, the capitalist class.

And so, the first thing *you* want to do is to *find* out what Socialism is, if you do not know already. And if you *do* know, we want you to hunt up the old-timers who may have left the party in disgust because they thought it was being steered into the bogs of penny reforms, or who were expelled because they advocated the general strike or industrial unionism, and tell them to subscribe to THE REVIEW.

We are overwhelmed with work to be done. We are getting our friends and readers to help by jumping in to aid the workers win strikes, by teaching what Socialism is and re-educating some of our friends who have been taught by our misinformation departments that the main plank of Socialism is public ownership of railroads, and similar rot.

If you are sitting around with your hands folded wondering how you can work for the revolutionary movement, just write us and we will put you to work right where you are.

Tell the good old guard that there is a lot of work to be done. There are thousands of new people who have just voted the socialist ticket—and probably not one in a hundred knows what *real* Socialism is. Show them.

There is money to be raised to save our old comrade, Tom Mooney, and his friends—all splendid Reds who have worked for class-conscious unionism for years, and who are on trial for their lives on a framed-up charge of bomb planting in San Francisco. Help is needed for the boys who were arrested for planning to organize the workers in Everett, against the wishes of the Everett capitalist class.

And next month we hope to start a *simple, scientific* course in Socialism in which you will want to interest all your friends.

Left Wing Comrades—all together now!
M. E. M.

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By **ANTONIO LABRIOLA**, Translated by **CHARLES H. KERR**

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Or we may say that Abraham Lincoln freed them; that but for him they would still be chattels. That is the Great Man theory.

Or we may say that the American Nation was founded on the Idea of Liberty, and that in the fullness of time this Idea freed the slaves. That is the Metaphysical theory.

But Karl Marx and Frederick Engels discovered over sixty years ago a theory which explains the facts of history far better than any of these—a theory so logical and convincing that it has forced acceptance from many enemies of Socialism, while it is one of the foundation principles of Socialism. Marx and Engels stated this theory briefly and constantly applied it in their writings from 1848 to the end of their lives.

It remained for another writer, however, to explain the theory in full detail and show the student how to apply it. This has been done by Antonio Labriola in his **Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History**.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The German Socialist Conference. The German Socialists met in conference for three days, beginning on September 21. What they did is of tremendous importance to the Socialist movement. But at the present writing (Nov. 11) we know little about it. The official report, the one sent out by the Majority and sanctioned by the government, has reached us. For the other side of the story we shall have to wait.

There is some significance in the fact that the gathering was held in one of the rooms of the Reichstag. Evidently the government had no fear of the result. It would surely be impolite to attack Bethmann-Hollweg in his own house. There were 400 persons in attendance. Ebert was presiding officer. Ledebour opened proceedings for the Minority by attacking the purpose and composition of the Conference. Scheidemann answered him. Haase replied to Scheidemann. David moved the resolution upon which turned the chief debate. The following paraphrase of it is taken from London *Justice*: the resolution declared it to be a "duty to defend the country until the enemy was prepared to conclude a peace guaranteeing the political independence, territorial integrity, and economic development of Germany." It expressed regret for "the attitude of the statesmen of the Quadruple entente and Socialists of the entente powers, which was hostile to peace." It declared "that a strong international union was the aim of Socialist policy, and that permanently to guard the world's peace was the ideal." It asked, in conclusion, "that the German govern-

ment be constantly occupied in attempting to bring the war to an end, and to give the people the peace they desired."

This resolution must have drawn the group lines very sharply. In effect, it was a declaration that the Majority has been right from the beginning. The concluding talk of peace was evidently only pious verbiage—if there was nothing worse involved in it. The worst thing that seems to be hidden in it is an effort to place part of the blame for continued hostilities on French and English Socialists. After helping to start a war it is very easy for German "Socialists" to ask for peace when they know quite well that their government will not pay the least attention. In fact the state of the case may be even worse. The German government is evidently eager to start peace negotiations while it holds the military advantage. It is quite likely that a part of the Socialist resolution was formulated in response to a ministerial suggestion. Possibly the acceptance of this feature is in the nature of payment of rent for the use of a room in the Reichstag building.

We may well believe that the discussion was heated. No doubt there was a very satisfactory airing of grievances and a mighty attempt to conceal things which will not bear the light. The resolution was accepted by 251 votes to 5, the Minority abstaining.

One vote may be fairly supposed to represent the relative strength of the opposing groups. A resolution stating that the conference was contrary to the party statutes was defeated by 279 votes to 168.

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To understand modern Socialism, you must understand Evolution. Socialists predict the speedy end of the capitalist system as a result of irresistible NATURAL LAWS, the workings of which have been studied for two generations since their discovery. Most of the books in which these laws are explained are too difficult to read and too expensive to buy, except for the leisure class. That is why we have used the slender capital subscribed in small sums by wage-workers to publish the most essential of the facts in simple language at low prices. The ten books here described will give you a clear understanding of the great process in which Socialism is the next step.

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This showing gives the Minority 37 per cent of the voting strength. When we reflect that some members of the Minority refused to take part in the election of conference members this percentage seems very satisfactory indeed. We have thought all along that about a third of the members of the Social Democracy had proved their fidelity to the cause. It begins to look as tho this estimate is too low.

Friedrich Adler's Deed. On October 22 Friedrich Adler murdered Count Stuerghk, Prime Minister of Austria-Hungary. Since then his deed has been subject for heated discussion all round the world. Some have charitably taken for granted that he had been turned crazy by the events of the past two years. Others hastened into print to prove a perfect alibi for the Socialist movement. Some are always ready to faint at the thought that good people may get the notion that Socialists are murderers.

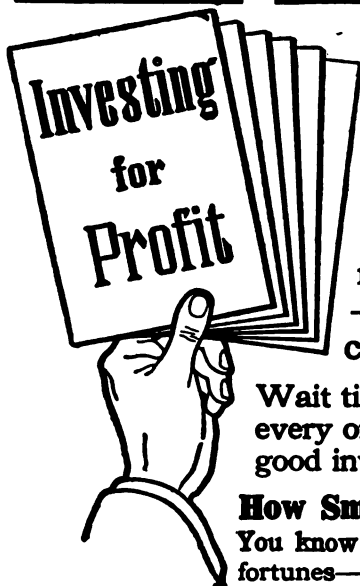
For real Socialists the first necessity is understanding. The first question is not, Was this thing good or bad? but, Why did it happen?

The Austrian ministry was the immediately responsible agent in the series of events which led up to the beginning of the war. This body it was that sent to Servia an ultimatum which it could not possibly have expected to see accepted. Count Stuerghk was its official head. Since the outbreak of hostilities the Austrian parliament has not been called together. Policies have been adopted, the people's money has been expended without even the formal sanction of the people's representatives. Austria has been more reactionary than any other nation involved in the war. Pacifists have been hanged and shot. Unbelievable atrocities have been committed by the government. When peace comes the world will hear a tale of horrors that will rouse to renewed activity imaginations long since deadened by excess of suffering and death.

Recently there has been deep popular discontent. Count Stuerghk stood resolutely against a change of policy. His last deed was to forbid the holding of two meetings which had been called to urge the calling of parliament.

Friedrich Adler is a man in middle life,

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perhaps forty-five years old. His father is Victor Adler, long recognized as the leader of the Austrian Socialists. He was trained to be a chemist and worked for some years at his profession. But he is a born philosopher, and soon turned his energies into the struggle of the working-class. He became editor of *Der Kampf*, a monthly magazine, and was for a time secretary of the Austrian Socialist party. He is naturally uncompromising, and so became a leader of the out-and-out Socialists, the pacifists, the internationalists. On this account he has often been compared with Carl Liebknecht. The difference between them is that Liebknecht is a practical political leader and Adler is predominantly a thinker.

When the war broke out the world was treated to the dramatic sight of a father leading the patriotic "war Socialists" and his son leading the uncompromising anti-war internationalists, the real Socialists. In the last party congress, it will be remembered, the son was able to muster only 15 votes in favor of his program.

As leader of the Minority Socialists Friedrich Adler has seen one effort of the discontented people after another come to naught. The government was deaf and dumb and blind. All the peaceful, respectable, civilized methods of making an impression had failed. In desperation he grasped at the last method, the primitive one.

The dispatches sent out by the government have busily denied that the act had political significance. But the meaning of it is clear to everyone.

Another thing is noticeable. On the 23rd of October the calling of parliament began to be discussed as a possibility. And the new Prime Minister is more liberal than the old one. The shot fired by the Socialist philosopher did penetrate to the consciousness of the deaf and dumb and blind conservatives who rule Austria.

No, the author of these paragraphs does not believe in death and destruction as a political policy. Far from it. But he can easily understand why Friedrich Adler committed murder. And he does not feel at all certain that under the extraordinary circumstances his deed was fruitless.

Conscription Defeated in Australia. On October 28 the citizens of Australia rejected a military conscription law. It was a drastic measure of the regular sort. It provided that practically all able-bodied men should be forced to serve. Refusal to comply was to be treated as treason.

The government expected the law to pass. Mr. William Morris Hughes has recently enjoyed a visit to England. He is the Labor Premier of Australia. Hailing from an antipodal province he suddenly awoke to find himself a lion among London imperialists. The English proclaimed him the strong man of the Empire. His eloquence stirred patriotism to new heights and depths. He was the prime mover in the development of the economic war against the Central Powers. In Paris, as in London, he was the man of the hour. What he promised to the Empire on behalf of Australia made British Islanders ashamed of themselves.

Then he went back to Australia. There was a notable lack of enthusiasm in his welcome home. Adelaide and Melbourne were somehow different from London and Paris. But William Morris Hughes paid little heed. With all his energy and eloquence he plunged into the campaign for conscription. He and his ministry are supposed to represent the Labor Party. But when he appeared before the executive committees of the provincial labor groups he was unconvincing. Only one committee endorsed his bill. The Labor Party is not radical enough to do anybody any great harm, but there are limits to its docility.

The labor leaders, the women, and the Socialists made a great fight against conscription. A goodly number of men and women are in jail for the fight they made. Comrade Robert Ross, editor of the Melbourne *Socialist*, is probably among them. The number of his paper for September 22, which is the last to arrive, is a rousing call to the fight against militarism.

"All glory," he writes, "is not in the present or the future. To Australia has come the test as it has come elsewhere. Let us prove worthy, and victory is sure."

We, far from the struggle, cannot be certain to whom belongs the credit for victory. No doubt a large share should go to the women voters of Australia. Incomplete returns show the measure defeated by a vote of 723,000 to 673,000. The decision is decisive and final.

But what seems finest to an American is the spirit of the fight. Those men and women over there have courage. Many of them are in jail now. If that law had been carried, thousands of others would have gone rather than deny their principles and turn soldier. For the past two years our eyes have been turned toward Europe and our hearts have been saddened by much that we have seen. A look at what is passing in the far new land on the other side of the world gives us new hope and new courage.

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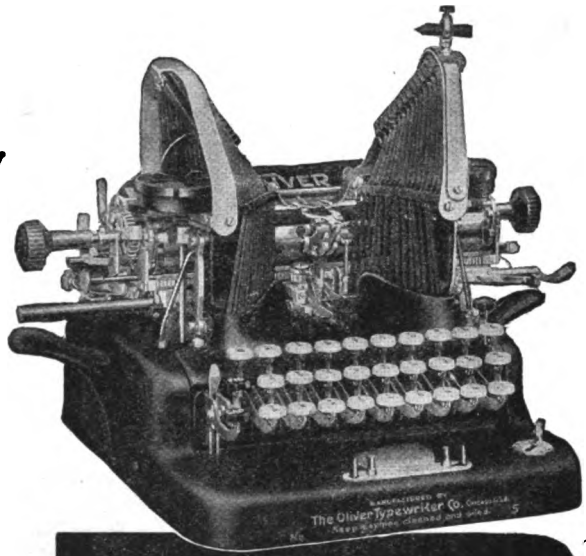
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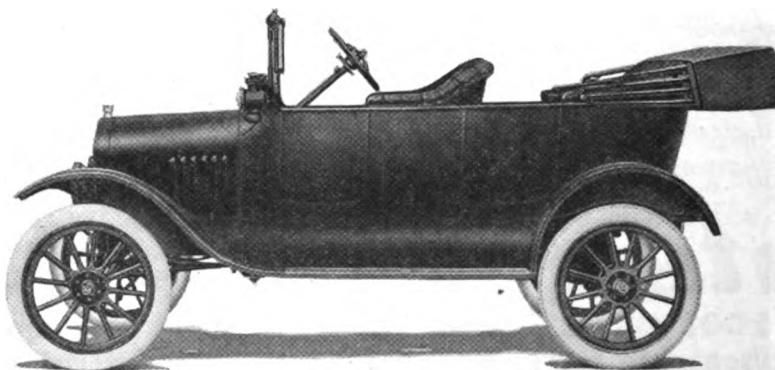
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NEWS AND VIEWS



How I Won the Ford.—The best way to get subscribers is to "get them." I believe it was about the 15th of September that I mailed in my first remittance to the REVIEW for subscribers with the thought of winning the Ford. The victory is a collective one and the car the collective property of myself and Comrade Dorothy Merts, she having secured something over two hundred subscribers on the car. Comrade W. J. Loe was the next highest among many who assisted us. The most effective way to get the subscribers is to talk REVIEW.

On the morning of the 7th of November I mailed the required remittance on subscribers to the REVIEW and a check was immediately forwarded to the Ford Motor Company of this city with instructions to deliver the car to me. You can see that I passed under the wire as a winner in less than sixty days from the first subscribers mailed in to the office.

The highest number of subscribers taken at any one meeting during the time I worked was sixty-eight. The job was so much to my notion of the most effective way to spread the gospel of red revolt that I am in to win another car.

You may say to the readers of the REVIEW in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Kansas, Texas and New Mexico that I am ready to fill dates on a subscription basis for the REVIEW. If they want the work, write me at address below and I will state terms and conditions.

If any comrade wants to win a car he should impress on those solicited the advantages to

the movement in getting work done in the most effective manner, and at the same time the cheapest way. There is a saving in railroad expenses in the use of a car and one is able to reach remote places with the message, and at the same time the REVIEW visits each subscriber for twelve months.

I appreciate the offer made by the INTERNATIONAL and thank all who assisted me in the work of winning.—Stanley J. Clark, Hadley Inn, Oklahoma City, Okla.



Miners Defense Button.—Show your support of and solidarity with the Mesaba Range miners by ordering one or more of these red buttons. Price, 15c apiece; 2 for 25c; 5 for 55c. In quantities, 10c postpaid. Address Forrest

Edwards, A. W. O. Box 1776, Minneapolis, Minn. The proceeds from the sale of these buttons go into the defense fund for the benefit of those who are charged with first degree murder on account of their activities in the recent strike.

That Adamson Eight-Hour Law.—Enforcement of it is to come early in 1917. On its working or failing to work hangs the issue of war or peace in the railroad world.

On the Great War.—Frank H. Simonds, whose dope on strategy of the Great War is as good as anybody's, says it looks like 1917 will be a draw with nobody winner among the nations, closing an exhaustive review with this comment: "Perhaps the thing that the campaign of 1916 most clearly points to is the moral certainty that there will be a campaign of 1918."

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, therefore asks the good comrades who write us from prison camps that they get occasional copies of this magazine—to be patient. If they don't find what they want in this number of the REVIEW, let them wait; what they are looking for may come along in 1917 or 1918.

Election Returns.—In the November number of the REVIEW we placed the probable Socialist vote at 1,200,000, although we had a feeling that the party would be lucky if the vote equaled the vote four years ago. Owing to the lack of party organization it is impossible to secure anywhere near accurate reports even at this late date. The partial reports so far that have come in to us as well as the national office show a loss.

All the newspaper holler about polling 2,000,000 votes and electing ten congressmen was pure and simple bunk. In 1912 the REVIEW was the first Socialist publication to give the complete election returns, which it did in the January number of 1913, and we will try and do the same in the coming January number.

Berger and Gaylord lost out in Wisconsin and Hilquitt was defeated in New York. Meyer London was re-elected in New York along with two Socialist assemblymen. No Socialist congressmen were elected from Oklahoma.

The two Socialist members of the legislature from Cook county, Illinois, were defeated. Cunnea, the Socialist candidate for state's attorney, ran third, although endorsed by the Chicago Tribune, the biggest paper in the city.

Thos. Van Lear was elected mayor of Minneapolis and two Socialist aldermen went in.

We understand the two Socialist members of the legislature in California were re-elected.

The following news from Terre Haute comes in as we go to press: "The vote in Vigo county as shown by the official returns was: Moss, Democrat, 8,127; Sanders, Republican, 7,781; Debs, 4,998. The prohibition candidate got 1,080, most of which were evidently intended for Debs, due to the use of the voting machine. Debs got a splendid vote in Vermillion county, carrying the towns of Universal and Clinton, but did not carry the country.

He also got a good vote in Clay county, in which is located Brazil, but made a very poor showing in Putnam county, getting only 316 in the whole county. He did not do very well in Hendricks county, although I do not have the figures. I have been unable to get the total vote of the entire district."

From Our Hustlers.—Comrade Johnson of Ypsilanti, sent in three yearlies this month and Comrade Nutting, of Brockton, scaled up with seven more yearlies. The same mail brought three from Comrade Herlinger, of Williamstown.

Every Little Bit Helps.—Comrade Whiting, of Texas, sent her up eight notches with eight new Texas subs., while Comrade Farnsworth of Marshalltown, added four yearlies, and Comrade Lamkins, of Washington, rang the bell for seven. It is just a mail like this that keeps the little old wheels of the REVIEW going round. Come again, friends!

Those Buckle Premiums.—Comrade Thomas, of Canada, sent in three yearlies and will receive a "Buckle's History" for his reward. Better come in for one of these sets of Buckle before they are all gone. Others who sent in from three to fifteen subs. are: Comrade Peterson, of California; Ambler, of Ohio; Lamkins, with 14 from Washington; Radoms, with three from Chicago.

Record Ford Winner.—Stanley J. Clark, of Oklahoma, holds the speed record for winning the 1917 five-passenger Ford touring car for sending in 600 REVIEW subscriptions. We think it was just seven weeks after he sent in his first subscriptions that we mailed him a check for the Ford automobile. Comrade Clark writes that he feels sure he can win ANOTHER car. Why don't you help the REVIEW along and win a Ford this winter? For 600 yearly REVIEW subs. we send a car free. All you have to do is to pay freight.

From Iowa.—"Please increase my REVIEW order from ten to fifteen copies per month. At last they are waking up to the value of the REVIEW here. I have had to give away most of my bundle for the past several months. Now they call for them regularly. The slaves are waking up! J. C."

A Donation Idea.—Comrade G. C. Smith, of Olean, N. Y., writes that in looking over the October REVIEW an idea struck him that our friends could raise considerable money to tide the REVIEW over during these extraordinary times. He suggested that we ask every reader to donate one dollar so that the standard of the REVIEW and the standard of our books need not be lowered in spite of the trebled and quadrupled cost of paper and engraving since the beginning of the war. As an evidence of faith in the suggestion, Comrade Smith enclosed a dollar as the first whack at the deficit. The idea is a fine one and we will be very glad to hear from any of you who want to shoulder a little more of the load—especially if you have been investing your surplus capital in "War Brides."

A PROTEST FROM ARIZONA.

Whereas, Mrs. Malitza Masonvitch, Philip Masonvitch, Gavilo Orlanditch, Jovo Chernogortchevitch, strikers, and Carlo Tresca, Sam Scarlett and Joseph Schmidt, organizers, are held in Duluth, Minn., on the charge of murder.

Whereas, Their only crime consisted of opposing the U. S. Steel trust on the Mesaba Range in an effort to better the condition of the toilers,

Resolved, That we protest against their unjust imprisonment and demand a fair and impartial trial that they may regain their freedom to which they are justly entitled.

And, That copies of this protest be sent to the President of the United States, the U. S. Commissioner of Labor, the Governor of Minnesota, the Sheriff of St. Louis county, the International Socialist Review, the Industrial Worker and Solidarity.—Local 65, I. W. W., Bisbee, Ariz.

Personal—Will Mr. or Mrs. George Armstrong communicate with Frank Russell, P. O. Box 372, Virginia Minn.?

A Chicago Building Lot for \$400—A few years ago we took this lot from a comrade in exchange for REVIEW subscription cards. Since then, much building has been done on adjoining property, and street car lines have been laid within a block of the lot. It is located on 104th street, half a block east of Wentworth avenue, and about three blocks east of State street.

Cars now run on 103rd street, connecting with lines on Michigan avenue to the Pullman car works, about ten minutes' ride, and on Halsted street to the loop, about one hour. The fare is five cents to any part of the city. The size of the lot is 25 by 125, and water mains, sewer connections and cement sidewalk have already been paid for. This section of Chicago is now "booming," many new industries being started in the Calumet region, just south and east of the lot. We will make terms to suit purchaser's convenience. We are not in the real estate business and have only the one lot to sell. Do you want it?

Emile Royer—The death of Emile Royer, the Belgian Socialist deputy and workers' leader, has caused sorrow, not only amongst Belgians everywhere, but in the ranks of French and numerous other democrats. He had rendered years of ardent service to the proletariat and the cause of Labor solidarity. He had been a valiant champion of the stone workers at critical stages. His was a thoughtful and noble nature, and his gifts as a speaker and leader were very notable.

Norwegian Bosses' New Move—Employers have declared a lockout of workers in Christianity. Some 77,000 toilers are affected. The Government has been discussing the crux.

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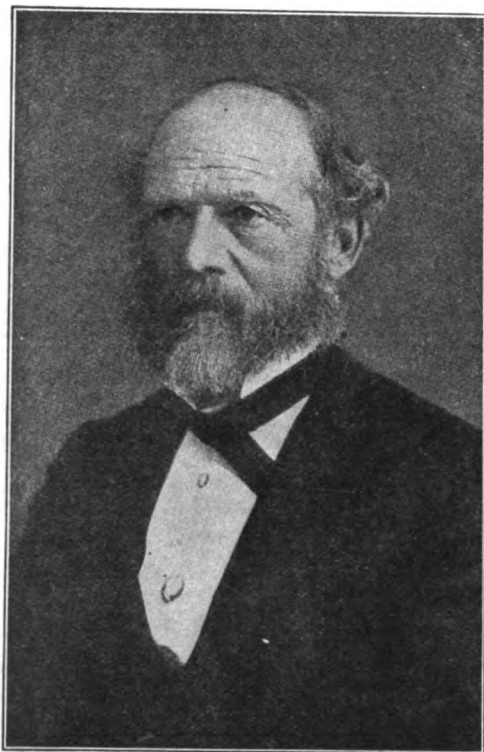
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January

1917

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Vol. XVII

Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 7

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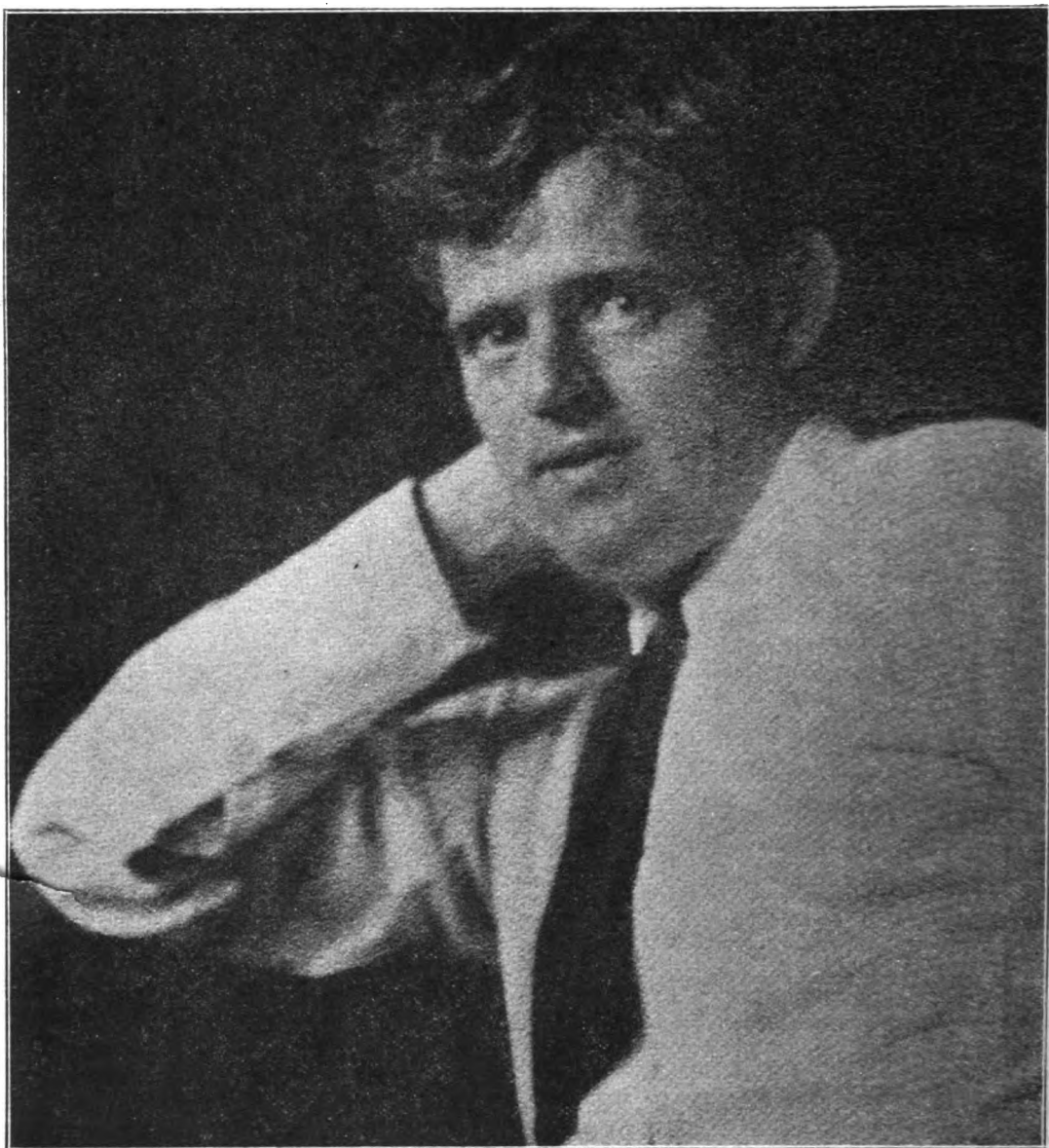
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Spurs for the Revolution,
Jack London

Oct. 28/15.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVII

JANUARY, 1917

No. 7

"The Dream of Debs"

By JACK LONDON

(Written exclusively for the Review)

I AWOKE fully an hour before my customary time. This in itself was remarkable, and I lay very wide awake, pondering over it. Something was the matter, something was wrong—I knew not what. I was oppressed by a premonition of something terrible that had happened or was about to happen. But what was it? I strove to orientate myself. I remembered that at the time of the Great Earthquake of 1906 many claimed they awakened some moments before the first shock and that during those moments they experienced strange feelings of dread. Was San Francisco again to be visited by earthquake?

I lay for a full minute, numbly expectant, but there occurred no reeling of walls nor shock and grind of falling masonry. All was quiet. That was it! The silence! No wonder I had been perturbed. The hum of the great live city was strangely absent. The surface cars passed along my street, at that time of day, on an average of one every three minutes; but in the ten succeeding minutes not a car passed. Perhaps it was a street railway strike, was my thought; or perhaps there had been an accident and the power was shut off. But no, the silence was too profound. I heard no jar and rattle of wagon-wheels, nor stamp of iron-shod hoofs straining up the steep cobble-stones.

Pressing the push-button beside my bed, I strove to hear the sound of the bell, though I knew it was impossible for the sound to rise three stories to me even if the bell did ring. It rang all right, for a few minutes later Brown entered with the tray and morning paper. Though his features were impassive as ever, I noted a startled,

apprehensive light in his eyes. I noted, also, that there was no cream on the tray.

"The creamery did not deliver this morning," he explained; "nor did the bakery."

I glanced again at the tray. There were no fresh French rolls—only slices of stale graham bread from yesterday, the most detestable of bread so far as I was concerned.

"Nothing was delivered this morning, sir," Brown started to explain apologetically; but I interrupted him.

"The paper?"

"Yes, sir, it was delivered, but it was the only thing, and it is the last time, too. There won't be any paper to-morrow. The paper says so. Can I send out and get you some condensed milk?"

I shook my head, accepted the coffee black, and spread open the paper. The headlines explained everything—explained too much, in fact, for the lengths of pessimism to which the journal went were ridiculous. A general strike, it said, had been called all over the United States; and most foreboding anxieties were expressed concerning the provisioning of the great cities.

I read on hastily, skimming much and remembering much of the labor troubles in the past. For a generation the general strike had been the dream of organized labor, which dream had arisen originally in the mind of Debs, one of the great labor leaders of thirty years before. I recollected that in my young college-settlement days I had even written an article on the subject for one of the magazines and that I had entitled it, "The Dream of Debs." And I must confess that I had treated the idea very care-

fully and academically as a dream and nothing more. Time and the world had rolled on, Gompers was gone, the American Federation of Labor was gone, and gone was Debs with all his wild revolutionary ideas; but the dream had persisted, and here it was at last realized in fact. But I laughed, as I read, at the journal's gloomy outlook. I knew better. I had seen organized labor worsted in too many conflicts. It would be a matter only of days when the thing would be settled. This was a national strike, and it wouldn't take the government long to break it.

I threw the paper down and proceeded to dress. It would certainly be interesting to be out in the streets of San Francisco when not a wheel was turning and the whole city was taking an enforced vacation.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Brown said, as he handed me my cigar case, "but Mr. Harmed has asked to see you before you go out."

"Send him in right away," I answered.

Harmed was the butler. When he entered I could see he was laboring under controlled excitement. He came at once to the point.

"What shall I do, sir? There will be needed provisions, and the delivery drivers are on strike. And the electricity is shut off—I guess they're on strike, too."

"Are the shops open?" I asked.

"Only the small ones, sir. The retail clerks are out and the big ones can't open; but the owners and their families are running the little ones themselves."

"Then take the machine," I said, "and go the rounds and make your purchases. Buy plenty of everything you need or may need. Get a box of candles—no, get half a dozen boxes. And when you're done, tell Harrison to bring the machine around to the club for me—not later than eleven."

Harmed shook his head gravely. "Mr. Harrison has struck along with the Chauffeurs' Union, and I don't know how to run the machine myself."

"Oh, ho, he has, has he?" I said. "Well, when next *Mister* Harrison happens around you tell him that he can look elsewhere for a position."

"Yes, sir."

"You don't happen to belong to a Butler's Union, do you, Harmed?"

"No, sir," was the answer. "And even if I did I'd not desert my employer in a crisis like this. No, sir, I would—"

"All right, thank you," I said. "Now you get ready to accompany me. I'll run the machine myself, and we'll lay in a stock of provisions to stand a siege."

It was a beautiful first of May, even as May days go. The sky was cloudless, there was no wind, and the air was warm—almost balmy. Many autos were out, but the owners were driving them themselves. The streets were crowded but quiet. The working class, dressed in its Sunday best, was out taking the air and observing the effects of the strike. It was all so unusual, and withal so peaceful, that I found myself enjoying it. My nerves were tingling with mild excitement. It was a sort of placid adventure. I passed Miss Chickering. She was at the helm of her little runabout. She swung around and came after me, catching me at the corner.

"Oh, Mr. Cerf!" she hailed. "Do you know where I can buy candles? I've been to a dozen shops, and they're all sold out. It's dreadfully awful, isn't it?"

But her sparkling eyes gave the lie to her words. Like the rest of us, she was enjoying it hugely. Quite an adventure it was, getting those candles. It was not until we went across the city and down into the working class quarter south of Market street that we found small corner groceries that had not yet sold out. Miss Chickering thought one box was sufficient, but I persuaded her into taking four. My car was large, and I laid in a dozen boxes. There was no telling what delays might arise in the settlement of the strike. Also, I filled the car with sacks of flour, baking powder, tinned goods, and all the ordinary necessities of life suggested by Harmed, who fussed around and clucked over the purchases like an anxious old hen.

The remarkable thing, that first day of the strike, was that no one really apprehended anything serious. The announcement of organized labor in the morning papers that it was prepared to stay out a month or three months was laughed at. And yet that very first day we might have guessed as much from the fact that the working class took practically no part in the great rush to buy provisions. Of course not. For weeks and months, craftily and secretly, the whole working class had been laying in private stocks of provisions. That was why we were permitted to go down and buy out the little groceries in the working class neighborhoods.

It was not until I arrived at the Club that afternoon that I began to feel the first alarm. Everything was in confusion. There were no olives for the cocktails, and the service was by hitches and jerks. Most of the men were angry, and all were worried. A babel of voices greeted me as I entered. General Folsom, nursing his capacious paunch in a window-seat in the smoking-room, was defending himself against half a dozen excited gentlemen who were demanding that he do something.

"What can I do more than I have done?" he was saying. "There are no orders from Washington. If you gentlemen will get a wire through I'll do anything I am commanded to do. But I don't see what can be done. The first thing I did this morning, as soon as I learned of the strike, was to order in the troops from the Presidio—three thousand of them. They're guarding the banks, the mint, the post office, and all the public buildings. There is no disorder whatever. The strikers are keeping the peace perfectly. You can't expect me to shoot them down as they walk along the streets with wives and children all in their best bib and tucker."

"I'd like to know what's happening on Wall street," I heard Jimmy Wombold say as I passed along. I could imagine his anxiety, for I knew that he was deep in the big Consolidated-Western deal.

"Say, Cerf," Atkinson bustled up to me, "is your machine running?"

"Yes, I answered, "but what's the matter with your own?"

"Broken down, and the garages are all closed. And my wife's somewhere around Truckee, I think, stalled on the overland. Can't get a wire to her for love or money. She should have arrived this evening. She may be starving. Lend me your machine."

"Can't get it across the bay," Halstead spoke up. "The ferries aren't running. But I tell you what you can do. There's Rollinson—oh, Rollinson, come here a moment. Atkinson wants to get a machine across the bay. His wife is stuck on the overland at Truckee. Can't you bring the Lurlette across from Tiburon and carry the machine over for him?"

The "Lurlette" was a two-hundred-ton, ocean-going, schooner-yacht.

Rollinson shook his head. "You couldn't get a longshoreman to load the machine on board, even if I could get the 'Lurlette' over, which I can't, for the crew are mem-

bers of the Coast Seamen's Union, and they're on strike along with the rest."

"But my wife may be starving," I could hear Atkinson wailing as I moved on.

At the other end of the smoking room I ran into a group of men bunched excitedly and angrily around Bertie Messener. And Bertie was stirring them up and prodding them in his cool, cynical way. Bertie didn't care about the strike. He didn't care much about anything. He was blasé—at least in all the clean things of life; the nasty things had no attraction for him. He was worth twenty millions, all of it in safe investments, and he had never done a tap of productive work in his life—inherited it all from his father and two uncles. He had been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything but get married, and this last in the face of the grim and determined attack of a few hundred ambitious mammas. For years he had been the greatest catch, and as yet he had avoided being caught. He was disgracefully eligible. On top of his wealth, he was young, handsome, and, as I said before, clean. He was a great athlete, a young blond god that did everything perfectly and admirably with the solitary exception of matrimony. And he didn't care about anything, had no ambitions, no passions, no desire to do the very things he did so much better than other men.

"This is sedition!" one man in the group was crying. Another called it revolt and revolution, and another called it anarchy.

"I can't see it," Bertie said. "I have been out in the streets all morning. Perfect order reigns. I never saw a more law-abiding populace. There's no use calling it names. It's not any of those things. It's just what it claims to be, a general strike, and it's your turn to play, gentlemen."

"And we'll play all right!" cried Garfield, one of the traction millionaires. "We'll show this dirt where its place is—the beasts! Wait till the government takes a hand."

"But where is the government?" Bertie interposed. "It might as well be at the bottom of the sea so far as you're concerned. You don't know what's happening at Washington. You don't know whether you've got a government or not."

"Don't you worry about that!" Garfield blurted out.

"I assure you I'm not worrying," Bertie smiled languidly. "But it seems to me it's

what you fellows are doing. Look in the glass, Garfield."

Garfield did not look, for had he looked, he would have seen a very excited gentleman with rumpled, iron-gray hair, a flushed face, mouth sullen and vindictive, and eyes wildly gleaming.

"It's not right, I tell you," little Hanover said; and from his tone I was sure that he had already said it a number of times.

"Now, that's going too far, Hanover," Bertie replied. "You fellows make me tired. You're all open-shop men. You've eroded my ear-drums with your endless gabble for the open-shop and the right of a man to work. You've harangued along those lines for years. Labor is doing nothing wrong in going out on this general strike. It is violating no law of God nor man. Don't you talk, Hanover. You've been ringing the changes too long on the God-given right to work . . . or not to work; you can't escape the corollary. It's a dirty little sordid scrap, that's all the whole thing is. You've got labor down and gouged it, and now labor's got you down and is gouging you, that's all, and you're squealing."

Every man in the group broke out in indignant denials that labor had ever been gouged.

"No, sir!" Garfield was shouting, "we've done the best for labor. Instead of gouging it, we've given it a chance to live. We've made work for it. Where would labor be if it hadn't been for us?"

"A whole lot better off," Bertie sneered. "You've got labor down and gouged it every time you got a chance, and you went out of your way to make chances."

"No! No!" were the cries.

"There was the teamster's strike right here in San Francisco," Bertie went on imperturbably. "The Employers' Association precipitated that strike. You know that. And you know I know it, too, for I've sat in these very rooms and heard the inside talk and news of the fight. First you precipitated the strike, then you bought the Mayor and the Chief of Police and broke the strike. A pretty spectacle, you philanthropists getting the teamsters down and gouging them."

"Hold on, I'm not through with you. It's only last year that the labor ticket of Colorado elected a Governor. He was never seated. You know why. You know how

your brother philanthropists and capitalists of Colorado worked it. It was a case of getting labor down and gouging it. You kept the President of the Southwestern Amalgamated Association of Miners in jail for three years on trumped up murder charges, and with him out of the way you broke up the Association. That was gouging labor; you'll admit. The third time the graduated income tax was declared unconstitutional was a gouge. So was the Eight-hour Bill you killed in the last Congress.

"And of all the unmitigated immoral gouges, your destruction of the closed-shop principle was the limit. You know how it was done. You bought out Farburg, the last president of the old American Federation of Labor. He was your creature—or the creature of all the trusts and employers' associations, which is the same thing. You precipitated the big Closed Shop Strike. Farburg betrayed that strike. You won, and the old American Federation of Labor crumbled to pieces. You fellows destroyed it, and by so doing undid yourselves; for right on top of it began the organization of the I. L. W.—the biggest and solidest organization of labor the United States has ever seen, and you are responsible for its existence and for the present general strike. You smashed all the old federations and drove labor into the I. L. W., and the I. L. W. called the general strike—still fighting for the closed shop. And then you have the effrontery to stand here face to face and tell me that you never got labor down and gouged it. Bah!"

This time there were no denials. Garfield broke out in self-defense:

"We've done nothing we were not compelled to do, if we were to win."

"I'm not saying anything about that," Bertie answered. "What I am complaining about is your squealing now that you're getting a taste of your own medicine. How many strikes have you won by starving labor into submission? Well, labor's worked out a scheme whereby to starve you into submission. It wants the closed shop, and if it can get it by starving you, why starve you shall."

"I notice that you have profited in the past by those very labor-gouges you mentioned," insinuated Brentwood, one of the wildest and most astute of our corporation lawyers. "The receiver is as bad as the thief," he sneered. "You had no hand in

the gouging, but you took your whack out of the gouge."

"That is quite beside the question, Brentwood," Bertie drawled. "You're as bad as Hanover, intruding the moral element. I haven't said that anything is right or wrong. It's all a rotten game, I know; and my sole kick is that you fellows are squealing now that you're down and labor's taking a gouge out of you. Of course I've taken the profits from the gouging, and, thanks to you, gentlemen, without having personally to do the dirty work. You did that for me—oh, believe me, not because I am more virtuous than you, but because my good father and his various brothers left me a lot of money with which to pay for the dirty work."

"If you mean to insinuate—" Brentwood began hotly.

"Hold on, don't get all ruffled up," Bertie interposed insolently. "There's no use in playing hypocrites in this thieves' den. The high and lofty is all right for the newspapers, boys' clubs and Sunday schools—that's part of the game; but for heaven's sake, don't let's play it on one another. You know, and you know that I know, just what jobbery was done in the building trades strike last fall, who put up the money, who did the work, and who profited by it." (Brentwood flushed darkly.) "But we are all tarred with the same brush, and the best thing for us to do is to leave morality out of it. Again I repeat, play the game, play it to the last finish, but for goodness' sake, don't squeal when you get hurt."

When I left the group Bertie was off on a new tack tormenting them with the more serious aspects of the situation, pointing out the shortage of supplies that was already making itself felt, and asking them what they were going to do about it. A little later I met him in the cloak room, leaving, and gave him a lift home in my machine.

"It's a great stroke, this general strike," he said, as we bowled along through the crowded but orderly streets. "It's a smashing body-blow. Labor caught us napping and struck at our weakest place, the stomach. I'm going to get out of San Francisco, Cerf. Take my advice and get out, too. Head for the country, anywhere. You'll have more chance. Buy up a stock of supplies and get into a tent or a cabin somewhere. Soon there'll be nothing but starvation in this city for such as we."

How correct Bertie Messener was, I never dreamed. I decided mentally that he was an alarmist. As for myself I was content to remain and watch the fun. After I dropped him, instead of going directly home, I went on in a hunt for more food. To my surprise, I learned that the small groceries where I had bought in the morning were sold out. I extended my search to the Potrero, and by good luck managed to pick up another box of candles, two sacks of wheat flour, ten pounds of graham flour (which would do for the servants), a case of tinned corn, and two cases of tinned tomatoes. It did look as though there was going to be at least a temporary food shortage, and I hugged myself over the goodly stock of provisions I had laid in.

The next morning I had my coffee in bed as usual, and, more than the cream, I missed the daily paper. It was this absence of knowledge of what was going on in the world that I found the chiefest hardship. Down at the club there was little news. Rider had crossed from Oakland in his launch, and Halstead had been down to San José and back in his machine. They reported the same condition in those places as in San Francisco. Everything was tied up by the strike. All grocery stocks had been bought out by the upper classes. And perfect order reigned. But what was happening over the rest of the country—in Chicago? New York? Washington? Most probably the same things that were happening with us, we concluded; but the fact that we did not know with absolute surety was irritating.

General Folsom had a bit of news. An attempt had been made to place army telegraphers in the telegraph offices, but the wires had been cut in every direction. This was, so far, the one unlawful act committed by labor, and that it was a concerted act he was fully convinced. He had communicated by wireless with the army post at Benicia, the telegraph lines were even then being patrolled by soldiers all the way to Sacramento. Once, for one short instant, they had got the Sacramento call, then the wires, somewhere, were cut again. General Folsom reasoned that similar attempts to open communication were being made by the authorities all the way across the continent, but he was non-committal as to whether or not he thought the attempt would succeed. What worried him was the

wire-cutting; he could not but believe that it was an important part of the deep-laid labor conspiracy. Also, he regretted that the government had not long since established its projected chain of wireless stations.

The days came and went, and for a time it was a humdrum time. Nothing happened. The edge of excitement had become blunted. The streets were not so crowded. The working class did not come up town any more to see how we were taking the strike. And there were not so many automobiles running around. The repair shops and garages were closed, and whenever a machine broke down it went out of commission. The clutch on mine broke, and love nor money could not get it repaired. Like the rest, I now was walking. San Francisco lay dead, and we did not know what was happening over the rest of the country. But from the very fact that we did not know we could conclude only that the rest of the country lay as dead as San Francisco. From time to time the city was placarded with the proclamations of organized labor—these had been printed months before and evidenced how thoroughly the I. L. W. had prepared for the strike. Every detail had been worked out long in advance. No violence had occurred as yet, with the exception of the shooting of a few wire-cutters by the soldiers, but the people of the slums were starving and growing ominously restless.

The business men, the millionaires, and the professional class held meetings and passed proclamations, but there was no way of making the proclamations public. They could not even get them printed. One result of these meetings, however, was that General Folsom was persuaded into taking military possession of the wholesale houses and of all the flour, grain and food warehouses. It was high time, for suffering was becoming acute in the homes of the rich, and bread-lines were necessary. I know that my servants were beginning to draw long faces, and it was amazing—the hole they made in my stock of provisions. In fact, as I afterward surmised, each servant was stealing from me and secreting a private stock of provisions for himself.

But with the formation of the bread-lines came new troubles. There was only so much of a food reserve in San Francisco, and at the best it could not last long. Organized labor, we knew, had its private supplies;

nevertheless, the whole working class joined the bread lines. As a result, the provisions General Folsom had taken possession of diminished with perilous rapidity. How were the soldiers to distinguish between a shabby middle-class man, a member of the I. L. W., or a slum-dweller? The first and the last had to be fed, but the soldiers did not know all the I. L. W. men in the city, much less the wives and sons and daughters of the I. L. W. men. The employers helping, a few of the known union men were flung out of the bread-lines; but that amounted to nothing. To make matters worse, the government tugs that had been hauling food from the army depots on Mare Island to Angel Island found no more food to haul. The soldiers now received their rations from the confiscated provisions, and they received them first.

The beginning of the end was in sight. Violence was beginning to show its awful face. Law and order were passing away, and passing away, I must confess, among the slum people and the upper classes. Organized labor still maintained perfect order. It could well afford to—it had plenty to eat. I remember the afternoon at the Club when I caught Halstead and Brentwood whispering in a corner. They took me in on the venture. Brentwood's machine was still in running order, and they were going out cow-stealing. Halstead had a long butcher-knife and a cleaver. We went out to the outskirts of the city. Here and there were cows grazing, but always they were guarded by their owners. We pursued our quest, following along the fringe of the city to the east, and on the hills near Hunter's Point we came upon a cow guarded by a little girl. There was also a young calf with the cow. We wasted no time on preliminaries. The little girl ran away screaming, while we slaughtered the cow. I omit the details, for they are not nice—we were unaccustomed to such work, and we bungled it.

But in the midst of it, working with the haste of fear, we heard cries, and we saw a number of men running toward us. We abandoned the spoils and took to our heels. To our surprise we were not pursued. Looking back, we saw the men hurriedly cutting up the cow. They had been on the same lay as ourselves. We argued that there was plenty for all, and ran back. The scene that followed beggars description. We fought and squabbled over the division like

savages. Brentwood, I remember, was a perfect brute, snarling and snapping and threatening that murder would be done if we did not get our proper share.

And we were getting our share when there occurred a new irruption on the scene. This time it was the dreaded peace officers of the I. L. W. The little girl had brought them. They were armed with whips and clubs, and there were a score of them. The little girl danced up and down in anger, the tears streaming down her cheeks, crying, "Give it to 'em! Give it to 'em! That guy with the specs—he did it! Mash his face for him! Mash his face!" That guy with the specs was I, and I got my face mashed, too, though I had the presence of mind to take off my glasses at the first. My! but we did receive a trouncing as we scattered in all directions. Brentwood, Halstead and I flew away for the machine. Brentwood's nose was bleeding, while Halstead's cheek was cut across with the scarlet slash of a blacksnake whip.

And lo, when the pursuit ceased and we had gained the machine, there, hiding behind it, was the frightened calf. Brentwood warned us to be cautious, and crept up on it like a wolf or tiger. Knife and cleaver had been left behind, but Brentwood still had his hands, and over and over on the ground he rolled with the poor little calf as he throttled it. We threw the carcass into the machine, covered it over with a robe, and started for home. But our misfortunes had only begun. We blew out a tire. There was no way of fixing it, and twilight was coming on. We abandoned the machine, Brentwood puffing and staggering along in advance, the calf, covered by the robe, slung across his shoulders. We took turn about carrying that calf, and it nearly killed us. Also, we lost our way. And then, after hours of wandering and toil, we encountered a gang of hoodlums. They were not I. L. W. men, and I guess they were as hungry as we. At any rate, they got the calf and we got the thrashing. Brentwood raged like a madman the rest of the way home, and he looked like one, what of his torn clothes, swollen nose, and blackened eyes.

There wasn't any more cow-stealing after that. General Folsom sent his troopers out and confiscated all the cows, and his troopers, aided by the militia, ate most of the meat. General Folsom was not to be blamed; it was his duty to maintain law and

order, and he maintained it by means of the soldiers, wherefore he was compelled to feed them first of all.

It was about this time that the great panic occurred. The wealthy classes precipitated the flight, and then the slum people caught the contagion and stampeded wildly out of the city. General Folsom was pleased. It was estimated that at least 200,000 had deserted San Francisco, and by that much was his food problem solved. Well do I remember that day. In the morning I had eaten a crust of bread. Half of the afternoon I had stood in the bread-line; and after dark I returned home, tired and miserable, carrying a quart of rice and a slice of bacon. Brown met me at the door. His face was worn and terrified. All the servants had fled, he informed me. He alone remained. I was touched by his faithfulness, and when I learned that he had eaten nothing all day, I divided my food with him. We cooked half the rice and half the bacon, sharing it equally and reserving the other half for morning. I went to bed with my hunger, and tossed restlessly all night. In the morning I found Brown had deserted me, and, greater misfortune still, he had stolen what remained of the rice and bacon.

It was a gloomy handful of men that came together at the Club that morning. There was no service at all. The last servant was gone. I noticed, too, that the silver was gone, and I learned where it had gone. The servants had not taken it, for the reason, I presume, that the club members got to it first. Their method of disposing of it was simple. Down south of Market street, in the dwellings of the I. L. W., the housewives had given square meals in exchange for it. I went back to my house. Yes, my silver was gone—all but a massive pitcher. This I wrapped up and carried down south of Market.

I felt better after the meal, and returned to the Club to learn if there was anything new in the situation. Hanover, Collins and Dakon were just leaving. There was no one inside, they told me, and they invited me to come along with them. They were leaving the city, they said, on Dakon's horses, and there was a spare one for me. Dakon had four magnificent carriage horses that he wanted to save, and General Folsom had given him the tip that next morning all the horses that remained in the city were

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DEATH MASKS OF THE MURDERED WORKERS

Remember the Fifth of November

By WALKER C. SMITH

"Do you remember the fifth of November,
With its gunpowder, treason and plot?
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

THIS ancient English verse in commemoration of the exploits of Guy Fawkes applies so undeniably well to the operations of the murderous master-class mob on Bloody Sunday at Everett, Wash., that it should be accorded a place among the songs of the social revolution.

Why should we forget that five members of our class were shot down in cold blood by the scab-loving lackeys of the lumber trust on November 5, 1916? Why should we forget that many of our brothers were punctured by the poisonous copper bullets and soft lead slugs from the guns of the open-shop camoristas acting for the commercial clubs on the Pacific coast? Why should we forget that seventy-four stalwarts of labor, absurdly charged with first degree murder, are at the mercy of the half-crazed sheriff of Snohomish county and thirty-four more are imprisoned in the King county bastille on the charge of unlawful assembly? I see no reason why any of these

things "should ever be forgot" by the working class.

Felix Baran, Hugo Gerlot, Gus Johnson, John Looney, Abe Rabinowitz—French, German, Swedish, Irish, Jewish—these are the true internationalists who died in the fight for free speech in this "land of liberty." In the words of Courtenay Lemon, "That the defense of traditional rights to which this government is supposed to be dedicated should devolve upon an organization so often denounced as 'unpatriotic' and 'un-American' is but the usual, the unflinching irony of history." The names of those who are martyrs to the cause of free speech will be a source of inspiration to the workers when their cowardly murderers have long been forgotten.

Am I too bitter against the sheriff and his accessories? Let their own actions testify.

On the evening of November 5 the open-shop outlaws gathered in the Everett Commercial Club to hear the results of their massacre. Shortly after the steamer Verona had docked in Seattle the news was telegraphed to them. The *Seattle Times* of November 6 report-

ed that "When the message was read and the posse learned for the first time of the effect of their shots—that four were dead and twenty-five wounded—many began to cheer." Imagine a bunch of red-handed murderers jumping up and down like maniacs and yelling "Goody! Goody! We got four of them!" Many of the members of the Commercial Club—all the sane ones—resigned in disgust.

Directly following the outrage Louis Skaroff was arrested when he courageously tried to hold a street meeting. The next night Mayor Merrill had the night jailer take Skaroff to a private cell, where the two "Pillars of society" put him thru the third degree. The boy was badly beaten and the ligaments in his hands severely wrenched when the mayor jumped upon the bed after Skaroff's hands had been forced beneath the casters.

Deputy H. L. Stevens was found wandering around Seattle a few days after the tragedy making the boast that he had killed two men on the Verona. He was apprehended and is now in an asylum at Sedro-Wooley. One deputy is reported to have committed suicide upon realizing the enormity of his offense. A number of others have resigned and left for parts unknown.

The seventy-four prisoners were so nearly starved that they were forced to protest by means of a hunger strike. This was adjusted when their attorney arrived in the city. But Attorney Moore finds it difficult to see the prisoners and is often forced to wait for hours. On one occasion he was absolutely refused permission to see his clients at all! Petty persecutions within the jail are too numerous to mention.

A committee of Socialists, labor unionists and other Everett citizens secured leave from the jail authorities to serve a "Dinner of Thanks" to the prisoners. With the aid of the Cooks' and Waiters' Union a fine meal was prepared. When the committee reached the jail Sheriff McRae refused to allow them to enter and the prisoners were served with moldy mush, strongly doped with saltpeter, in place of the repast prepared for them on Thanksgiving day.

It is only by the interposition of the mayor of Seattle that the Everett authorities are prevented from taking Ed Roth, who lies seriously wounded in the Seattle city hospital, to throw him in a filthy jail cell to die.

These and many other instances of degenerate action indicate the depths of human depravity to which the open-shop



SECTION OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

lumber trust has forced its Everett mercenaries.

The trend of public sentiment is clearly indicated by the noble way in which the craft unions and the citizens in general have swung into line in this battle for free speech and the right to organize. On November 19 speakers from all walks of life addressed the largest audience that has ever gathered in Seattle's greatest hall. The secretary of the Everett Building Trades Council, J. Michel, told of brutalities in his city prior to the massacre. "Not a man in overalls is safe," stated Michel. "Men just off the job with their pay checks in their pockets have been unceremoniously thrown out of town just because they were working men." The thousands of people present at the meeting voted unanimously for a federal investigation. Large meetings have been held before practically every foreign speaking organization in the surrounding territory. There have been speakers before the women clubs, the university bodies, the temperance organizations—everywhere that a hearing could be had. The only bodies that are opposed to a governmental investigation are the commercial clubs, the Chamber of Commerce and McRae's band of outlaws.

Any doubt that existed as to public sentiment was dispelled by the funeral of Felix Baran, Hugo Gerlot and John Looney on November 18, Gus Johnson having been buried by relatives and the body of Rabinowitz sent to New York at the request of his family. Thousands of workers, each with a red rose or carnation on his coat, formed in line at the undertaking parlors and silently marched four abreast behind the three hearses and the automobiles containing the eighteen women pallbearers and the floral tributes to the martyred dead.

To the strains of the "Red Flag" and the "Marseillaise" the grim and imposing cortege wended its way thru the crowded city streets, meeting with expressions of sorrow and of sympathy from those who lined the sidewalks. The solidarity of labor was shown in this great funeral procession, by all odds the greatest ever held in the northwest.

Arriving at the graveside in Mount

Pleasant cemetery the rebel women reverently bore the coffins from the hearses to the supporting frame above the yawning pit. A special chorus of one hundred voices led the singing of "Workers of the World, Awaken," after which the chairman introduced Charles Ashleigh.

Standing on the great hill that overlooks the whole city of Seattle, the speaker pointed out the various industries with their toiling thousands and referred to the smoke that shadowed large portions of the view as the black fog of oppression and ignorance which it was the duty of the workers to dispel in order to create the workers' commonwealth. The entire address was marked by a simple note of resolution to continue the work of education until the workers have come into their own, not a trace of bitterness evincing itself in the remarks. Ashleigh called upon those present to never falter until the enemy had been vanquished. "Today," he said, "we pay tribute to the dead. Tomorrow we turn, with spirit unquellable, to give battle to the foe!"

As the words of "Hold the Fort!" rang out upon the air a shower of crimson flowers, torn from the coats of the assembled mourners, covered the coffins and there was a tear in every eye as the bodies slowly descended into their final resting place. As tho loath to leave, the crowd remained to sing the "Red Flag" and "Solidarity Forever!"

By my side during the entire occasion was a minister, drawn partly by sympathy, partly by curiosity, and at the conclusion of the final song he turned to me and said in a broken tone, "A most impressive ceremony! A wonderfully impressive ceremony!" This despite the fact that religious formalities were entirely dispensed with.

None present during the simple tho stirring service can ever again look upon the class struggle as a mere bookish theory. The thought that five of our comrades and fellow workers have given their lives in Freedom's cause is a compelling call to action. Every liberty-loving person in Seattle and vicinity is sparing neither time nor money in this case. To the rebels thruout the country I wish to say once more:

"Do you remember the fifth of November.
With its gunpowder, treason and plot!
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

Funds are urgently needed. Make remittances to HERBERT MAHLER, secretary Everett Prisoners' Defense Committee, Box 1878, Seattle, Wash.



HOME OF AGRICULTURAL WORKER IN PORTO RICO

Our Benevolent Government

By NINA LANE McBRIDE

TO BE, or not to be, is the question that faces the workers of Porto Rico. Whether they shall be granted American citizenship that will practically disfranchise one hundred and seventy-five thousand workingmen out of a total of two hundred and five thousand voters of the whole island, or whether to remain as they are, and retain the civil rights which they now possess.

There is a bill now pending in the Senate of the United States, which is known as the "Jones Bill," and which, if it becomes a law, will define forever the status of the people of Porto Rico. The bill contains several clauses of a reactionary character, to which the Free Federation of Workingmen of Porto Rico most emphatically protest.

Section 26 of the bill says:

"No person shall be a member of the Senate of Porto Rico * * * who does not own * * * taxable property in Porto Rico to the value of no less than \$1,000 * * *."

Section 27 of the same bill says:

"No person shall be a member of the

House of Representatives * * * who does not own * * * and pay taxes upon property of the assessed value of no less than \$500 * * *."

Section 35 of the same bill states:

"That no person shall be allowed to register as a voter or to vote in Porto Rico unless * * * he is able to read and write or * * * he is a bona fide taxpayer." This has been amended by adding these words: "That all, legally qualified electors of Porto Rico at the last election shall be entitled to register and vote at elections for ten years from and after the passage of this Act."

If Congress enacts the bill with that clause, it will disfranchise three out of every four voters of Porto Rico.

Santiago Iglesias, president of Porto Rico Federation of Labor, when commenting on the Jones Bill, said: "It is indeed a very serious question, that the same bill which purports to grant American citizenship to the people of Porto Rico shall take away the civil rights that our people enjoy and possess, so it will clearly appear to the minds of the people



that in being honorably bestowed with citizenship of the United States they are going to lose their civil rights, and a property clause is going to be created to make the laws and to rule the working people, who constitute 90 per cent of the people of the island.

"On the other hand, no means are provided to enable some 300,000 children to attend school, which amounts to 60 per cent of the total electoral population, who, because of the inability to obtain an education, will be deprived of the right of franchise. Moreover, only such citizens as pay a tax are privileged to be representatives in the Legislature of the island. Workingmen, however bright and intelligent they may be, if they pay no taxes will be disqualified and robbed of the right to be representatives. The people of the island want to solve a great economic problem, and the right guaranteed by the new constitution to use the government, whose upholders they are, to obtain loans at a low rate of interest, and the government in making such loans should also do away with the dreadful usury prevailing throughout the country. In so doing the government would also hamper and lessen the social and industrial oppression of the masses and help thereby in diffusing the wealth."

In a statement addressed to the President, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Iglesias, in protesting against the proposed legislation, said: "The private monopoly of vital interests of the community of the island is detrimental to the well-being of the people, and such monopoly and control of the wealth produced by the people is creating among the popular minds a moral state of indignation against the hateful industrial oppression which has been the cause of so much wretchedness, privation and hunger among the working masses."

"We hope the United States Congress will enact a constitution furthering the common good of all the people of Porto Rico and in the general interest of the island, ridding the masses from the social and industrial oppression they suffer; oppression which is casting discredit upon the American flag. Congress should suppress the monopoly affected by the corporations; the exportation of the wealth produced by Porto Rican workers should be regulated so as to retain the greater part for the benefit of the inhabitants of the island. Now more than 60 per cent is exported, a circumstance which turns the island into a trading post operated by underfed and barefoot laborers, and in this way the constitution would benefit

the whole people, and not a specially privileged class or party."

The labor movement has made great progress in all the trades and different industries of Porto Rico. The spirit of the labor movement and organization is just at the present time more intense than ever before in past history. It seems that the seed of unionism sown for so many years is now sprouting strongly and vigorously in the labor field of the island.

Strikes are more frequent and more numerous than at any other time in the history of the labor movement of the American Federation of Labor in Porto Rico. The coal workers, the longshoremen, the men employed at the wharves and railroad warehouses, have risen to a man and gone on strike, and all of their demands have met with success. Their victory has been materially encouraging, and has cast considerable credit on the various labor organizations that have been helping and leading in these movements.

Engineers, firemen, motormen, conductors and laborers in the railroad shops and trolley men of San Juan and the island, went on strike en masse and won their demands.

The building trades, carpenters, masons, helpers, etc., went on strike and demanded an eight-hour day and higher wages and got both. The workingmen in the foundries, blacksmiths, machinists, etc., and the female operatives of the Porto Rican Tobacco Company, some 2,000 in number, struck, as did the butchers, meat cutters and workers in the Department of Sanitation, and their demands were granted. All this has happened since the middle of last August. As a result of the strikes, some twenty charters are to be granted to new unions, and each union will contain a full contingent of members with more experience than ever. The workers of Porto Rico are fast learning the value of organization in both the industrial and political field.



Flashes Along the Battle-Line

By MILITANT

1917 IS a year trembling with possibilities.

In the transportation industry—the one industry that controls the veins and arteries through which the blood of the economic system travels—things are going to happen. If the Big Four brotherhoods, for unknown reasons, fail to make good on their “Eight hour day or strike” demands, there is sure to be reorganization from the ground up in those brotherhoods, with possibly a smash-up and new formations. If the Big Four brotherhoods win and get all they ask for, the unrest of this victory is sure to pass on to the shopmen and unskilled rail workers. As sure as the trainmen and enginemen on all the American railroads achieve through direct action their demands for higher wages and better conditions, the thrill of that action and method will affect the other 80 per cent of railroad workers. Already that 80 per cent has had the nerve to present a petition to congress asking for the same wage increase stated in the Adamson law for trainmen and enginemen. It is a sign of hope that the unorganized 80 per cent dare petition. Next they must organize. May be they will get organized the quicker when they find their petitions to congress getting them no returns except a door slammed in their faces. Besides the transportation industry are steel, agriculture, textile, mines and other industries where unrest broods, organizers are busy, bosses are vaguely uneasy. With 1917 expected as the year in which England and Russia are to reach their maximum of war efficiency, munitions and food exports from America will go on and the American working class fighting higher prices, fighting against constant wage reductions, made operative through constantly diminishing purchasing power—the American working class in 1917 has brighter chances than any time in its history for showing solidarity, for learning the power of solidarity.

THE coming month will see the railroad brotherhoods push through and win their eight-hour day demand—or turn crawfish. The time for bluffing on both sides will be up.

It was last August that Austin Garretson, chief of the trainmen, broke into tears in the White House and said the two sides were as cave men gnawing a bone, and his instructions from his men were to call a strike, push direct action, and never for a minute stand for arbitration. On the demand then of Garretson and the other brotherhood chiefs, congress passed the Adamson law. The coming month will see whether that law is a fake and a stall, a bone with no meat on it or whether it's something real and worth chewing on for awhile.

In one speech after another through the fall campaign and before the American Federation of labor convention and elsewhere, the brotherhood chiefs, with the exception of Warren S. Stone of the engineers, came through flatfooted with declarations that no arbitration, no monkeywork of courts and judges, no trickery of law and politics and legislation, would interfere with their program of an eight hour day or a strike the first week of the year 1917 Anno Domini.

If, and, but, maybe, unless, perhaps—the the whole vocabulary of hesitation and indecision has been absent from the pronouncements of the rail chiefs—excepting Warren S. Stone.

“Why pick on Warren Stone?” might be a fair question if Stone had ever in his career shown any signs of being a pinch hitter. The danger line—the border where hazards lurk and men take daring chances—has never known Warren Stone very well. He is the one official in the four brotherhoods who has most often spoken a good word for arbitration and whose utterances throughout this year have least often had

the militant swing and challenge that came from Carter of the firemen, or Lee of the trainmen. In the quartet of rail brotherhood chiefs, Stone is notoriously the conservative force. Long ago the present situation would have come to a head and the organization of the railroad workers into one big industrial union, would be farther along if the engineers' brotherhood had somebody other than a respectable Y. M. C. A. booster for its grand chief.

POLITICAL government as usurped, misused and perverted by courts and judges, got some hard knocks from the American Federation of Labor in its annual convention.

Instead of the vague, polite, ladylike way the A. F. of L. handles the courts and judges usually, this time the big agglomeration of American craft unions went in for rebellion and defiance—almost regular I. W. W. roughneck stuff. The resolutions committee of the convention stated the injunction question to be "the paramount issue in all future political activities." The report attacked the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court classifying labor as property. The following defi to American courts and judges was adopted by the convention unanimously:

It seems to be a settled purpose of interests antagonistic to the freedom of men and women who labor to pervert and then use the judiciary to misconstrue constitutional guarantees and thereby nullify legislative enactments so as to leave but one remedy; and we, therefore, recommend that any injunction dealing with the relationship of employer and employe, and based on the dictum, "labor is property," be wholly and absolutely regarded as usurpation, and disregarded, let the consequences be what they may.

Such decisions as the one rendered by the Supreme Court of the state of Massachusetts have their roots in class interests; it is usurpation and tyranny. Freedom came to man because he believed that resistance to tyranny is obedience to God. As it came, so it must be maintained. Kings should be and were disobeyed and sometimes deposed. In cases of this kind, judges must be disobeyed and should be impeached.

LONG has the charge been hurled by Labor that the business of law, jurisprudence and so-called courts of justice is a farce and a mockery.

The Haymarket convictions a frame-up. The conviction of Joe Hill a frame-up. The

conviction of Suhr and the California hopfield I. W. W. men, a frame-up. The conviction of Schmidt in Los Angeles a frame-up.

Long have charges like those been hurled by Labor at the courts of Capitalism.

New force is given these charges in the entry of Bourke Cochran, the New York lawyer, into the case of Warren K. Billings in San Francisco. Against Billings and four others indictments were returned for conspiracy to murder through bomb explosion in the 'Frisco preparedness parade, July 22nd.

Lawyer Cochran read the transcript of the evidence on which Billings was convicted. So rotten, crooked and flimsy does this evidence look to Cochran that he is freely and voluntarily entering a defense fight aimed to keep the police, courts and capitalists of California from sending the five accused men to prison.

WILL it help get the Pullman porters and Pullman car builders to organize if we tell what the wife and daughter of the Pullman company founder wear when they go to grand opera? With the aim of pushing along organization through unrest, this from the *Chicago Examiner* report of the production of "Faust" in Chicago, is printed:

"Mrs. Frank O. Lowden (formerly Miss Florence Pullman) was handsomely gowned in silver and lavender brocade; her jewels were a dog collar of pearls and a long single string of large sized pearls, reaching far below the waist. Her mother, Mrs. George M. Pullman, wore a beautiful creation of orchard tulle and silver lace, a dog collar of diamonds, close-fitting pearl earrings, and an unusually long string of pearls."

Dog collars of pearls and of diamonds seemed to figure big at the opera this year. Have you a little dog collar of real jewels in your home?

BRYAN names nine false gods. Beginning with gold and fashion and ending with gambling and drink. Why not make it 99 or 999? The false god business is wholesale, not retail.

When W. G. Lee, head of the railroad trainmen's brotherhood threw out this piece of shrapnel to the A. F. of L. convention in Baltimore, he was going some. Is the tactic

of politics, palaver and arbitration now to be replaced with a tactic of direct action and immediate results?

"I am about anarchist enough to say that we are going to work for the eight-hour day for all classes (of railroad service). If we can't get it peaceably, we will fight for it."

IN nearly every large city in this country street cars are filled with straphangers.

Hanging on a strap during a rush hour in a packed car is hard work.

It is harder work than some hard work for which Labor gets wages.

Yet for straphanging no workingman, no working girl gets wages.

In fact, the working class pays good hard-earned cash from its wages for the privilege of being a hard-working straphanger.

In no large American city has the working class solved the problem of how to escape being tortured as a straphanger after finishing a day's work of being exploited as a proletarian wage earner.

Relief from straphanging is more easy to attain through political action than relief from workshop exploitation.

Why hasn't the American working class used its ballot at this point?

THE Danish War Study Society figures to August 1, 1916, the dead in the European war number 4,600,000. Wounded, 11,245,300. Hopeless cripples, 3,373,700. The foregoing does not include a large number dead from disease, exposure and hardship. Nor does it take in any of the dead among prisoners of war. The society states 5 per cent of English prisoners in Germany have died. Nor in the foregoing is there any account of the totals of dead and sick, diseased and crippled, among civilians of the nations at war. Altogether the working class of Europe is living today in the darkest of dark ages. It may be noted that this is the gloomy view of the war and does not cultivate healthy psychic factors. Truth is that life is a happy picnic of fun and joy for the American working class when contrasted with the lives of the workers of Europe.

ORGANS of small manufacturers squirming under government regulation are printing a quote from the *Manilla* (P. I.) *Times*, as follows:

"Governments move in a mysterious way their blunders to perform."

Los Angeles, Frisco, Mesaba Range, New York, New Jersey—from nearly all ten cities and states—the working class says "yes" to this sentiment.

WHY is booze outlawed in 2,543 of the 2,953 counties of the United States? Why are the big booze makers about ready for the commercial knockout? Why have the booze makers so few friends nowadays? Is there any connection in the fact that the distillers of whiskey are cheap sports, cheaper than any prohibitionists? What's the reason it's impossible to buy any union label whiskey? Does making whiskey muddle workmen so they won't organize?

ALMOST a century ago Wendell Phillips was telling America it was governed by newspapers. Before Phillips, Tom Jefferson was saying the same thing. Now Herbert Bayard Swope, in a book reporting what he saw during a year stay in war-circled Germany, quotes a high official of the German government as saying: That the war is going to settle among other things the point whether it is better to be a "journalistically ruled nation like America or a non-journalistic nation like Germany."

PHYSICAL wear and tear, all the cost of shattered nerves and wrecked health that accompany a big labor strike, is an attendant circumstance of war in the home towns far back of the trenches in Europe. Soldiers and officers come back from the firing lines "out of their heads" from being hammered with sights and sounds of the colossal madhouse at the front. The following quotations are chosen from an article by Sir James Crichton-Browne, a British surgeon, who writes from what he has seen:

"Large numbers of soldiers suffering from mental and nervous breakdown have already returned from the front, and are to be found in the special hospitals provided for them. In asylums, too, are to be found some cases, mostly officers, suffering from what might be called bellamania, a state of restlessness and mental exaltation arising out of absorption in military duty, and

characterized by delusions on military topics and egotistic garrulity."

"Munitions workers, shipyard workers and artisans of many kinds have been working under high pressure and not without some of the excitement which has hurried on our soldiers in the field."

"The craving for cocaine, veronal, morphia and other anodynes, sedatives and narcotics, much more destructive than alcohol, which has lately declared itself in certain classes, is indicative of profound nervous changes and ominous of nervous disease hereafter. It can scarcely be doubted that during the lifetime of the present generation, nervous derangements will be more abundant than they have hitherto been."

An Associated Press dispatch from Portland, Ore., December 9, says a bull in the Pacific International Stock Show brought the record-breaking price of \$21,500. Never before has a bull brought so much cash in one throw, says the Associated Press. Which reminds some of us we would like to ask Melville Stone, Victor F. Lawson and other heroes of the Associated Press whether that organization isn't about the best authority in the United States when the discussion is on the subject of bull.

WHEN you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of a mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work is of no ordinary builder! The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings like the sound of thunder. Sometimes in the silence of the night one may hear the hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades who have climbed ahead.—*The Servant in the House.*

THE COUNCIL

Now Hans and Jules and Tommy
Sneaked out of their trenches one night,
And met in the dreaded mid region—
But they did not meet to fight.
They met, with Karl and Rustum,
With Jamie and Big Ivan,
To swap ideas and cigarettes,
And talk of the rights of man.

They talked of neglected labor,
Of crops and trade and things,
Of ruin and senseless slaughter
And the insane quarrels of kings.
And they talked of home and duty,
Of love and children and wives,
And the higher cost of killing
And the cheapness of human lives.

And they spoke in tones of wonder,
Of what they were fighting for,
And they passed a resolution
To call off the senseless war.
For you can't have war, they decided,
Unless you have men to fight—
Of course this never has happened,
But then, you observe, it might!



NEFF,
AGRICULTURAL WORKER



LITTLE,
MINE WORKER



CARTER,
MARINE TRANSPORT WORKER

The Tenth Annual

IT TOOK twelve days of hard work, with a lot of overtime on committee work, to complete the most successful convention in the history of the Industrial Workers of the World. It met in Chicago on November 20th and the delegates were called to order by William D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer of the organization.

Almost all conventions look alike and act alike. A machine, composed of job holders, has a cut and dried program and policy which is to be put over, the delegates voting from time to time like so many dummies, when they are not busy pulling wires for pie cards.

But here was a convention that the onlooker felt was different—a spirit of democracy ruled the sessions. It was a rank and file convention. There was no caucusing in quiet corners. There was no playing politics on the floor, and the conventional steam roller would have been met with direct action by every delegate on the roll call.

One glance at the delegates told that it was a working class convention and they got down to business in a hurry. There were no squabbles or soap box speeches, there was no oratory by leading lights, because there were no leaders. Honest differences of opinion were thrashed out

to harmonious conclusions, and although the agricultural delegates controlled the voting strength, by having 37 votes each, yet they voted as delegates with one vote apiece. There were only two roll calls during the long convention.

Perhaps the most important work accomplished was the structural changes in the form of organization. National Industrial Unions were abolished; they had not delivered the goods, and, therefore, went to the scrap pile. They will be supplanted by Industrial Unions directly affiliated with General Headquarters and by Industrial Unions with subordinate branches, such as the Agricultural Workers' Organization.

A General Recruiting Union will be established with recruiting unions to function as a propaganda organizing machine at points where Industrial Unions have not been formed.

The job delegate method of organizing, so successfully worked out by the A. W. O., was unanimously endorsed by the delegates.

It was recommended that the office of General Organizer be abolished, as it never functioned.

Many radical changes will be made in the constitution, as the delegates fresh from the rank and file realize that they



KING,
AGRICULTURAL WORKER,



PRASHNER,
LUMBER WORKER



TARO,
MIGRATORY WORKER

I. W. W. Convention

are taking part in a class struggle and that the organization must conform to the changing conditions of industrial development. If the proposed changes meet with the approval of the membership it will be because they consider them to be the best interests of the organization.

Solidarity and the Publishing Bureau, now located in Cleveland, Ohio, will be brought to Chicago in order to secure greater efficiency by being in close touch with General Headquarters. Ben Williams, who has served on the job many years as editor of the paper and manager of the Bureau, will retire as soon as his successor has been elected. Ralph Chaplin, Grover W. Perry and Justus Ebert are nominated by the convention and one will be elected by the membership.

The convention voted \$5,000 to be held in trust by the General Office for work on the Mesaba Range, and a like amount to be used in defending members of the organization who are now in jail at Everett, Washington. Smaller sums were set aside to help out the foreign-speaking press, which is now growing rapidly.

Telegrams were sent to all prisoners of the class war in jails and penitentiaries, including faraway Australia. A telegram

of condolence was also sent to Charmion London, wife of Jack London.

Many interesting resolutions were passed, the following being of especial interest to REVIEW readers:

A DECLARATION

We, the Industrial Workers of the World, in convention assembled, hereby re-affirm our adherence to the principles of Industrial Unionism, and re-dedicate ourselves to the unflinching prosecution of the struggle for the abolition of wage slavery, and the realization of our ideals in Industrial Democracy.

With the European War for conquest and exploitation raging and destroying the lives, class consciousness, and unity of the workers, and the ever growing agitation for military preparedness clouding the main issues, and delaying the realization of our ultimate aim with patriotic, and, therefore, capitalistic aspirations, we openly declare ourselves determined opponents of all nationalistic sectionalism or patriotism, and the militarism preached and supported by our one enemy, the Capitalist Class. *We condemn all wars, and, for the prevention of such, we proclaim the anti-militarist propaganda in time of peace, thus promoting class solidarity among the workers of the entire world, and, in time of war, the General Strike in all industries.*

We extend assurances of both moral and material support to all the workers who suffer at the hands of the Capitalist Class for their adhesion to the principles, and call on all workers to unite themselves with us, that the reign of the exploiters may cease and this earth be made fair through the establishment of the Industrial Democracy.



BRAZIER,
AGRICULTURAL WORKER

The most important report received by the convention was submitted by the General Secretary-Treasurer.

Total receipts for the year ending August 31, 1916, were \$50,037.28, and disbursements for the same period amounted to \$31,291.75, leaving a cash balance on hand September 1st of \$18,745.53. A large number of old debts had been cleaned up and all bills were being paid promptly.

One hundred and sixteen charters have been issued to the workers in the various industries. Of these new unions, the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, No. 400, has enrolled over 18,000 members, and maintains large headquarters at Minneapolis.



JONES,
ELECTRICAL WORKER

Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union, No. 490, with headquarters at Virginia, Minn., has added several thousand members during the recent strike on the Mesaba Range. "Many of the camps are organized to a man, as the miners appreciate the fact that they are not shackled with any time agreements or the check-off system so much sought after by the U. M. W. A. and the W. F. M. In every mine the conditions have been materially improved, while the men are free handed to make demands when the time is ripe."

"Prospects in the copper mines of the West are showing up fine. Unions are established in several camps in Arizona. At Cooper Hill, where a so-called organizer of the "Civilized Plain" type recently received some harsh treatment, the I. W. W. has a growing membership. The Mexicans of that state, who have always been discriminated against by workmen and bosses alike, are showing pronounced activity in the organization, and will become earnest members of the I. W. W."

Coal mine workers in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, where the miners, organized and unorganized, are up in arms against the four years' contract imposed upon them by the officials of the U. M. W. A., are becoming educated to the power they possess when organized in one big union. These miners are Polish, Lithuanian and Italian.

Railroad Workers' Industrial Union, No. 600, has several delegates on the road and steady progress is being made.

Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union, No. 300, has been chartered and an active campaign planned for the coming year.

Textile Workers are reaping the benefits of the strikes conducted by the I. W. W. At Paterson, N. J., a nine-hour day has been secured. Wage increases have been made to the workers in the woolen mills of Lawrence.

Marine Transport Workers are showing renewed activity along the Atlantic Coast, on the Great Lakes and in all ports on the Pacific Coast.

The Lumber Workers united with No. 400 did splendid work for themselves last fall and winter, raising the wages in many places from \$16 to \$40 a month and board. This winter the lumberjacks are

going to unite and put up a solid front to the boss, which will mean more money in the pay envelope and better living conditions.

The Delegate System has proved to be the most effective system of organizing. The delegates are organizers on the job under the control and responsible to a recruiting or industrial union which issues the credentials. Delegates are equipped with membership books, due stamps, constitutions, application blanks, report blanks and literature. They are empowered to initiate new members whenever they find them, making out their card, putting in stamps for dues paid, furnishing a report to the secretary for all moneys collected.

Strikes have occurred in many states and industries, with which REVIEW readers are more or less familiar. Many small strikes were won in short order, such as the Granite Workers at Lohrville, Wis., where the company was forced to discharge the superintendent and do a lot of other unpleasant things.

Papers and Literature: Solidarity, the official English paper, has had a desperate struggle, but is now on a sound footing. It will be greatly improved during the coming year. The Industrial Worker, at Seattle, Wash., is the most popular working class paper on the coast. It surveys the class struggle, talks working class talk and is on the job to stay.

The papers printed in foreign languages are: In Hungarian, A Bermankas; Italian, Il Proletario; Polish, Solidarnos; Lithuanian, Darbininku Balsas; Russian, Rabochaya; Spanish, El Rebelde; Jewish, Industrial Unionist; Portuguese, A Luz; Swedish, Allarm; Slavonian, Industrijalni Radnik. These papers are doing splendid work.

The Secretary-Treasurer made many valuable suggestions as to the conduct of strikes, the necessity for expanding the educational work and carrying on the work of the organization.

Many earnest fights have been made by the I. W. W. to re-establish the right of Free Speech in the United States, notably at Sioux City, Iowa, and at Paterson, N. J., both ending in victory. The fight is now on in Everett, as all REVIEW readers know.

Defense: Hundreds of members of the organization have been imprisoned dur-



ing the past year and the General Office has assisted to the limit of its ability in the defense. Several members charged with murder were acquitted. Meanwhile Charles Cline in Texas, Ford and Suhr in California, are still in prison, and the agitation to secure their release must be redoubled. More than a score have been murdered by hired gunmen.

In closing his report Fellow Worker Haywood said, "The principles of this organization are as sound and ring as true as worthy metal. The idea of The Industrial Workers of the World, founded as it is on the class struggle, is imperishable. Its ideals quicken the pulse and strengthen the heart of every member. Its members are to a remarkable degree free from all religious superstitions, no longer hoodwinked by political chicanery—looking upon the exploiter, whether a farmer, a small business man or a trust magnate, with a clear vision that recognizes a common enemy. Youthful, courageous, and full of vigor, this organization is facing a future teeming with fruitful possibilities."



LAMBERT,
CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Mass Action in Russia

By S. J. RUTGERS

AMONG the European Left Wing Socialists, no historic event prior to the world war has had a greater influence upon general conceptions than the mass actions during the revolutionary period in Russia.

Under most difficult conditions of Absolutism and unscrupulous brutal police power, the achievements both in the way of economic improvements and political results have been astonishing. Out of the actual practice of the fighting grew a unity of action in which demands for wage increases and the eight-hour day were intermixed with political demands, such as free speech and free press, recall of cruel bureaucrats and a Democratic Republic instead of the Absolutistic government.

The form of this gigantic struggle was mostly that of mass strikes and street demonstrations, accidentally leading to actual resistance against police and military forces.

To those who cannot see beyond parliamentary reforms and the labor union fight for keeping up the standard of living, this period of class struggle must look like another world. Those, however, who feel that capitalism can never be overcome by talking reforms or by arbitrating about the standard of living, the study of this period is most instructive and promising. And especially to our American comrades, this knowledge must be highly valuable, because they are confronted by the same brutal methods and a similar absolutistic government, be it in a democratic disguise, that had to be dealt with by the Russian workers. A similar situation is growing all over the world, now that we enter the period of industrial Feudalism or Imperialism, and the lessons of the Russian revolutionary period deserve the general interest, but as the United States is ahead in this development, they certainly are not the least interested party.

It is beyond the scope of an article in a REVIEW, and it would certainly annoy the readers to give too much in detail

the facts and results of this interesting period of class struggle. Those who feel the importance of the subject should read "Massenstreik, Partei und Gewerkschaften," by Rosa Luxembourg; "Algemeene Werkstaking en Socialdemocratie" and "Geschiedenis von den Proletarischen Klassenstrijg," by Henriette Roland Holst, translated into German, Lettisch and Russian; "Politische Streik," by Laufenberg, or some of the other books and pamphlets on this subject, none of which, however, has been translated into English, as far as I know, and all of which were written before the world war.

I will try to give a few facts, a few examples which may appeal to those minds that have already a notion of the importance of mass action in future class struggles. Of course, it is essential to bear in mind that conditions in Russia at that time had their own character and that we can never expect to imitate methods which were themselves the result of historic developments and conditions and by no means brought about according to some scheme of a clever headed man or group of men.

Conditions in Russia no doubt were most unfavorable to any kind of action, the workers being under the iron heel of an absolutistic government, unorganized, uneducated, a large percentage of them knowing neither how to read nor write. And notwithstanding this, notwithstanding mistakes and disappointments, we notice results that compel us to ask. What could not have been accomplished if similar methods were backed up by the organization and intelligence of a modern machine proletariat.

The high mark of the proletarian movement in Russia was after the defects of Russia in the Russian Japanese war in 1905 and 1906, but the specific methods already had originated before the war.

Especially the years 1902 and 1903 show an extensive and successful action in the southern part of Russia, and as

early as 1896 and 1897, there was a period of big strikes in St. Petersburg (Petrograd).

In the spring of 1902, several cities, such as Batum, Nischni Nowgorod and Saratow, had their mass meetings and street demonstrations against deportations of "undesirables" by the Russian Government, at which meetings workers were fired upon and which resulted in the imprisonment of a great number of workers.

But the same year had another wave of mass actions, originating in Rostow. This time it was a demand for the nine hour day, increase of wages, etc., which led to a general tie-up of labor, and mass meetings in Rostow, which were daily attended by fifteen to twenty thousand workers. This movement was organized by a committee of social democrats; and freedom of speech and press for some time was actually conquered and used to its full extent for education and attacks upon the Government. The movement spread to Tichoretzkaja, but was finally beaten up by police and cossacks, only to spring up again a few months afterwards in the middle of 1903 all over southern Russia: Baku, Tiflis, Batum, Jelissawetgrad, Odessa, Kijew, Nikolajew, Jekaterinoslow, etc. Originating in different cities with demands for increase in wages and other direct improvements, the movement soon grew beyond the scope of purely economic action into a more general or political class issue.

In Odessa, for instance, the railroad workers asked an increase in wages. Three days afterwards the longshoremen joined; two days more brought the seamen into the movement; five days later the streetcars were tied up. A meeting of seven to eight thousand workers decided to visit all the factories and their number grew to forty or fifty thousand men, who tied up the harbor and all the industries. In Kijew, the movement also started among railway men who claimed wage increases, followed by the foundry workers. The Government threw two railway delegates in prison and in a general protest, it was decided that the trains should not leave the station. A big crowd of workers with wives and children stood on the track to prevent the trains from running. Soldiers shot into this mass,

killing many of them, among whom were women and children. This was the sign for a general strike, mass meetings, speeches as well as the killing and imprisonment of more workers. The movement ends, but starts again in Nikolajew and Jekaterinoslow and results not only in some material improvements, but also in a most remarkable **spiritual uplifting** of these most oppressed workers.

To quote a bourgeois paper, *Os-wobozhdenje*: "The workers embrace each other in the streets, cries of delight and enthusiasm, songs of freedom, gay laughing, humor and joy are heard among the masses of many thousands who move through the town from morning to evening. The spirit is noble, it could not be imagined that a new and better life on earth had sprung up. A highly earnest and at the same time idealistic and touching picture." Such was the impression even on a non-socialist newspaper writer.

After a period of less action during the first part of the Russian-Japanese war, the growing unemployment leads to a general strike in Baku in December, 1904, which puts the control of the city during a couple of weeks fully into the hands of the workers.

In January, 1905, a general strike becomes effective in St. Petersburg, as an immediate result of the discharging of two workers of the Putilow Works (munitions and steel), which caused a sympathetic strike of 12,000 workers. The Social democrats thereupon started an extensive campaign and a program was adopted containing the eight hour day, freedom of organizations, speech and press, etc. In a few days, one hundred and forty thousand workers joined the strike and meetings were held, the discussions on which resulted in the adoption of the program with the eight hour day as principal demand. It was this program that was to be put before the Czar by a procession of two hundred thousand men and women at the head of which marched the priest Gapon and which resulted in the massacre of two thousand men, women and children by the Russian cossacks. (The "Red Sunday," January 22, 1905).

This massacre was the signal for a real wave of mass actions and general

strikes all over Russia, in Poland, in Lithuania, in the Baltic provinces, as well as in the Caucasus and Siberia. This time it was not so much economic demands broadening into political action, but rather the reverse. In all parts of Russia social democratic committees issued proclamations to arouse protests against the massacre in St. Petersburg and brutality of the existing Government. And these general strikes of protest develop finally into innumerable local and partial strikes for direct improvements in all parts of the country, in which railway strikes play an important part with here and there even military strikes, such as the revolts of the mariners in Sebastopol, Kronstadt, Libau, Vladivostok, etc.

This splitting up of the general strike into minor actions for direct improvements, must look rather discouraging to those among syndicalists as well as socialists, who have a conception that the "general strike" or the "political revolution" once upon a day will change the hell of Capitalism into the heaven of Socialism. This kind of "revolutionists" generally prove to be opportunists as far as actual fighting is concerned, which is logical: if you expect that the capitalist Society can be overthrown by some big action and the time for that supreme action has not yet arrived, you may as well try to make the best of the present state of things and combine opportunistic action with revolutionary education for the "great day."

The revolutionary period in Russia, however, is a splendid example to prove that education and action always have to go hand in hand and that revolution does not fall from heaven or as the result of some accident, but grows out of the intensified normal fighting in the class struggle. And it shows at the same time, that political and economic action finally become so interwoven and mixed up, that it is hardly possible to tell where the demands for direct improvements end and general or political demands start in.

The more we proceed into the highest developments of revolutionary mass action, the more we shall find that there is only one class struggle all along the fighting line against capitalism. Which does not mean that we have to overlook the

historical necessity of having both socialist political parties and labor or industrial unions and which, of course, is the very opposite of a conception which wants no political action at all.

The revolution is a long social process with victories and defeats, but even the defeats will often result in direct improvements as is shown during the Russian revolutionary period. The result of this period has been, that the standard of living of the industrial proletariat has been improved. In a great number of industries all over Russia, the eight hour day was actually conquered. In other parts, it was a nine hour or a ten hour day and at the same time, wages were increased and conditions improved. It is true that many of these advantages were lost again during the contra-revolutionary period that followed, but nevertheless, it shows what can be accomplished even under most unfavorable conditions and without any previous organization. The development of Russian industry is such that we could not expect a continued success, without co-operation from the rest of Europe.

What the Left Wing socialists in Europe at that time hoped for was that German socialists would learn from the Russian mass actions and bring this kind of action on a higher, stronger, organized plane, which, no doubt, would have backed up the Russian movement in return. We know that there was much discussion over the "general strike" at that time in Germany, and even a beginning of action, but the conservative leaders of the labor unions as well as most of the leaders of the Socialist party crushed this movement. And it will remain the everlasting disgrace to the memory of Kautsky, who had given a theoretical prediction of just this kind of action, that he failed when action was required and backed up the opportunistic leaders with his great influence upon the more revolutionary wing of the Socialistic party. A small group among whom Rosa Luxembourg was the most militant, did their utmost, but Kautsky's advice to use mass action only on the defensive, "Ermattungs-Strategie," was followed up and even the labor union leaders had no objection to declare for defensive mass action. By this advice, even more than

by his advice not to vote against the war credits, Kautsky will have to bear his part of the responsibility of the failure of the German party in the war crisis.

The period of mass action in Russia can give us a better insight in the forms in which a proletarian revolution will have to develop, it shows how the results will strengthen the material position of the workers and at the same time mean an intellectual and cultural growth, which surpasses by far all that could be accomplished by the most extensive campaign on purely educational lines. And what is more perhaps even than this, the organization will grow in the fighting and will take new and really democratic forms. Out of the revolutionary mass action in Russia have sprung up a number of organizations that survived this period and this is the best answer to those "leaders" who never venture to act for fear that their organization (and by the way, their well paid jobs), will be destroyed. Maybe that a certain form of organization, which is no longer in harmony with historical developments, will be destroyed, but only to give rebirth to new and more efficient forms of organization, more elastic and more democratic.

For the Russian mass action has shown beyond all doubt that the rigid form of one-sided action according to certain well-established formulas with strong men in control, who, according to circumstances, may become labor leaders, or e. g., railroad presidents, is obsolete in the period of revolutionary

fighting, which is on hand. Against each definite action of the workers, our enemies can put a more effective counter-attack. Only in changing our fight from one place to another, from one industry to another, from day to day, breaking off a movement before a massacre can be arranged, only to start it elsewhere or to start it anew when the military forces are withdrawn, only by working hand in hand in claiming material improvements and political power, bread and rights, leisure and freedom, only by strikes of protest, as well as strikes of sympathy and strikes to force direct improvements, only by actually developing all these actions into an organized system of mass action in which, of course, the leaders will lose their predominant position, and success can only result if the rank and file gradually learns how to act and why to act, only in this higher form of flexible organization can we hope to win. For to win means to disorganize the present political system, means to create a higher form of organization than capitalism could produce.

It is not sufficient to follow the industrial organization of capitalism in replacing craft unionism by industrial unionism, but we must develop our organization beyond the highest form of capitalist organization into a unity of efficiency and democracy, a unity of economic and political action, into *mass action*.

The perfection of mass action in this sense, means upon a certain degree of development, the victory of the socialist commonwealth.





SCENE IN THE CONGO COUNTRY

Blacks and Whites in the Congo

By GEORGE HARDY

WE STARTED on a trip to the Belgian Congo from the east coast of England, traveling south to the English channel, at the mouth of which we were held with a cordon of torpedo boats and destroyers encircling us because a hostile submarine had escaped through the friendly channel of the mine field.

Immediately our minds ran back to the scenes we had so recently left up coast—fields of waving grain, dotted with small wooded patches amidst which rise the castles of the late feudal barons, last remnant of the old days. These grounds are everywhere encircled by neat green hedges. And then our minds come back to the cordon of torpedo boats and we wonder whether we have actually escaped those dark days of piracy and plunder after all.

As soon as we escape through hostile waters, we begin to pass the nautical mile-stones, lighthouses, great rocks on the rolling coast of Spain, then we cross the

mouth of the Mediterranean, gliding in the sunshine past the Canary Islands, where we are no longer able to see anything but the shark infested waters and an occasional school of fish leaping and jumping in the torrid sun.

And then some morning through the misty atmosphere of the tropics we find ourselves at the mouth of the Congo River. At the port of Banana we pick up the crew of natives who will work the cargo at the ports of Boma and Matadi on the Congo River.

But here any liberty-loving person finds that, after all, he has not left behind him the barbarities of capitalism. Four foot clubs are used to drive the natives, who are paid the enormous sum of one Belgian franc (twenty cents) a day, for working from 4 a. m. to 10 o'clock at night, with two or three short periods of rest, when they receive their allowance of rice and salt junk, which is so rotten that it would be scorned by a hungry dog.

These abuses are perpetrated under the charter of the *Compagnie Belge Maritime Du Congo*, in which King Albert of Belgium is said to be interested.

At Boma, the capital of Belgian Congo, about forty miles up the river, the work of unloading begins. Officers armed with clubs are stationed at each hatch on board ship and on shore, and they take an occasional whack at the bare backs of the natives to speed up work or punish the black with the smoldering or contemptuous eyes.

A walk through the small town shows how many other things are exported to the Congo besides general merchandise. Catholic statues dot the extensive and beautiful grounds which surround the house of the governor-general. This house and these grounds are protected by native sentries who carry rifles and bayonets. And everywhere is evidence of the importance of cheap whiskey. And so we have the old trio—the gun, the church and the whiskey.

Night arrives and no sleeping quarters are provided for the native workers, who sleep on hard, dirty decks of the ships which brings back longings for the cosy grass-woven huts to which they are accustomed, as the rotten fare recalls the fresh fruits and nuts that make up their native fare.

The dampness of the tropic nights makes it dangerous for any one to sleep in the open. The air is full of deadly fevers. The heat of the day causes a vapor to arise every night from the snake infested grasses.

After a couple of days of savage slavery, which is hidden behind the franc a day wage, the boats leave for Matadi. A few hours' run against the rushing current of the river and we find slavery more glaring and more open, for Matadi is the center of trade, also a railway center, where ivory, palm oil, copra and copal, etc., are brought for shipment to Europe.

The white population sleeps from 11 to 3 o'clock, but there is no respite for the natives, who toil until their bodies look as though they had been dipped in oil, so covered are they with sweat.

The writer saw an officer go down into the hold of the ship and beat a native without mercy because he did not work fast enough in this heat. Another officer stood on the toes of a native worker who had squatted to rest during the rest period, and beat the bare legs of the native to make him

draw his foot from beneath the hob nailed boots of the noble (?) white man. Meanwhile the officer twisted the ear of the black man. It was easy for anybody to recognize the superiority of the caucasian race over the ethiopian. The attitude of the natives is one of manufactured smiles and European salutations and barely concealed curses.

It is a pleasant little custom of the officers to throw the dregs of their glasses of lime juice into the faces of the Congo boys who serve them. I saw a native injured internally by a sling of sacks weighing nearly a ton. He was allowed to lie dying on the bare deck of a boat. The quartermaster declared he could not endure the groans of the unlucky man and he was removed the next day, a physician expressing surprise that he still lived.

Very naturally it occurs to the stranger to inquire why the natives, who possess land and plenty of fruit and nuts for food, submit to such treatment. You wonder why they labor. One of the answers is the system of taxation which the modern capitalist class has seen fit to lay upon them to force them to work. Without this tax of twelve francs a year the natives would be able to live in ease upon their own land, in their own fresh huts, and live upon the plenty provided by a generous Nature. This tax makes the capitalists independent of foreign workers.

And yet, strange as it may seem to you, my dear civilized reader, some of these natives *hate work* so much, or work for the Belgian capitalists so very much, in particular, that they refuse to earn and pay their 12 francs annually to the Belgian government.

Such natives are quickly taught the benevolence of that government. They are arrested and placed in gangs with chains around their necks and forced to work for three months for the state. They carry the mail on their heads to the boats; also bear the trunks and luggage of the white parasites to and from the boats and perform municipal labor. You can see them lugging vegetables home for the Europeans, the white person in front and the black offender twelve paces in the rear, and an armed guard trudging behind the loaded slave.

A trip to the Mission Station will convince any fair-minded investigator that they are centers for introducing trade for they

carry articles of commerce inland where it is impossible to set up stores. For these commodities the natives exchange antelope horns, tusks of ivory, etc., etc. Needless to say the capitalist class does not permit even these Faithful Servants to grow rich. The slogan of the missionaries is "Teach the native God and Work." The task is a difficult one. Natives are "often so ignorant that they are satisfied with the bounty provided by Mother Nature." Strange, isn't it?

Once, however, the majority of the natives are convinced by a desire for European trinkets and the words of the missionaries, customs and standards change, short work is then made of the defaulters who, as a missionary admitted to me, are placed in contract slavery under strict supervision on a plantation owned privately by absentee slave and land owners. And thus the good work of teaching the unregenerate black man to love to labor (for the profit of his superior white master) goes merrily on.

Missionaries have strange excuses to make for the brutalities of the ship offi-

cers. The "condition of the country makes men cranky," etc., etc.

Here, too, we have prostitution in the name of 12 francs a year taxes. Natives, married on the European plan, forced by unnatural conditions to produce so much money annually, solicit white men to cohabit with their wives. And so, along with prostitution, and whiskey and religion, the great white man brings syphilis and other diseases into the Congo. "But then," says the Belgian, "these natives are of a lower order, so it does not matter."

But, brother workingman, it is not the natives nor even the Belgians who are to blame for such things. It is the capitalist system, the profit of wages system, that is to blame. Abolish this system and it will be unnecessary to make criminals out of aborigines in order to "show them the way to progress" in the world's coming progress, where neither war nor slavery shall exist and where men shall work for the collective development of the people of all countries, when all shall enjoy the pleasures of life and all forms of slavery be abolished in the new Socialist Industrial Republic.

"Capturing Political Power in Oklahoma"

By W. E. REYNOLDS

PRIOR to the election of 1916 the Socialists in particular and the country in general were led to believe that Oklahoma was sure to send two or three Socialists to Congress, elect a majority to the State Legislature and, in short, capture the state for Socialism.

This belief was held by the Oklahoma State Secretary, who published his predictions in the capitalistic press. The same belief was held and broadly published by the *Appeal to Reason*. Now, that the votes have been counted and the "stubborn historical fact has dispersed all intoxicating effects of self deception," let us examine "this form of Socialism which ended in a miserable fit of the blues."

Oklahoma, though one of the newest states, is one most in the grip of modern capitalism. Where twenty-three years ago free homes were given away by the thousand, today, 68 per cent of the farm population in 47 counties are tenant farmers.

These tenants are not only poor but destitute, their "homes" in the great majority of instances being without the simplest, and generally considered, necessary conveniences. They have no cooking ranges, no sinks, no kitchen appliances (often no kitchen to put them in) no linoleum, no carpets, not enough dishes to set the table for the family. Their furniture is of the most rudimentary kind, boxes and benches doing duty in the absence of chairs. A bathtub is a luxury which not one in a thousand may enjoy.

Houses without plaster, cracks you could kick one of the dogs through, floors uneven or missing, card board or rags doing duty for missing window panes, outbuildings dilapidated or absent;—this is not a description of an exceptional case, but of the average tenant's home in Oklahoma. Their possessions may be summed up as follows: A mortgage on the team and necessary equipment, a few dilapidated house furnishings

and rags, a raft of children, some mail order catalogs and a well thumbed bible.

A Figii Islander thought he had a vision of Heaven upon approaching the Seattle skyline. An Oklahoma tenant farmer's wife would have the same emotions if she were permitted to view the kitchen of a Ford employee.

In short, the tenant is destitute, poorly educated, hopelessly in debt and desperate. Upon the basis of this misery "Oklahoma Socialism" was founded. It is a conglomeration of Utopianism, humanitarian sentimentalism, "good morals" crusading, etc.

The speakers were an aggregation of pulpitless preachers and sky-pilots-elect who will peddle any kind of piffle for pay, a few clever politicians and several politicians not so clever, but just as hungry for pie, many agitators who drew more of their material from imagination than from books, a few Christian Socialists, rationalists, "constructive" reformers, hole and corner reformers, advocating everything from food embargo to prohibition, or a new religion, law enforcement, free soup for school children, or a new grader for our district. Then there was a goodly sprinkling of clear-cut, class conscious, sworn enemies of the Capitalist system who will rally to no battlecry short of "Workers of the World Unite."

A compact and complicated political machine was builded and a considerable amount of literature distributed—but in almost every instance it was anything *but Socialist literature*.

Instead of teaching the people that their misery is due to the development of Capitalism and the consequent social division of labor with its attendant increasing poverty for the masses, and increasing riches for the classes, they were taught that their misery is due to the Democratic machine of Oklahoma. Hence their fight was centered on their Fair Election Law and, in many instances, with an open alliance with the Republican party.

Milwaukee Socialists lost in this last election because they had been taught that child labor laws, government control of railway situations and such reforms were Socialism. Wilson had delivered just that kind of goods and was therefore entitled to the vote. Even so, Oklahoma.

The Socialists lost by division of forces, one part throwing their support to the Re-

publicans to "beat the Donks" and the other part supporting Wilson because the greater part of the literature distributed by the Socialists was of the sentimental anti-war variety. Thus easily was Socialist (?) energy and Socialist coin converted into votes for Wilson.

These are the facts. Much energy expended, much "agitation," much noise and little real education. While the organization is now confronted with the inevitable reaction and "set of the blues," much of real worth has been accomplished. The popular prejudice against the term Socialism has been broken. The people are now aroused and flock to Socialist meetings in crowds, and are ready and willing to assimilate any real information we may have to offer. The organization has been taught its lesson. Liebknecht's No Compromise is a "best seller" today. The futility of reform measures has been rudely but, nevertheless, effectively, brought home to some of the "leaders," and now, on all sides, one hears, as never before, the cry for economic organization and education.

At an after election meeting of the interested agitators and propagandists the sentiment for industrial or left wing Socialism was overwhelmingly strong, and the motion for the beginning of an organization to establish scientific Socialist study clubs was passed without a dissenting vote. Therefore the loss of 7,773 votes from the 1914 vote is more in the nature of a gain. It is a loss the Socialists could well afford to stand in exchange for the *Gain* of an increasing desire for education, economic organization and the valuable lesson of No Compromise, No Political Trading.

Out of the ruin of the reactionary and Utopian Socialism of the past, with its sentimentalism (its Socialist and religious twins), its scramble for votes and for pie, is already developing the nucleus of a scientific Socialism with its clearer vision, its grasp of the relationships of men and events and its promise of a new and better life which will free humanity.

Utopian Socialism in Oklahoma fell with a crash and with it fell the hopes of the reformers, but out of the ruins is springing a movement which is destined by the logic of events to be a great factor in the coming revolution which shall have for its aim the establishment of the Industrial Republic.

Marxian Economics

AN OUTLINE

(Note: Many Locals have written us that they are looking for a study course in the winter numbers of the Review. We have, therefore, written a short resumé of the Marxian Theory of Value and suggest that Study Clubs order copies of Shop Talks on Economics to supplement this brief outline. During the next few months Mary Marcy will continue the articles contained in Shop Talks, discussing, in particular, the position of the necessary workers who produce no commodities, the transportation workers and the position of the farmer. There will also be a lesson on How Surplus Value Is Divided. Copies of Shop Talks, published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., sell at 10 cents each. In bundles, 6 cents a copy.)

Surplus Value.

SOCIETY today is concerned chiefly with the production, the transportation and the exchange of commodities, the things that satisfy some human need or want. In short, our chief concern has ceased to be the welfare of the human race and has become the buying and selling of commodities.

Millions of men and women are daily producing things to be sold—food, clothing, houses, coal, cars, electric power, gold, ores, *human strength*, or labor power, and many other commodities.

Now, among all the thousands of commodities produced by the labor of men and women there is only one commodity which is able, of itself, to produce *more* value than is represented in it. Take coal, for example. If left in the coal yards, or in the mines, coal can never build a fire to produce steam, or to warm houses. No matter where it lies, coal will only represent the value (or necessary social labor) that was taken to produce it. Coal is unable to produce any value. In fact, coal itself only contains value because necessary social labor has been spent in mining, weighing and transporting it. It is the necessary social labor of the workers which determines the value of the coal.

Or, take a train of freight cars. They represent only the value, or necessary social labor, that has been spent in producing them. They create no value. The same is true of all other commodities except the one you and I have to sell. Our human strength, or labor power is the one exception. Our strength, or our power to labor, is able to produce not only enough to feed and clothe and shelter us, and our children;

it is capable of producing sufficient *additional* value to support two or even four or five other people.

No matter how unskilled you may be, if you are a strong man or a strong woman, you can mine enough coal to warm a hundred people; raise enough wheat and cattle to feed several scores of men; weave enough cloth to clothe three or four dozen persons.

You can produce enough value to raise your children and support yourself, and keep your two strong hands on the labor market, and *create a lot of surplus value* for your boss besides.

The value of any and all commodities is determined by the average necessary social labor taken to produce them. The woman who weaves cloth by hand does not determine the value of cloth. The worker using a modern machine produces a dozen times as much material in the same number of hours. Value is determined by the social labor *necessary* to produce it in a given state of society.

The modern machine creates no new value, but the skilled or unskilled worker operating the machine is able to weave ten or twenty times as much cloth as the hand worker. And the value of the cloth is determined by the necessary social labor taken to produce it. Machinery everywhere greatly increases the productive power of the working class. It does not greatly increase the value of their product.

Now, when you go to a boss and offer your power to labor, or your strength, for sale, you want to get as high a price for it as possible. And your boss wants to buy as cheaply as possible. The employers like a crowded labor market, where there are more men than jobs; you like

more jobs than men because a wide demand for labor power means a high price for labor power, or "high wages."

As a rule the employing class is compelled to pay the working *class* the value of its labor power, or enough in wages to support the workers and to enable them to raise children to fill the future ranks of labor.

Today in almost every civilized nation, less than one-half the people are engaged in productive or useful labor. This is proved not only by Government labor statistics, but by the European war. In the warring nations about one-fifth of the people, and the least skilled workers at that, are supporting whole countries like France and Germany and England *on a war basis*.

By the use of modern machinery the worker has become able not only to support himself and his children, but two or three, and even four and five, other individuals as well.

Now, profits are not made by the employing class buying the labor power of the working class *below* its value and selling the products of the workers *above* their value. Employers nearly always pay wages that will enable the workers to reproduce themselves and their labor power. They nearly always pay the workers the *value*, or social labor necessary to produce their labor power. And, as a general thing the products of the workers are sold to the consumer *at their value*.

But the worker can produce the value of his labor power by working two or three hours in the mine or factory or mill of the boss, while he continues to work five or six hours *more* for the boss. In other words, his *products* are several times as valuable as his labor power. Revolutionists demand that the workers receive the value of their products and cease having their strength and their brains regarded, bought and sold as commodities, as men buy pigs, or iron, or coal or cloth. We demand the value of the things we make.

Now, remember, when you have worked two or three hours, you have produced enough value to pay your own wages, to pay for your own labor power. But the boss hires your labor power by

the day or week, and it is to his interest to make your work as many hours as possible, because all the hours you work for him, after you have produced the value of your labor power (or your wages), means just so much value that the boss may appropriate; means just so many more commodities (that you have made) which the boss will have to sell.

Suppose \$4.00 in gold represents 2 hours of necessary labor, and suppose you receive \$4.00 a day for your labor power, and that \$4.00 a day will enable you to support yourself and your family, because the necessities of life for yourself and your family represent 2 hours of necessary social labor. Then, when you have worked two hours in the factory or shop, you will have reproduced the value of your labor power. But you may work eight hours a day in the shop. Then your products will represent *eight* hours of necessary social labor, or four times the value of your wages.

If the consumer buys the shoes you make, or the coal you mine, at their value, they will pay \$16.00 for shoes or coal which you and your fellow workers produced and for which you only received \$4.00. So you see that there is a wide margin of profit left for the employing class, even though you receive the value of your labor power and your products are sold at their value.

We live today in a world subordinated to the buying and selling of commodities. The brains and strength of the working class are bought and sold on the labor market just like all other commodities are bought and sold. But the working class is waking up. It is demanding the abolition of the wages system, the system which makes our strength and our brains mere commodities. We intend to organize to demand the value of our products for the workers themselves.

Questions

1. What is a commodity? Name several other commodities beside coal and gold and labor power.
2. Are the interests of the capitalist class and the working class identical? Why not?
3. When ten men compete to sell their labor power, who gets the job? Does this reduce wages?
4. What happens when there are several jobs for each worker? Do wages rise?
5. What determines the value of a commodity?

6. What commodity does the worker sell to his employer? Does he usually sell it at its value? What would happen if the working class had to sell its labor power considerably below its value? Would the working class be able to continue on the job?

7. What is it that prevents the workers from selling their labor power much above its value? Does the competition among the workers for jobs have anything to do with wages?

8. As a rule, are commodities produced by the use of modern machinery, increasing or decreasing in value? Do they contain more or less necessary social labor?

9. When the commodity, gold, decreases in value, what happens to the general prices of all other commodities? Do prices rise or fall?

10. How is it possible for a capitalist to pay his wage workers the value of their labor power and sell their products at their value and still make a profit?

11. Suppose all rent for working class homes was abolished and the workers were given houses rent free, would wages fall? Why? Would the condition of the working class be improved? Why not?

12. Why are wages higher in Chicago than they are in Milwaukee? Why are wages higher in Milwaukee than they are in Mexico? What determines wages?

13. Would it help the working class to abolish taxes and lower the cost of living? Why not?

14. Does the cost of living have anything to do with the wages you receive? Would general cooperatives in America for reducing the cost of living benefit the working class, or would they merely lower wages?

(Don't forget to send 10 cents for a copy of Shop Talks and study this question of value at greater length. Next month Mrs. Marcy will contribute a new chapter on Marxian Economics.)

A Snare of the Enemy

By LEO LAUKI

IT IS to the interest of the robber class to befog the view of the working class so that they may not see clearly how to fight for their emancipation in the shortest possible time and by the most direct methods.

There is no question but that a class can attain liberty when it really goes after it. And surely the working class today is eagerly striving for economic and social freedom.

During these trying days of the European war, especially in America, either consciously or unconsciously, it is the policy of the capitalist class to detach the eyes and minds of the workers from the world's drama and to impregnate in the minds of the workers silly palliatives and humbuggery for fighting against imperialism. These palliatives are framed up by capitalist apologists and called such beautiful names as the "World's Peace Movement," the "League to Enforce Peace," the "Movement to Curtail Preparedness," etc., etc.

In every country, of course, such and kindred movements will find a ready and eager hearing and following among the workers who have had to bear all of war's suffering and who receive none of its bloody profits. But if the workers are not shown the meaning of such sham

peace movements, they will sooner or later be awakened to the meaning of J. P. Morgan peace movements, the peace movements "of all the capitalist groups," as rudely as they were awakened by the war of 1914 to the hollowness of European civilization, German Kultur, French Democracy and English Liberalism.

I do not doubt that after the war there will be great movements of an international scope for peace along these lines. I believe there will be a great sentiment among the masses and among the upper classes in favor of World's Peace. But I want to say that this will be of a superficial nature, a new coat of painting to cover the old, real thing—whose name and nature will remain the same as before. It will be planned by Capitalism and Capitalism will be in control.

Whether we scratch the paint off modern "civilization" or "democracy" or whether we scratch the new coat of painting off the new "World Peace Movement," we will find the old enemy, Capitalism, underneath.

We can understand this better when we remember that this will not be the first time the ruling classes have worked the universal peace idea for the purpose of satisfying the heart's desire of millions

of people and of several nations torn and disrupted by the bloody wars of many years.

After the Napoleonic wars it was the pet entertainment of the governments to talk, write, legislate, promulgate and play the intricate game of open and secret diplomacy—all for the purpose of ridding Europe of the "arch peace disturber, Napoleon Bonaparte." The King of Sweden believed that Napoleon was the Antichrist and so declared it his own duty to fight against him. After Napoleon had been captured and sent to St. Helena, like a dangerous animal, on the assumption that only then could the people again have peace, the rulers of Europe hastened to effect an alliance for the purpose, so they advised the multitudes, of insuring the peace of Europe for all time to come.

This league of the great Europeans of 1815 was called by the bold name "The Holy Alliance," and everywhere it was hailed as the harbinger of Eternal Peace. We must remember that this was not a sentimental peace movement alone, but, like the peace movement headed by Wm. H. Taft, in America, which says that "there must be a military, an international police power to enforce world's peace, so the Holy Alliance believed that the nations of this league should maintain great allied armies to force peace upon the outsider which sought to break it.

And the irony of fate has shown that this Holy Alliance of sanctified tunics has bared the paraphernalia of the most reactionary and cruel warrior. Instead of bringing "eternal" peace," it has brought new and more horrible wars to the people of Europe.

And it is the same today. We may expect our own ruling classes and their leagues "to enforce peace" and their talk of limiting or abolishing militarism, to be merely a timely move to satisfy the peace cravings of the working classes for peace, working classes which might otherwise become dangerously rebellious and try to enforce peace by their own revolutionary forces and methods. Ultimately these great peace leagues of the great capitalist nations will turn out to be the most powerful war alliances.

It is therefore the duty of all class conscious workers to awake from their hypnotic dreams of a bourgeois peace movement and to open their eyes and their minds to independent thinking on this most important question.

The working class must use its own methods to fight against war and imperialism as it is, finding its own way to fight against the trusts, the gigantic capitalist economic organizations. The working class must fight Capitalism in general.

Just as a failure on the part of the working class to understand monopolies caused them to long waste their efforts by following the middle class into their programs of retrogression, just so the fear that *militarism* always makes for war, may lead us astray. This is not true. Militarism may lead to rebellion and revolution, as history has proven in the case of the rebellion of the slave armies of old and decaying Carthage, in the case of republican Rome when on the high road to imperialism, etc.

When the working class begins to understand that by the development of industry, and especially of machinery, the machine worker will take the place of the manual laborer, not only in industry but in the machinery of war, in the armies and navies of the capitalist states, they will understand that both the *industries* and the *war* machinery will, by this development, become more and more dependent on the labor power, hand and brain power, of the great working class armies, of the *whole* working class. This means that the more the capitalist class builds up its war machinery, the more dependent it becomes internally and externally on the working class.

Whatever may be the outcome of bourgeois peace movements one thing is sure, when the workers organize industrially, if they keep up revolutionary agitation and education among themselves, they will understand that the development of modern war machinery is making new ground for the extension of the revolutionary industrial organization of the workers inside of the barrack walls and steel plates. They will learn to prepare for every exigency.

The best proof that the working class will have struck the right line of action, when it begins to prepare for capturing the machinery of war, through a military mutiny inside and through a general strike outside, is that so soon as the workers start an earnest propaganda along these lines, the most ardent bourgeois peace apostles will unmask themselves and yell about the sacredness of the army, the navy, etc., etc. In fact, they will all hurry into the camp of Teddy, the Terrible, and stand with him—against the real peace movement of the proletariat—the general strike and mutiny.



HEADQUARTERS AND MEN

The S B

WE ARE sending you some good news from the White Pine forests of northern Idaho, one of the great strongholds of the Lumber Trust. Sand Point is the site of one of the biggest sawmills in the world, the Humbird Lumber Company's big plant employing hundreds of men here during the summer season. The Humbird Company also has a somewhat smaller mill three miles from here, at Kootini, the two plants combined cutting millions of feet of lumber every season for the markets. This is the famous Idaho White Pine and is sent by rail to all parts of the United States.

The working conditions for the sawmill employes in this big industry are as follows: Ten hours a day from 7 o'clock in the morning till 6 o'clock at night, with one hour from 12 to 1 for dinner. The wages range from \$2.25 a day for common labor to \$7 a day for a few

highly skilled men such as saw filers and head sawyers.

The Company employs married men as far as possible, believing these to be the most submissive and most easily driven. The old abuses of Company stores and Company houses exist here the same as in many other places.

For the single men in their employ the Company runs a boarding house—where "cheap" board and room can be had for \$5.50 a week.

The Humbird Company owns and operates its own railroad system, leading from the logging camps in the mountains to the two big sawmills. In the hills, in all directions from town, are also located logging camps belonging to several other companies and small contractors.

The hours of work in these camps at this time of the year are from daylight till dark. Going wages are \$2.75 low and raising in some camps to \$3.50 for saw-



W. AT SAND POINT, IDAHO

Country FIN

yers. The loggers board with the company at all the Camps, the usual charge being 90 cents a day. This includes the privilege of spreading his blanket in a bunk in the crowded, poorly lighted bunk house. These bunk houses are poorly ventilated frame structures accommodating (?) from sixty to eighty men. Double decker bunks, lack of springs and mattresses and frequently the presence of vermin in the place makes any real rest after a hard day's work well nigh impossible.

The men are expected to furnish their own bedding and any worker asking the foreman for a job—without having a good sized "turkey" on his back will usually be turned down. All camps have the hospital graft and a dollar a month for the hospital is deducted from the first day's pay. Long years of such abuse has finally opened the eyes of the Northern Idaho lumber jack and, like his brother

in Minnesota, the Puget Sound country and elsewhere, they are ripe for organization. Of course, that means the I. W. W., the One Big Union, with its inspiring message of Working Class Solidarity.

The workers who go into the forests and at the risk of their very lives, fell timber, take it to the sawmills and manufacture it into lumber, are no longer content to slave their lives away for a miserable existence. They are demanding more of the good things of life and are organizing to get it—as will be seen in the picture that I am sending under separate cover. Sand Point Branch of the I. W. W. is little more than a month old, but already we have several hundred members on the job in this part of the country. The picture shows a few of the rebel lumber jacks and are a small part of the bunch who are organizing on the job to give battle to the Lumber Trust.

The Suitcase Ghost

By ROBERT MINOR

LIKE the giant trees that astonish the eye of the traveler, like the wonderful climate and other marvels of the state, California produces the most amazing manifestations of the Labor Struggle.

Since the McNamara plea of guilty, there has been a ghost in nearly every labor dispute. That ghost is "*the Suitcase*." There is a suitcase in every strike. Sometimes made of yellow leather, sometimes of black morocco, the suitcase is more often built of nightmares—pure imagination. But the *suitcase*, in one form or another, is a California institution.

When made of more than imagination, the suitcase has usually been (since the McNamara case) in the hand of an agent of the corporations, and loaded with dynamite.

In Stockton, three years ago, Anton Johannsen, labor organizer, "got the drop on" a gunman who came to his hotel room to kill him for the Merchants' Manufacturers' and Employers' Ass'n. The trapped gunman confessed that it was his intention, after killing Johannsen, to place a suitcase of dynamite in his room, another suitcase of the same explosive in the Santa Fe station checking room, with the check slipped into the pocket of the Secretary of the Building Trades Council. One of the other plotters, J. J. Emerson, was caught by a bungling policeman with a suitcase of dynamite, confessed to the plot to "plant" it so as to blame the strikers, but was, of course, acquitted in spite of the confession. (What are courts for?) Ed Nolan and Tom Mooney were instrumental in the exposé.

In the same strike, Warren K. Billings, then 19 years of age, out of a job, was accosted by strangers who offered him \$50 to carry a *suitcase* to Sacramento, to be delivered to two men whom he was to meet in a saloon. The boy accepted the offer. The men waiting for him in the saloon in Sacramento proved to be detectives, the suitcase contained dynamite, and Billings was given a two-year sentence.

When an explosion occurred in the San Francisco preparedness parade and killed ten persons, the blame was laid upon labor organizers *with a suitcase*. This in spite of the fact that the most reliable witness, a prominent physician, and several others whose names the police promptly lost, stated that they had seen a large, cylindrical bomb thrown.

For, the only way to scare Labor off from defense of a labor case is to shout "*SUITCASE*" at them, instead of "*Booh!*"

Ed Nolan, Tom Mooney, his wife, Rena Mooney, Warren Billings, and Israel Weinberg are now on trial for their lives for the preparedness parade *suitcase*. Such is the psychology of the Coast, that no evidence was even introduced to prove that the Labor men had a *bomb*; only a *suitcase*, with its contents not even referred to in the evidence!

In cases of public excitement in California, everybody sees suitcases. With \$17,000 as their reward for the "seeing," one prostitute, one cocaine victim (just emerging from a drug store), one proven perjurer-detective, one strikebreaker, and various casual glancers, thought that they saw Billings on the day of the explosion with a suitcase that was yellow—no, black—no, let's see, it was brown "or something like that"—or, rather, it was a *camera case*, a part of the time.

After proving a perfect alibi and showing by photographs that the sole witness who claimed to see him at the scene of the crime was perjuring himself, Billings was convicted in his first trial, *not because he was guilty*, as the professional jurymen, afterward explained, *but so that he would help the District Attorney find the real dynamiters*.

The authorities had obliterated the criminal records of *all* of their principal witnesses until after Billings was convicted. But the final exposure left the state without any witnesses against the second victim, Mooney. Witnesses had to be got.

So, one Charles Organ, colored, picked up for forgery in Los Angeles and given

his third penitentiary sentence, was instructed by detectives to say that he had been given \$500 by Tom Mooney to blow up the Liberty Bell (don't laugh) with a *suitcase* bomb. All would have gone well for "justice" if Organ had not been taken away from the association of detectives and put into the comparatively honest company of convicts, where he got ashamed of his role and made the following confession:

"When in San Francisco jail I wrote four letters denying this lie, three to local newspapers, and one to Mr. McNutt, Mooney's attorney, but I guess they were suppressed. When I was arrested in Los Angeles, two detectives came to me and said: 'You know Mooney, the "bomb man."' I told them I didn't. But they dictated the whole 'story' to me, about the \$500, throwing the bomb in the bay and filling the suitcase with bricks. They told me that if I stuck to this story I'd get off with a light sentence on the check charge, and also get a piece of the \$17,000 bomb reward. In San Francisco jail they brought Mooney out alone and prompted me to identify him, but I refused. I never saw Mooney in my life before."

"Suitcase Justice" received an awful blow by this bit of honesty in an unexpected quarter, in view of the fact that the other two principal witnesses against Mooney, one of them had been proven a liar by photographs of Mooney a mile and a quarter away from the crime, and the other, Mrs. Allie Kidwell had written a letter (which fell into the hands of the defense) explaining to her husband, another forger in San Quentin penitentiary, that she was being given a pardon for "hubby" in exchange for her swearing that she saw Mooney acting suspiciously at one of the places figuring in the case.

It is simply awful that the muckrakers keep on discovering the prostitution records of the "heroic young ladies" who were going to dare death by testifying against the "desperate dynamiters" for the sake of the fair name of Justice and \$17,000, as well as the previous conviction of one young gentleman for giving syphilis to a seventeen-year-old girl. It has blocked the wheels of justice till—

One Charles M. Fickert, District Attorney (whose election was paid for by the

United Railroads to the amount of \$100,000, for the single purpose of dismissing indictments against United Railroad bribers), has seen one gubernatorial ambition go to smash in the anger of Labor against the rotten effort to hang four men and a woman for their labor activities against the United Railroads. And—

One James Brennan, Assistant District Attorney, has seen the light and backed out of the prosecution of the frame-up, for the sake of his ambition to be elected City Attorney.

Poor Fickert was left to hold the bag—the *suitcase*! The Building Trades Council and the Labor Council followed the California A. F. of L. convention in denouncing the frame-up. The ghastly scheme has half fallen through. Something had to be done quickly.

So a little frame-up within the big was planned. Israel Weinberg, against whom the prosecutor admitted in private that he had no evidence, was to be kidnapped in an automobile, taken to some mysterious destination with a load of plug-ugly detectives, and—well, nobody would have known what happened, but a *CONFES-SION* was to be announced, with plenty of gentlemen-detectives to swear to it.

But Weinberg's little wife happened to be in the jail when the attempt was made, and by her Weinberg got word to his lawyers and newspaper men and the beastly plan was blown up by publicity. The town has temporarily forgotten the awfulness of the thing in a good, hearty laugh at poor, simple, rotten Fickert.

What's to be done? Fickert has let the real culprits escape—has *not even investigated* the real bomb affair, and he "has to get somebody," as his assistant plaintively explained, "or the people will get us"!

WANTED: Quick, by the prosecutor, cocaine victims, pimps, prostitutes, gunmen—anybody who will swear to what's wanted. \$17,000 reward!

And—

WANTED: Quick, by the defense, money to pay court expenses to thwart the crime and forever lay the *suitcase ghost* in California!

ROBERT MINOR,
Treasurer, International Workers' Defense League, 210 Russ Building, San Francisco.

The Present War Crisis

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

Three months ago I wrote in *THE REVIEW* that the war seemed to have entered upon its last phase. Since then there has been an astonishing reversal. During the past month much has happened that needs discussion and interpretation. We American Socialists are not much interested in who wins the war, but we are immensely interested in what happens to human nature and human institutions while the war is being won and lost.

From the beginning the Central Powers have been at great disadvantage. They have arrayed against them nations occupying in Europe territories five times as extensive as theirs. The inclusion of Australia, South Africa, India, and Canada makes the territorial preponderance of the entente even more impressive. In population the odds were not quite so uneven. A moderate estimate places them at three to one, so far as the European participants are concerned. The entente allies had, moreover, the incalculable advantage of the control of the seas. This gave them at their back all the world as a magazine of munitions and food. On the other hand the Central powers had, so far as physical circumstances are concerned, only the advantage of having the inside line to defend. Being on the inside of the circular battle-front they could more quickly and easily move troops and bring forces to bear than could their enemies. That is, their only physical advantage was a purely strategic one.

To any one who believes in economic determinism the outcome seemed a foregone conclusion. The economic advantages were all on one side. So when the Germans took possession of Belgium, a part of France, Servia and Poland, the writer of this article wrote in *THE REVIEW* that all Germany's victories could do nothing more than postpone her ultimate defeat. When Italy and Roumania joined the entente and Greece was pressed into its service, the result seemed doubly sure. Three months ago the English forces were making some little progress on the western front and the Roumanian army was dashing into Austrian territory. So the last phase of the war seemed to have begun.

Since that time a most illuminating change has come over the face of things. The progress on the west front stopped dead after an advance of a few miles. The Roumanians were driven back and crushed between two German forces. At the present writing (Dec. 10) a German general occupies the royal palace at Bucharest, while the Roumanian troops and their Russian allies are in wild retreat. The Germans have a system of government for Roumania all worked out in advance, and have elaborated plans for an attack on Greece.

These developments have produced astounding results in Paris and London. At the beginning of things there were loud cries against German autocracy. The fight was all for liberty against tyranny. Now a Liberal French Senator rises to say: "I should today like to see the Statue of Liberty veiled and dictatorial hands seizing the power to lead us to victory. I no longer recognize civil rights; I only recognize the right of war." France has been from the beginning better organized than England. Her Premier is an ex-Socialist and her Minister of Munitions is a Socialist. They have recognized the necessity for social control of production and distribution of food and clothes. The French middle class, a small bourgeois class, has gone into the war with enthusiasm and has proved itself possessed of a good deal of intelligence and stamina. French officialdom is recruited from the business classes. The young officials and officers have been well trained in excellent schools. In the trying situations arising during the past two years they have not done as well as the Germans, but they have done very well. The profit system has been the great enemy to effective effort. Of course they have the profit system in Germany. But there it is curbed. German concerns make fifteen to twenty per cent. French munition manufacturers are making fifty or seventy-five. In other ways the profit system hinders the nation in its purpose to kill Germans. A good deal of shoddy goes into the goods for which people pay war prices, and the munitions furnished to the government are not always according to specifications. A German officer is reported

to have said that most of the French shells which explode are made in America.

More than this, France is more democratic than either Germany or England. Under war conditions a large section of industry has been run by a cabinet responsible to Parliament. A political system which grew out of the needs of a small production era about a century ago has been forced upon a large scale economic system which was being developed at frantic speed. The democratic political system has naturally failed to stand the test. So we have heart-rending cry for "a great man." A tyrant would be welcomed if he could bring order to the existing chaos. French Socialists, like others, have been working, both before the beginning of the war and after it, for centralized, responsible, effective control of industry. The capitalists have refused to have profits interfered with. The anarchy of small-business government allowed them to make money. Inefficiency did not bother them so long as they made fortunes. But now the Germans may get them and take the fortunes. So the blessed liberty to grind down workers and "make" as much as possible has to be given up.

In London the change is even more striking. There we have had government by a combination of bourgeois and landed aristocracy. The rulers of England are a distinct class, a sort of manderin class. The whole English system of society has been defended on the theory that this class is worth the high price paid for it. It owns the lands and reaps the chief profits of industry. It is expensively educated in Latin and Greek and other things which have very little to do with modern life. It is prepared for leadership in war by devotion to English sports. It remains resolutely aloof from the working-class and its troubles and keeps its class instincts alive at all hazards. In business the English are much like Americans. To the great capitalists liberty over there, as here, has meant liberty to grind down the poor. In government democracy is much less pronounced than in France. It has been largely carried on by a system of bluff. Nominally the cabinet is responsible to Parliament. But this does not mean that mere members of Parliament are admitted to the secrets of foreign or domestic affairs. It means merely that the ministers appear now and then, make solemn faces at the assembled Commons

and assure them that everything is being properly taken care of. If a member protests, the solemnity is increased and the minister assumes an injured air. Perhaps he remarks, "That sounds remarkably like a protest." And this is taken as a complete answer. Recently the members of the house grew excited about Roumania. The Roumanians had jumped into the war on the side of the entente. After their first impetuous spring they were being slowly crushed between Von Falkenheyn on the north and Von Mackensen on the south. The Italians, the English, the Russians were not at all worried. Not a step was taken. Not a thing was done. England is supposed to have three or four million men under arms. People were naturally asking where they were. One member of Parliament had the temerity to rise in his place and ask the cabinet what was being done to help Roumania. Lord Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, drew out his face to extra solemn length and said: "I beg the gentleman to believe that everything is being done that can be done." That was all. Apparently nothing was being done and nothing was done for weeks and months afterward. The solemn reply was pure bluff. But the member had to pretend to be satisfied with it. That is, there has been control of great industrial and military affairs by a cabinet of about twenty members practically irresponsible. If the twenty had been able to do the job set for them they would have been hailed as heroes. But they have failed. So the cry has gone up for a new government and, especially, for a small council to be responsible for the conduct of the war. Lord Northcliffe, who may be taken to represent the more intelligent section of bourgeois opinion, demands good organization.

English Socialists have for more than thirty years held the inefficiency of the English political system up to ridicule. Robert Blatchford and Henry M. Hyndman have led in the attacks, and since the opening of the war they have been increasingly bitter. They, of course, are with the government so far as its purposes are concerned. They exceed the Prime Minister in their desire to kill Germans. Their objection to him is that he does not do it fast enough. A Socialist, they feel sure, could attend to the job much better than he does. It is surely true that the English govern-

ment has only very slowly taken the steps which are necessary to effective activity of any sort. It is no more ineffective than our own government. The only difference is that in time of war blunders are immediately fatal. "Time and Hindenburg wait for no man," they are saying now in France. The American government potters about with the high cost of living situation as ineffectively as any body of men well could. In war it is different. So when I give this account of English affairs it is not with any feeling of superiority which I may lay claim to as an American. "Our" record in the Spanish-American war is far too fresh for that. We—especially as Socialists—are interested in this matter purely as a phase of the adaptation of government to the affairs of industry.

The English rulers have been hindered both by their class training and by the arrogant selfishness of English capitalism. The class-training has led them to act with dignity rather than with speed. Their faith in their own innate superiority has made it difficult for them to realize that they face a really dangerous situation. English capitalists, for their part, insist on "liberty." They want no such "bureaucracy" as they have in Germany. No, no. They are free men. They will make a hundred per cent if they can and any government which attempts to prevent it is as good as Prussian. The poor have suffered; the government has suffered. Even now, with food at starvation prices English land is still given over to hunting parks rather than to grain fields. And the English poor have to pay for bread whatever the profiteers demand. This is "liberty."

For the past ten years in England one politician has stood out above the rest. Men like Roseberry and Asquith have been content to hold their jobs. David Lloyd George has had ideas about things. He saw the poor dying off and it seemed to him a great waste. So he forced through his old-age pension bill. At the time we made sport of it here in the pages of THE REVIEW because it gave only a couple of dollars a week to men and women sixty-five years old. But it was a step in the direction of social responsibility. The income-tax law was another similar step. It goes without saying that Lloyd-George has been persistently opposed by the big capitalists. Of course what he has done is really in their

interests, but they have not recognized the fact. They have denounced him as a Socialist and an anarchist. Since the war began he has been the one who has tried to organize industry. He has been the one who has been able to persuade English laborers to give up the rights won through long years of struggle. He has gone from one center to another and made personal appeals. He is a man of great personal force. His appeals have in the main been successful. English workers have allowed the government to do to them what no group of employers could do. All the union standards have been broken down.

Being a man who really knows how to do things, Lloyd-George has wanted to go ahead and really beat the Germans, not merely talk about it. He found he could do nothing in the cabinet as it has been constituted, so he broke it up and is now in the process of building a new one about himself as leader. In England, then, the most advanced capitalist politician, the one most like the French ex-Socialists, has been called in to save the state. The man who has been trying for years to organize English society on something like a modern basis will be allowed to do for war what he was not allowed to do for peace. Peace-failure scared no one. That meant merely misery for the poor. War-failure alarms the whole population. That may mean disgorging to the Germans. So the leaders of English society are willing to let Lloyd-George have his way.

The situation as a whole is one of the most interesting which the world has presented for a long time. The entente allies have every economic advantage but the Germans have more modern organization. The entente allies have the men and the money, but the Germans have used their brains. I still believe that under the circumstances the allies should win. In the end economic power will probably subdue brain power.

What the world faces takes on more and more the general character of the Napoleonic wars. It took the English fifteen years to best Napoleon. Or rather, it took Napoleon fifteen years to wear himself out beating the English. Then they sent him to St. Helena. Under modern conditions the Germans may wear themselves out in about half that time. Have patience, good people.



A GROUP OF GUNMEN

Victory on the Mesaba Range

By HARRISON GEORGE

We were all ready to go to press when the following telegram came in. We feel sure all Review readers will be interested in the brief sketches that follow:

Virginia, Minn., Dec. 15, 1916.

Tresca, Scarlett, Schmidt, Mrs. Masonovitch, Orlandich, Treed, Phil Masonovitch, Nikich, Cernogorovich year sentence each. All cases against Gilday, Greeni, others dismissed. Full statement will follow. Funds needed here meet honor bound obligations. All committees rush balance funds on hand here. All together for freedom Everett and all class war prisoners.

ETTOR, GILDAY, FLYNN.

CARLO TRESKA, who was born in Sulmona, Italy, in 1879. Entering the labor movement at an early age, he became editor of a Socialist paper in his native town when he was only twenty years old. By 1904 he had shown his worth by being many times sent to prison on political charges. In 1903 he was elected secretary of the largest labor organization of Italy, the Syndicate of Firemen and Railroad Engineers. In 1904, however, he was given choice of eighteen months penal servitude or ten years exile for political offenses,

and, choosing exile, he landed in America in August, 1904. As organizer and editor he continued his fight for labor, now being editor of an Italian paper in New York, *LL'Avenire*. Jailed for months on different occasions, he was attacked by an assassin, who is said to have been an emissary of the Italian consul in Pittsburgh and his throat badly slashed. In the last six years Tresca has taken part in all big strikes of the I. W. W., which involved Italian workers. Lawrence, Little Falls and Paterson are only a few of the many strikes where thousands

cheered when Tresca stood before them. Now he is on trial for murder. The witness against him has said that when a certain remark was made by another speaker, Tresca smiled and said, "Good, good!" For a smile and one short word, twice uttered, Tresca has been charged with murder!

About Joe Schmidt volumes could be written and yet do but scant justice to his revolutionary career. As a lad of sixteen he became interested in the great scheme of things when he saw a beautiful girl sent to prison in his little native town in Russian Lithuania. In a short time he became active in the secret organizations that challenged the terrible Romanoffs. For seven years he traveled on the dangerous missions necessary among the Polish, Lithuanian, Slav and Tartar people, learning their dialects and spurring them on to self-liberation. He led three victorious strikes in Russia at Vilna, Shawly and Ponewez in 1903 and 1904. His sister aided him in his work and in the spring of 1904 both were arrested with five others—surrounded by soldiers at a secret meeting. Both were sentenced to Siberian exile, and his sister, then a beautiful young girl of seventeen, today remains an exile in the desolate, frozen territory of North Siberia, while her brother faces tyranny, not of the Romanoff's, but of the czars of American industry.

A valued man to the secret organizations working forbidden wonders under the nose of the Russian police, Schmidt was not allowed to long remain a convict-exile. With money sent "underground" he bribed a guard and one night in November, 1904, after his day's work in the convict brick-yard, he threw off the bricks piled over him by fellow prisoners and in the winter's darkness started on a terrible journey for liberty. Altho close to the Bering Straits across which lay Alaska, he feared recapture on the coast and so chose a longer route across the wilds of Asia, over the Ural mountains to Europe. Words—mere words cannot picture the awful hardships of his heroic and lonely break for freedom. He himself says his reason reels when confronted with its memories. Wading waist-deep through arctic snows, walking by night and hiding in the forests

and brush to sleep by day, following the line of the Trans-Siberian railroad—not too close—for watching the rails and bridges for three miles on each side were the brutal — man-hunting Cossacks; guided by winds and stars he trudged onward. Exhausted by battling the elements and often without eating for many days, he would almost collapse upon seeing food, near—but often denied to him.

Eating raw fish stolen from native traps, ever alert against recapture at guarded roads and bridges, he pressed on over the snowy passes of the Ural Mountains into European Russia. There were more settlements here and food could be begged at peasant doors, so adopting the part of a sick beggar, he fastened to his back the baskets carried by Russian beggars to collect crusts from house to house. In this guise he went on from village to village, always haunted by the fear of recapture. As he journeyed he heard the news of the 1905 revolution and of Bloody Sunday Massacre in Petrograd in front of the palace of the Tsar. Covered only by rags never removed from his body, the soles of his shoes gone and his frozen, bleeding feet marking his path; hair and beard long and matted, he indeed looked the part he played when, after six months, he arrived at the end of a three-thousand-mile trip in the City of Niznij Nowgorod. Here he was furnished money and after one more adventure in crossing the border, reached Germany.

Coming direct to America Schmidt was welcomed with an ovation by the Philadelphia Socialists and joined the American movement. In 1909 he first came in touch with the Industrial Workers of the World, and recognizing the effectiveness of their program, devoted himself to the industrial field under the banner of the ONE BIG UNION. He has been in many strikes, including Lawrence, and at Lowell where 16,000 strikers won their demand without a single arrest. Now a man of only 34 years, having passed through experiences shaming the writers of fiction with their puny plots and heroes, Joe Schmidt is on trial for murder because he made a speech in free America.

Scarlett—Sam Scarlett, a clean young lad with a pleasant Scotch glint in his eyes, has a record of daring enthusiasm on the athletics field which he trans-

ferred to the I. W. W. five years ago. Born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, of famous fighting blood, he came to Canada in 1903. A machinist by trade, he loved the sport of football, captaining the World's Champion Soccer Team at the St. Louis fair as well as the champion teams of Colorado and Utah. Graduating from craft unionism in the Harriman shopmen strike, he joined the ONE BIG UNION and has since devoted all his old sporting spirit to the struggle of the classes. He too is charged with murder because he made a speech.

Of the Montenegrin strikers, Orlandich, Nickich and Cernogorovich, Masonovich and his wife Malitza, there can only be told the same story of their humble lives of toil. Born in that little nation called "The eagle's nest of Europe," where women go to battle with the men against the invading Turk, they were all poor peasant laborers until lured to the industrial hells of Carnegie and Morgan by lying posters put up in old-country towns. Robbed and denied opportunity, they are examples of that great class who do the

hardest and most necessary work of the world, who eat the crusts of slaves and go unsung to paupers' graves. Let us honor these brave, simple people who sprang to the defense of a working-class woman struck down by a Steel Trust gunman.

O. N. Hilton, the "Little Judge," who never lost a case for the W. F. of M., together with Arthur LeSueur of the Peoples' College, lead the counsel for the accused. Hilton has taken sides with labor in many a legal battle. He was consulted in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone trials, at Lawrence and at Paterson. For five weeks he was in charge of the McNamara cases until supplanted by Darrow; besides these, he successfully defended Steve Adams in Colorado and the 350 defendants at Calumet. He is now disbarred from Utah because he told the supreme court of that state what he thought of its denial to Joe Hillstrom of a fair and impartial trial. Besides LeSueur, Hilton was assisted by Leon Whitsell of California, Victor Power of Hibbing and John Keyes of Duluth.

From Butte, Mont.—The Workingmen's Union of Butte, Mont., sends in their check for \$60, renewing their standing bundle order for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW during 1917. The union has subscribed regularly for 100 copies of the REVIEW since 1912. The members appreciate the REVIEW and recognize the necessity of carrying on a militant educational campaign all the time. Comrade George Curry visited our office during the past month.

Going to Have a Library—The comrades of Local Vineland, New Jersey, are going to begin real educational work by taking advantage of our offer of a thirty-volume library. They will own their library in common. A comrade is building a bookcase. Education is the rock on which we must build, otherwise we will continue to float around up in the air at the mercy of every reform wind that happens to be blowing.

to be confiscated for food. There were not many horses left, for tens of thousands of them had been turned loose into the country when the hay and grain gave out during the first days. Birdall, I remember, who had great draying interests, had turned loose three hundred dray horses. At an average value of five hundred dollars this had amounted to \$150,000. He had hoped, at first, to recover most of the horses after the strike was over, but in the end he never recovered one of them. They were all eaten by the people that fled from San Francisco. For that matter, the killing of the army mules and horses for food had already begun.

Fortunately for Dakon, he had had a plentiful supply of hay and grain stored in his stable. We managed to raise four saddles, and we found the animals in good condition and spirited, withal unused to being ridden. I remembered the San Francisco of the Great Earthquake as we rode through the streets, but this San Francisco was vastly more pitiable. No cataclysm of nature had caused this, but rather the tyranny of the labor unions. We rode down past Union Square and through the theatre, hotel and shopping districts. The streets were deserted. Here and there stood automobiles, abandoned where they had broken down or when the gasoline had given out. There was no sign of life, save for the occasional policeman and the soldiers, guarding the banks and public buildings. Once we came upon an I. L. W. man pasting up the latest proclamation. We stopped to read. "We have maintained an orderly strike," it ran; "and we shall maintain order to the end. The end will come when our demands are satisfied, and our demands will be satisfied when we have starved our employers into submission, as we ourselves in the past have often been starved into submission."

"Messner's very words," Collins said. "And I, for one, am ready to submit, only they won't give me a chance to submit. I haven't had a full meal in an age. I wonder what horse-meat tastes like."

We stopped to read another proclamation: "When we think our employers are ready to submit, we shall open up the telegraphs and place the employers' associations of the United States in communication. But only messages relating to peace terms shall be permitted over the wires."

We rode on, crossed Market street, and a little later were passing through the working class districts. Here the streets were not deserted. Leaning over gates or standing in groups, were the I. L. W. men. Happy, well-fed children were playing games, and stout housewives sat on the front steps gossiping. One and all cast amused glances at us. Little children ran after us, crying: "Hey, mister, ain't you hungry?" And one woman, a nursing child at her breast, called to Dakon. "Say, Fatty, I will give you a meal for your skate—ham and potatoes, currant jelly, white bread, canned butter, and two cups of coffee."

"Have you noticed, the last few days," Hanover remarked to me, "that there's not been a stray dog in the streets?"

I had noticed, but I had not thought about it before. It was high time to leave the unfortunate city. We at last managed to connect with the San Bruno Road, along which we headed south. I had a country place near Menlo, and it was our objective. But soon we began to discover that the country was worse off and far more dangerous than the city. There, the soldiers and the I. L. W. kept order; but the country had been turned over to anarchy. Two hundred thousand people had fled south from San Francisco, and we had countless evidences that their flight had been like that of an army of locusts. They had swept everything clean. There had been robbery and fighting. Here and there we passed bodies by the roadside and saw the blackened ruins of farmhouses. The fences were down, and the crops had been trampled by the feet of a multitude. All the vegetable patches had been rooted up by the famished hordes. All the chickens and farm animals had been slaughtered. This was true of all the main roads that led out of San Francisco. Here and there, away from the roads, farmers had held their own with shotguns and revolvers, and were still holding their own. They warned us away and refused to parley with us. And all the destruction and violence had been done by the slum-dwellers and the upper classes. The I. L. W. men, with plentiful food supplies, remained quietly in their homes in the cities.

Early in the ride we received concrete proof of how desperate was the situation. To the right of us we heard cries and rifle shots. Bullets whistled dangerously near. There was a crashing in the underbrush;

then a magnificent black truck-horse broke across the road in front of us and was gone. We had barely time to notice that he was bleeding and lame. He was followed by three soldiers. The chase went on amongst the trees on the left. We could hear the soldiers calling to one another. A fourth soldier limped out upon the road from the right, sat down on a boulder, and mopped the sweat from his face.

"Militia," Dakon whispered. "Deserters."

The man grinned up at us and asked for a match. In reply to Dakon's "What's the word?" he informed us that the militiamen were deserting. "No grub," he explained. "They're feedin' it all to the regulars." We also learned from him that the military prisoners had been released from Alcatraz Island because they could no longer be fed.

I shall never forget the next sight we encountered. We came upon it abruptly, around a turn of the road. Overhead arched the trees. The sunshine was filtering down through the branches. Butterflies were fluttering by, and from the fields came the song of larks. And there it stood, a powerful touring car. About it and in it lay a number of corpses. It told its own tale. Its occupants, fleeing from the city, had been attacked and dragged down by a gang of slum-dwellers—hoodlums. The thing had occurred within twenty-four hours. Freshly opened meat and fruit tins explained the reason for the attack. Dakon examined the bodies.

"I thought so," he reported. "I've ridden in that car. It was Perriton—the whole family. We've got to watch out for ourselves from now on."

"But we have no food with which to invite attack," I objected.

Dakon pointed to the horse I rode, and I understood.

Early in the day Dakon's horse had cast a shoe. The delicate hoof had split, and by noon the animal was limping. Dakon refused to ride it further, and refused to desert it. So, on his solicitation, we went on. He would lead the horse and join us at my place. That was the last we saw of him; nor did we ever learn his end.

By one o'clock we arrived at the town of Menlo, or rather at the site of Menlo, for it was in ruins. Corpses lay everywhere. The business part of the town, as well as part of the residences, had been gutted by fire. Here and there a residence still held

out; but there was no getting near them. When we approached too closely we were fired upon. We met a woman who was poking about in the smoking ruins of her cottage. The first attack, she told us, had been on the stores, and as she talked we could picture that raging, roaring, hungry mob flinging itself on the handful of townspeople. Millionaires and paupers had fought side by side for the food, and then fought with one another after they got it. The town of Palo Alto and Stanford University had been sacked in similar fashion, we learned. Ahead of us lay a desolate, wasted land; and we thought we were wise in turning off to my place. It lay three miles to the west, snuggling among the first rolling swells of the foothills.

But as we rode along we saw that the devastation was not confined to the main roads. The van of the flight had kept to the roads, sacking the small towns as it went; while those that followed had scattered out and swept the whole countryside like a great broom. My place was built of concrete, masonry, and tiles, and so had escaped being burned, but it was gutted clean. We found the gardener's body in the windmill, littered around with empty shotgun shells. He had put up a good fight. But no trace could be found of the two Italian laborers, nor of the housekeeper and her husband. Not a live thing remained. The calves, the colts, all the fancy poultry and thoroughbred stock, everything, was gone. The kitchen and the fireplace, where the mob had cooked, were a mess, while many campfires outside bore witness to the large number that had fed and spent the night. What they had not eaten they had carried away. There was not a bite for us.

We spent the rest of the night vainly waiting for Dakon, and in the morning, with our revolvers, fought off half a dozen marauders. Then we killed one of Dakon's horses, hiding for the future what meat we did not immediately eat. In the afternoon Collins went out for a walk, but failed to return. This was the last straw to Hanover. He was for flight there and then, and I had great difficulty in persuading him to wait for daylight. As for myself, I was convinced that the end of the general strike was near, and I was resolved to return to San Francisco. So, in the morning we parted company, Hanover heading south, fifty pounds of horse meat strapped to his

saddle, while I, similarly loaded, headed north. Little Hanover pulled through all right, and to the end of his life he will persist, I know, in boring everybody with the narrative of his subsequent adventures.

I got as far as Belmont, on the main road back, when I was robbed of my horse-meat by three militiamen. There was no change in the situation, they said, except that it was going from bad to worse. The I. L. W. had plenty of provisions hidden away and could last out for months. I managed to get as far as Baden, when my horse was taken away from me by a dozen men. Two of them were San Francisco policemen, and the remainder were regular soldiers. This was ominous. The situation was certainly extreme when the regulars were beginning to desert. When I continued my way on foot, they already had the fire started, and the last of Dakon's horses lay slaughtered on the ground..

As luck would have it, I sprained my ankle, and succeeded in getting no further than South San Francisco. I lay there that night in an outhouse, shivering with the cold and at the same time burning with fever. Two days I lay there, too sick to move, and on the third, reeling and giddy, supporting myself on an extemporized crutch, I tottered on toward San Francisco. I was weak as well, for it was the third day since food had passed my lips. It was a day of nightmare and torment. As in a dream I passed hundreds of regular soldiers drifting along in the opposite direction, and many policemen, with their families, organized in large groups for mutual protection.

As I entered the city I remembered the workman's house at which I had traded the silver pitcher, and in that direction my hunger drove me. Twilight was falling when I came to the place. I passed around by the alleyway and crawled up the back steps, on which I collapsed. I managed to reach out with the crutch and knock at the door.

Then I must have fainted, for I came to in the kitchen, my face wet with water and whisky being poured down my throat. I choked and spluttered and tried to talk; I began by saying something about not having any more silver pitchers, but that I would make it up to them afterward if they would only give me something to eat. But the housewife interrupted me.

"Why, you poor man!" she said. "Haven't you heard? The strike was called off this afternoon. Of course we'll give you something to eat."

She hustled around, opening a tin of breakfast bacon and preparing to fry it.

"Let me have some now, please," I begged; and I ate the raw bacon on a slice of bread, while her husband explained that the demands of the I. L. W. had been granted. The wires had been opened up in the early afternoon, and everywhere the employers' association had given in. There hadn't been any employers left in San Francisco, but General Folsom had spoken for them. The trains and steamers would start running in the morning, and so would everything else just as soon as system could be established.

And that was the end of the general strike. I never want to see another one. It was worse than a war. A general strike is a cruel and immoral thing, and the brain of man should be capable of running industry in a more rational way. Harrison is still my chauffeur. It was part of the conditions of the I. L. W. that all of its members should be reinstated in their old positions. Brown never came back, but the rest of the servants are with me. I hadn't the heart to discharge them—poor creatures, they were pretty hard pressed when they deserted with the food and silver. And now I can't discharge them. They have all been unionized by the I. L. W. The tyranny of organized labor is getting beyond human endurance. Something must be done.

Ruptured?— Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—
We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You
That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding
Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is
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If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lles.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out the free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time, whether you try my Appliance or not.

Cured at the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,
SAM A. HOOVER.

Jamestown, N. C.

Child Cured in Four Months

31 Jansen St., Dubuque, Ia.

Mr. C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your Appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.

Mr. C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plough or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,
H. D. BANKS.



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience — If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunates who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers.

I am, Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. Brooks,
122 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

R. F. D. State



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Karl Liebknecht's Defence. When Karl Liebknecht was on trial he sent two letters to the military court. His hope was that they would be presented to the Reichstag and so published to all Germany. In this he was disappointed. Everything was done to suppress them. They were read to a parliamentary commission, but got no further. The commission reported adversely to Liebknecht and on its recommendation the Reichstag decided not to protect its distinguished member. But the letters were carefully concealed. Of course Liebknecht was not unprepared for this result. He had preserved copies and finally managed to smuggle these out of prison. On November 23 copies of both documents reached the New York *Volkszeitung* and were published.

The first letter is a denunciation of Germany's part in the war. It refers in detail to facts and documents which prove that Germany is not waging a war of defense. It explains with painstaking care that the author's course of action is in accord with the declared program of the Social Democratic party and that an increasing part of the population is coming to agree with him in his stand. This first letter is heroically simple and clear.

But the second letter is a masterpiece of Socialist exposition. Evidently Liebknecht was fearful lest someone think he had a special complaint to make against the German government rather than against the capitalist-imperialist system. For the first letter said nothing about other governments. So the second letter was written to explain that he was not led to oppose the German government out of treasonable devotion to some other one. Here is this document:

"In connection with the criminal case against me I remark further:

"1. High treason is the veriest nonsense for an international Socialist. He knows of no hostile power which he could even think of 'aiding and abetting.' He is just as much a revolutionist against every foreign capitalist government as against his own. Not 'to aid and abet an enemy power,' but 'to damage all imperialistic powers in international co-operation with the Socialists of other countries' is the quintessence of his endeavors.

"He fights in the name of the international proletariat against international capitalism. He attacks it where he finds it and can effectively strike it; that is, in his own country. In his own country, in the name of the international proletariat, he fights his own government and his own ruling classes as the representatives of international capitalism.

"In this logical manner, through the national class-struggle against war, the international class-struggle against war becomes a reality.

"This is the sense of the words of Juarés that were chosen as the motto of my pamphlet, *The Class-Struggle Against War*, which appeared at the end of March, 1915.

"2. If the German Socialists, for example, were to fight the English government, and the English Socialists were to fight the German government, this would be a farce, or worse. He who fails to attack the enemy, imperialism, in its representatives with whom he stands face to face, but attacks it in the persons of those who are far away from him, and does so with the approbation and assistance of his own government (that is, the only representatives of

imperialism that are directly before him), is no Socialist, but a wretched tool of the ruling-classes. Such a policy is the promotion of the war. It is not the class-struggle, but the very opposite.

"Certainly the international Socialist, and he alone, because he is carrying on the class-struggle against his own government, has the right also to attack the foreign governments. But in all countries, including Germany, there is sufficient energy, unscrupulousness and demagoguery for that purpose, so the Socialist must devote his entire strength to the attack upon his own government, so as to minimize the confusion.

"Therefore, I am not concerned here with the sins of others, but with those of the German government; indeed it is my duty to try to protect the foreign governments against unjust charges, because lies should never be spared, and because under the present circumstances lies serve better than ever the reprehensible purpose of inciting the nations against one another and of stirring up war hatreds.

"Whenever the occasion offered I attacked the foreign governments face to face in their own lands. I even did in Germany whenever I thought that doing so would serve a useful purpose or when I was at the same time attacking the German government. I shall never do so when I would thus be aiding and abetting the incitation to war.

"Because of my fight against Czarism and the Czar-like policy of the German government, I was hounded for years by the German authorities. Because of that just before the outbreak of the war, and contrary to all parliamentary traditions, I was handed over to the Court of Honor of the Bar Association by a Prussian Chamber of Deputies that was filled with hatred and indignation; during the war, in November, 1914, the proceedings against me were closed with a verdict of guilty. I shall hand over to you the material which will show how I regard attacks upon enemy governments under the present circumstances.

"3. It is inherent in the very nature of the conscious international struggle for the Socialist to look upon the co-operation of Socialists in all countries as a whole, for him consciously to do his part in his own land in this division of labor for a common cause, for him consciously to recognize his struggle and that of Socialists in other countries as functions that mutually com-

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plement each other; and thus he also consciously takes up the struggle against the other governments.

"To emphasize this international point of view against the enemy in his own land might appear as a motive for excuse, for uncertainty, for hesitation, and thus weaken the class-struggle. If this point of view must be expressed, it *should* be only for the purpose of making propaganda among those who may be won for the international Socialist policy against war and in order to make those who are promoting this policy understand what they are doing.

"In this sense and in this manner the social revolution of the working-class meets capitalism's war."

(Signed) KARL LIEBKNECHT.

Berlin, May 8, 1916.

It is little wonder that a man making such a statement was found guilty. In fact, he is guilty of the highest crime in the categories, the crime of pitting genius against wrong. That one sentence of his should be enough to hang any man: "In his own country, in the name of the international proletariat, the Socialist fights his own government and his own classes as the representatives of international capitalism."

Executive Committee of International Bureau. Emile Vandervelde, Belgian Minister of Munitions and chairman of the International Socialist Bureau, called together the latter body at The Hague on December 8 and 9. Two Germans attended, Phillip Scheidemann and Friedrich Ebert. Thus far we have had to depend upon cablegrams for news of the meeting. It appears to have been called to protest against the deportation of Belgians. It seems unbelievable that such a body should limit itself to the discussion of the rules of war. Let us hope that something was said about the working-class and the possibility of its reuniting. The fact that the German government allowed two Majority Socialists to attend arouses one's suspicions. Were the Germans as partisan and selfish in their purposes as Minister of Munitions Vandervelde seems to have been?

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It was the life work of C. Osborne Ward to dig up and reconstruct the true story of the working people of the ancient world. Not content with studying thousands of ancient volumes and manuscripts, he journeyed hundreds of miles on foot around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, deciphering and translating inscriptions telling parts of the forgotten story of the ancient workers. The results of his research are summed up in two large volumes over 1400 pages.

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Christianity first propagated almost entirely within the unions.
Massacre of Christian wage-workers by the Emperor Diocletian and capture of the church organization by the Roman state under Constantine.

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Ten Years on the Firing Line—Ten years devoted exclusively to the propaganda of Socialism.

This is the remarkable record of Comrade Theodore Lockwood, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is sixty-four years old this month.

Over ten years ago Comrade Lockwood, a machinist by trade, found himself blacklisted by the employers of Cleveland. He had been too active in the Socialist and Labor movement. Whenever he took a job his first effort was to induce his fellow workers to organize. For fifteen years he worked for the Standard Oil Company and the time came when the employing class tagged him as "dangerous" and "undesirable." Besides, he had lost several fingers from each hand in the unguarded machinery at which he was compelled to work, and this added to his difficulty in securing other employment.



HIS HANDS

Comrade Robert Bandlow, one of the best loved comrades who ever carried a red card in the State of Ohio, came to his assistance. He suggested that he secure a stock of literature and devote his time to the work of enlightening other workers. Lockwood was without funds and Bandlow loaned him \$10.00. The money was returned in three days, and since that time, ten years ago, he has kept steadily at work. From that day to this he never leaves his home without his pack of books and papers.

He worked out routes thruout the city and covers them once a month. On this day it is a railroad yard to be visited, and on the next probably he will be found handing his literature thru the pickets of a high fence surrounding a steel mill. He has worked up a big trade among the office workers down town in the big buildings.

Union meetings are not neglected and many of the men that are now active in the revolutionary movement, secured their first knowledge of Socialism and industrial unionism from this untiring comrade.

Thru the co-operation of Local Cleveland, Comrade Lockwood has a stand at all of the party meetings, which adds to his sales, altho, even the hardest kind of work brings him only a scanty income. Comrade Lockwood keeps at his work tirelessly and undiscouraged, altho, many a day he has gone without a square meal.

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Socialists, Attention!—The Agitation Committee of Lettish Branch Socialist Party of Cook County, upon receiving the December issue of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, and reading the articles, "The Left Wing—An Actual Beginning," by J. C. Rutgers, and also editorial, "Mass Action," decided to endorse and support in all possible ways the stand taken by THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW on this question, as explained in aforementioned articles. Furthermore, we inform all the Left Wing comrades and Socialist Propaganda League sympathizers that the Lettish Branch, at its regular business meeting Sunday, November 19th, decided to join the Propaganda League as a body, to build up the League and further its demands. We invite all the comrades in Chicago and vicinity to communicate with us in this matter; we will give all help possible to the propaganda of international socialism and mass action. Yours for the workers' world, A. Neifert, Secy. Agit. Committee, Lettish Branch S. P.

Aurora, Ill.—THE REVIEW is truly the magazine for the working class. I would like to subscribe for THE REVIEW, but I advertise it more by buying it at the different newsstands. —H. L. D.

Rock Island Reds Get Busy—Comrade Edgar Owens, organizer for local Rock Island, Ill., fires in an order for 600 yearly subscription cards "in a hurry," and writes, "At our meeting last night it was decided to get busy on THE REVIEW auto offer. We will be the proud possessors of a Ford within sixty days, and you watch our smoke next spring and summer, and after we get this whole county organized we will turn our attention to surrounding counties."

"According to official election returns Rock Island county is second to Cook county, and according to population our vote was the best in the state. Give us the benefit of 600 subscribers to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for a year and we will show results that will make them all sit up and take notice."

Go to it, Rock Island Reds! We know you will make good, as we have heard of some of the big stunts you have pulled off in the past.

From Local Socialist Party, Ottumwa, Ia.—Dear comrades, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Local (259) members and sent to the governor of Minnesota and also to the sheriff:

Whereas, Mrs. Phil Masonovitch, Phil Masonovitch, Joe Nikich, Sam Cernogrovich, John Orlandich, Joe Schmidt, Joe Scarlett, Carlo Tresca are held in Duluth, Minn., on a charge of murder. Whereas, their only crime consists of opposing the Steel Trust in an effort to better the conditions of the workers on the Mesaba Range. Resolved, that we protest against their unjust imprisonment and demand a fair and impartial trial that they may be free to return to their families and loved ones as they justly deserve.—F. B. Leighton, secretary.

In Memoriam—The Socialist Local of Haverhill, Mass., has lost one of its most active workers in the death of Comrade Nora G. Smith. Though not enjoying the best of

health, Comrade Smith was an enthusiastic worker, one of those women who saw the wider motherhood that will come when society is based on fraternity and the common weal.

She had great faith in the ultimate victory of the working class and before her death gave a striking example of her faith and devotion. She was not wealthy, being one of the working class and having to participate in the struggle for bread. Imagine, then, the emotion of her surviving comrades when her husband, Comrade James C. Smith, also a member of the local, presented to the Haverhill Central Socialist Club a check for one hundred dollars (\$100) as a legacy from his late wife, to be used for the benefit of the movement! Such a gift, under such circumstances, and for such a purpose, testifies to a devotion so utterly consecrated that words fail to express the mingled feelings of love, respect and gratitude that possess her comrades.

Local Haverhill believes that the comrades in other states should share with its members the knowledge of this gift and the giver, and would commend the action of Comrade Nora G. Smith to the consideration of other comrades who may want to serve the movement in this way just before passing to the Great Beyond. Comrade Smith's contribution was made with no desire for publicity, but Local Haverhill is reporting it for the inspiration it may give to others, and also that it may induce others to follow her noble example.

Socialist papers and magazines publishing this statement please send sample copy containing it to undersigned.—M. J. Donahoe, Sec. C. S. C.

Kansas City Protest Meeting—On Sunday, November 26, Frank P. Walsh spoke on labor violence to a large audience of workers, and a collection of \$150 was taken up. Local No. 400, I. W. W., had a big bundle of REVIEWS at the meeting, and the secretary writes they are sorry they did not have more, and adds: "Please send fifty by return express, as they are selling fine."

Oklahoma to the Front—Altho Oklahoma did not go entirely for Socialism, that state has a lot to be proud of. We want to congratulate our friends, Comrades Crain, Ryan, Cavins, Coomer and Spencer, on the new Socialist paper they are publishing, called *The Worker*. It is straight Socialism from the first to the last page—scientific Socialism and no trimming. Comrade Clifford S. Crain, editor, declared in an editorial just after election that the Socialists failed to make a big showing in Oklahoma because the politicians tried "political trading." If this is the case, we hope the scientific Socialists will take hold next time and give the people down there a taste of the real thing. We know *The Worker* is going to do it. If every state had a paper like *The Worker* it would soon be cleared up and the number of real Socialists be greatly increased.

From New Zealand—In spite of the war, conscription censors, our Revolutionary Socialist comrades from far away New Zealand still put out sound Socialist literature. In a letter dated October 29, enclosing a five-pound book order, a comrade writes: "We feel somewhat cut off from America lately, as the papers and magazines have not been coming to hand, as you no doubt have been officially informed the REVIEW is not allowed to land on our island. It is considered 'injurious to the public interest in respect to the war.' We have a few government appointed individuals who have the power to intercept our reading matter and to sort out what, in their little minds, is not good for our morals. We have got a measure of conscription on the law books of New Zealand, but so far it has not been enforced.

"While present unsatisfactory conditions seem to stiffen up the old rebels and to make a few others militant, I am afraid that, when the after-effects of the war are felt, we will have a tremendous task in front of us to keep the rank and file militant. They seem to have an unholy fear of the rules called law made for their special subjection, and the amount of reading that can be pushed into the average of them cannot half undo the dope put in by the press.

"The I. W. W. in Australia have been making things merry.

"With best wishes to all the American comrades, I remain, your, ———."

From Erie, Pa.—"Be sure and start the REVIEW with the December issue, as I do not want to miss a copy. I enjoy the REVIEW and watch for its appearance each month. It is my favorite periodical. I certainly like the way it sticks to revolutionary principles in a clear-cut way. No reforms or sidetracking, but with its watchful eye ever on the goal of Socialism.

Wishing all the comrades connected with the good old REVIEW greetings of the season and hoping they will be able to weather the storm of the present crisis, I am, yours for the revolution, J. E."

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1. **The Evolution of Man.** By Wilhelm Boelsche. Contains absolute proof of the truth of Darwin's theory of the descent of man. Illustrated.
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From an Australian Comrade—At the present time excitement is beginning to settle after a few strenuous weeks previous to the taking of a referendum thruout the Commonwealth of Australia as to whether conscription will be foisted or not on this country. The whole force of capitalism has been arrayed against labor, which, as you know, has the ballot both for men and women over the age of 21. A capitalist and powerful press has used every means to cloud the real meaning of conscription, which is to crush out the industrial power and liberty for which labor has fought in Australia for sixty years. Labor newspaper offices have been raided by the military police and labor newspapers suppressed and severely censored. The labor prime minister, W. M. Hughes, has gone over to the side of the capitalists, and represented in this campaign international capitalist interests. The Labor Party have expelled him from the movement in New South Wales and the constituency he represented there voted thus: For conscription, 5,549. Against (No), 16,198. (Incomplete) "No" majority, 10,549. The whole situation is an object lesson for international labor, particularly the labor of the United States of America, and shows what a class conscious working class can do if well organized. But hundreds who voted for conscription were misled. The issue was not to send reinforcements of Australian soldiers to Europe so much as to impose militarism upon a free people. In other words, the free-from-militarism people of Australia were asked to impose that European curse upon themselves. The result so far (for returns are incomplete) has been an overwhelming rejection of the proposal.

Under a federal law passed some years ago, conscripting men up to 45 for "home defense in the event of invasion," single men between 21 and 35 years of age have been conscripted, and many are now in training in military camps. A great number failed to enlist and are now being rounded up by the police, arrested, and sent to camps for training.

The referendum was nominally for the purpose of giving the government of the Commonwealth power to conscript men for service abroad and, as I have said, at time of writing a big majority has turned down this scheme.

From Waverly, Ohio—"I have received the December number and, in the language of the street, it's a 'humdinger.' You may enter my subscription up to and including December, 1917."

Canada—"I am enclosing \$1 for renewal to the REVIEW, the only Socialist magazine worth while. H. G. W."

From England—"I take pleasure in enclosing two further subs. to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, as I appreciate very much the gallant fight you are waging in behalf of democracy, and am very pleased to assist with my little bit, tho small.

"With best fraternal greetings from Warrington comrades of the revolution, I am, A. E. S."

Socialist Agitators Meet—A meeting of the Socialist agitators and party workers of Oklahoma was held in Oklahoma City, November 19, 20, 21. The meeting, which was called for the purpose of discussing future plans and policies of the Socialist party of Oklahoma, was well attended.

The first day was taken up with a discussion of the subject, "Which Is Best: Revolutionary or Reform Tactics?" The discussion was opened with a twenty-minute talk by Comrade Stanley J. Clark, who was followed with five-minute talks by Comrades John Hagel, W. E. Reynolds, H. G. Milner, Dr. E. E. Sonnanstine, J. A. Holman, J. T. Cumbe and W. E. Chapman.

The second day was taken up with a discussion of the subject of "What Is Revolutionary and What Is Reform Tactics?"

The third day began with a discussion of the subject, "The Economic Position of the Farmer."

The committee which had been elected for the purpose of arranging a plan for the establishment of study clubs made its report, which was taken up and discussed at some length. The report was in part as follows:

"Be it resolved by this body: That it goes on record in favor of the study class idea; and be it further resolved, that it take some action in recommending a course of study and a method of fostering the establishment of these study classes and furnishing teachers for the same at any and all places possible to establish them.

Recommended Study Course

(1) Law of Value and Surplus Value. Books to use, "Shop Talks" and "Value Price and Profit."

(2) Economic Determinism. Books to use, "Communist Manifesto" and Puyallup's "Study Course in Scientific Socialism."

(3) The Class Struggle. Books as above.

(4) Sociology. Books, "Introduction to Sociology," by A. M. Lewis.

The committee suggested two plans of establishing these study courses. First, to attempt to get the study class idea adopted by the Socialist party of this state and, second, to organize a separate organization whose sole function shall be to organize study classes and aid in the development of work of an educational nature.

By motion of the meeting the second proposition was adopted, and a committee, consisting of W. E. Reynolds, L. D. Gillespie, P. S. Nagle, D. Cobb and E. H. H. Gates were elected to act as an executive board, to perfect the study course work.

The reason given for establishing this as a separate organization was that it was not the primary function of a political party or a trade union to educate, and that same can be more successfully done by an organization whose only purpose and sole function is educational work.

Cities or locals wishing to form study clubs may obtain full information by addressing W. E. Reynolds, Jennings, Okla.

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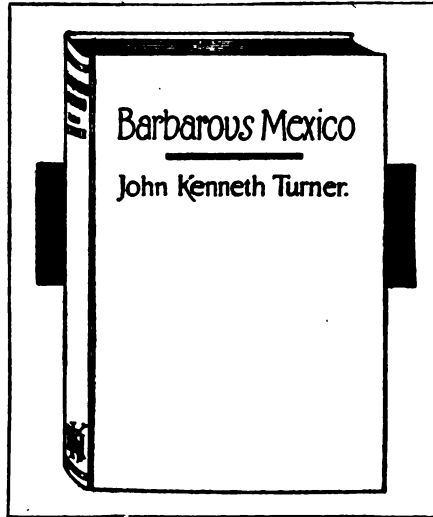
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FEBRUARY, 1917

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SURE WE BELONG TO ONE BIG UNION!

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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ANSWERING THE BREAKFAST CALL—GRUB PILE!

Hitting the Trail in the Lumber Camps

By HARRISON GEORGE

WHILE the Lumber Workers' Union, the bull-pup of the Industrial Workers of the World, was in convention at Portland, Ore., during the last week of December, the rumblings of revolt began half way across the continent among workers of that industry in Minnesota.

North and westward of the Mesaba Iron Range lies millions of acres of swamp lands. In the primeval state, these swamps were covered with magnificent forests where roamed the Indian and the fur-bearing fox, bear and beaver. In this section John Jacob Astor's fur business in the early times laid the base of the present Astor-crat fortune. A very simple process—the Indians skinned the animals and Astor skinned the Indians.

Later huge land grants the railroads secured by bribery and worse practices, opened the forests to the pillage of the

Lumber Trust. Where the government yet retained title to timber lands, the lumber trust in open defiance simply entered and stole the finest of timber and used the political axe on all annoying officials.

It has remained for the I. W. W. with a battle line extended from the Pacific Ocean to the Great Lakes to shake Weyerhaeuser's control to its foundation. With the success of the A. W. O. No. 400 the past summer a strenuous campaign began among the lumber workers. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wisconsin and Minnesota are the states where the lumber camps began to be thoroly decorated with "wobbly" stickerettes and dotted with job delegates.

Result was that when a flying squad from Virginia, Minn., brought news to the north woods camps that the sawmill men were on strike under the banner of the ONE BIG UNION, nearly four thousand lumber-jacks came pell-mell out of the woods as



NOON HOUR FEED AND 40° BELOW—\$80 PER MONTH

though driven out by a forest fire. "Strike! Strike!" was the word that flew from camp to camp, and STRIKE they did—industrially—the winning program.

When the warm weather thaws the swamps no logging can be done and the lumber barons driven to the wall are threatened with a loss of millions. With the camps deserted, the sawmills and paper mills are losing fortunes every week. The largest paper mill in the world at International Falls is now on the edge of a shut-down and the great metropolitan dailies may be compelled to boil down their lies into less space.

The strike broke on Dec. 28th, when the mill men of the Virginia Rainey Lake Company demanded a 25 cent raise and abolition of Sunday work. The jacks on coming out, demanded a minimum wage of \$40 per month, a nine-hour day, with an hour for dinner to be eaten at camp and not in a snowdrift; sanitary camps, two weeks pay-day and no hospital fee. They are fighting together for these demands and neither millmen nor lumber-jacks will go

back until the demands of both are granted. "SHOOT TO KILL."

With gunmen borrowed from the steel trust the bosses are using the extremes of violence to drive the jacks back to the slave-pens. Wild with rage, E. W. Backus, of the Backus Brooks Co., said that if militia was not given him, "There might be more hunters and trappers in the woods with guns." "Shoot to kill" was the order issued to the deputies sent to the strike zone by the sheriffs of three counties. Twenty-two workers are jailed at Saugus charged with commandeering a train in order to escape from the camps. Fifty-three at Virginia were arrested for intimidating scabs. Charles Jacobson, secretary of Mesaba Range Miners' Union, I. W. W. No. 490, was ordered by the police to leave Virginia, the town where he was born. Governor Burnquist, remembering the storm that broke around his ears when he played the steel trust game last summer, has so far refused to call out the militia.

Company F, of Virginia, was asked on Dec. 30 to volunteer to go to the woods.



GOD BLESS OUR HOME!—DINING AFTER DARK

Only one man responded. Doing sentry duty for Weyerhaeuser at 40 below was too much for the patriotism of the boys just returned from the sun-baked deserts of the Mexican line.

It is a habit with the companies to hire jacks for \$40 and pay them off at \$30. Conditions in the camps are described by a jack, who said he was not an I. W. W., as being beyond the limit of endurance. "More than 200 of us slept in one big room, with a roaring stove in the middle, around which all our wet and stinking clothes were hung. We slept two in a bunk and there were three tiers. The steam from the clothes was so heavy that our blankets were wet and you could hardly see across the room. The bunk-house was never cleaned out. In most of the camps the bedding is alive with lice and vermin."

A be-whiskered, lousy wretch to be fed on garbage and victimized by all the re-

spectables who inhabit the towns of the timber empire, is the way the exploiters regard the lumber-jacks.

When the prices rose, the proletarian bean became taboo and its place taken by the humble spud; usually frozen, boiled and fried in succession. Beef of the class known commercially as "number 3 stock," from which the nutriment has been taken to make beef extract, is the usual "*piece de resistance*" served a la cockroach.

As the REVIEW goes to press the strike is at its zenith. Gunmen and pickets are facing each other in the towns that lay at the fringe of the timber district. Streets are thronged with the striking jacks and the ONE BIG UNION has gained over two thousand members. The camps are deserted, the strikers firm, the bosses wild and the cat sits on every log that straggles thru to the mills of Minnesota.



Compulsory Arbitration in Australasia

By SCOTT BENNETT

MR. HALL, Labor Attorney-General of New South Wales, recently gave utterance to a statement significant in its bearing upon compulsory arbitration. He said, "Those of us who have watched the trend of arbitration for the last fifteen years have noticed that it has taken us round in a circle. It moves onward but not upward." Even labor party politicians are beginning to recognize what the socialist long since pointed out, viz., that an Arbitration Court is unable to abolish the effects produced by the economic laws peculiar to capitalism. Every year that passes in Australia and New Zealand finds working class opposition to compulsory arbitration growing and becoming increasingly vociferous. Labor in Australasia, as a whole, has gained nothing by means of the Arbitration Court. They have, however, frequently been more firmly shackled to master class interests as the outcome of the court's machinations.

It is true that a section of the capitalist class is not wholly in love with the workings of the act in certain respects. But they are in a minority. The great majority of the capitalists would certainly reecho the sentiments expressed by an Australian capitalist paper, when it said: "THE ARBITRATION COURT HAS BECOME AN ESSENTIAL PART OF OUR SOCIAL MACHINERY AND MUST BE RETAINED AND ASSISTED."

It is interesting to note how futile the Arbitration Act has proven in suppressing strikes. Here are some figures giving a list of strikes reported officially:

Year	Establishments	Workers
1913	921	59,283
1914	1,203	71,049
1915	942	81,292

As a writer has recently pointed out, proportionately the United States does not have so many strikes as Australia, in spite of the compulsory Arbitration Law. New Zealand is in a very similar state. It is almost pathetic to glance over the late Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd's volume, "A Country Without Strikes," published some years ago, in which that fine soul saw no end of possibilities for good in the Arbitration Act. A country without strikes! "A COUNTRY FULL OF STRIKES" would be a more apt description of New Zealand during the last few years. For the figures quoted above, relating to Australia, are certainly not at all more striking than those that can be furnished by New Zealand.

The absence of strikes in New Zealand at the time Mr. H. D. Lloyd wrote was not so much due to the recently introduced Arbitration Act, but rather to the fact that the capitalist economy had not developed to the extent it has in recent years. With the development of capitalism in New Zealand, the line of demarcation between the capitalists and the workers became much clearer, with the natural result that

the class struggle began to wage in that country as elsewhere. Face to face with the class war, the Arbitration Court displayed its impotency.

"Disloyal" Workers

The coal strike in Australia that caused such an outcry in patriotic circles was won by the miners, thanks to the solidarity displayed. Needless to say, the Australian capitalists are not at all pleased at the outcome of the strike. To make matters worse, a member of the New South Wales Assembly, "speaking with authority," warns his capitalist friends that the strike was but a prelude to something far more dreadful—a determined move on the part of the workers "TO FORCE CO-OPERATIVE CONTROL OF THE COLLIERIES BY THE MINERS THEMSELVES." A truly shocking state of affairs, indeed. That the workers should recognize that whilst there may be a war in Europe part of the time, there is a class war in Australia ALL THE TIME, is really deplorable!

More "Disloyalty"

Miss Adela Pankhurst, writing in the "Woman Voter" recently, gives expression to what is undoubtedly an ever growing sentiment in Australia, especially among the workers.

"We are now at the parting of the ways. Are we to go down to the ruin prepared for us or fight our way out into safety? It is only required for Australia to declare herself neutral in European politics and to invite the co-operation of the world in building up here a new nation.

* * *

"The answer to Mr. Hughes' conscriptionist demand is the complete self-government and neutrality of Australia in regard to war. To remain a docile and unquestioning part of a military empire is to become its militaristic appendage, dragged at the tail of its economic Imperialism."

The I. W. W. and the War

Judging from the amount of attention bestowed by the capitalist press to the I. W.

W. in Australia, the "Wobblies" have not let up in the splendid fight they have waged in common with other working class organizations in the fight against militarism and the chicanery of "the powers that be." Amongst others recently arrested on a charge of "treason" was Peter Larkin, a brother of "Jim" of that ilk. The outcome of the trial has not yet reached us. On every hand the spirit of revolt seems to be gaining in Australia. Despite arbitration, patriotic articles, spell-binding speeches, disobedient workers are still found to be in a very rebellious state of mind. Capitalist politicians take a serious view of this untoward state of affairs. The Hon. Joseph Cook, speaking a few weeks ago in Sydney, said: "Our reinforcements are nearly exhausted, but, on the other hand, the pressure on all fronts is now at its greatest. The present turmoil, strikes and unrest, seem to indicate low visibility somewhere. Unity was the one essential thing in war, but it was nowhere to be found here (Australia).

Anti-Conscriptionist Coup

A copy of the following letter sent to the daily papers recently fell into the hands of the comrades in Australia. Needless to say good use was made of it.

Australian Military Forces.—3rd Military District.

Censors' Office,
G. P. O. Melbourne,
13th Oct., 1916.

From Censor, Melbourne,
To the Editor.

Confidential and not for publication.

I am directed to inform you that no reference whatever is to be made in the press to the arrival or expected arrival in Australia of a batch of Maltese Immigrants.

Robt. J. De Courcy Talbot,
Lieut. Colonel.—For Censor.

A batch of Maltese Immigrants!! Cheap labor for the masters to take the place of the men fighting for the "Hempire!" A White Australian Act to the contrary notwithstanding, too!! The patriotism of the master class is a weird and wonderful thing in all countries.

The Third International

By ANTON PANNEKOEK

Note.—The following article by Comrade Anton Pannekoek is from his magazine, "Vorbote." It gives the views held by Left Wing Socialists in Europe and of the Zimmerwald conference. Comrade Pannekoek has long been regarded as one of the clearest thinkers in the movement.

WE ARE standing in the midst of a catastrophe of the working class movement, such as it has never experienced in all its history. The collapse of the Internationale due to the world war is not simply a surrender of internationale sentiment before the power of intensified nationalism. It is at the same time a collapse of tactics, of methods of fighting, of the entire system which has been incorporated into the social-democracy and the working class movement during the last few decades.

The knowledge and the tactics which, during the early rise of capitalism, were of great service to the proletariat, failed in the face of the new imperialistic development. Outwardly this was apparent in the increasing impotency of the parliament and the labor union movement intellectually in the substitution of tradition and declamation for clear insight and militant tactics, in stultification of tactics and the forms of organization, in the transformation of the revolutionary theory of Marxism into a doctrine of passive expectation.

Imperialist Development

During the period when capitalism was developing into imperialism, was establishing new aims for itself and was energetically arming for the struggle for world supremacy, this development of the majority of the Social Democracy remained unobserved. It allowed itself to be fooled by the dream of immediate social reforms and did nothing to increase the power of the proletariat to fight against imperialism.

Hence the present catastrophe does not mean only that the proletariat was too weak to prevent the outbreak of war. It means that the methods of the era of the second Internationale were not capable of increasing the intellectual and material power of the proletariat to the necessary extent of breaking the power of the ruling classes. Therefore the world war must be a turning

point in the history of the working class movement.

With the world war we have entered into a new period of capitalism, the period of its intensive extension by force over the entire earth, accompanied by embittered struggles between nationalities and huge destruction of capital and men; a period, therefore, of the heaviest oppression and suffering for the working classes. But the masses are thereby driven to aspiration; they must raise themselves if they are not to be completely submerged.

Proletarian Victory

In great mass struggles, alongside of which former struggles and methods are merely child's play, they must grapple with imperialism. This struggle for indispensable rights and liberties, for the most urgent reforms, often for mere life itself, against reaction and the oppression of the employing class, against war and poverty, can only end with the overthrow of imperialism and the victory of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie. It will at the same time be the struggle for Socialism, for the emancipation of the proletariat. Therefore, with the present world war there also dawns a new period for Socialism.

For the new struggle our bearings must be taken anew. Lack of clear socialistic insight was one of the chief causes of the weakness of the proletariat when the war began—it knew neither imperialism nor its own tactics. The fight against imperialism, this most recent and most powerful form of capitalism, made demands upon the highest material, moral and organizational, qualities of the proletariat. It could not succumb to stupid, impotent desperation; but it was not enough that it break out into spontaneous actions against the unbearable pressure. If these are to lead anywhere and to gain new stages on the climb to power it is necessary that they be inspired with clarity in regard to the aims, the possibili-

ties and the meaning of such actions. Theory must go hand in hand with practice, theory which transforms blind acts to conscious ones and spreads light over the path.

The New Solution

"Material force can only be broken by material force. But even theory becomes material force when it takes hold on the masses." (Marx.) The germs of this theory, this new weapon, were already at hand in the defeat of the former practice of imperialism and mass action. Now the world war has brought much new insight and has shaken minds out of the sleep of tradition. Now is the time to gather together everything in the way of new ideas, new solutions, new propositions, to inspect them, to prove them, to clarify them by means of discussion and thus to make them of service in the new struggle.

An immense number of new questions lie before us. First of all the question of imperialism, its economic roots, its connection with the export of capital, procuring of raw material, its effect upon politics, government and bureaucracy, its power upon the bourgeoisie. Then those questions which relate to the proletariat, the causes of their weakness, their psychology and the phenomena of social-imperialism and social-patriotism. Added to these are the questions of proletarian tactics, the significance and possibilities of parliamentarianism, of mass actions, of labor union tactics, reforms and immediate demands, the significance and the future rôle of organization; also the questions of nationalism, of militarism and colonial policies.

Upon many of these questions the old Socialism had settled answers, which had already crystallized into formulae—but with the collapse of the second Internationale even its formulae have gone by the board. In the old rules and ideas of the pre-imperialistic era the proletariat can find no guides for its actions under new conditions. Nor can the social-democratic parties furnish it with a firm foothold. They have in the great majority surrendered to imperialism; the conscious, active or passive, support of war policies by the party and labor union representatives has dug too deep to make possible a simple return to the old pre-bellum point of view.

This support of imperialism in its most important and vital phases characterizes these working class organizations, no matter

how strongly they subscribe to the old socialist solutions and combat the most intimate effects of imperialism. For in this way they come into conflict with the necessarily revolutionary aims of the proletariat and are themselves forced into a difficult crisis of their own. Between those who would make of the social-democracy a tool of imperialism and those who want to see it a weapon of revolution no unity is possible any longer.

The task of elucidating those problems of offering solutions, of formulating the proper direction for the new struggle, falls to those who have not allowed themselves to be misled by war conditions and who have held fast to internationalism and the class struggle. In this their weapon will be Marxism. Marxism, regarded by the theoreticians of Socialism as the method to explain the past and the present and in their hands degraded more and more into a dry doctrine of mechanical fatalism, again is to come into its birthright as a theory of revolutionary acts. "The philosophers have interpreted the world in a number of differing ways: the real necessity is to alter it." As a live revolutionary method this sort of Marxism again becomes the most solid principle, the sharpest intellectual weapon of Socialism.

There is no more pressing task than this elucidation of the new problems. For it is a life and death question for the proletariat—and hence for the entire development of humanity—that it should see its way, clear and bright, before leading to new heights. And there are no questions of the future whose solution can be postponed until we can once more discuss them in peace and quietness. They are not capable of postponement. Even during the war and after its conclusion they form the most important and immediate vital questions for the working class of all nations.

Workers' Chief Enemy

Not merely the important question, which everywhere is the kernel of the object of struggle, whether and how the proletariat can emerge, hasten the end of the war and influence the terms of peace. At the conclusion of the war the immense economic shattering of the world will first be felt in its entirety, when, with the condition of general exhaustion, lack of capital and unemployment industry must be organized anew, when the fearful debts of all nations

necessitate colossal taxes and state socialism, the militarization of agricultural pursuits, as the only way out of the financial difficulties. Then the problem must be met with or without theory; but then the lack of theoretical insight will entail the most disastrous errors.

There lies the greatest task of our journal: by discussion and elucidation of these questions it will support the material struggle of the proletariat against imperialism. As an organ of discussion and elucidation it is at the same time an organ of battle—the publisher and the contributors to the journal have the common will to give battle, the same point of view in regard to these chief questions of the practice to be adopted at this time.

First of all the struggle against imperialism, the chief enemy of the proletariat. But this struggle is only made possible by a simultaneous relentless struggle against all the elements of the former social-democracy, which would bind the proletariat to the chariot of imperialism; also the open imperial-

ism which has become the mere agent of the bourgeoisie, and that social patriotism of all shades which would gloss over undisputable antagonisms and would rob the proletariat of the sharpest weapons in its struggle against imperialism. The reconstruction of the Third Internationale will only be made possible by an absolute break with social-patriotism.

With this knowledge we stand upon the same ground as the left wing of the Zimmerwald Conference. The principles put forth by this group of international socialists as their aim, our journal will support by theoretical work; by the most intense struggle against social patriotism, by merciless analysis of the errors of the old revisionism and the radical socialism to pave the way for the new Internationale. If the proletariat recognizes the weaknesses and mistakes of the old points of view, the practical collapse of which it is now suffering from, it will gain the foresight for the new struggle and the new Socialism.—*From The Internationalist.*

Letter From an American Comrade Abroad

YOU will doubtless think me too pessimistic regarding the moral and intellectual capacity of the Socialistic movement, both as to past and future action. You would not think so, if you had been in the midst of things in the way I have. It is relatively very easy to take a ship to Holland or Stockholm, and talk with some of the official Socialists about resuming international relations. But you can learn just about as much as to the status of the Socialist movement among the nations by taking a trip to Coney Island. The trouble with the official Socialist leaders is, that they have not the slightest understanding of the low esteem in which they have fallen in the eyes of mankind. Our case is exactly the reverse of the case of the early Christians. They were hated by all men because they stood for something, and suffered every kind of martyrdom in bearing witness for the thing for which they stood. They were looked upon with respect and wonder by their most vindictive enemies. But we Socialists are now being far from hated; we are not

considered worthy of that; we are simply despised. We are the poltroons of the ages. And the worst of it is, that our official leaders are so blandly ignorant of what a despicable thing they have made the Socialist movement in the common thought of the nations. The very thought of German Social Democracy creates nausea in the stomach of the world. It is a moral disgrace to be a Socialist. When the great day of our opportunity came, we who ought to have witnessed for our faith by united and supreme heroism, we prove ourselves to be the cowards of history. We had talked so big about revolution. We had been so mouthy about the class-struggle. We had boasted so much about our intentions, and of the fear we had created in the hearts of capitalists and kings. And we have acted so small that our worst enemies feel for us the shame we are too ignoble to feel for ourselves. And all the miserable driveling of the Kautskys, and the Jesuitical jugglery of official leaders, cannot erase or pale the infamy of our cowardice and treason. When the whole race of man was about to

be crucified, the pretended liberators of the race crawled at the feet of its destroyers.

I say the leaders, and especially you in America, have not the slightest notion of the loathing and disdain with which we are looked upon by the world. And this all comes from the fact that we were trusted. The world actually believed we meant what we said. Millions who had made no profession of Socialism believed that Socialists would act when the moment arrived, and never permit the catastrophe to come upon the world. More than we dream, the heart of the western world was fixed upon the Socialist movement. We had in our hands the power to keep faith with the world's heart. We could have made good. And the result of this stupendous opportunity—an opportunity such as had never come to men—is the worm-like servility of our leaders and our curriish acquiescence. We have answered a simply cosmic summons and responsibility with a collective poltroonry of action, a shamelessness of apology, the like of which historic annals does not afford. The movement on which the hopes of all the world hung has rendered those hopes baseless, and made itself a thing of disgust forever. There is no use in our blinking the fact of where we stand. As one of the most eminent professors of a great European university said to me the other day: "We never expected the world to come to this. We who are no Socialists always believed that Socialists would save us when the time came. And Socialism might have saved us. Only it turned out that there were no Socialists." There are the immortal exceptions of Liebknecht and those who stand with him. And yet who is heaping scorn upon Liebknecht in these days? Not the Prussian military class, not Bethmann-Holweg, but German Social Democrats. You should hear what I have heard said against him by Germans. Do you remember Dietzgen, the friend of Kautsky? He used to be in Chicago. He does me the honor of writing me a letter to tell me that men like Liebknecht and myself are simply raving maniacs, who ought to be locked up. He also warns me that my own life should be forfeited because of the stand I have taken.

If only the German leaders had shown a minimum of manhood; if, when the Kaiser and Bethmann-Holweg sent for them, they had only said, "Ask what we

will do *when* Germany is *actually* attacked; wait till Russia really *does* make war on Germany; then we will decide." Instead of that they obediently voted for the budget that enabled Germany to declare war on Russia and France. The apologists are always writing as though Germany were fighting a defensive war. But it was *Germany* who declared war on Russia and France and Belgium and Servia, not Russia and France that declared war on Germany. And it was for the budget that was to be used to carry on this offensive war the Social Democrats voted, and without a shadow of shame or hesitation. Even a German Imperial Commissioner confessed to me, a few days ago, that the Social Democrats could have prevented the war if they would have acted in the critical moment. To try to bunch all Socialists together, to put the conduct of the German leaders in the same class with Vandervelde and Jean Longuet, who are heroically defending their peoples from assassination—to class these together is a sign of either moral idiocy or mental imbecility; or else it is a juggling sophistry and an utter dishonesty.

I say I write from the thick of things. I know how the world feels about the Socialist movement. I know that the old movement can never rehabilitate itself. It has disappointed mankind too bitterly. It has lost the respect of mankind forever. I myself have taken all sorts of silly risks, doing things that I know were absolutely Quixotic and futile, merely to preserve some sort of decent self-respect. But I am unable to escape the shame of being a Socialist, and of having been a member of the International Bureau. Of course, just because of this shame, I stand by my disgraced and derided colors, and shall continue to do so. But I assure you, dear —, that the old International Socialist movement is degraded and dead beyond any redemption and resurrection.

And as I have said, the most curious thing of all is, how blandly ignorant of this fact the official leaders of Socialism still are. And the next most serious thing is, how little you in America seem to know about it. The leaders of American Socialism seem to have no higher conception of the tragedy that has come upon the world, and of the International Socialist debacle, than to try to keep the American movement still subservient to the interest of Ber-

lin—as if the difference between courage and cowardice, between mental and moral darkness and mental and moral light were indifferent trifles.

Then what are we to do? First of all, we are to stand in our places in the Socialist movement and unflinchingly declare the whole truth about what has happened; and, as the old Socialist movement dissolves, as dissolve it will, hold up a torch, each of us, that can be handed on to the new forms which the struggle for economic and social and spiritual freedom will take. To simply stand fast as the resolute and beclomored witnesses for the truth—this is no small matter.

And what of the future of Socialism? I think that out of the general confusion which is yet to come will spring up a national Social Democracy in each country, probably not even taking the name of Social Democracy, but taking and enlarging its facts and principles; and this national Social Democracy will be greatly varied in its developments and applications, according to the experience and conditions of each nation or social group. It will not be at all doctrinal. Nor will it be clearly a struggle between classes. The materialist

theology of Marx, the nursery academics of Kautsky, the swagger and bluster of the class-struggle will become obsolete. All classes will repudiate the mortgage which the few financiers will hold upon the world when the war is ended, and will seek extrication from the mental and physical disorder in which society will be plunged. Political government will be transmuted into economic administration. Many voluntary economic groups will spring up, such as Kropotkin foreshadowed. Out of self-defense many employers will share both the profits and administration of industry with the workers. There will also be many social and industrial experiments. The result of all will be a much realer Socialism and a rapid progress toward clear communism, instead of the mere State Capitalism which the old Socialism was moving toward, and which the German Empire had already largely incarnated.

I had no idea of writing you such a long letter, but your question unloosed the flood. I have not spoken of these matters at any length in my correspondence with my American friends, because the present attitude of American Socialism seemed to render such speaking useless.

SOLD OUT

The entire January edition of the Review sold out 10 days after publication. Everyone wanted to read Jack London's "The Dream of Debs," but hundreds were disappointed, as their orders came in too late.

The March Number

will contain his great child labor story, entitled "The Apostate," which alone is worth many times the price of a single copy of the Review. If you are a live one in the revolutionary cause you will want to give this story as wide a circulation as possible. We will co-operate by mailing you postpaid 10 or more March Reviews at half price, 5 cents per copy. Write us at once.

What Can the Kaiser Win by this War?

GERMANY has had an unprecedented prosperity during the last fifty years. Germans were liked and respected by all other nations.

But they were not liked and respected because of Germany's military power.

German militarism was feared and hated both at home and abroad.

Germany was respected because of its great universities. It was respected because of its scientists, savants and inventors. The products of its factories are known everywhere because of Germany's highly skilled and highly organized working class.

The war cannot possibly add to any of these achievements.

This war closes the universities. Students go to war. It closes the factories. The workmen have gone to war.

War does not in any way add to the progress of science. This war destroys and kills the highly trained workmen by the thousands.

It will take Germany generations to regain the commerce which is being destroyed by the war.

And what can the kaiser gain?

He cannot gain any territory from the French because France contains no more Germans. And the Alsatians, although

German, have not been digested in forty-four years. Today they prefer French government to Yunker government.

The Kaiser cannot get any German territory unless he gets it from his ally, Austria, a country which he is now trying to defend, or from Holland or Switzerland, which are neutral nations.

And it is a fallacy to believe that Germany, or, for that matter, England, or Russia, can win any trade by winning the war.

In small states like Sweden, Holland, Belgium or Switzerland, that have no militarism and no great navies, economic and trade conditions are just as good as in Russia, Germany, England or Austria, that have great armies and navies.

Nor do colonies add anything worth while to the trade of a nation.

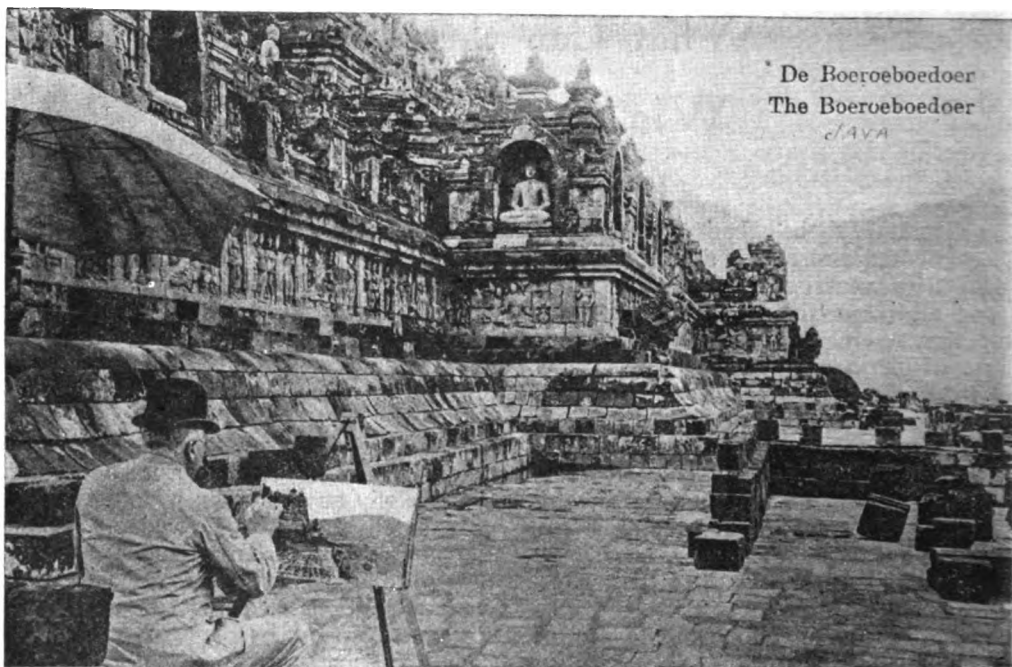
Great Britain, that has the most colonies on earth, does twice as much trade with foreign countries as with its colonies.

The foreign trade of most great countries is mainly with nations over which they exercise no political control.

The enormous extension of German trade in countries like Russia, the United States and South America owes nothing to Germany's military power.

Now why should not Germany be willing to make peace?

The above paragraphs constitute NOT an editorial reflecting the opinions or viewpoints of the International Socialist Review. It is NOT original, as of this year 1917. It is a complete editorial reprinted in full without the changing of a word from the Milwaukee Leader of Oct. 1, 1914. It is evidence that when the Great War began the Socialists' daily newspaper of Milwaukee was free to challenge the German Kaiser as an enemy of the German people, a violent and cruel enemy of the German working class. The new policy of the Milwaukee Leader is silent on the Kaiser when it is not frankly a defender of the Kaiser.



AN EXQUISITE SECTION OF BORO BOEDOER. MANY PASSAGES ENCIRCLE THE TEMPLE, BUT THERE ARE NO SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBERS. BORO BOEDOER HAS MORE THAN 500 LIFE-SIZE STATUES OF BUDDHA, BUT MANY OF THE HEADS HAVE BEEN STOLEN.

THE ISLE OF JAVA

By R. R. HORNBECK

OUTSIDE the usual tourist track and unknown as yet to most travelers, is Java, forty hours from Singapore and 300 miles south of the equator.

It was my privilege to spend a delightful vacation in this wonderland recently. During most of the entire journey from Singapore to Java, tiny coral islands may be seen, many of them uninhabited by man or beast. Then there are the larger inhabited "dots" of richest green, densely covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation and yielding a large quantity of fruits, which are sold by the natives to small trading boats which stop there occasionally.

Java is in the Netherlands East Indies, and is the richest and most important island under Dutch ownership. It is 668 miles long, 33 to 125 miles wide, and on an area of 49,197 square miles (about the same as New York state) supports a population of

over 30,000,000, of whom 65,000 are Europeans.

Java is perhaps known to most Americans merely as the place from which coffee comes, but there are also enormous crops of rice, tea, cinnamon, sugar cane, pepper, tobacco, vanilla, etc., and this little island produces one-half the world's supply of quinine. One-fifth of the world's consumption of coffee is grown in the Netherlands East Indies, and the United States buys one-third of this crop.

During the period of the Spanish Inquisition it is said the Dutch threatened to desert Holland and emigrate here in a body, and they could surely have made a worse move. Miss Scidmore, in "Java, the Garden of the East," says, "Java is the ideal tropical island, the greenest, the most beautiful and the most exquisitely cultivated spot in the East; the most picturesque and satisfactory bit of the tropics anywhere

near the world's great routes of travel." And Alfred Russell Wallace, who visited Java many times between 1854 and 1862, said it was "the very garden of the east, and perhaps, upon the whole, the richest, best cultivated, and best governed island in the world."

Most of the ships plying to and from Java are owned by the Dutch, and I met only two English-speaking persons on the outward voyage. In every cabin of the Dutch ships is a notice reading: "In ports outside the Dutch East Indies nobody is allowed on deck in negligee before 9 p. m." Of course the assumption (and the practice) is that within the Dutch East Indies one may appear on deck at any hour with no more clothing than a Parisian debutanté. The Dutch women in the tropics go barefooted and decidedly negligee, but I think it quite unnecessary for the notice to be printed in English.

Landing at Batavia, the capital of the Dutch East Indies, I boarded what seemed to me rather a peculiar train. There are coaches for first, second, third and fourth classes, the first two being for Europeans, and the last two for natives. In the third class coaches are wooden benches extending along each side of the car, and passengers ride facing each other. In the fourth class cars the windows have iron bars instead of glass and there are no seats whatever. It costs practically nothing to ride fourth class, and it is worth less. The first railroads in Java were opened to the public in 1872, and now two lines traverse the entire island. Trains do not run during the night, the Dutch being afraid to trust the native trainmen.

In Batavia the red-brick gabled houses, with long, sloping, tile roofs, were built in the 17th century and look like a deserted corner of Holland. The native houses in Batavia, as in all Java, are made of interlaced bamboo, closely woven and practically rain proof. There are no chimneys in these houses, the smoke escaping through doors and windows. The streets in all the larger cities of Java are sprinkled with large "garden" sprinklers. One of these is hung on each end of a bamboo pole, which is carried across the shoulders of a Javanese, who tips a sprinkler with each hand. The water is supplied by hydrants on every block. Rickshaws are not permitted in Java. Instead, there are abominable two-wheeled



JAPANESE WOMAN OF THE BETTER CLASS.
THE DUTCH FREELY INTERMARRY WITH
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carts, drawn by one or two ponies, and the driver is a Javanese. The passenger rides facing the rear, and if he is tall, had better hold his hat in his lap, for the tops of these "sadoes" are quite low. Taken all in all, these carts are fully as comfortable as going down a flight of stairs on a tricycle.

There are many shallow canals in Batavia, and the natives row their crude freight boats through these, bathe in them, the women wash clothes in them, and the children play in them. At all times of the day the banks are lined with hundreds of natives in the most gaily-colored and picturesque apparel imaginable, which adds charm to the scene. A place of interest is the Old Church, the first stone of which was laid in October, 1693, and the same pews first built are now in use during regular services.

After Batavia the Mecca for tourists is Buitenzorg, where the governor-general of the Dutch East Indies resides in a beautiful palace. This functionary gets a salary of \$100,000 per year, with an allowance of \$60,000 for entertaining. Buitenzorg is a sanatorium and place of refuge from the heat, being high in the mountains, and it rains there practically every day from two

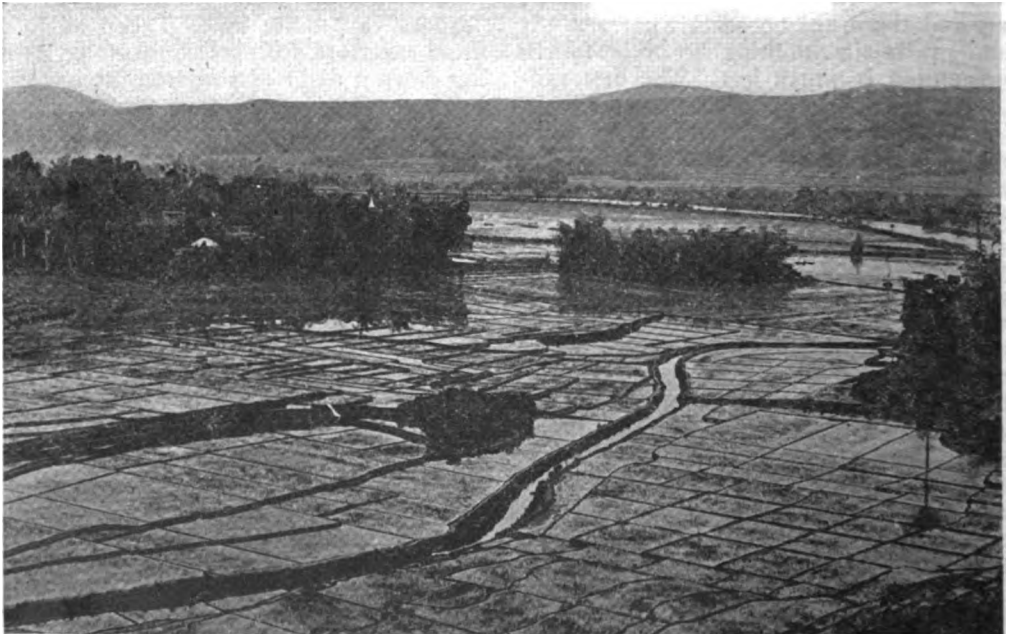
to seven p. m. The greatest attraction is the botanical garden of 145 acres, employing over 100 gardeners. There are more than 9,000 growing specimens of plants, including the giant tamarind and waringen trees, and the blazing Madagascar flame-tree. What interested me most were the sausage and bread-fruit trees, which offer one explanation why the natives so cordially dislike to work, when such palatable food is always within easy reach. Long strings of links resembling ordinary bologna sausages hang in great profusion from the sausage trees, and the bread-fruit is like a large boisd'arc (hedge) apple. Buitenzorg is altogether beautiful, every white house having a miniature park of its own.

My next stop being quite distant, the ride on the train after leaving Buitenzorg was very delightful. There are 125 volcanic centers in Java, including dozens which have nearer perfect cones and are more beautiful in every way than is Vesuvius, which gains its notoriety mainly from an historical standpoint. There are not many big rivers, but the Solo, in East Java, is navigable for large boats for its entire length of 310 miles.

Beautiful panoramas, rivalling anything

in Colorado or California, may be seen as the train crosses the deep gorges. High mountains are entirely covered by tea plants, and have the appearance of roof gardens, while the lower elevations are covered by rice fields, rising tier upon tier like a gigantic amphitheater. I saw the crops in all stages of production—from the sowing or planting by hand to the gathering by hand, and it was certainly the most intensive farming I ever saw. There are no seasons in Java except, as someone has said, the "rainy and the wet." The rice is plowed with the aid of awkward looking, mouse-colored water buffaloes and forked sticks, and the natives cut the rice ear by ear with small curved knives, the women working with babies strapped onto their backs. They will not use a sickle or mower, and I did not see a piece of farm machinery while in Java. The annual rice crop amounts to about 40,000 tons, which is not sufficient for local consumption, and large quantities are imported from Siam and China.

When talking to or approaching "superiors," the Javanese always squat. It is indescribably ludicrous to see one entering his master's room, hopping along like a kangaroo and peering upward like a sick kitten, awaiting his master's command or



NO GROUND LIES FALLOW IN JAVA. THERE ARE NO SEASONS, AND RICE IS BOTH PLANTED AND GATHERED EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR

kick. Some of the early explorers in the east wrote that the Javanese had a caudal appendage, but I must admit I did not see any of these "missing links." Most of the Javanese speak Malay, which is the official language in those parts. However, the tourist must occasionally learn the meaning and pronunciation of such a Dutch word as "Paketaartmaatschappij," which is rather distracting for a pleasure seeker.

At the railway stations I saw many grass hats which are as flexible as the Panama hat and cost about ten U. S. cents, so that even the poorest natives can afford these occasionally. Millions of them are exported to the United States and sold for—let the reader guess.

Garoet is 2,306 feet above sea level and a much frequented health resort. Formerly a holy city and forbidden to Europeans until quite recently, it is intensely interesting to those who venture there. Before I had time to wash the dust of travel from my face at a pretty hotel there, a score or more Javanese boys came to the veranda and played weird music on queer looking bamboo instruments, all made by themselves, and a small coin sent them away quite happy. Then a bevy of pretty girls brought countless varieties of beautiful cloths, all of them woven and colored in Java, by hand. Eastern style, they always ask about five times the price they are willing to accept, in the hope that the customer is a tenderfoot.

Early next morning I hired a two-wheeler with three horses in rope harness, and started to visit some of the mountain lakes. The natives would take off their hats as I passed, and I would have felt quite vain had I not known that the Dutch demand this obeisance. The little scraggy ponies were surprisingly strong and nimble, trotting up the steepest hills during the entire drive of over forty miles. We met old women stooped under huge baskets of tapioca, which when first gathered, looks like large sweet potatoes. These women would greet me by placing the palms of their hands together and making a backward and forward motion before their faces. We visited Lakes Bagendit and Leles, not very large, but exceedingly beautiful and as clear as crystal, mirroring the giant cocoa palms which fringe the banks. Finally we came to Tjipanas, a little mountain village where there are many warm

springs, each of decidedly different temperature.

The following morning at five o'clock, with the same Javanese driver who accompanied me the previous day, I started to see my first active volcano. It was quite cold and I enjoyed the luxury of shivering in the tropics. Even at this early hour we met many natives driving flocks of geese by the flickering light of torches, and old women carrying baskets of fruit to market. Later we passed hundreds of women and children on their way to the rice fields to begin work at six o'clock. It was a strange though glorious sight. For miles and miles the narrow road was swarming with humanity, in the most gaily colored garbs imaginable. There were very few men, for they check the bundles as they are brought in by the women and children, and take loads to market.

Arriving at the hotel at the foot of Papandayan, the object of my journey, I hired a pony, a stable boy and a guide, and commenced the ascent. The road is very steep, and for about one-third of the way steps have been hewn out of the solid rock. Daily rains make the way very slippery, but the pony was sure-footed and had made the journey hundreds of times before. It is six miles up to the crater, and the ride took about two hours.

The crater is enclosed on three sides by precipitous walls, while a foot-path and a stream of cool, sparkling water, which gushes from a spring in the side of the old crater, issues from the fourth side. There is a stifling smell of sulphur, and hissing, sputtering, rumbling, roaring miniature eruptions on all sides, casting up small rocks and muddy water. The sound is somewhat like a mogul engine getting up steam, or like a blacksmith's mighty forge. Before the guide warned me I dipped my fingers in a stream of water and got a painful burn, and later was foolish enough to pick up a chunk of hot sulphur. There are hundreds of tiny fissures in the rocks, emitting sulphurous smoke, and the steam jets and fumaroles are quite awe-inspiring. During the descent the stable boy was indispensable in holding the reins of the pony and leading him carefully down the steepest places, probably saving me a bad fall or so.

In an eruption of Papandayan in 1872 whole villages were swallowed up, but since then there has been no serious dis-



SMOROE, 12,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL, IS THE HIGHEST VOLCANO IN JAVA AND HAS AN ENTIRELY BARE LAVA CONE

turbance. Another active volcano near Garoet is Goenoeng Goentoer, and it is recorded that in 1843, during an eruption, the sun was hidden for half a day, while 10,000,000 tons of dust were thrown 10,000 feet into the air. Still another is Galunggung, which in 1824 covered with a tide of boiling mud more than 114 villages and thousands of natives. The highest volcano in Java is Smeroe, reaching 12,021 feet.

After Garoet I visited a missionary friend in Soekaradja, a town of 10,000 population, and he the only white person in it. No one there speaks English except a few he has taught, and there is no post office. A Chinese millionaire kindly invited us to his fine house one evening, and entertained us royally.

The city of Djocjakarta was formerly and is now the center of Javanese civilization. It has a population of 80,000, 1,477 of whom are Europeans. The entire city was destroyed by an earthquake in 1867, and there are many active volcanoes nearby. In the shops are specimens of all the native arts and crafts, and everywhere may be seen the fantastically deformed marionettes, which the Javanese use in their puppet shows. The native policemen carry long

rifles with fixed bayonets, and strut about grandiloquently.

The susuhanan (native prince) of Soerakarta (near Djocjakarta) is worshipped by his subjects, has a harem of over 3,000 wives, and is paid nearly \$1,000,000 annually by the Dutch government, presumably to insure peace.

From Djocjakarta the tourist goes to Boro Boedoer, the most wonderful thing to be seen in all Java. It is a monster temple, covering about the same area as the Great Pyramid. The approach to the structure is through a grove of tall kanari trees, and a government rest house is near the ruins. I noticed in the register that five Americans had been there the same week as I.

Boro Boedoer was erected at the beginning of the seventh century, but was in a jungle, covered by trees and rank vegetation and utterly lost for over six centuries. Uncovered in 1814, at first all corners carried away statues and smaller decorations of the temple, and now most of the older towns in Java have a collection of images from Boro Boedoer. The temple was constructed of volcanic lava of a grayish tint, and there was no cement used. Neither are there any columns, pillars or arches. The

base is 500 feet square, the dome 100 feet high, and each side 531 feet. There are over 500 statues of Buddha, hundreds of other life-size statues, and miles of bas-reliefs. There are depicted lions, cows, horses, elephants, whales, and turtles, chariots, ships, mansions, musical instruments, bows and arrows. But unlike Roman sculpture, there is nothing shown which is in the least offensive.

Some traveler has written that Boro Boedoer "surpasses in extent and magnificence anything to be seen in India or Egypt." Only the ruins of Angkor Wat, in French Indo-China, can rival it, both being the work of Hindoos. Alfred Russell Wallace wrote of Boro Boedoer: "The amount of human labor and skill expended on the Great Pyramid of Egypt sinks into insignificance when compared with that required to complete this sculptured hill temple." When I saw it I felt like the rustle who, after gazing intently at his first giraffe, exclaimed, "Thar ain't no sich thing!"

There are two smaller temples, Pawon

and Mendoet, two miles from Boro Boedoer. These were erected 750 A. D. and contain gigantic statues of Buddha.

Nearer Djocjakarta are the Hindoo ruins of Prambanam, discovered in 1797, but not excavated until 1885. These ruins consist of several groups of temples, a mile or more apart, and the number of temples is estimated at more than 600. There are sacred bulls and other Hindoo images, and the work is more delicate than at Boro Boedoer, tho less stupendous. "All the monuments prove that here there formerly existed a great and flourishing empire, extremely populous, to judge by the swarms of artisans and laborers who must have been employed in the construction of these gigantic buildings." A. Caboton, in "Java and Sumatra." But the days of Hindoo dominance in Java have passed forever, for the island was conquered by the Mohammedans in the 16th century, and the Koran is now the moral law and the unwritten Javanese code.

The High Cost of Labor Power

By JACK MORTON

D ID you ever notice how wages rise when the cost of living goes up? Of course, the capitalist class always pulls back like a balky horse and tries hard to force its employes to scrimp along on the old wage scale as long as possible, and then is usually forced to yield to economic necessity—in order to keep men in shape to go to work in the shops, factories and mills.

Just now the workers in America are so greatly in demand to produce commodities which their employers hope to sell at war prices, that the workers could, by displaying a little militant spirit and a little class solidarity, gain a much larger share in the value they produce if it were not for the fact that all Americans are more and more being forced to pay war prices for the necessities themselves.

The wheat crop has partially failed all over the world; the potato crop is only a shadow of its former self, and prunes, and apricots and beans and cereals have been sold in advance to foreign countries, so that we are finding our home supply in greatly reduced circumstances.

Food products and woolen products and leather products this year are falling so far behind the need that the brokers or speculators and manufacturers who have a stock salted away somewhere, are able to ask monopoly prices and get away with them.

Meanwhile our own capitalist class are finding themselves able to reap unheard of profits upon their investments by sending war supplies to the Allies. But in order to make profits upon war supplies the employing class has to have strong healthy workers toiling in the factory, shop, mine and mill. And healthy workers mean well fed, well clothed and well housed men and women.

Investors are feeling inclined to grumble at the unkindness of the Fates. It is unfortunate that profits should be dependent in the first place, upon "that low, shiftless, ignorant" class known as workers, so that just at a time when a thrifty manufacturer, who has managed to save up half a dozen million dollars or so, by hard and honest toil (?)—as we were saying—just when such an overworked manufacturer sees an opportunity of making an "honest 600 per

cent upon an investment," it is unfortunate that the workers should be in such great demand by other employers of labor that a man has to pay "exorbitant wages" if he wants to keep the factory wheels revolving, and the stream of dividends pouring into his own pockets.

And then, to cap the climax, the American food and clothing speculators go out and sell American crops in advance to the Allies, and the inconsiderate South American capitalist sells "his" products to Europe, so that it looks now as though the food supply in America were going to run short before the next harvest.

With the cost of living soaring upward and food actually growing more scarce every day, the poor capitalists in this country are being driven to their wits' end to devise ways and means for meeting this rising cost, holding their employes and avoiding the bad precedent of paying higher wages.

Just about Christmas time the wise heads of the big industries were called into the private offices of the Big Bosses all over the country to discuss what was to be done about it. The Steel Trust developed a wonderful change of heart after talking over the pernicious activities of the I. W. W. the past year and the expensive strikes that had been pulled off. It developed that other and more serious labor troubles might follow and the Steel Trust, all at once, as it were, became human and decided to "do something voluntarily," before it was forced, for the steel workers. So a universal 10 per cent to 15 per cent rise in wages was announced.

The Steel Trust stood true to its old creed that it is better to make a workingman believe his employer has *given* him something than to learn that he has been able to *force* anything from his "boss."

A hundred weaker manufacturers and industrial giants in Chicago announced their sudden conversion to the "profit sharing plan." It developed that their ideas upon the subject in regard to the *future* were more than hazy. "Of course the movement is only in its infancy;" "we shall have to await business developments," etc., etc., but these capitalists, one and all, knew that they were going to offer their employes something right down substantial for Christmas. At first it had been the plan to sift out the late comers from the old-timers, those who

had slaved for the companies ten, twenty and thirty years, but caution and the experience of less regenerate employers, showed then that wisdom here would surely be the better part of valor and even the girls who had only worked six months in some of the mail order houses got "presents" of twenty and thirty dollars.

The Chicago express companies found the best solution of all for this odious problem of the higher cost of labor power, caused by the increased cost of living. By it they do not establish higher wages against a future reduction of which their employes might go on strike, and yet they have posed as benefactors, have increased the money received by the express workers, and next year they will be able to claim that, owing to decreased business they are unable to afford the munificence of the Christmas of 1916.

The newspapers screamed the glad tidings late in December that employes of the express companies were to receive gifts from the employers ranging from the amount of two to three months' wages. And the threatened expressmen's strike was averted. The public learned a little later that these wonderful money Christmas gifts were to be divided into four parts. The workers were to receive one-fourth of the gift on December 25th, another fourth in three months, a third in six, and the balance in nine months.

The expectation of receiving half a month's wages every three months was calculated to calm the spirit of unrest and rebellion among the workers, to stave off strikes, keep men docile and on the job, and most important of all to *meet the high cost of living*.

We are afraid the game will work, but if the working class of America only realized it, nobody need be out of work here today. The capitalists are competing with each other for workers. All the workers have to do is to organize, strike and get almost anything they want, because Capital cannot gather in those war billions without the labor power of the working class!

If the workers in the industries decided to all go home an hour earlier *every day*, *now* is the time they could make good with these demands. And they could quit another hour earlier two months from now.

The workers were never in a better position to wage class warfare in America than they are now!



The Iron Heel in Australia

(This article gives the latest authentic news from Australia and was written by one of our direct-action comrades who has been in the thick of the fight for many months.)

The Censors were asleep and a Pacific marine fellow-worker brought it across to San Francisco.)

IN the year 1911 the Industrial Workers of the World made its appearance on the Island Continent. Since that year this organization has made wonderful progress. The working class after decades of political shadow-sparring and craft union duck-shoving, have made no tangible advance towards the expropriation of the owning class. In Federal and State politics, Labor Parties have fought themselves into power, and then deserted the trusting trade union battalions or betrayed them.

The philosophy of Industrial Unionism and Direct Action, is thru persistent propaganda, killing the opportunities of politicians, and rousing the workers from apathy and ignorance. Such an organization as the I. W. W., needless to say, has not been welcomed with joy by the Australian master-class. On the contrary it has been subjected to vile abuse, lying misrepresentation and merciless persecution.

Much of this opposition has emanated from those solid pillars of capitalist society. the conservative craft unionists and the political somersaulters who can reconcile "Labor politics," with industrial and military conscription. The effects of I. W. W. anti-

military and anti-war propaganda was so far-reaching, that the Labor Prime Minister, William Morris Hughes,—the secretary of the Waterside Workers' Federation—prior to his lickspittle and zig zag joy trip to Mansion House and Buckingham Palace, declaimed against the I. W. W., and with tremendous invective declared his intention of rooting out that organization "with the ferocity of a Bengal tiger."

Prior to this, a War Precautions Act was put into operation, with the permission of the Federal Labor Party, which aimed at the subjugation of the freedom of the press, and public discussion. Dozens of men have been gaoled on charges that are positively ridiculous. In September, 1915, Tom Barker, then editor of *Direct Action*, the I. W. W. paper, was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment; at the instigation of Legislative Councillor, Sir Joseph Carruthers (a successful land thief), and Labor Ministers Black and Fitzgerald, for publishing a poster inviting "Capitalists, parsons, politicians, landlords, newspaper editors and other stay-at-home patriots, your country needs *YOU* in the trenches. Workers follow your masters! ! !"

There was a great uproar thru both Australia and New Zealand which resulted in the case being dropped, after Barker had been in solitary confinement for seven days in Long Bay Gaol. Percy Mandeno of Brisbane, J. Skurrie of Melbourne, and Ken Leslie and I. Klausen were also sent along for varying terms.

Early in March, 1916, Tom Barker was again arrested, discharged and re-arrested over a cartoon published in *Direct Action*, which depicted the shocking contrast of the profiteering industrial masters and the sacrifice of the workers who died at the war. Barker was convicted and sentenced once again to twelve months gaol. Another great outcry followed, and protests and threatening industrial upheavals again had their effect, which resulted in Barker being released by the Governor General on August 3rd, after serving three months out of the twelve. During Barker's incarceration, many fires took place, which resulted in considerably over a million pounds of damage. During this period the I. W. W. premises in Sussex Street, Sydney, were searched frequently by police and the military.

On the 23rd of September, a large army of police raided the premises and seized all documents, pictures, literature and correspondence belonging to the organization of the I. W. W. Fellow worker, Tom Glynn, editor of *Direct Action*, Peter Larkin, brother of the more famous Jim, Jack Hamilton, Donald McPherson and Bob Besant were arrested and charged with high treason. Within a few days, Fellow workers Joe Fargin, Bill Teen, Bill Beatty, Tom Moore, John Benjamin King, Charles Thomas Reeves were arrested on similar charges and refused bail. Later Donald Grant, one of the most powerful I. W. W. propagandists, was arrested in Broken Hill, and brought over country by motor car for 1,300 miles in leg irons and hand-cuffs. He was similarly charged.

While these men are in custody, the campaign for and against conscription was taking shape. The Referendum was to be held on October 28th. A great collection of sensational and manufactured evidence was produced in the lower court, alleging incendiarism, sedition, conspiracy, murder, rebellion and what not. The conscriptionist press referred to anti-conscriptionists as I. W. W.'s; politicians attacked these devoted and maligned champions of labor, while the Prime Minister who is also Attorney Gen-

eral violated the laws he is supposed to safeguard, by blackening the characters and opinions of the accused before the cases were heard.

Two more fellow workers, who were on holiday in a country township, were grabbed by the police on a charge of firing haystacks, although there was no evidence to connect them with the offense. They were held in custody, and remanded to the High Court. In the meantime, the Prime Minister, assisted by other arrant scoundrels, called the I. W. W. "wheat burners," etc. This was done to prejudice the country vote against conscription. After the Referendum, which in this State resulted in a majority of 116,000 votes against conscription, the men were kicked adrift and told that the Crown declined to file a charge.

Since then the same wheat stacks and many others have caught fire mysteriously, due to chemical action, which always results to a greater or lesser degree among green or decayed wheat under certain climatic conditions. A strange, but not unexpected feature has been found among the business side of Sydney firms who have had fires during the past six months. One gigantic fire, attributed to the I. W. W., showed that the building was of the shoddiest nature and the shares of the Public Supply Company had slumped in a few days from twenty shillings to twelve shillings. Another company having a fire, bought the business recently for £7,500 and insured it for over £13,000. Of course, no one is allowed to suggest that it is good business for the boss to have conflagrations, even tho the blame can be attached by the means of lying and disreputable pimps to the Industrial Workers of the World.

In West Australia eleven fellow workers have been charged with conspiracy, and altho the Crown made great threats of "sensational evidence," they produced nothing but a mass of correspondence and a pile of books, which included a copy of "Lucifer," a work written in A. D., 16. One of the sleuth hounds seized it because it seemed "rather warm." Eight of these fellow workers have been committed for trial and granted bail, while the other three, Jack O'Neill, Francesco Sidotti and Alex Sarr, have been discharged. Among the eight who have to stand their trial is probably the finest and most venerable rebel the world has ever seen. When a fighter stands in 1854 at the Eureka Stockade with a rifle

in his hand, facing, with hundreds of oppressed and rebellious miners, the red-coated ruffians of a martinet Victorian government, and then stands in the dock in Perth in 1916, over 64 years later, we may safely say that Montague Miller, 85 years of age, stands alone. In spite of the heavy handicap of years, he is still the flowery orator of the West, while his virile and facile pen will be familiar to all readers of *Direct Action*.

Mick Sawtell is also a forcible speaker and a lucid labor journalist. Alex Horrocks of Kalgoorlie, F. H. Lunn, W. Hanscombe, A. Auwart, John Goller and W. Johnstone are vigorous propagandists for One Big Union. What the future will bring to these class brothers we can only conjecture.

The Referendum is now over; New South Wales and South Australia smashed the issue by a 3 to 2 majority. Queensland had a slight majority against conscription, Victoria was slightly in favor, while West Australia and Tasmania voted strongly in favor of compulsory service abroad. The result was that the en bloc vote negatived conscription by a 62,000 majority.

The Labor Prime Minister, Billy Hughes, "the darling of the duchesses," has been expelled from all Labor political and economic organizations. The little gentleman is very cantankerous about it. Most of Billy's political pals are also handed the icy mitt. So William is intriguing with the Liberal Party to share the jobs and build themselves into Parliament for their natural lives. No wonder our successful political opportunists are dismayed. To add to other troubles for the Australian boss, the miners have decided to take *Direct Action* to get the Eight Hour Day (they have celebrated it for fifty-six years), 20,000 of them have been out on strike for three weeks and industry is tied up. Thousands of tons of shipping idle, no lifts to carry the Fat man to his flat, no power, curtailed time-tables on the Labor government's trams and trains. Not a mine working. No coal from N. Z. or Japan. Those miners also threaten stoppage. The Press is howling, the bosses are squealing, and arbitration court horse-haired fossils are in a hell of a state.

But the miners are adamant, and they just make the I. W. W. smile. Politics and arbitration, trade unions and wage boards are back numbers, outgrown, useless and worse. A new spirit is abroad and

growing. The philosophy of the One Big Union grows everywhere.

The workers of Australia are also slowing down. Very much so. The Australian boss is worrying about bankruptcy and he has ample reasons for his worry. Shortening of the hours, and reduction of the output are weapons that speak more loudly of increasing working class power than all the elections and ballots have done in twenty years. The reduction of working class efficiency by one per cent will cause the capitalists more alarm than the polling of a million ballots.

Industry in Australia is controlled by the boss. He has to be dislodged, bankrupted, sacked. Then the workers will be the controllers of industry, the masters of the inexhaustible resources of the Island Continent, and it is the historical mission of the I. W. W. to put the Australian boss into hobnails and overalls.

The Iron Heel is with us. But it will produce its own destruction. Repression begets retaliation, persecution creates unity and militancy, gaol breeds solidarity and ultimate triumph. We glory in Australia, not in the ballots cast in an American city, but in the miners of Messabe, the fighters of Everett, the imprisoned labor men in Frisco, and the red-blooded clan of toil who sing the songs of Joe Hill, carry the red card and break the way for the New Society.

"There is only *one* working class, there can only be *one* union."

All the boys in Sydney have been convicted. Seven of them, Thomas Glynn, Donald Grant, Donald McPherson, John Hamilton, William Teen, William Beattie and Joseph Fagin, have been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. Thomas Moore, Peter Larkin, Charles Reeves and Bernard Besant have been sentenced to ten years in gaol, and John B. King to five years.

This is the most vindictive and fiendish sentence perpetrated upon the working class movement in the history of this country.

We want the American workers to use the boycott on all Australian goods until these men are freed.

Twelve of the noblest, truest, cleanest men in the movement are facing long years of incarceration. Let the Solidarity of Labor be more than a figure of speech; let the world resound with the cry for justice.

Later—Word arrives that the striking miners have won all their demands and gone back to work.



Looking 'Em Over

By MILITANT

THREE days of the second week in January the joint committee of the four railroad brotherhoods were in session in Chicago. All the brotherhood organizations of all the railroads of the United States were represented. Their sessions were held behind closed doors on the seventeenth floor of the Masonic Temple.

They did nothing which they wanted told to the world. Whatever action was taken was kept a secret so far as the newspapers and the public and the outside working class was concerned. Only the members of the joint committee who were present—and the spies of the railroad managers, presidents and financiers—actually know what was done at this Masonic Temple meeting.

A cold, formal announcement was issued by the four brotherhood heads that there was no strike talk in the meetings and who-soever at this present time talks strike is doing the work of an enemy of the brotherhoods.

Until the supreme court of the United States has spoken its say-so on the Adamson law there should be no action, according to the brotherhood officials.

"Everybody sit still and listen for the supreme court decision on the Adamson law: after that we'll talk strike or no strike," would summarize the polite, icy, we-must-say-something statement of the spokesmen for the brotherhoods:

Though the members of the committee were instructed to indulge in no threats, there crept out from the meeting definite predictions that sporadic strikes on some of the rail systems would undoubtedly be seen the present year.

No denials came that unrest and dissatisfaction seethes on some of the rail systems. It is precisely the kind of a situation that recalls the declarations of Warren S. Stone before the arbitration board of 1915, when he presented the argument that the officers of the brotherhoods are a conserving force holding back the memberships from radical actions frequently threatened.

Mutterings of protest came from committeemen who believe that even if the supreme court does declare the Adamson law constitutional, it's going to be a long and a hard job to force the railroads to so comply with the law that real and tangible benefits in wages and working conditions are granted.

The railroads are so organized that relays of lawyers and flying squadrons of accountants, experts and engineers can be summoned for the work of defeating the intended working out of a law. What they have been successful at in the past—the crippling of legislation aimed at a specific effect so that the purposed effects are not effective—they are sure to attempt in the case of the Adamson law. It is this condition that forms the background for the following statements from a railroad man close to the discussions and decisions of the Masonic Temple meeting:

"Haven't we seen the railroad companies over and over again take a perfectly good law and kick it in the slats? What do we care whether the United States supreme court says the Adamson law is good law? What we want to know is whether President Ripley of the Santa Fe and President Hale Holden of the Burlington and the rest

of the big fellows have made their Wall Street bankers see that the Adamson law is a good law.

"Until Wall Street sees and says it's a good law, it don't make much difference what the supreme court says and thinks about it.

"I have studied some history in my time and sometimes I think a decision by the supreme court on the Adamson law won't amount to any more than the Dred Scott decision or any other of the decisions by which the supreme court of this nation tried to stave off the conflict between wage and chattel slave governments.

"What is the fundamental issue under everything involved in the Adamson law? That law calls for the railroads to put into force an eight-hour workday all over the country. Its successful operation would mean all trainmen and enginemen in the United States would be paid for eight hours' work what they are now paid for ten hours' work. I can't see where there is anything else than an issue between political and industrial government involved. It's a question of whether the political government shall take commands from an industrial government and the further question of whether the railroad capitalists, bankers and managers constitute the industrial government or whether the brotherhoods of engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen constitute such industrial government.

"Federal government seizure, ownership and operation of the railroads would not solve the fundamental issue involved. It would only put it off. If the political government of the nation assumes domination, brings about ownership and operation of the railroads, it must face the question of what extent it shall take commands from the workmen whose physical and mental acts operate the railroads.

"Passage of the Adamson law, its interpretation, its possible consequences, may see a finish in one of the most tremendous politico-industrial chapters to be written in American history in the near future.

"A nation-wide rail strike would tear up this country, would agitate politics and business, so that the best recourse by unanimous consent would be federal governmental purchase and operation of the roads. Fear of governmental seizure and operation is the dominating motive that holds back the railroads, managers and financiers

from going to immediate and uncompromising battle with the workers. They would have precipitated a strike long ago if they were not afraid that the ensuing disorder would bring governmental ownership. If the Adamson law ever goes into force it will be because the railroad heads decide it costs them less to obey the law than to fight it."

HEARST is a Mexican rancher, whose 1,060,000 acres of land has been taken away from him by the Carranza government.

Hearst's newspapers want America to go to war with Mexico and "pacify" and "develop" that country.

Hearst's calling on God and Jesus to bring the dove of peace into Europe—his daily editorial psalms to peace—read interestingly when properly interspersed with the truth in italics. The following paragraph is a petition printed in the Hearst papers; it is addressed "To Woodrow Wilson" and has blank spaces for names and addresses at the bottom of it. So here is Hearst's prayer for peace, with our additions and amendments in italics:

"We love peace and are content to dwell in fellowship with all nations *across the Atlantic but not south of the Rio Grande*. So we are peculiarly chosen, as it were by Providence, to speak, in our great seat of righteousness, power and dominion, the counsel of peace and good will to our distressed brothers in Europe *while our distressed brothers between Jaurez and Panama require for their peculiar needs the kind of slaughter, rape, robbery and exploitation that an American army of pacification would bring*. Mr. President, let us speak that counsel of peace *in Europe and war in Mexico*. And may God speed the message of compassion and friendliness and mercy and peace straight to the hearts of the rulers in whose hands lie trembling the lives of millions, the destinies of nations and the fate of the white man, and all the achievements and monuments of his splendid and wonderful civilization, and, O God, we ask Thee at the same time to go to bat down in Mexico and let us cut their throats down there because the Hearst properties and the Otis properties and the Rockefeller properties are in the hands first of one gang and then another gang of revolutionists and the properties are not paying as big as they might."

Man-power—before the Great War there was never much talk about man-power. Not in the eloquent sense that this phrase is now so often used was it employed before the war.

Man-power! Isn't it the keyword of working class power?

In property—in money, lawyers, newspapers,—the working class has little or no power. But in man-power it is the potential world ruler, able to take whatever it wills or wishes the wide world over.

When the working class—the proletariat—becomes conscious of its man-power, then new history will be made.

It is only where masters are able to fool the working class into ignorance of its man-power that the masters are able to rule in silence and monotony called industrial peace and business prosperity.

Where the working class is awake and aware of its man-power there are the rising wage scales and the shortening workday and the deepening values and valuations of man as man.

J. W. T. MASON is the eagle-eyed man of few words who writes war reviews for the United Press. These are recent pointers applicable more or less to all the nations at war, but curiously illustrative of the cold calculations of blood expenditure necessary to the contract of war:

"The total number of Germans who have reached the trench age since the war began is approximately the number who have been killed or permanently injured. Germany's reserve of manhood, therefore, is not falling behind the requirements of her generals. The killing and maiming can go on for a long time before the cannon fodder runs out. . . All belligerents have enough men for another year's fighting; and for still another year."

Re-reading this cool, sinister reckoning of the human cost of war, is it at all strange that some of the human mothers over here in America should find attraction in that silly song "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier?"

L AURA J. GRADDICK is the name of a girl who belongs to the woman's bindery union in the government printing office in Washington. She testified before a congressional committee that the bindery girls ought to be paid more money as wages.

A bill "to fix the compensation of certain employes" was up for talk and the Graddick girl showed up the government as a bum employer.

"Labor is in the market," said the girl, "She has a product to sell just the same as the mine operators or the real estate man. It seems to me labor should come in for a better share of what it produces and I do not know who should set a better example than the government. It seems to me that is where it should start.

"I am not a Presbyterian, but I think I can quote a definition from the Presbyterian catechism that 'man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.' That certainly does take up labor conditions.

"How are you going to glorify God and enjoy Him if you have not a living wage? I have thought very much of that definition in connection with wage conditions. I ask the question, What is man's chief end? How can man glorify God or enjoy him who cannot take home a sufficient wage to feed his family?"

Then came Henry J. Hardy of the Maryland Federation of Labor. He showed that the girls running presses in the mint are paid \$1.75 a day and don't make much money for themselves while making money for the United States.

"These girls are charged with the most important work in the bureau," said Hardy, "When the printed sheet with the four bills on it comes from the press, it is up to the girls to detect any imperfection in it and to see that it does not get by. If one of those sheets of paper is missed at night and cannot be found, that girl who is working for \$1.75 a day has got to do her share by paying for the face value of that sheet, and by the 'face value of the sheet' is meant the amount of money that would have been printed on it. If they are printing \$1 bills, that sheet of paper cost \$4; if it is \$100 bills it represents (4) \$400, and will have to be paid by the government employes who lost that sheet. That may perhaps strike you as a strange kind of business, but it is an absolute fact.

If, at the close of the day's work there is one sheet of paper missing in the bureau or a mistake in the count, that entire division cannot leave until that sheet is accounted for. Uncle Sam does not pay these girls, nor the men for that matter, for the time they are waiting around there for

somebody's mistake to be corrected. It may have been the fault of one of the girls; it may have been the fault of someone else, but, nevertheless, the entire section is required to remain in the building; in fact, they are detained there, but not under pay.

So you see there is no provision made for paying anything other than just the actual day's work.

There are some girls who are promoted in the different positions to semiclerical work, I should call it, who get as high as \$2.24 a day. We have some there getting \$780. We have some getting \$2 and some getting \$1.92, and a great many at \$1.75. At \$1.75, if a girl gets the greatest amount of money she earns in a month—and that

will be a month that has the fewest number of days—she may get 26 working days, but it will not average 26; but even taking 26 working days every month she would earn in the year \$546.

I think that our committees in Congress have established, beyond all doubt, that it cost more than that for one person to live and live right. While it is true many of these girls are single, yet many of them are widows, and some of them, I should say, are women who have tubercular husbands, as has been called to my attention, and these women are the bread-winners of the families. Can you imagine anybody winning bread on \$546 a year, if she has more than one mouth to feed?

Everett, November Fifth

By Charles Ashleigh

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort'"—
From the report of a witness.)

*Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear of him,—
Soldier of Discontent!*

Out of the dark they came; out of the night
Of poverty and injury and woe,—
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,—
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor's right
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.
Bare hands against the master's armored might!—
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.
The barricade spewed shots and mockery
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,—
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,—
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,—
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

*Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear of him,—
Soldier of Discontent!*

The Future of Socialism in America

By FRANK BOHN

W E Socialists, above all others in the world, are supposed to rely upon facts. We despise superstition. We decry pure logic. The facts, we say: THE FACTS! Very well, let us try to cleave to the simple, common, every-day facts of this relentless world. In this article I shall set forth a few very simple facts which belong together. Put them in a row, look them over and size them up for what they seem to me to be worth.

The socialist party received 900,000 votes in 1912 and 570,000 in 1916.

During these four years the nation made more progress toward the abolition of the competitive system and the growth of state capitalism than it made in ten years previous to 1912.

Let us see just what has been done by the Federal Government alone. A law has been enacted forcing all the railroads of America to accept the eight-hour-day principle in the operation of trains. The President of the United States, in demanding the enactment of the eight-hour bill, declared that the nation now sanctions an eight-hour day for all workers.

A parcels post has been established which has driven several express companies to the wall and turned over the business of thousands of country stores to the great mail order trusts.

A Federal Industrial Relations Commission has been created which takes out of the hands of Congress practically all legislation as regards the conduct of corporations doing an interstate business. That is, a commission of experts, and not the politicians in Congress, is to give legal control to American business.

A rural credits law has been passed which practically makes the national government the banker for small farmers.

But the greatest and most far-reaching event in this tremendous revolution from the old privately owned business to modern state capitalism, has been the establishment of the United States Shipping Board. This board, composed of five members, takes out of the hands of Congress all rules and regu-

lations as regards shipping on both the inland navigable waters of the nation and the high seas. Furthermore, and this is one of the most important events in the history of the United States in a hundred years, this shipping board, with a capital of \$50,000,000, furnished by the Federal Government, is to build, lease or buy ships and operate them upon any routes it may select.

So much for the facts accomplished as regards the growth of state capitalism in America.

The Movement for Government Ownership

All the Hearst papers and all the Scripps-McRae papers advocate the immediate government ownership of every mile of railroad and every car wheel in the country. All the big radical magazines like the *Metropolitan* and *Everybody's* and nine-tenths of the country and small-town newspapers, are educating their readers toward government ownership. One of the biggest daily newspapers in New York City, the *"Globe,"* during the strike of the New York Dairy-men's League, advocated a municipal dairy on Long Island—with sixty thousand cows, to be kept in perfect sanitary condition, and by use of the most scientific methods, to furnish dairy products for the people of Greater New York.

The great middle class, above all the professional class—the school teachers, the college professors, the editors, the lawyers, the physicians—these have been deeply injured by the high prices. They want relief. They are going to get relief—through municipal, state and national ownership. The great army of skilled workers, organized in the various craft unions and the American Federation of Labor, are working and voting hand-in-glove with the professional and middle classes. By 1920 a national referendum for the public ownership of railroads, coal mines, and the greater industrial trusts would undoubtedly pass by a decisive majority.

But all this is not a movement to free the working class. It is not industrial democracy. It is merely Prussianizing America. State capitalism plus universal military

service will make a new Germany out of the U. S. A. in twenty years.

Shall we fight this state capitalism? Not at all. Organize in the industries and control the machine from the bottom, instead of being controlled from the top.

The middle class in America has set out to bedevil the plutocracy. It is doing it "in proper shape." When it gets done with the job there won't be any plutocracy. Scores of billions of wealth—pretty soon half the wealth of the nation—will be owned by the cities and the nation, and by the great educational and charity dispensing corporations. These great public institutions will be managed by boards of experts—sons of the middle and professional classes, trained in our technical schools and paid high salaries, secure in the permanency of their jobs and honored by public acclaim even as Rockefeller and Carnegie were honored yesterday. General Goethals is such a man. Imagine Goethals trading his job and his career for those of J. P. Morgan! Morgan is the big man of yesterday; Goethals is the big man of today and tomorrow. The nation is changing. The world is changing.

Are we changing, too? I fear not. Most of our socialist leaders are living in the past.

The Two Kinds of Socialism

The state capitalism which we are describing, and which is now being thrown at us in enormous chunks by the middle class and the intellectuals, has been called "socialism" by a great many socialist leaders. Most of our official socialist newspapers, books, pamphlets, leaflets and our socialist speeches have advocated nothing more than state capitalism. That is what the word "socialism" means to the American public. To this man or woman in the street "socialism" means the government-owned railroads in Alaska, the municipally-owned street railway in San Francisco, and the new nation-owned shipping trust.

Then there is another kind of socialism which has always been advocated by a minority of the socialists. We industrial socialists have argued that our ideal should not be simply economic security for the worker but industrial freedom through industrial democracy. We want to be fed but we wish to feed ourselves as free men and not by the government as slaves. Some of us have maintained pretty vociferously that we would rather be dead than be organized and driven in a servile state-owned

industrial system like that of Germany. We have looked beyond state capitalism to a condition of industrial freedom. We have declared that in so far as the workers *are industrially organized today* they are empowered to take democratic action in the industries. Indeed, the United Mine Workers of America, for instance, is now actually taking a very important part in the management of the coal mines. The elected representatives of four hundred thousand railroad workers passed an eight-hour law and then went to the President and to Congress and demanded that they ratify that law. Congress did not wish to pass the Adamson bill. The plutocratic "Old Guard" of the United States Senate said it was time to adjourn and go to the summer resorts. Anyway, they said, it was Saturday afternoon and they wanted to go to the golf links. "No," replied the presidents of the railroad brotherhoods, "you stay right here in this Senate chamber this afternoon and pass this bill. If you don't we will tie up the country so tight next Monday morning that the American people will rend you limb from limb on next election day." So the Senate endorsed the bill which had originally been passed by referendum vote of the industrially enfranchised citizenship on the railroads.

Organize the 2,000,000 railroad workers into one union! They will make servants out of all the members of Congress.

Get This in Your Mind's Eye

The American nation is rushing out of political government into industrial government. Congress is losing function after function. Its job is pretty nearly done. Its place is being taken by the industrial experts of the various commissions. We now have national commissions for railroads, for interstate corporations control, for shipping and for the tariff. Add a half dozen national commissions for six more big industries and the Congressmen at Washington will sit around and draw their salaries for sucking their thumbs. The old state lines and district lines are fading. The industries are the new states of our new nation. Democratize the industries by building up industrial unions—by developing toward One Big Union.

The capture and use of the city governments is the biggest political job which we have to tackle. Right now it is possible, in every city in America, to successfully advo-

cate the public distribution of food. The cities, ruled by the workers, can connect with the farmers' unions and so organize and control the whole food producing and distributing industry. WE CAN DO IT NOW. In every city let us work with every labor organization and with every other force which will help to abolish the army of middle-class food gamblers, and keep the policemen's clubs off the strikers' heads. Right here, in the control of the cities, is where political action is direct action—practical, immediate action. But to capture and make social use of city governments we must also capture the state governments. Otherwise, the state governments will put the city administration out of business. To capture the states we must secure the co-operation of the farmers.

Let us not be afraid of "losing our principles." We "lose our principles" most rapidly when we get into endless arguments and quarrels about philosophy and about "How and when the revolution is going to be pulled off."

Socialism in the Unions and in Politics

On the political field there is no reason why socialists should not work with any and all who sanction the public ownership of the industries and agree to help the labor unions. We have long since discovered that a labor union composed entirely of socialists always fails. We now discover that a

political party composed entirely of socialists must also fail. If we can and must work in the unions with non-socialists, we can and must also work in a labor union and farmers' party with non-socialists. If no good reason can be alleged for staying out of these unions, what argument can be alleged for refusing to act with a radical party which will work with and for the unions?

Of course we should have a separate organization for educational and propaganda purposes only. The best organization of this sort I know of is the British Independent Labor Party. Twelve months in the year and every year it teaches socialism. During campaigns it joins with the British labor unions. I used to despise this party. I thought that the Social-Democratic Federation of England was much more "revolutionary." Then came the big war and the British Independent Labor Party proved itself to be the *soundest socialist organization in Europe*. That opened my eyes. Because they used their brains in political campaigns they did not also lose their backbones. They have set an example to all the world as regards how a socialist movement should take political action.

The socialist party, as a small religious sect, will always fail. Our socialist movement, if it is to be a real movement, must keep moving.



Manifesto of the Socialist Propaganda League of America

(Adopted at a meeting held in the City of Boston, November 26, 1916.)

IT IS manifest to every thinking class conscious worker that the present terrific struggle for world power is waged by the capitalist classes to secure a greater share in the exploitation of labor. It is a matter of paramount importance that we, as Socialists, apprehend the basic conditions underlying the strife, and that we prepare to meet the consequences to the world's workers that will issue from it. This address to American Socialists and the working class generally is directed to such an understanding.

The war opens a new era of great conflicts, impelled by the new form of absolutism—the rule of the monarchs of money and the subjugation of a more or less independent class of small capitalists. It means also a more aggressive policy towards labor. The proof of this appears in the United States, where the action of government in appropriating a larger portion of the public revenue to militaristic purposes than any other country, in a so-called time of peace, is accompanied by the massing of material capitals amounting to Eight Billions of dollars in a single Board, to “fight labor.” War, with the American republic co-operating, thus becomes the highest form of exploitation by the capitalist class.

In the confusion arising from false issues of the capitalist class, put forward to mislead the workers, we must ever be on our guard against the crafty apologists of wrong posing as friends of labor. When we are told that we must produce more if we would get more, we know the advice is a bit of special pleading in the interest of those who live without producing. When we are told that we need compulsory arbitration or anti-strike laws, we know that such laws not only fail but are a denial of the working class right to develop all its powers to gain emancipation. When we are told that we must be patriots, which, when interpreted by the capitalist class, means readiness to serve in wars to kill our fellow men and defend the property interests of the owning class, as the President of the United States has said, we know that the proletariat is a propertyless class with no country to defend and no fath-

erland to fight for. This advice from the President—servant of big capital—is not less erroneous and is certainly more dangerous, when given under the name of Socialism, advocating a bourgeois citizens' army or military defense of capitalist interests. We strongly denounce all brands of social patriots and social imperialists as opposed to the interests of the working class. Instead of nationalism we must do all in our power to promote the true internationalism of labor.

To the thoughtful observer it must be apparent that the elements of wealth production in our present society have outgrown the bourgeois forms of existing nations in which they are restricted. The centralization of production, as well as of capital and the monied interests, the close relation of big business and trusts with financial capital—all these developments put great capital not only at the head of industry and production, as the dominating power, but also in controlling influence over the political life and activities of the people. All groups and classes of the people in every so-called civilized nation are dependent upon the all-powerful financial interests of each nation. There is no difference in this respect between “darkest” Russia, with its autocratic form of government, and “enlightened” United States, with its “democratic” institutions that are distinguished by the denial of free speech and organization and shooting by militia and “company thugs,” for examples of which we do not forget Calumet and Ludlow.

In the demoniac chase for markets where national capital may be invested, for the acquisition or retention of colonies and the expansion of spheres of influence, capitalist power divides the universe for exploitation among a few groups of nations, and these are bent on world-control, even at the cost of exterminating each other, as well as their smaller and dependent associates in crime.

It is this higher phase of capitalist development—making futile the policies of free trade, free competition, and the hopes of social reformers—that compels the governments of the larger nations to provide mili-

tary resources of increasing magnitude to fight for a leading position in the world scramble for supremacy. In this race for world leadership we see Germany and England, France and Italy, Austro-Hungary and Russia, the United States and Japan. The triumph of neither of them can be achieved without the destruction, immediate or impending, of them all.

The Dawn of a New Era

Section Comrades and Fellow Workers:
Two

The time is passed when our national Socialist parties, bound by old forms and moved by old ideals, can proceed with its old propaganda within the confines of capitalist legality and morals, and expect within these limits to advance the cause of industrial democracy. We are at the dawn of a new era; the day is big with the content of social eruptions, economic and political strikes, revolutions. It is an era in which the class conflict approaches its climax. The struggle, in all its variations, develops and intensifies from the new policies of imperialism; that is, from the encroachments of the capitalist class using the mailed fist of political governments.

In the class war, all constitutional rights and prerogatives of the people are ignored or abolished, and the capitalist class, abominating Liberty and supported by guns, meets the working class with the armed power of the capitalist state. When the workers seek shelter in constitutional guarantees and essay to use these rights for the betterment of their conditions, they too often find that rights and guarantees are mere "scraps of paper." The capitalist class, with political governments and judicial courts conniving, will tolerate no interference with their class schemes for world domination. Meanwhile the condition of the working class becomes steadily worse and the future less secure. With the cost of essential necessities of life rising to higher and prohibitive levels, the average workman is in constant fear of hunger, and with sickness and disease ever haunting him, has now reached the stage of habitual privation.

Reaction and Revolutionary Ideals

Section The years immediately behind us
Three are marked by inaction and reaction in the Socialist party. A true revolutionary spirit and action has never been less in evidence among party leaders than during the period of the war. But before that calamity befell us we were sub-

jected to a flood of reformistic phrase-mongering, muddling municipalism, boring trade unions from within, captivating the American Federation of Labor, cramming the capitalist moral code down the necks of revolutionists to get middle-class votes, instead of staying on our own job with a consistent propaganda for revolutionary ideals. The four years of reformistic preaching and preparation for chronicling the rise of "socialist" votes to millions in 1916 have proven abortive, while almost none of the rosy predictions of political leaders have materialized. Still, with a strange fatuity, they cling to old forms and discredited methods, blind to the fact: First, That the organization we have is not adapted to develop political power and the principal function of the Socialist movement is to participate in the class struggle in such a way, that the workers are educated to realize that their industrial power must back up a political or general class fight, in which the masses are to gain such a degree of organization and understanding, that they can disorganize the political supremacy of capitalism and substitute the organization of the working class, by the exercise of their own influence on uncompromising Socialist principles. Is it not high time for a thoro reorganization of the party?

Our Socialist parties still fix their hopes on winning seats in congresses and parliaments, altho the real and fixed location of government has been transferred to money exchanges and banking institutions of the money kings. Sacrificing principles of international brotherhood, they are fighting in wars, not for the solidarity and independence of the workers of all nations, but for the aggrandizement of their respective national capitals.

Failing to give support to the mass action of the workers on the industrial field, as evinced at Lawrence, McKees Rocks, the Mesaba Range, and elsewhere in the United States, and similarly in Germany, England and Belgium, the reformers have also failed by constant appeals to legality to crystallize the revolutionary sentiment on the political field.

Must Change With the Times—or Perish

Section What, then, can be the duty of
Four present-day Socialists, except to recognize the collapse of the old and resolutely set to work building the new alongside the industrial evolution and com-

plying with the requirements of the modern and intensified class struggle? It is high time for Socialists to abolish obsolete tactics, abandon middle-class ideals, put away the will-o'-the-wisps of reform, and proclaim a working class program conforming with and equal to the demands of industrial and commercial development. The times change; we must change with them—or perish.

The new aggressive policy of the capitalist class, which we call imperialism, has for its primary object the appropriation of a bigger share of the general surplus values. Under the operation of this feature of capitalist industry the possessing class appropriates increasing wealth while the producing mass cannot, with the wages received, provide for themselves and their dependents the necessities of life. Therefore, we urge the workers, in America and all other countries, to organize in their respective industries in such a manner as to ensure for themselves a material reduction in their working time, a corresponding increase in their share of the social wealth, the expansion of their class power, in order that they become efficient workers for the final overthrow of capitalism and the organization of a co-operative commonwealth. Finally, we adopt and recommend:

1. Instead of a form of labor organization on the economic field that conserves the interests of capitalist exploiters and of industrial autocracy, **INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM**, i. e., **MASS ORGANIZATIONS AND ACTION ON THE INDUSTRIAL FIELD**.

2. Instead of pure and simple electioneering for getting votes and bourgeois parliamentary reform, **RECOGNITION OF PARLIAMENTARY ACTION AS A PART OF THE GENERAL MASS ACTION, IN WHICH ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES SUPPORT THIS ACTION BY ADVOCATING FREE SPEECH AND THE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE AND BY ACTING AS SPOKESMEN OF THE WORKING**

CLASS, UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE WORKING CLASS ORGANIZATION, AGAINST THE PLUTOCRATIC GOVERNMENT AND CAPITALIST REPRESENTATIVES.

3. Instead of a divided struggle of the workers on the industrial and political fields, co-operation leading to **UNDIVIDED MASS ACTION ON BOTH, TO ADVANCE REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES BY EDUCATION, AND MANIFESTING AS AN ORGANIZED EXPRESSION OF WORKING CLASS SOLIDARITY FOR THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF SUCH PRINCIPLES.**

4. Instead of surrendering to imperialism, **THE DEVELOPMENT OF ALL OUR POWERS TO OPPOSE MILITARISM, OFFENSIVE OR DEFENSIVE, AND PROMOTE THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF LABOR.**

5. By mass action we mean: Action by the workers in collective organization for protest and demand on both the economic and political fields, for exercising the power of the strike, opposing anti-strike legislation, refusing military service to maintain capitalism, holding public meetings and demonstrations, and opposing all capitalist class means of repressing the rise of industrial democracy. In mass action we see the only means for the development of a new form of organized democracy in which the rank and file will control.

6. The Socialist Propaganda League of America endorses the position of the Left Wing Socialists of Europe and pledges itself to work in harmony with them for the up-building of the Third International, and in the United States for reorganization of the Socialist Party of this country.

Fraternally submitted,
SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA LEAGUE OF AMERICA,

C. W. Fitzgerald, Secretary,
Roxbury, Mass., Box 23.



Under the Big Tops

By A BALLAHOO WOBBLY

IT was in a southwestern town where one of the biggest circuses in America winters that I first felt the call of the Big Top and got a job with the show, just starting out to make the first towns in the spring. "Happy" Holmes, treasurer of the company, hired me, and I remember that his wife prophesied that ever after would I feel the call of the saw dust whenever I heard a band go up the street.

And there was some truth in what she said. It is funny how a man will return to the kind of work he has pursued, year after year. Doing the same thing, traveling with the same people, acquiring the wanderlust and being in debt to the Big Boss, all have a tendency to tie you to circus life, just as other job-ties drag you back to the shop, the mine or the mill until you get the habit.

I suppose every boy sometime feels that life could hold no greater joy than to call him to earn his living under a circus tent. There is a sort of a romantic glamour about the clown, the elephants and the animal cages, the calliope that some of us never quite outgrow. This glamour is what gathers in the boys who have left home and gone out "on their own." Working in a

circus seems to them to be an ideal way to earn a living. But the wise youngsters soon find some more attractive job on one of our stops and drift away.

Most workmen are on the tramp when they join a show. A tramp makes the most desirable worker for the circus boss. He will usually suffer more hardships, complain less and stick till his wanderlust takes him to another show. And when he quits, it is possible for the boss to keep his two weeks' pay, which is always held back in the show business.

The boys looking for adventure, travel, etc., who get work with a circus, wake up soon. They find they have to work a long time before breakfast in order to unload the cars, start putting up the canvas and think about the street parade, and that supper is served (?) at 4:00 p. m. while the work of pulling up stakes and loading on the cars may go on nearly all night.

The laboring men with the circus are nearly always the most hopeless, dejected lot under the sun. I never met but three I. W. W. men on a circus—and they didn't stay long.

The men who unload the train are called

razorbacks, roughnecks and roustabouts. Men who hold the pole of the wagon when wagons are being taken up the runs are called pollers. They have the most dangerous job on the whole show. Leaps, aerial acts and race, or fancy riding, are dangerous, but nothing compared to the unrecognized work of these men, and those who put up and tear down the big tops.

Of course these men are loaded into bunks like cattle to get a little rest before the next town and unless they wear whatever extra clothes they possess, or sleep with their heads on any suit case they may be fortunate enough to own, they will be robbed in their sleep. The bunks are creeping with vermin and it is almost necessary for a new man to drink himself into insensibility to be able to get any real rest.

We performers, etc., etc., have better sleeping conditions, but our cars are a long way from being sanitary.

The men who put up and take down the tops usually get about \$5.00 a week. But, of course, this includes meals and bunk. Almost every circus carries a "privilege car" owned by the company, and to enter it is usually a privilege for which you have to pay dearly. There is a lunch counter, a bar, and two or three gambling games going all the time. Here is where the company has a chance to clean up on any left-over a man may have from his wages. Here everybody with money in his pocket is welcome as the flowers in May.

The company holds back two weeks' pay and it is a company law that anybody quitting must give two weeks' notice. This is stipulated in all circus contracts. In this way every circus gets a lot of work done for nothing. When a workingman runs up against a good job in some new town he cannot afford to work on two weeks longer with the circus and pay his fare back, even if the job is still open.

Food that goes to the performers, ticket sellers, ballahoo boys, musicians, side show people, bosses and candy-butchers is a little better than that served to the hardest workers. The grafters, fixers, proprietors, managers, etc., eat at tables removed from the common herd, who merely put up the tents and give the performances and these folks get about as good as is going.

You might think you would like to see dinner or supper in process of preparation in the big cook tent, but you would not care

to witness a sacred rite profaned more than once—for the sake of your appetite and your stomach.

During long runs the roustabouts (who do the heaviest work) often have to go twenty-four hours without eating, unless they have the wherewithal that gives them access to the Privilege Car and the lunch table. It is common to have breakfast at 11:00 a. m. after a supper at 4:00 p. m. the previous day.

Of course there are always a few sluggers or stool pigeons for the show. Often when a workingman gives his two weeks' notice, these sluggers will run him away. Sometimes when there are extra men looking for a job, these sluggers will tell the regular men not "to ride the train," and prevent them from riding to the next show town, thus saving their back pay for the company.

I have seen the train stopped and a bunch of workingmen forced off or thrown off only half dressed when the show was more than "full-handed." But not many circuses still practice this thieving trick against the workers. The performers put up a big kick when they see a worker "redlighted" nowadays.

A show now often offers a bonus of \$5.00 a month to the men who will stick out the season, and sometimes they pay the bonus and sometimes they don't. They often put up a claim of losing money and refuse to pay anybody anything. And then what are you going to do about it?

Some men go to a Justice of the Peace, but you can't help thinking that these men have usually been "fixed" and fixed right



—for the company. You will find that the old fellow has gone to bed—at seven o'clock! and refuses to be disturbed. There are always reasons why nothing can be done while the circus is in town, and what can a workingman do when the circus leaves town?

A circus keeps a lot of workingmen and performers around winter quarters, the workers to build new scenery, new trick trapeze or other things and to repair the show, and the performers to learn new high dives, aerial acts, dare-devil stunts, to train new animals, etc., etc. The workers get 50 cents a week on Saturday nights for tobacco, and board and bed—such as they are. Talk about pauper labor! Surely the Big Top in America has the world skinned!

And speaking of winter quarters, I recall a young lad who was ambitious to do dare-devil stuff. There are always youth like this who are drawn to a circus like flies around honey pots. One company boarded this youth half a winter and taught him to become, according to the bill posters:

“Jack Dare-All, The Human Arrow,
Beyond the Limit!”

by having him ride down a steep incline on a bicycle, leap from his wheel fifty feet in the air and take a somersault dive into a tank of water—all for a four-year contract at \$15.00 a week, while the circus was on the road!

The “property boys,” or men whom you have seen around the ring arranging rigging for performers, etc., etc., get \$3.50 a week. It is customary for the performers to “tip” these boys or men and the company

takes this into account when paying them. They get less than the “roustabouts.”

Circuses have a number of ways of “grafting” on the performers, but I will not take up these. I have only tried to give you an idea of what life for the workingman means in the circus.

This life fairly screams for an I. W. W. organizer. If we had a bunch of industrial unionists on the job for one season we would have a revolution in the circus business. Everything here depends upon the roustabouts—almost, just as it does in every branch of industry. The workers could control their jobs here if they were only organized—right.

An interesting thing happened when we showed at Hibbing, Minn., last summer, when the miners were out on strike. The graft on the “sucker” public had been going good in a lot of towns, we heard. The side-shows had been full of games of “chance” (?) wherever it was “safe” for the circus graft crews, where there was no such thing as a percentage in favor of “The House.” The men in charge of the games determined just when a player was to win or lose. And the fellows who sold tickets returned small bills for large ones in making change—to their own profit.

But in Hibbing, I am assured, the sheriff told our graft crews to go as far as they liked; that anything was O. K. so long as they helped clean the pockets of the strikers. So the lid flew off on the gambling games and short-changing was worked as it never had been worked before.



Marxian Economics

The Division of Surplus Value

By MARY E. MARCY

PART II.

IN the first lessons on economics we learned that profits come from the surplus value produced by the working class, that is, from value created by the productive workers for which they receive no equivalent. We saw that these workers receive a *portion* of the value of their products, but only a small portion of that value. We saw how the workers receive the value of the one commodity they have to sell—their labor power, but the value of their labor power is only a small part of the value of their products.

We did not discover what becomes of this surplus value. We saw that it was appropriated by the employer of the productive workers, but we did not learn what ultimately became of it.

Let us consider the capitalist who uses his capital in putting up a furniture plant and who employs men and women to make furniture. We see that these employees may receive only two dollars for making commodities that may retail to the final purchaser at something over twelve dollars. What we want to know is what has been done with the difference between what the furniture makers receive and what the furniture sells for on the retail market.

Suppose the employer pays \$2 for the lumber, or raw material, including transportation to his factory, or the *value* of the raw material and that transportation. Transportation to the ultimate buyer is also represented in the price—he, the consumer, pays; but there probably remains something like \$8 which has been appropriated by the factory owner or owners. What becomes of this? The Massachusetts factory owners proved satisfactorily to the United States Government experts that the salaries and wages they paid for one year amounted to just about the same as the profits of these corporations. Of course their wage lists included presidents and vice-presidents and other high officers whose duties were merely nominal. As a matter of fact, however, they proved and

almost every other manufacturer could likewise show that they do not keep the \$8 appropriated out of the value created by their employees.

If you will look closely into the matter you will see that almost the *entire superstructure* of *society*, at least that portion which does not in itself produce any value, does not add any necessary labor or service—is supported out of this value taken from the *original producers*; out of surplus value, as Marx calls it.

We have taken for granted all along that all commodities exchange at their values. And this is largely true when we consider the final purchaser—the actual consumer. On the average, he buys things at their value. The manufacturer buys raw material, on the average, at its value. The working class sells its labor power at its value, generally; sometimes a little above, sometimes a little below, but on the average, at its value (that is, at the social labor power necessary to produce it).

Part of this surplus value goes to the banker, who permits the industrial capitalist the use of the bank deposits. And out of this interest the banker, in turn, pays his clerks the value of their labor power—or two or three hours of labor value—and receives from them eight hours of labor or of service. The banker draws his actual profits, or interest, and the bank clerks are all paid out of the surplus value originally appropriated from the productive worker.

The industrial capitalist also divides the surplus value extracted from the factory producers with the advertisers. Millions and millions of dollars are annually paid to the different advertising agencies, the newspapers, the illustrators, the printers, the magazines, the clerks, the \$50,000-a-year advertising specialists, etc. The magazines and newspapers are supported by such advertising.

Again, the industrial capitalist, the furniture manufacturer, divides with the governments. He pays property taxes, income taxes and duties. He pays something to

the land owner—rent for necessary land. And then he sells the commodities produced by the furniture makers to the wholesalers *below their value*. In other words, he divides what he has taken from the productive workers with the wholesale merchants.

The wholesale companies produce no value. They are almost wholly unnecessary, perform no useful service. And again the wholesale company divides with the banks which lend them capital, and with the big advertisers, and contributes also to the governments by paying taxes, etc.

The wholesale merchant is much in the same position as the broker who sits in his office and writes to prospective buyers. This broker creates no value. He is nearly always wholly unnecessary, useless, to society. He finds customers and buys from the factory owner or from the farmer, who sell him their commodities *below their value*. He may even never see the wheat or furniture or corn that he buys. He rarely does see them. The broker merely writes the factory or the farmers to ship the grain or the furniture to his customer. He sells commodities to his customers at their value. He buys commodities *below* their value.

The wholesale merchant invests his own capital, and capital borrowed from the banks, in large stocks of goods; he employs thousands of clerks, shipping clerks, office employes, advertising men. And all this, all these men and women, and the profits of the wholesalers, the bankers, the advertisers, are paid out of the surplus value appropriated from the industrial workers.

In "Value, Price and Profit" (Kerr edition, pages 89-91), Marx says:

"The *surplus value*, or that part of the total value of the commodity in which the *surplus value* or *unpaid labor* of the working man is realized, I call *Profit*. The whole of that profit is not pocketed by the employing capitalist. The monopoly of land enables the landlord to take one part of that *surplus value*, under the name of *rent*, whether the land is used for agriculture, buildings or railways, or for any other productive purpose. On the other hand, the very fact that the possession of the *instruments of labor* enables the employing capitalist to produce a *surplus value*, or what comes to the same, to *appropriate to himself a certain amount of unpaid labor*, enables

the owner of the means of labor, which he lends wholly or partly to the employing capitalist—enables, in one word, the money-lending capitalist to claim for himself under the name of *interest* another part of that surplus value, so that there remains to the employing capitalist *as such* only what is called *industrial or commercial profit*.

"By what laws this division of the total amount of surplus value amongst the three categories of people is regulated is a question quite foreign to our subject. This much, however, results from what has been stated.

"*Rent, Interest and Industrial Profit* are only *different names* for different parts of the *surplus value* of the commodity, or the *unpaid labor enclosed in it*, and they are *equally derived from this source, and from this source alone*. They are not derived from *land* as such or from *capital* as such, but land and capital enable their owners to get their respective shares out of the surplus value extracted by the employing capitalist from the laborer. For the laborer himself it is a matter of subordinate importance whether that surplus value, the result of his surplus labor, or unpaid labor, is altogether pocketed by the employing capitalist, or whether the latter is obliged to pay portions of it, under the name of rent and interest, away to third parties. Suppose the employing capitalist to use only his own capital, to be his own landlord, then the whole surplus value would go into his pocket.

"It is the employing capitalist who immediately extracts from the laborer this surplus value, whatever part of it he may ultimately be able to keep for himself. Upon this relation, therefore, between the employing capitalist and the wage laborer the whole wages system and the whole present system of production hinge."

All this is as true of the retail merchant as it is of the wholesale companies. Neither produces any value, nor do their employes produce any value. In almost every small town we see, for example, half a dozen struggling dry goods stores, two or three shoe stores, five or six groceries.

On the foot of page 329 of Kerr edition of "Capital," Vol. III, Marx says:

"Merchant's capital does not create any value, or surplus value."

And again at the foot of page 331:

"Seeing that merchant's capital itself does

not produce any surplus value, it is evident that surplus value appropriated by it in the shape of average profit, must be a portion of the surplus value produced by the total productive capital. But the question is now: How does the merchant's capital manage to appropriate its share of the surplus value or profit produced by the productive capital?"

On page 345 he explains:

"The merchant's capital appropriates a portion of the surplus value by having this portion transferred from the industrial capital to itself."

And again on page 346 Marx says:

"Just as the unpaid labor of the laborer of the productive capital (in this case of the furniture manufacturer) creates surplus value for it in a direct way, so the unpaid labor of the commercial wage workers (clerks, salesmen, etc., etc.), secures a share

of this surplus value for the merchant's capital."

(Read the chapter on Commercial Profit, beginning on page 330, Vol. III, "Capital.")

Now, going back to the furniture manufacturer again, or taking the example of a shoe or hat or clothing manufacturer: it is often necessary to *show* the wares, to *fit* the shoes or *match* the cloth. This is what the employes of some retail merchants actually do. They are merely selling agents for the shoe, or cloth, or furniture manufacturer. They produce no value, or surplus value. Some of these perform a *necessary function*. Marx calls this a part of the *necessary expenses of circulation*, paid for out of the surplus value produced by the workers in the industry.

(Read the chapter on The Expenses of Circulation, Vol II, Marx's "Capital," Kerr edition, which starts on page 147.)

Questions

1. What is surplus value?
2. Who produces surplus value? What class of workers?
3. Suppose one manufacturer sells his commodities right at his factory, and another manufacturer sells his from retail stores at Oshkosh and Indianapolis and many other retail stores, would the clerks in the Oshkosh or Indianapolis stores perform the same function as the sales clerks who sold goods at the factory?
4. Outside of necessary transportation, would these commodities be any more valuable in Indianapolis than at the factory?
5. Would these clerks perform a necessary function?
6. Would they add any actual value to the commodities?
7. What happens when a manufacturer makes double the average rate of profits?
8. Are other capitalists attracted to the same industry?
9. What causes an average rate of profits?
10. From where does the money come which is made by a broker in hoops and staves and barrels, who buys from the manufacturers and has these commodities shipped direct to his customers? Does he add any value to them? If he sells them at their value to the consumer, where does he get his profit?

Sleepyhead

By ANTON TCHECKOFF

NIGHT. Nursemaid Varka, aged thirteen, rocks the cradle where baby lies, and murmurs almost inaudibly:

"Bayu, bayushki, bayu!

Nurse will sing a song to you! . . ."

In front of the ikon burns a green lamp; across the room, from wall to wall, stretches a cord on which hang baby clothes and a great pair of black trousers. On the ceiling above the lamp shines a great green spot, and the baby clothes and trousers cast long shadows on the stove, on the cradle, on Varka . . . When the lamp flickers, the spot and shadows move as if from a draught. It is stifling. There is a smell of soup and boots.

The child cries. It has long been hoarse and weak from crying, but still it cries, and who can say when it will be comforted? And Varka wants to sleep. Her eyelids droop, her head hangs, her neck pains her. . . . She can hardly move her eyelids or her lips, and it seems to her that her face is sapless and petrified, and that her head has been shrivelled up to the size of a pinhead.

"*Bayu, bayushki, bayú!*" she murmurs, "Nurse is making pap for you. . . ."

In the stove chirrup a cricket. In the next room behind that door snore Varka's master and the journeyman Athanasius. The cradle creaks plaintively, Varka murmurs—and the two sounds mingle soothingly in a lullaby sweet to the ears of those who lie in bed. But now the music is only irritating and oppressive, for it inclines to sleep, and sleep is impossible. If Varka, which God forbid, were to go to sleep, her master and mistress would beat her.

The lamp flickers. The green spot and the shadows move about, they pass into the half-open, motionless eyes of Varka, and in her half-awakened brain blend in misty images. She sees dark clouds chasing one another across the sky and crying like the child. And then a wind blows; the clouds vanish; and Varka sees a wide road covered with liquid mud; along the road stretch wagons, men with satchels on their backs

crawl along, and shadows move backwards and forwards; on either side through the chilly, thick mist are visible hills. And suddenly the men with the satchels, and the shadows collapse in the liquid mud. "Why is this?" asks Varka. "To sleep, to sleep!" comes the answer. And they sleep soundly, sleep sweetly; and on the telegraph wires perch crows, and cry like the child, and try to awaken them.

"*Bayu, bayushki, bayú.* Nurse will sing a song to you," murmurs Varka; and now she sees herself in a dark and stifling cabin.

On the floor lies her dead father, Yéfim Stépanoff. She cannot see him, but she hears him rolling from side to side, and groaning. In his own words he "has had a rupture." The pain is so intense that he cannot utter a single word, and only inhales air and emits through his lips a drumming sound.

"Bu, bu, bu, bu, bu. . . ."

Mother Pelageya has run to the manor-house to tell the squire that Yéfim is dying. She has been gone a long time . . . will she ever return? Varka lies on the stove, listens to her father's "Bu, bu, bu, bu." And then someone drives up to the cabin door. It is the doctor, sent from the manor-house where he is staying as a guest. The doctor comes into the hut; in the darkness he is invisible, but Varka can hear him coughing and her the creaking of the door.

"Bring a light!" he says.

"Bu, bu, bu," answers Yéfim.

Pelageya runs to the stove and searches for a jar of matches. A minute passes in silence. The doctor dives into his pockets and lights a match himself.

"Immediately, *batiushka*, immediately!" cries Pelageya, running out of the cabin. In a minute she returns with a candle end.

Yéfim's cheeks are flushed, his eyes sparkle, and his look is piercing, as if he could see through the doctor and the cabin wall.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" asks the doctor, bending over him. "Ah! You have been like this long?"

"What's the matter? The time has come.

your honor, to die.* . . . I shall not live any longer. . . ."

"Nonsense. . . . We'll soon cure you!"

"As you will, your honor. Thank you!" humbly . . . only we understand . . . If we must die, we must die. . . ."

Half an hour the doctor spends with Yéfim; then he rises and says:

"I can do nothing. . . . You must go to the hospital; there they will operate on you. You must go at once. . . . without fail! It is late, and they will all be asleep at the hospital . . . but never mind, I will give you a note. . . . Do you hear?"

"*Batiushka*, how can he go to the hospital?" asks Pelageya. "We have no horse."

"Never mind, I will speak to the squire, he will lend you one."

The doctor leaves, the light goes out, and again Varka hears: "Bu, bu, bu." In half an hour someone drives up to the cabin.

This is the cart for Yéfim to go to hospital in. . . . Yéfim gets ready and goes. . . .

And now comes a clear and fine morning. Pelageya is not at home; she has gone to the hospital to find out how Yéfim is. . . . There is a child crying, and Varka hears someone singing with her own voice:

"*Bayu, bayushki, bayú*, Nurse will sing a song to you. . . ."

Pelageya returns, she crosses herself and whispers:

"Last night he was better, towards morning he gave his soul to God. . . . Heavenly kingdom, eternal rest! . . . They say we brought him too late. . . . We should have done it sooner. . . ."

Varka goes into the wood, and cries, and suddenly someone slaps her on the nape of the neck with such force that her forehead bangs against a birch tree. She lifts her head, and sees before her her master, the shoemaker.

"What are you doing, scabby?" he asks. "The child is crying and you are asleep."

He gives her a slap on the ear; and she shakes her head, rocks the cradle, and murmurs her lullaby. The green spot, the shadows from the trousers and the baby-clothes tremble, wink at her, and soon again possess her brain. Again she sees a road covered with liquid mud. Men with satchels on their backs, and shadows lie down and sleep soundly. When she looks

at them Varka passionately desires to sleep; she would lie down with joy; but mother Pelageya comes along and hurries her. They are going into town to seek situations.

"Give me a kopeck for the love of Christ," says her mother to everyone she meets. "Show the pity of God, merciful gentleman!"

"Give me here the child," cries a well-known voice. "Give me the child," repeats the same voice, but this time angrily and sharply. "You are asleep, beast!"

Varka jumps up, and looking around her remembers where she is; there is neither road, nor Pelageya, nor people, but only, standing in the middle of the room, her mistress who has come to feed the child. While the stout, broad-shouldered woman feeds and soothes the baby, Varka stands still, looks at her, and waits till she has finished.

And outside the window the air grows blue, the shadows fade and the green spot on the ceiling pales. It will soon be morning.

"Take it," says her mistress, buttoning her nightdress. "It is crying. The evil eye is upon it!"

Varka takes the child, lays it in the cradle, and again begins rocking. The shadows and the green spot fade away, and there is nothing now to set her brain going. But, as before, she wants to sleep, wants passionately to sleep. Varka lays her head on the edge of the cradle and rocks it with her whole body so as to drive away sleep; but her eyelids droop again, and her head is heavy.

"Varka, light the stove!" rings the voice of her master from behind the door.

That is to say: it is at last time to get up and begin the day's work. Varka leaves the cradle, and runs to the shed for wood. She is delighted. When she runs or walks she does not feel the want of sleep as badly as when she is sitting down. She brings in wood, lights the stove, and feels how her petrified face is waking up, and how her thoughts are clearing.

"Varka, get ready the samovar!" cries her mistress.

Varka cuts splinters of wood, and has hardly lighted them and laid them in the samovar when another order comes:

"Varka, clean your master's goloshes!"

Varka sits on the floor, cleans the goloshes, and thinks how delightful it would

be to thrust her head into the big, deep golosh, and slumber in it awhile. . . . And suddenly the golosh grows, swells, and fills the whole room. Varka drops the brush, but immediately shakes her head, distends her eyes, and tries to look at things as if they had not grown and did not move in her eyes.

"Varka, wash the steps outside . . . the customers will be scandalized!"

Varka cleans the steps, tidies the room, and then lights another stove and runs into the shop. There is much work to be done, and not a moment free.

But nothing is so tiresome as to stand at the kitchen-table and peel potatoes. Varka's head falls on the table, the potatoes glimmer in her eyes, the knife drops from her hand, and around her bustles her stout, angry mistress with sleeves tucked up, and talks so loudly that her voice rings in Varka's ears. It is torture, too, to wait at table, to wash up, and to sew. There are moments when she wishes, notwithstanding everything around her, to throw herself on the floor and sleep.

The day passes. And watching how the windows darken, Varka presses her petrified temples, and smiles, herself not knowing why. The darkness caresses her drooping eyelids, and promises a sound sleep soon. But towards evening the boot-maker's rooms are full of visitors.

"Varka, prepare the samovar!" cries her mistress.

It is a small samovar, and before the guests are tired of drinking tea, it has to be filled and heated five times. After tea Varka stands a whole hour on one spot, looks at the guests, and waits for orders.

"Varka, run and buy three bottles of beer!"

Varka jumps from her place, and tries to run as quickly as possible so as to drive away sleep.

"Varka, go for vodka! Varka, where is the cork-screw? Varka, clean the herrings!"

At last the guests are gone; the fires are extinguished; master and mistress go to bed.

"Varka, rock the cradle!" echoes the last order.

In the stove chirrup a cricket; the green spot on the ceiling, and the shadows from the trousers and baby-clothes again twinkle before Varka's half-opened eyes, they wink at her, and obscure her brain.

"*Bayu, bayushki, bayú,*" she murmurs, "Nurse will sing a song to you. . . ."

But the child cries and wearies itself with crying. Varka sees again the muddy road, the men with satchels, Pelageya, and father Yéfim. She remembers, she recognizes them all, but in her semi-slumber she cannot understand the force which binds her, hand and foot, and crushes her, and ruins her life. She looks around her, and seeks that force that she may rid herself of it. But she cannot find it. And at last, tortured, she strains all her strength and sight; she looks upward at the winking green spot, and as she hears the cry of the baby, she finds the enemy who is crushing her heart.

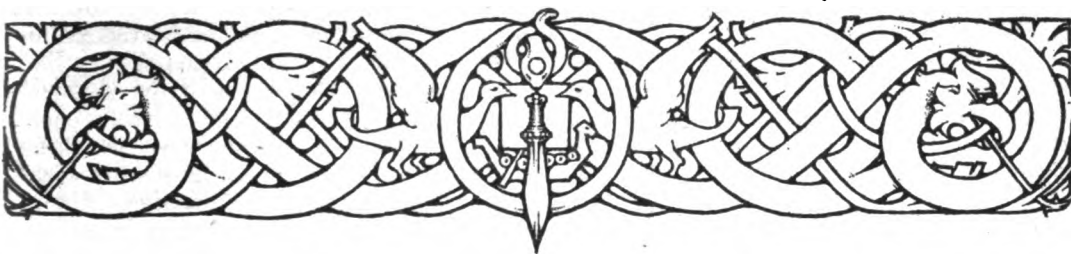
The enemy is the child.

Varka laughs. She is astonished. How was it that never before could she understand such a simple thing? The green spot, the shadows, and the cricket, it seems, all smile and are surprised at it.

An idea takes possession of Varka. She rises from the stool, and, smiling broadly with unwinking eyes, walks up and down the room. She is delighted and touched by the thought that she will soon be delivered from the child who has bound her, hand and foot. To kill the child, and then to sleep, sleep, sleep . . .

And smiling and blinking and threatening the green spot with her fingers, Varka steals to the cradle and bends over the child. . . . And having smothered the child she drops on the floor, and, laughing with joy at the thought that she can sleep, in a moment sleeps as soundly as the dead child.

From "The Black Monk," by Anton Tchekoff, the Guy De Maupassant of Russian literature. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, N. Y. Price, \$1.25 net.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Argentine Socialists Against Militarism

The government of Argentina, South America, has devised the best known system of universal military training.

It is said to be to the Swiss system what the steam locomotive is to the ox-cart. In fact, our own militarists are turning to it as the finest possible scheme for this country.

They have Socialists down in Argentina. In 1914 they cast 40,000 votes. They elected nine representatives to a chamber made up of a hundred and twenty. So they have some influence. On January 10 came the news that the Argentine Socialists had joined in a great demonstration against the new military training law. They held meetings at Buenos Aires and sent a delegation to make representations to the government. What was the result of these demonstrations is left to our imagination. Our chief interest in them, however, is in the proof they give that the Socialists of Argentina are real Socialists.

* * *

Italian Socialists in Peace Move

Socialist deputies in the Italian Parliament took the lead in a peace movement early in December. They introduced a resolution in favor of calling on the American government to arbitrate the differences which are dividing Europe. This resolution was defeated by a vote of 293 to 47. Thirty-seven of the affirmative votes were those of the Socialist deputies. They voted unanimously in favor.

This event is merely the high point in a vigorous campaign being carried by our Italian comrades. They are holding meet-

ings, distributing leaflets and organizing groups of workers in favor of an immediate peace. The initiative recently taken by our own National Executive Committee will find strong support in Italy.

* * *

Austrian Socialists for Peace

The Austrian Social-Democratic party held a conference early in November. Victor Adler made a notable address and a resolution was adopted calling on the Central powers to make a definite statement of their peace terms. The exact words of the resolution have not come to us, but Adler summed it up in one of his paragraphs. He suggested that the Central Powers say to the Entente Allies: "Yes, gentlemen, as you affirm that you desire nothing but a new constitution for Europe under which the nations may live as equals upon the basis of universal rights of the peoples, you could not have taken a better position, and we are ready to join with you to secure the change."

The adoption by the Austrian Socialists of a resolution to this purpose is less significant now than it would have been a year ago. If the Austrian government had not approved of what was to be done, the conference would never have been held. And it is to be remembered that the German peace proposal was made only a few weeks after this Socialist action. Socialists who cannot act excepting in accord with their government, cannot expect to win great respect either at home or abroad.

One passage in Adler's speech strikes an interesting note. "I have no fears," he said, "either for the International or the Social

Democracy. . . . It is my conviction that the people of the various nations are closer together than ever before. It is not in vain that Germans are prisoners in Russia and Russians in Germany. The men of each warring nation will return to their country changed, and the change will not be for the worse. How and when the change will come, I do not know. But what I do know is, that our conviction has been neither changed by the war nor disproved."

* * *

**Australian
Labor Party
Discards
Hughes**

The editor of this department has never been enthusiastic about the Australian Labor Party. Tho it is made up of chiefly members of the working class and dominated by union men, it is, nevertheless, a liberal party dominated by mildly reformatory ideals. It backed the original Australian military service law and must be held responsible for placing it upon the statute books. This law, as everybody knows, provides for compulsory military training and service within the country and for purposes of defense. It has been opposed by considerable sections of the working class, and support of it has stamped the Labor Party as none too liberal in its views of human affairs.

But now this same Labor Party has done a thing which calls for emphatic approval among lovers of liberty everywhere. It will be remembered that Premier William Hughes' Conscription bill was defeated some two months ago. This bill provided for compulsory training and, in case of war, compulsory service in any war carried on by Britain anywhere. This bill was Mr. Hughes' great attempt to swing Australia for British imperialism. He had been hailed in England as the British super-man. If he had won at home he would have been

recognized as one of the leaders of the empire. Australia would have stood committed to a pushing militarist policy on behalf of British domination of the world.

This bill was defeated. It was energetically opposed by Laborites, Socialists, Industrial Workers, and women's organizations. The defeat was decisive. Under the circumstances, Mr. Hughes was naturally expected to resign his place as premier. But he did not resign. When his desire to remain in office became clear, he was called before a meeting of the 67 labor members of the lower house of the federal parliament. Five charges were made against him. He had refused to obey the mandate of his party, he had branded his fellow-members as traitors in the pay of Germany; he had publicly branded the party as degenerate, he had attempted to deter opponents of his measure from voting, and, in general, he had acted like a dictator rather than like an official leader. The super-man was in a sad plight. He blustered and pleaded, but it did no good. Finally he left the meeting with a few of his personal followers. Immediately his successor as party leader was elected and the party went on with its business.

Mr. Hughes has retained his place as premier, but he is in a peculiar position as head of a government without a majority behind it. His followers call themselves the Center Party. But there are only twenty-four of them in the lower house. The Conservatives have thirty-seven and the Labor Party forty-three. In the Senate the Laborites have nineteen, while the Conservatives and Centrists together have but sixteen. So even in combination with the Conservatives Premier Hughes cannot put through any measures in opposition to the Laborites. It is expected that his resignation will be forced in the near future.

Have You Read SCOTT NEARING'S "THE NEW EDUCATION"?

It's in the January number of THE MODERN SCHOOL—America's only magazine of Libertarian Education. Monthly, Ten Cents a copy, One Dollar a year. Address: Stelton, New Jersey.

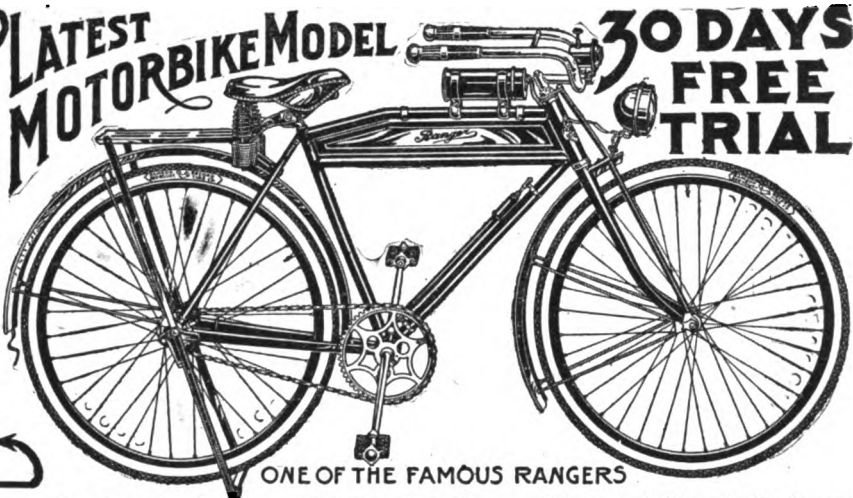
Don't miss "The Case of Nietzsche," by J. William Lloyd, in the February number. The best of Radical Thought in the Most Beautiful of Radical Magazines.

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By **PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE**

A new and important work, advance extracts from which have appeared in the *International Socialist Review* during 1915. The entire work contains about double the matter thus published, with twenty new illustrations from original drawings.

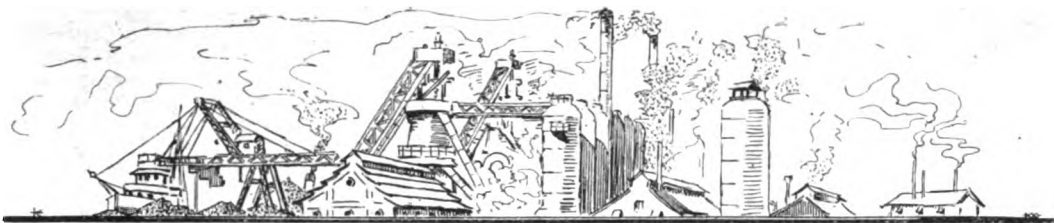
It is the story of Man's instincts, developing from the lower animals, through savagery and barbarism to the present time. The author shows how many instincts that we still possess have survived from the old pre-historic times when they were essential to the preservation of man, but that they have today become vestigial, that is, no longer useful and even positively injurious.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The British Socialist Party, with Central offices in London, England, sends in \$94.00 for our standard Socialist literature. Wars may come and go, but it is the work of the intelligent Socialists everywhere to circulate the kind of literature which will wise up the workers to the nature of the capitalist beast, so that we can put it out of business.

From Far-Away Africa—Comrade S. G. Rich of the Adams Mission Station, Natal, So. Africa, renews his subscription to the REVIEW and orders a bundle of standard Socialist books. We are wondering how many centuries will pass before the black slaves of South Africa will reach the dizzy heights of civilization we have already attained. Let us hope that some day these benighted black brothers will learn how to cast their ballots as effectively as they now wield the bolo, as only pure and simple political action can free them from their slavery. What a land of promise South Africa presents to the far-sighted politician!

Butte Workingmen's Union—"Just a few lines to tell you that 100 copies of January REVIEW arrived O. K. and it is sure a cracker-jack of a number. A copy should be in the hands of every workman in the United States. Then we would hear less talk of so-called benefits derived from the last (Wilson) administration. Last Friday night we had a smoker at the union meeting and in twenty minutes all the REVIEWS were taken and you could hear the brothers commenting on the different articles and "The Dream of Debs," by Jack London, sure did make a hit. The members of this union swear by the REVIEW. No matter which political party they belong to, they all agree that it is sure a Fighting Magazine, and we hope the New Year will bring it all the success possible."—From G. H. C.

Truly International—Comrade Hugh Craney of San Bernardino, Cal., sends in a dollar for his REVIEW subscription and says: "I have just returned from a trip around the world and found men in Australia, Africa and Japan who were reading the REVIEW. It is truly a great International magazine."

The Internationalist—The new \$1.00 a year Left Wing Socialist Party weekly has made its appearance since the advent of the January REVIEW and we can say that, without any exception, the first number is the greatest copy of any American paper we have seen in a long, long time. Read the article in this number of the REVIEW, which appeared in the Internationalist, and which is so good we are copying it in the REVIEW. It is a sample of what you may expect in the Internationalist. Send \$1.00 for a yearly sub. to Box 23, Roxbury, Mass., or add 50 cents to a REVIEW subscription (sending \$1.50) for U. S. sub. to us and get both the REVIEW and this brilliant and militant new paper at the same time.

Information Wanted at Once—One of our best revolutionary comrades is up against a very serious situation which cannot be told in the REVIEW in black and white. With a little cooperation we can solve his bread and butter problem. He is at present managing a nursery and fruit-growing business. He must find employment along this line at once. You, REVIEW readers, who live in fruit-growing districts, get busy and let us hear of any opening at the earliest possible date. Address your letter to the REVIEW and kindly put at the top of same: "Attention of L. H. M."

Workers!—Help defend the men who are in jail for their activities on behalf of free speech for labor in Everett, Wash. Seventy-four are charged with murder; the working class must free them. We have a number of postal cards illustrating various phases of the Everett fight. They cost 10 cents each. There are eight different sorts. Pictures of the five victims, of the funeral, etc. Send them to your friends. Advertise the shame of Everett Prisoners' Defense Committee, Box 1878, etc! Profits go to defense. Order from: Everett, Seattle, Wash.

I. W. W. in Australia—The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, formerly of Chicago, who arrived from Australia yesterday, today gave out a sensational interview, alleging the I. W. W. dominated and terrorized Australia.

"The trouble in Australia began," said Dr.

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My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it **FREE**. Write me promptly.

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Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say; I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, **FREE**, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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Henry, "with the return from England of Premier Hughes, the high priest of the labor party. He brought word that vigorous measures must be taken to send more troops to take the places of 75,000 Australians lost.

"Had conscription passed, I. W. W. leaders openly threatened revolution. In connection with the disturbances, a prominent I. W. W. leader named Barker was arrested. I. W. W. leaders said unless he was immediately released they would burn Sydney. Upon the refusal of the government, the I. W. W.'s set out to make good their threat. Fires broke out in Sydney every night. When property to the value of \$3,000,000 had been destroyed the government backed down and let Barker go."—Chicago Herald.

Strikers Hold Mass Meeting—Several hundred lumber workers held a successful protest meeting at Kaplan's Hall, in Bemidji, Minn., on January 5. Comrade Mrs. James F. Hayes, who took active part in aiding the textile workers during their strike at Lawrence, Mass., in 1912, acted as chairman. Speeches were made by Fellow Worker Nils Madison, and Comrades Hannah and Kaplan, after which the meeting was thrown open and several lumber jacks described working conditions in the camps and gave reasons why they went on strike. Addresses were made also in Russian and Polish. A splendid spirit of solidarity permeated the meeting and Fellow Worker Fred Melrose, chairman of the strike committee, made his report covering demands submitted to the lumber barons. Fellow Worker George Ginton closes his letter to the REVIEW by saying: "Everything is quiet and no violence or disorder of any nature has taken place. We are standing firm and expect to score a great victory for the lumber workers of this state. We are marching to victory, adding many recruits daily to our ranks in the great battle for Industrial Freedom."

On the Firing Line at Portland—Over fifty of our fellow workers are in jail here charged with state vagrancy. It is over the question of the right to picket. We have had quite a strike on some of the coffee houses here for some time. The houses we called the strikes on were absolutely unorganized. We closed one joint up in twenty-four hours, then the Great A. F. of L. signed up with the bosses without having an understanding with us and went scabbing. When this house opened up again we put pickets in front of the joint and then, with the cooperation of the police, they started arresting I. W. W.'s by the score, until we have over fifty of our fellow workers in jail. They all asked for a jury trial and their cases are set for the 19th of the month. They have stopped arresting any more pickets. Don't know what their next move will be. Will keep you in touch with full developments if anything of importance takes place.—H. L.

Comrade Christiansen of Wildunn, Can., writes: "THE REVIEW appeals to all strata of the working class, the educated and the uneducated. And the REVIEW stands for Socialism, not the reforms that have simply been tagged with the name of Socialism."

Life in Chicago Today

We have slot machines in Austin, mother, darling;

In Ravenswood the stores are selling gin;
And where Gladys walks with Percy, on Division or Diversey,

There are movies that are propagating sin.
We are dancing modern dances, mother, darling;

And the loop is getting worse than Trolley Park;

And discretion will desert you with your pocketbook and virtue

If you walk about on Wabash after dark.

But the cops are very busy, mother darling;

Every bluecoat is a candidate for fame,
And he peeks with anxious eyes through every keyhole he describes

To get a case against a naughty poker game.
O, the cops are at the movies, mother, darling,
To make sure that Mary Pickford's doing right.

So the thugs have lots of time for almost any kind of crime,

And we've a murder in the paper every night.

We've policemen in the parlor, mother, darling;
They are asking me if father ever bets.

We've detectives on the stairs who want to know if grandma swears,

And they are certain there's a smell of cigarettes.

But Katie's in a casket, mother, darling;

She was murdered by a moron yesterday,
While the bluecoat on the beat was working farther down the street

To get a line upon a sinful cabaret.

—B. W. W., in Chicago Evening Post.

"Great American Fortunes" in Germany—

Our readers will be interested to know that this important work by Comrade Gustavus Myers has been published in the finest possible style by S. Fischer, the largest book publisher in Germany, and has already run thru four editions, the first of which appeared in May, 1916. This in spite of the fact that the book was issued at a high price. The moral seems to be that German capitalists enjoy reading the truth about the thefts of American capitalists, even though the latter do not encourage American publishers to circulate information on their own misdeeds. Our edition of Comrade Myers' book, in three volumes, at \$1.50 each, has run through several editions. We have a good supply of volumes I and II on hand, but Vol. III is temporarily out of print on account of the high price of book paper. The book is one that no student of social conditions in the United States can afford to pass by.

Must Have the Review—Comrade Hensley, of Elm Springs, Ark., writes us: "We are in bad this year on account of the drought and I will have to drop some of my periodicals, but I will have to have the REVIEW another year anyway." Letters like this one almost make us feel that the REVIEW is going to reach the height of our ambition for a working class magazine some time.

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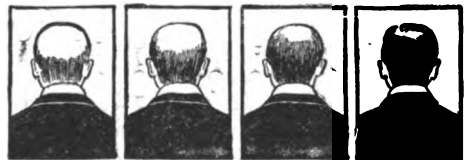
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VICTIMS OF THE SYSTEM, by Dorothy Johns. Paper, 10 cents.

Prices include postage; catalog free on request.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers
341-349 East Ohio Street, Chicago

One "Live One" Is Worth a Thousand Dues-Paying Do-Nothings—A Michigan comrade writes: "I have canvassed one factory here and to date have a list of 45 workers who have agreed to buy the REVIEW from me every month.

"Whenever it is possible to get a person to subscribe for the REVIEW I will send in his subscription rather than sell it to him by the copy. But I find it much easier to get them to part with a dime every month than it is to get a dollar from them at one time.

"The proceeds from REVIEW sales will be used to buy Socialist books from you for my library and to distribute literature to non-Socialists. Express 50 January Reviews at once."—Yours for the Revolution, S. C. B.

From Australia—Comrade George G. Mac writes that the coal miners are out on strike in Australia and will stay till they win their demands; that some thousands of able-bodied men have been snatched away from their various occupations and put into military camps while the harvest will, in many cases, rot in the fields. He says there is now a "pet" movement for supplying farm labor to take the places of men taken into camps, but believes that "good old Frank Lundie has probably put the screw on the cat." The masters of high schools had offered to put the scholars into the harvest fields so as to keep the men in camp. Australia is now building a new 1,000-mile railroad, four feet 8½-inch gauge, laid with 80-pound rail—all made in Australia. D. Mac says: "Don't forget; we hold good cards and have got good men to play them. Some day you will hear that the leading workmen's organization here is the I. W. W."

Subscribed for Eleven Years—Comrade Bernat, of San Diego, writes that he is subscribing for the REVIEW for the eleventh time, making eleven years that he has been a REVIEW reader. He says he hopes the REVIEW will keep in the path of no compromise, as it is refreshing to see a Socialist periodical that don't go out for "low taxes," municipal ownership of the town pump, etc., etc. Sometimes we don't think we do as well by the REVIEW as we would wish, but it does our hearts good to hear from an old-timer who has been on the firing line for over eleven years.

From Our Hustlers—Comrade Sweet, of Denver, boosts up the circulation ten notches with ten yearlies at that point and a young Russian comrade in Lenoir City, Tenn., aged only nineteen years, sent in an order and asked how he could go to work to help the movement along. He has received three copies of "How the Farmer Can Get His" by this time, and we hope the books will wake everybody up. Good for Comrade Shiffress. We wish all our young friends who were born in America would be as interested in education as he is.

A Ford Winner—Comrade Fields, state secretary of Idaho, sends in \$40.00 in one day for subscriptions to the REVIEW to apply on a Ford touring car. It looks as though Idaho was going to be within striking distance before long!

Rupture Simple Home Treatment



Be Away With Steel and Rubber Bands that chafe and pinch. Stuart's PLAPAO-BANDS are different from truss, being medicine applicators, made self-adhesive to prevent slipping. No "digging in" or grinding pressure. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as Velvet—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Hundreds of *suicidal* testimonials from those cured. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Write today for Trial Plapao and illustrated book, absolutely FREE. Nothing to pay, nothing to return. PLAPAO Co., Block 245 St. Louis, Mo.

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If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. PAGE, 316 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

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Has 2 books made for truthseekers. "Iconoclast's Message," \$1, and "Radical Views," \$1. Very strong, nicely printed. Don't send for them if you like "regular" books. Be a rebel.

Socialism and War

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx."

A brilliant and adequate Socialist interpretation of the Great War by the foremost Marxian scholar in America.

This book develops a theory of the economic basis of Imperialism that is at once original and satisfactory.

The general problems involved in the Socialist attitude to ALL wars are brilliantly discussed.

The Analysis is Strictly Scientific, the Style and Presentation Simple and Direct.

This important book has lately been published in New York at \$1.10 postpaid. We have bought part of the edition, and while our copies last, we will mail the book to any REVIEW reader on receipt of \$1.00. Address

Chas. H. Kerr & Company
341-349 East Ohio Street, Chicago



PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Annual Stockholders' Meeting 1917

THE annual stockholders' meeting of Charles H. Kerr & Co. was held at 341 E. Ohio street, Chicago, January 15, 1917, at 3:30 p. m.

Present:	Shares
Chas. K. Kerr, holding personally.....	1,182
Chas. H. Kerr, holding individual proxies.....	1,130
Chas. H. Kerr, holding proxies for Geo. D. Herron	16
Chas. H. Kerr, holding proxies for Alfred Schoch	35
Chas. H. Kerr, holding proxies for Rose Pastor Stokes	5
L. H. Marcy, holding 1 share individually	1
L. H. Marcy, holding proxies.....	6
Dr. F. W. Miller, holding personally (Chicago)	1
R. L. Mallory, holding proxy of Local Elkhart	1
Harry L. Dale, proxy of Local Aurora..	1
Mrs. M. Johnson, holding proxy for English Scandinavian Socialist Club.....	1
Mrs. M. Johnson, holding proxy for Eric Olson	1
Jacob Bruning, holding personally.....	1
Daniel F. Sager, Chicago, holding personally	1
J. P. Rowe, Chicago, holding personally..	1
Mary E. Marcy, Chicago, holding proxies	39

Total shares represented.....2,423

Charles H. Kerr presided and Mary E. Marcy acted as secretary. President Kerr read the following:

Annual Report

The year 1916 has been a year of capitalist prosperity, and this has been reflected by an increase in the sales of our cloth bound books, while on the other hand the Socialist movement of the United States has been in an unsettled and chaotic condition, so that little has been done in the way of the circulation of Socialist pamphlets. Under these circumstances we are especially glad to announce that the subscriptions and sales of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW have increased as compared with 1915.

An unexpected hindrance to our work during 1916 has been the sharp advance in the cost of all grades of book paper. That on which the *Review* is printed has doubled in price, and that used for propaganda booklets costs more than three times as much as a year ago. In view of this fact, and also of the inactivity of the Socialist organizations which formerly circulated our literature, we have this year added only one new book to our list, Mary Marcy's "How the Farmer Can Get His," a propaganda

work based on Marxian economics, but written in the simplest language. It has proved effective wherever it has been circulated.

We were fortunate in closing the year 1915 with a large stock of books on hand, printed on paper which had been bought at the low prices formerly prevailing. Up to the present time, we have been enabled to supply our stockholders as before with nearly all of our standard books at the former discount of forty per cent, postage or expressage paid by us. We have, however, been obliged to cut off all offers of extra discounts for books in larger quantities. If the high price of paper continues for another year, we shall probably have to reduce our discounts to stockholders, but this will not be done unless it proves necessary to avoid a loss.

The balance sheet for the year 1916 shows a slight deficit; the figures are as follows:

December 30, 1916

ASSETS

Cash on hand	\$ 218.25
Books, bound and unbound.....	11,801.03
Electrotype plates	13,823.80
Copyrights	12,248.88
INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.....	5,000.00
Office furniture and fixtures.....	485.00
Real estate	400.00
Accounts receivable	652.54
Bills receivable	1,979.58

Total\$46,609.08

LIABILITIES

Paid-up capital stock	\$41,830.00
Co-operative publishing bonds	320.00
Accounts payable	497.83
Loans from stockholders	3,961.25

Total\$46,609.08

1916

RECEIPTS

Book sales	\$17,354.43
Review subscriptions and sales.....	8,895.08
Review advertising	1,011.76
Donations	12.70

\$27,273.97

Deficit 82.94

\$27,356.91

EXPENDITURES

Manufacture of books	\$ 5,155.77
Manufacture of REVIEW.....	5,485.73
Wages	7,949.25
Postage and expressage.....	3,684.95
Advertising	665.12
REVIEW circulation expense.....	374.68

REVIEW articles and photographs....	332.09
Authors of books	348.03
Books purchased	916.07
Rent	1,099.92
Taxes	49.51
Miscellaneous expense	638.66
Interest	44.09
Decrease in books on hand.....	613.04

Total\$27,356.91

The donations included in the report are \$1.70 from O. E. Samuelson, \$1.00 from G. C. Smith, and a \$10.00 share of stock in the publishing house contributed by M. W. Cook.

During the year we sold treasury stock to the amount of \$670.00, increasing our paid up capital to \$41,830. This is nominally a liability, but as all stock was subscribed with the understanding that no dividends were promised, it need occasion no anxiety. Our other liabilities were reduced by \$380.87 during the year, and now amount to only \$4,779.08. They consist mainly of loans from stockholders, about half of which are without interest, the other half at four per cent. Our assets now include bills receivable to the amount of \$1,979.58, constituting a reserve fund available quickly in the event of any emergency. During 1917 I hope that we may be able to sell two or three hundred more shares of stock at \$10.00 each, and thus increase this reserve.

The close of the European war will almost certainly be followed by an intensified class struggle between capital and labor, especially in the United States. Compulsory arbitration with ruling-class arbitrators will be the weapon on the one side; mass action must be the weapon on the other. The propaganda and educational literature for this new struggle cannot be prepared in advance; it will take shape from the experience of the hour, and when it does take shape it must be circulated swiftly and energetically. My hope is that our publishing house will be able to serve the revolutionary movement by providing this literature as the occasion comes. To this end we need more co-operators.

L. H. Marcy moved that the report be accepted and the motion was seconded by Comrade Sager and accepted unanimously.

Comrade Walter Huggins and Ralph Chaplin, who have served the company very loyally as directors during the past years, asked to have new comrades elected in their places, as they do not expect to be in Chicago much during the coming year. Comrades Robert Howe and Leo Baer, old and well-known members of the Socialist Party of Cook

county, both consented to serve. Comrade Miller made a motion nominating these two new directors and the other five directors who served last year. The motion was seconded by Comrade Mallory and carried unanimously.

The seven directors are Charles H. Kerr, L. H. Marcy, Jacob Bruning, Daniel F. Sager, Robert Howe, Leo Baer and Mary E. Marcy.

The meeting was thrown open to discussion and Mrs. Marcy asked for suggestions to increase the REVIEW circulation to 100,000. Comrade Sager advised the REVIEW editors to keep up the same tack and push subscriptions. Comrade Mallory, of Elkhart, said he had no complaint to make against industrial unionism, as advocated in the REVIEW. He said that the workers were growing more radical every day and that the railroad men were waking up fast. After telling of some interesting views of these men, Comrade Mallory said he believed they would soon be in a position where they would want to advocate revolution.

Rev. Miller declared that he knew of many organizations, Socialist and otherwise, which were mere begging institutions, were always in debt, mismanaged. He said that every year we saw Socialist papers and magazines that were a mere flash in the pan. Other Socialist periodicals come and go, he said, but the REVIEW goes on forever. He said great credit was due President Kerr and Vice-President L. H. Marcy for the way they have built up the publishing house and the REVIEW.

Comrade Jacob Bruning said that he "could better give advice to the kings of Europe on how to conduct the war than he could advise the officers of the company how to run a Socialist publishing house under Capitalism."

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

Mary E. Marcy,
Secretary.

Directors' Meeting

The first directors' meeting of Charles H. Kerr & Co., for 1917, was held at 4:30 at 341 E. Ohio street, with Jacob Bruning, Charles H. Kerr, Daniel F. Sager, L. H. Marcy and Mary E. Marcy present, on Jan. 15, 1917.

Comrade Sager moved that the present officers of the company be re-elected for the coming year at the salaries they had received in 1916. Motion was seconded by Jacob Bruning and carried.

For 1917, therefore, Charles H. Kerr is elected president; L. H. Marcy, vice-president, and Mary E. Marcy, secretary.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

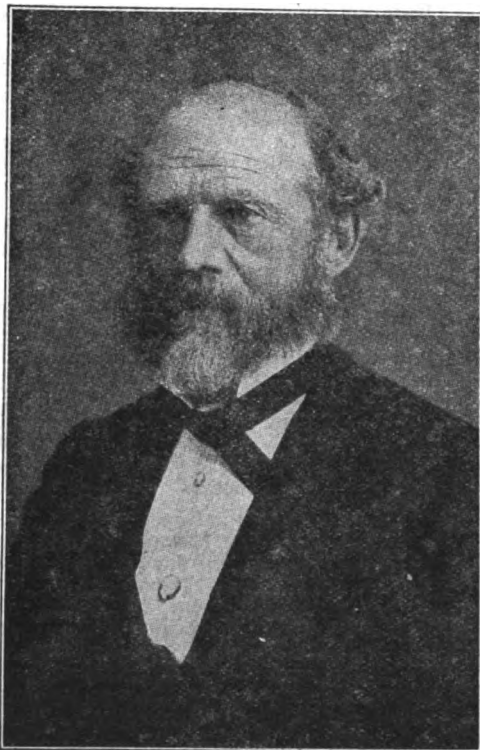
Mary E. Marcy,
Secretary.



ANCIENT SOCIETY

OR

Researches in the Lines of Human Progress: From Savagery Through Barbarism to Civilization



LEWIS H. MORGAN

One American and only one is recognized by the universities of Europe as one of the world's great scientists. That American is LEWIS H. MORGAN, the author of this book. He was the pioneer writer on the subject. His conclusions have been fully sustained by later investigators.

This work contains a full and clear explanation of many vitally important facts, without which no intelligent discussion of the "Woman Question" is possible. It shows that the successive marriage customs that have arisen have corresponded to certain definite industrial conditions. The author shows that it is industrial changes that alter the relations of the sexes, and that these changes are still going on. He shows the historical reason for the "double standard of morals" for men and women, over which reformers have wailed in vain. And he points the way to a cleaner, freer, happier life for women in the future, through the triumph of the working class. All this is shown indirectly through historical facts; the reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

Cloth, 586 large pages, gold stamping. Until lately this book could not be bought for less than \$4.00. Use coupon below, and we will mail the book to YOU for 50c, provided you send \$1.00 *at the same time* for a year's subscription to the **International Socialist Review**.

Address

Charles H. Kerr & Company

118 West Kinzie Street, Chicago

Charles H. Kerr & Company,
118 West Kinzie Street, Chicago:

I enclose \$1.50 for which please mail a copy of "Ancient Society" and enter my name for the **International Socialist Review** for one year.

Name..... Address.....

Postoffice..... State.....

Note—If desired, the REVIEW will be sent to another address or we will send a subscription card to be filled out later.

The Socialist Vote 1900-1916

	1900	1904	1908	1912	1916
Alabama	928	1,853	1,399	3,029	1,925
Arizona	1,304	1,912	3,163	3,174
Arkansas	27	1,816	5,842	8,153	6,999
California	7,572	29,533	28,659	79,201	43,263
Colorado	684	4,304	7,974	16,418	9,963
Connecticut	1,029	4,543	5,113	10,056	5,179
Delaware	57	146	240	566	480
Florida	603	2,337	3,747	4,806	5,353
Georgia	197	584	1,028	966
Idaho	4,954	6,400	11,960	8,066
Illinois	9,687	69,225	34,711	81,249	61,394
Indiana	2,374	12,013	13,476	36,931	21,855
Iowa	2,742	14,847	8,287	16,967	10,976
Kansas	1,605	15,494	12,420	26,779	24,685
Kentucky	770	3,602	4,185	11,647	4,734
Louisiana	995	2,538	5,249	284
Maine	878	2,106	1,758	2,541	2,186
Maryland	908	2,247	2,323	3,996	2,674
Massachusetts	9,716	13,604	10,781	12,622	11,058
Michigan	2,826	8,941	11,586	23,211	16,012
Minnesota	3,065	11,692	14,527	27,505	20,117
Mississippi	393	978	2,061	1,484
Missouri	6,128	13,009	15,431	28,466	14,612
Montana	708	5,676	5,855	10,885	9,564
Nebraska	823	7,412	3,524	10,185	7,141
Nevada	925	2,103	3,313	3,065
New Hampshire	790	1,090	1,299	1,980	1,318
New Jersey	4,609	9,587	10,249	15,928	10,405
New Mexico	162	1,056	2,859	1,999
New York	12,869	36,883	38,451	63,381	45,985
North Carolina	124	345	1,025	490
North Dakota	518	2,017	2,421	6,966	5,716
Ohio	4,847	36,260	33,795	89,930	38,092
Oklahoma	815	4,443	21,779	42,262	45,190
Oregon	1,495	7,651	7,339	13,343	9,711
Pennsylvania	4,831	21,863	33,913	83,614	42,637
Rhode Island	956	1,365	2,049	1,758
South Carolina	22	100	164	135
South Dakota	169	3,138	2,846	4,662	3,809
Tennessee	410	1,354	1,870	3,504	2,445
Texas	1,846	2,791	7,870	24,896	18,952
Utah	717	5,767	4,895	9,023	4,460
Vermont	371	844	547	928	798
Virginia	145	218	255	820	1,062
Washington	2,006	10,023	14,177	40,134	22,546
West Virginia	268	1,572	3,679	15,336	6,150
Wisconsin	7,095	28,220	28,164	33,481	27,846
Wyoming	1,077	1,715	2,760	1,453
Totals	96,931	409,230	424,483	901,032	590,166

Congressional Vote—1906, 331,043; 1910, 607,674.

The Most Interesting Library Club in America

THE Communistic Library in Trenton, N. J., is located at 512½ Hudson street, in a dingy, unattractive building, but it is the home of the most interesting library in America.

The Communistic Library Club is composed of twenty members and holds meetings twice a week. At these little gatherings you will meet men from all countries, Swiss, Hungarians, Russians, Spaniards, Belgians, Italians, Austrians, Germans, French and English. The object of the club is education. Those who are interested can have books at any time without cost and more than one hundred workers take out books weekly. If they wish to co-operate with the club their names are placed on the book as monthly subscribers, and the revenue from this source covers the rent of the hall and the cost of buying books any member may suggest.

There are no officers and no votes are taken. All the discussions are the result of mutual understanding, mutual concession, free agreement. And it works. Books are never stolen, although they are taken free of cost, and for any length of time—the honor system at the highest point of development. The members do their own selecting, purchasing, arranging and borrowing. It is a case of “use your head, if you have one; if not, let me help you.”

About the walls hang pictures representing the art of a dozen schools and periods, along with excellent drawings and sketches of Francesco Ferrer and Karl Marx. A comrade who visited the library glanced at the list of books.

Here came the most staggering surprise of the visit. The range and variety, the depth and breadth of this little collection is amazing. The catalogue is written out in long hand, but in two languages. German is necessary, because the greatest works are in that tongue; 300 volumes appear in the list, divided into the following: A, romance, stories, poems and dramas; b, history and biography; c, natural history, evolution and anthropology; d, philosophy and religion; e, socialism and anarchism; f, hygiene, physiology and anatomy; g, diverse, for children; h, pamphlets and maps.

And the names that appear in the index:

Tolstoi, the greatest Russian sage; Ibsen, the Norse poet-dramatist; Goethe and Schiller, twin lights of German literature; Dickens, observer and human naturalist; Darwin, the father of evolution theories; Haeckel, greatest of modern European psychologists; Emile Zola, the French novelist; Victor Hugo, Alphonso Daudet, Dostiefski, Maxim Gorky, Heine Kipling, Pierre, Loti and Alexander de Maupassant. All in 900 books.

Under the classification of religion appears Thomas Henry Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Tom Paine and Max Nordau stand forth from the index as favorite authors with this band of mechanics and day laborers. On the single tax there is Henry George, while Emma Goldman is on duty with her theoretical anarchy. Nietzsche, spiritual guardian of hyphenates, follows Lambroso, the criminologist, with Schoepenhauer on deck and Karl Marx at bat. Steiner, Bebel and Renan; Ferri, of the positivist school—these are a few of the writers whose products are devoured with avidity by the Communistic Library.

In the list of less than 1,000 volumes, four languages are represented. The American authors are Jack London and Mark Twain, both favorites with the foreign element because of the thrills in the former and the smiles in the latter. Among the other authors, Tolstoi, Ibsen and Goethe appear to lead. One little patron calls Peter Rosegger the Jack London of Germany, thereby displaying greater familiarity with comparative literature than many college professors.

Especially good is the collection on hygiene and anatomy. There are four volumes on the stomach, four dealing with the heart and lungs, four discussing nerves, a like number treating of the digestive tract, and, in fact, the entire human body, with medical treatment and sanitation on the one side, may be studied in this one room.

On the table a variety of newspapers and periodicals attracted the attention of the scribe. “Mother Earth” and “The Masses” were there and “Regeneration,” in Spanish. The Cleveland “Solidarity” and the London “Freedom” were side by side. “The International Socialist Review” and the “Mod-

ern School" covered up the "Critic and Guide."

There is no propaganda to spread. A man may be an Anarchist, a Socialist, an I. W. W., stand-pat G. O. P., Democrat—he may believe in the single tax or a double standard, advocate suffrage or celibacy, follow Haywood or Gompers and no effort will ever be made to change him. He will find willing arguments but there is no effort made to disseminate doctrines of any nature. The institution is merely to provide books and a home for them, so that those who have no libraries in their homes can borrow a volume here.

A leading factor and an influential force in the education policy is Jules Scarcerieux, potter by day and teacher of French by night.

Smile at the humble institution, if you

will, but do not condemn. Turn up your nose, if you must, at the cramped quarters, but admire the spirit that attracts dozens of men into the crowded rooms while the spacious marble lobbies of public libraries are deserted. Sneer at the selections in the catalogue, if it suits your fancy, but try to discuss many of the authors and see where you land. It may be a hard pill to swallow, but many of that band of seekers after truth know more about science, literature, philosophy and the world of letters in general than you do, and you can't deny it.

The Communist Club has handled hundreds of copies of the REVIEW during the past few years.

If Socialist and union locals accomplished half the educational work of this club there would be more reason for paying dues and hall rent.

International Dance at East End Hall, Clark and Erie streets, Chicago, on Saturday night, February 3rd, 8 p. m. For the benefit of the 74 union men facing death at Everett, Wash.

Chicago's best union orchestra will furnish the music. Tickets 25 and 35 cents.

Defense Meeting Sunday night, February 4th, at East End Hall. Jim Larkin, Sam Scarlett and William D. Haywood will speak. Admission 25 cents. Proceeds for benefit of Everett defense.

Important—All revolutionary socialists are requested to take part in a meeting called for the purpose of organizing a Chicago branch of the Socialist Propaganda League. Place, Kedzie Hall, Kedzie and Colorado avenues. Time, Sunday, February 4th, 2 p. m.—Organization Committee.

FIFTH EDITION NOW READY

Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History

By **ANTONIO LABRIOLA**, Translated by **CHARLES H. KERR**

HISTORY may be interpreted in several ways. We may say, for example, that it was God who freed the black slaves of the South. That is the Theological conception.

Or we may say that Abraham Lincoln freed them; that but for him they would still be chattels. That is the Great Man theory.

Or we may say that the American Nation was founded on the Idea of Liberty, and that in the fullness of time this Idea freed the slaves. That is the Metaphysical theory.

But Karl Marx and Frederick Engels discovered over sixty years ago a theory which explains the facts of history far better than any of these—a theory so logical and convincing that it has forced acceptance from many enemies of Socialism, while it is one of the foundation principles of Socialism. Marx and Engels stated this theory briefly and constantly applied it in their writings from 1848 to the end of their lives.

It remained for another writer, however, to explain the theory in full detail and show the student how to apply it. This has been done by Antonio Labriola in his **Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History**.

The book is in two parts. Part I, "In Memory of the Communist Manifesto," is an explanation of the causes which made possible the writing of that greatest of historic documents, together with the reasons for the slow growth of Socialism

for the first twenty years after 1848 and its rapid and ever more rapid growth within the last forty years.

Part II, "Historical Materialism," is the most thorough and accurate interpretation of the theory itself to be found in any language. It requires close study, but it also repays close study. Master it, and your understanding of history and of the events of the day will be wonderfully clarified. It is one of the few books indispensable to every student of Socialism.



ANTONIO LABRIOLA

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MARCH, 1917

The

PRICE TEN CENTS

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



WANTED—FIGHTING MEN

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Jack London's Books



Until Jack London died, most of us scarcely realized that America's greatest fiction-writer was a revolutionary comrade. Perhaps it was because Jack did not take himself seriously, did not pose as a Great Man. That is something that he was, too intelligent and sympathetic to do. So many of us thought of him as successful, lucky, even while we enjoyed the things he wrote.

Now he can write no more, and we have lost the one writer who could state Socialism in terms that penetrated the brain of the ordinary careless American worker. But, thanks to "whatever gods there be," his books are still here. We have arranged to supply all of them that are now published at popular prices. The wholesale rate has been greatly increased on account of the cost of paper, but we can still offer twenty of his best books at 50c each; five to one address for \$2.00, or the set

of twenty for \$7.00. The titles we offer are:

The Iron Heel is a notable book that you should not fail to read. It is a picture of the future of America as Jack London conceives it, in the event that the trust magnates win out in their fight against organized labor and Socialism. It is a vivid picture of a possible hell on earth which some of us may live to see.

In contrast with this book and supplementing it are two other pictures of the future. **Looking Backward**, by Edward Bellamy, tells of a state in which capitalists are abolished, but all people from twenty-one to forty-five work under a sort of military discipline with their elders as the bosses. Bellamy pictures equality as being won at the cost of liberty, though he seems to approve the system he describes. The book has had wide influence and should be read. We have it at 50c.

News from Nowhere, by William Morris, is a picture of a dream-country that is run by the workers, who have abolished the capitalists and landlords and are living their own life in a more delightful fashion than any other writer, before or since, has ever pictured. We have just published a new edition of this classic at \$1.00.

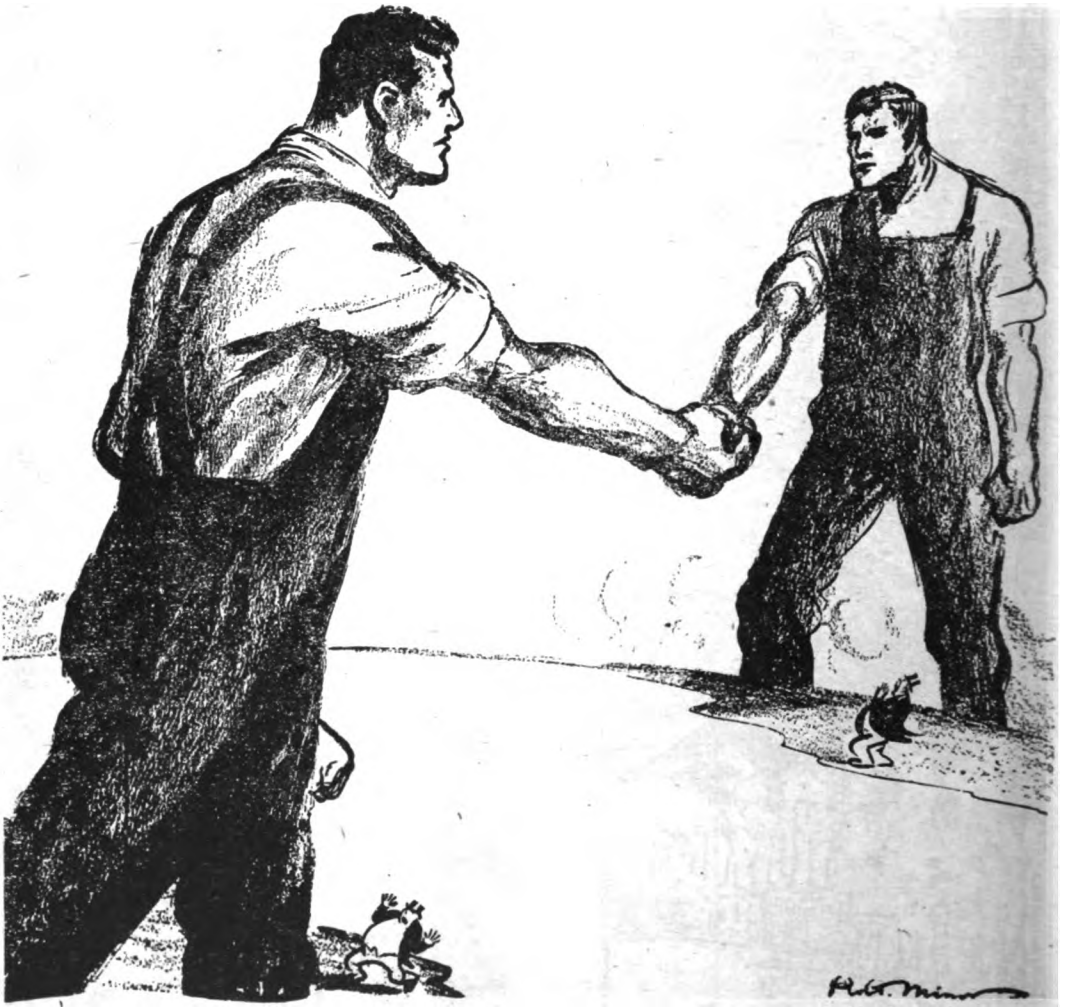
The Iron Heel
The Sea Wolf
Martin Eden
White Fang
Tales of the Fish Patrol
The Call of the Wild
The Game
The Cruise of the Snark
Burning Daylight
Adventure
Before Adam
Lost Face
The War of the Classes
When God Laughs
Children of the Frost
The Faith of Men
The House of Pride
South Sea Tales
Love of Life
Moon Face

Prices include postage. Address:

Charles H. Kerr & Company, 341-349 East Ohio St., Chicago



OTHER SHELLS KILL WORKERS—THIS KILLS MILITARISM



HANDS 'ROUND THE WORLD

March

1917

The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

Vol. XVII

Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 9

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Mary E. Marcy, William E. Bohn, Lealie H. Marcy, Frank Bohn,
William D. Haywood, Phillips Russell

The Editor is responsible only for views expressed on the editorial page and in unsigned department matter. Each contributor and associate editor is responsible for views expressed over his own signature

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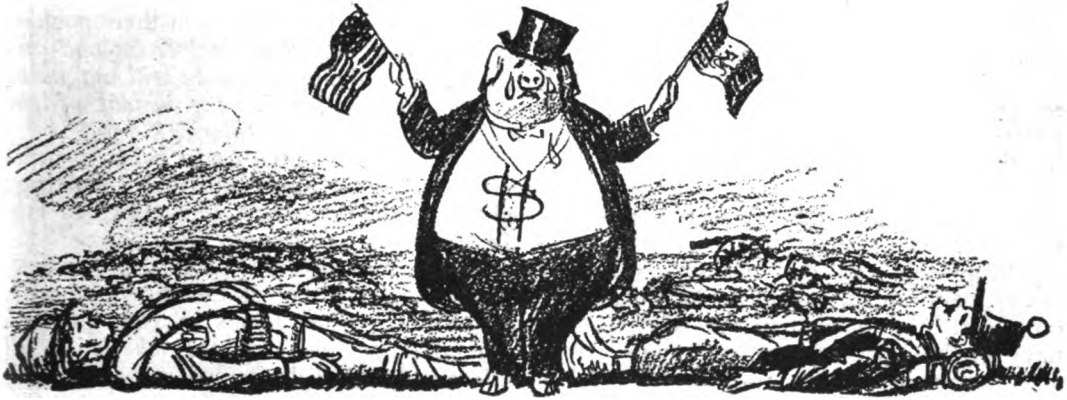
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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVII

MARCH, 1917

No. 9



Killed Without Warning By the American Capitalist Class

By MARY E. MARCY

TODAY several hundred American newspapers and several million newspaper-reading sheep are raising their voices in hypocritical horror, in virtuous fury because the imperial German government has notified these United States that she has inaugurated a campaign of unrestricted submarine activity and destruction, in which she will seek to sink all vessels plying the seas in a prescribed war zone.

And we are not concerned personally with the causes of this German declaration. We workers own no ships nor stock in shipping companies; we own no cargoes and we have no money with which to travel about luxuriously from one European country to another. What we are interested in is whether or not the American working class shall lay down its tools and take up arms and go to war over the matter. What we want to know is whether it is

worth our while to load our young men upon ships and rush them to France to help slay the Germans or to meet death in an ice-watery grave in mid-ocean.

We are not admirers of the German government. We hold no brief for the power-mad Kaiser or the Prussian military caste. We believe the German government is the best *CAPITALIST* government on earth today because it is most efficient, most brutal, most skilled in turning workmen into brainless, spineless cannon fodder. But from the viewpoint of the *class conscious* workers, the German government is the worst government in the world because it is able to suppress almost all spirit of working class revolt. It has so thoroly disciplined and molded its workers into thoughtless, automatic slaves that one would as soon expect to find a heart in the breast of a Rockefeller as a spirit of rebellion among the German laboring classes.

But bear this in mind: the German government is the *envy* of every large capitalist in the world today; it is the ideal toward which all other capitalist governments are laboring, are bending all their energies. The capitalist classes of all other nations recognize in Germany a menace and a competitor in world trade and in world finance. Apparently Germany has also solved the problem of keeping her workers cowed and submissive, therefore the German military system must be duplicated at home if the capitalists of other nations are to win in the struggle for new foreign spheres of interest and hold those spheres they already possess. And the only way the capitalists of other nations can defeat the German ruling class is by adopting the German system and beating the German capitalist class at its own game.

During the past two years the largest newspapers in this country have carried on a systematic campaign for the greatest navy in the world, for an enormous army and universal military training. But the working class of America refused to be hoodwinked into submitting to this yoke and in spite of all the papers could accomplish the preparedness campaign fell flat.

But the capitalist class can put over almost *anything when the country is at war!* During the excitement, and stimulated, perhaps, by lies of barbarities, manufactured in newspaper offices, the government can force universal military service down our throats and lay the foundation of an obvious Imperialistic rule in which so-called democracy will yield to the mailed fist.

The American workers must be aroused on these points; they must be shown just what is proposed and what is about to happen. They must not be permitted to blindly put their heads into the noose. They must refuse to bear this intolerable burden that has brought about the reign of blood and terror in Europe. They must give the American capitalist class a warning in unmistakable terms that they *will not fight the battles of capitalism for profits*; that they will not go to war except to *fight in the interests of the workers of the world*.

All power lies in the hands of the working class. There can be no wars, no navy, no army, no munitions, or guns, no transportation or provender without the labor of the working class. The socialists and syndicalists in Europe had no program for

fighting and opposing war when war was thrust upon them by their respective governments. They had been either too blind or too weak to organize a *force to prevent war*, or, perhaps the men and women who actually understood the trend of Imperialism (the last and strongest form of capitalism) were too few in numbers to accomplish anything.

But the American workers can walk out of the mines, leave their engines, lay down their tools, put their hands in their pockets and go home, and thus *declare beyond any shadow of a doubt that they will not make war on any nation for the benefit of the profit-taking class of America!*

Coal and iron would cease going to mills and factories; wheels would stop revolving; where would there be found crews to run the trains, or coal to give them power?

Declare it from the housetops, you workers of America, that at the threat of war, you will put your hands in your pockets and go home and *stop the wheels of all industry*, until all danger of *universal military service being made into a law is passed*, until the thought of war is impossible.

Of course, we know that it is "uncivilized," unchristian, inhuman and altogether devilish for one government to declare that it will destroy the lives of non-combatants at sea and send them to a horrible death.

But we workers remained calm when the Rockefeller hired murderers turned machine guns upon the poor homes of the Colorado miners, *without warning*, and killed sleeping men, women and children.

The paid makers-of-public-opinion wail that Germany has insulted the flag, as though that flag had always represented peace and human liberty. But we can recall that the old Red, White and Blue floated over the bull-pens in Colorado when striking miners were herded together and illegally kidnapped and murdered at the will of the Colorado mine owners. It was in the name of law and order, and as the elected representatives of all the flag stands for, that two cowardly governors of West Virginia sent steel armored automobiles and machine guns against the striking miners, killing scores and scores of workingmen *without warning*. And we workers did not go to war about that, nor talk about going to war.

Because they are too profit-mad to put in safety devices, tens of thousands of rail-



MINERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN WERE SHOT WITHOUT WARNING AT LUDLOW COL., U. S. A.

road men are killed on their jobs annually *without warning* in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," and nobody ever heard a capitalist wanting to go to war over it. They don't even go to jail for it. No paid editorial disease even thought about demanding preparedness to prevent the needless deaths of these workers.

Here in Chicago over a thousand young men and women went to their deaths in a boat at the Chicago docks, two years ago, *without warning* because the shipping company systematically overloaded a dangerous bottom for a few paltry dollars. And four or five years ago several hundred miners lost their lives *without warning* in the

Cherry mine disaster because the mine operators would not spend the money to make the mines safe.

And we workers just go out and gather up our dead and go back to our jobs—and don't go to war over it, or think of going to war over it.

The imperial German government has warned these United States that the leisure-class American public which seeks to cross the Atlantic will be blown to a sudden death by German submarines, and many American workingmen have signified their desire to go over and lick the Germans for it.

But have they so soon forgotten the authorities of Everett, Washington, who,

without any warning, on November 5th, lined up on the docks and killed five unarmed workingmen and wounded thirty-one more by firing into a group of members of the I. W. W. who were going into Everett in the steamer Verona, entirely within their legal rights, to establish the right of free speech and organization, supposed to be the heritage of every "sovereign American citizen."

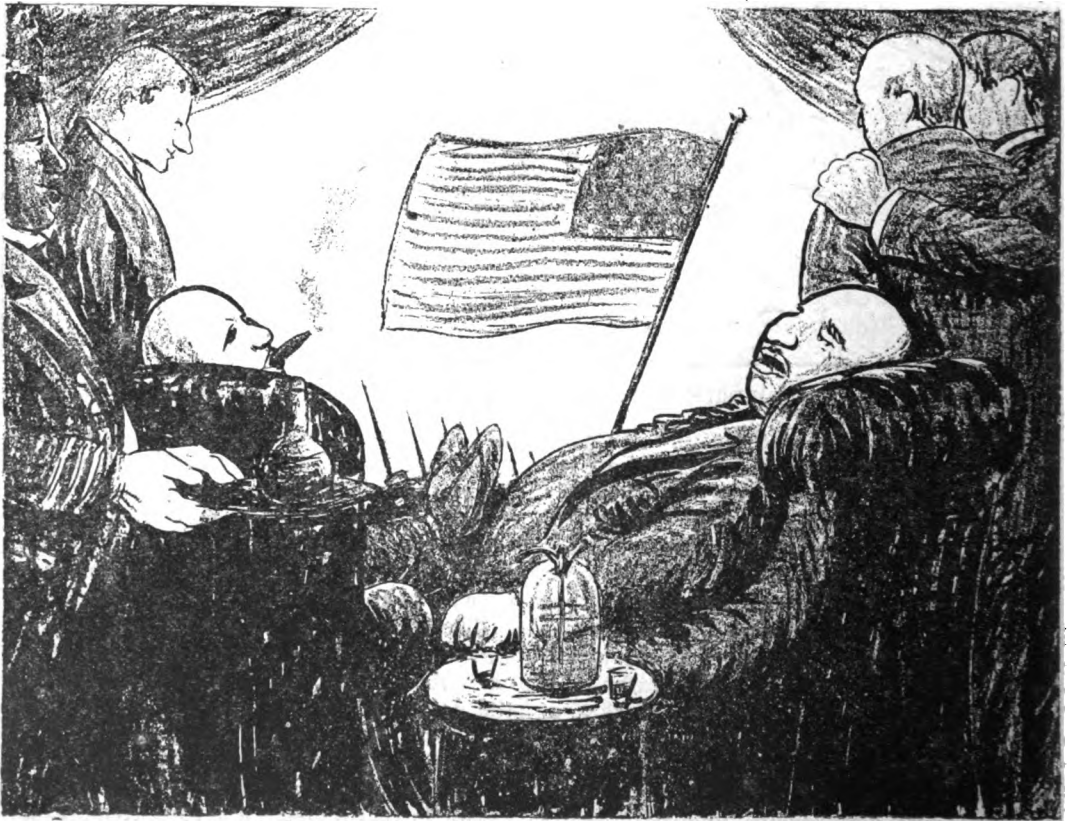
Scarcely a week passes that somewhere in this broad land the capitalist class does not murder workingmen and women by their refusal to spend a few dollars from their dividends for safety devices, or when the servants of this class do not shoot down *without warning*, workers who are trying to secure a little more of their own products.

The Washington Lumber Trust killed

American workers *without warning*; the German imperial government *warns* us that it means to kill a few members of the parasitical, travel-indulging, American exploiting class; to destroy a few cargoes owned by this non-producing, product-grabbing class.

The Washington slaughter, the Eastland drownings, the four hundred Cherry mine murders, the Hancock, West Virginia, Colorado, Bayonne, Lawrence, Patterson killings, were, *are—our* fight, the fight of the working class; the German murders-to-be are the affair of America's capitalist class, the *one deadly, ever-present enemy* of the American working class.

We are not pacifists. We believe in *war*, but war upon the enemy of our own class—Capitalism!



From the Masses—

WHADDAYE MEAN "OUR BOYS"?

"Our Boys! I tell you what, there's nobody in the world like 'em"

The Apostate

By JACK LONDON

“IF YOU don’t git up, Johnny, I won’t give you a bite to eat!”

The threat had no effect on the boy. He clung stubbornly to sleep, fighting for its oblivion as the dreamer fights for his dream. The boy’s hands loosely clenched themselves, and he made feeble, spasmodic blows at the air. These blows were intended for his mother, but she betrayed practiced familiarity in avoiding them as she shook him roughly by the shoulder.

“Lemme ’lone!”

It was a cry that began, muffled, in the deeps of sleep, that swiftly rushed upward, like a wail, into passionate belligerence, and that died away and sank down into an inarticulate whine. It was a bestial cry, as of a soul in torment, filled with infinite protest and pain.

But she did not mind. She was a sad-eyed, tired-faced woman, and she had grown used to this task, which she repeated every day of her life. She got a grip on the bedclothes and tried to strip them down; but the boy, ceasing his punching, clung to them desperately. In a huddle at the foot of the bed, he still remained covered. Then she tried dragging the bedding to the floor. The boy opposed her. She braced herself. Hers was the superior weight, and the boy and the bedding, the former instinctively following the latter in order to shelter against the chill of the room that bit into his body.

As he toppled on the edge of the bed it seemed that he must fall head-first to the floor. But consciousness fluttered up in him. He righted himself and for a moment perilously balanced. Then he struck the floor on his feet. On the instant his mother seized him by the shoulders and shook him. Again his fists struck out, this time with more force and directness. At the same time his eyes opened. She released him. He was awake.

“All right,” he mumbled.

She caught up the lamp and hurried out, leaving him in darkness.

“You’ll be docked,” she warned back to him.

He did not mind the darkness. When he had got into his clothes he went out into the kitchen. His tread was very heavy for so thin and light a boy. His legs dragged with their own weight, which seemed unreasonable because they were such skinny legs. He drew a broken-bottomed chair to the table.

“Johnny!” his mother called sharply.

He arose as sharply from the chair, and, without a word, went to the sink. It was a greasy, filthy sink. A smell came up from the outlet. He took no notice of it. That a sink should smell was to him part of the natural order, just as it was a part of the natural order that the soap should be grimy with dish-water and hard to lather. Nor did he try very hard to make it lather. Several splashes of the cold water from the running faucet completed the function. He did not wash his teeth. For that matter he had never seen a toothbrush, nor did he know that there existed beings in the world who were guilty of so great a foolishness as tooth-washing.

“You might wash yourself wunst a day without bein’ told,” his mother complained.

She was holding a broken lid on the pot as she poured two cups of coffee. He made no remark, for this was a standing quarrel between them, and the one thing upon which his mother was hard as adamant. “Wunst” a day it was compulsory that he should wash his face. He dried himself on a greasy towel, damp and dirty and ragged, that left his face covered with shreds of lint.

“I wish we didn’t live so far away,” she said, as she sat down. “I try to do the best I can. You know that. But a dollar on the rent is such a savin’, an’ we’ve more room here. You know that.”

He scarcely followed her. He had heard it all before, many times. The range of her thought was limited, and she was ever harking back to the hardship worked upon them by living so far from the mills.

“A dollar means more grub,” he remarked sententiously. “I’d sooner do the walkin’ an’ git the grub.”

He ate hurriedly, half-chewing the bread and washing the unmasticated chunks down

with coffee. The hot and muddy liquid went by the name of coffee. Johnny thought it was coffee—and excellent coffee. That was one of the few of life's illusions that remained to him. He had never drunk real coffee in his life.

In addition to the bread there was a small piece of cold pork. His mother refilled his cup with coffee. As he was finishing the bread, he began to watch if more was forthcoming. She intercepted his questioning glance.

"Now, don't be hoggish, Johnny," was her comment. "You've had your share. Your brothers an' sisters are smaller'n you."

He did not answer the rebuke. He was not much of a talker. Also, he ceased his hungry glancing for more. He was uncomplaining, with a patience that was as terrible as the school in which it had been learned. He finished his coffee, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and started to rise.

"Wait a second," she said hastily. "I guess the loaf can stand you another slice—a thin un."

There was legerdemain in her actions. With all the seeming of cutting a slice from the loaf for him, she put loaf and slice back in the bread-box and conveyed to him one of her own two slices. She believed she had deceived him, but he had noted her sleight-of-hand. Nevertheless, he took the bread shamelessly. He had a philosophy that his mother, what of her chronic sickness, was not much of an eater anyway.

She saw that he was chewing the bread dry, and reached over and emptied her coffee cup into his.

"Don't set good somehow on my stomach this morning," she explained.

A distant whistle, prolonged and shrieking, brought both of them to their feet. She glanced at the tin alarm-clock on the shelf. The hand stood at half-past five. The rest of the factory world was just arousing from sleep. She drew a shawl about her shoulders, and on her head put a dingy hat, shapeless and ancient.

"We've got to run," she said, turning the wick of the lamp and blowing down the chimney.

They groped their way out and down the stairs. It was clear and cold, and Johnny shivered at the first contact with the outside air. The stars had not yet begun to pale

in the sky, and the city lay in blackness. Both Johnny and his mother shuffled their feet as they walked. There was no ambition in the leg muscles to swing the feet clear of the ground.

After fifteen silent minutes, his mother turned off to the right.

"Don't be late," was her final warning from out of the dark that was swallowing her up.

He made no response, steadily keeping on his way. In the factory quarter, doors were opening everywhere, and he was soon one of a multitude that pressed onward through the dark. As he entered the factory gate the whistle blew again. He glanced at the east. Across a ragged skyline of housetops a pale light was beginning to creep. This much he saw of the day as he turned his back upon it and joined his work-gang.

He took his place in one of many long row machines. Before him, above a bin filled with small bobbins, were large bobbins revolving rapidly. Upon these he



wound the jute-twine of the small bobbins. The work was simple. All that was required was celerity. The small bobbins were emptied so rapidly, and there were so many large bobbins that did the emptying that there were no idle moments.

He worked mechanically. When a small bobbin ran out he used his left hand for a brake, stopping the large bobbin and at the same time, with thumb and forefinger, catching the flying end of twine. Also, at the same time, with his right hand, he caught up the loose twine-end of a small bobbin. These various acts with both hands were performed simultaneously and swiftly. Then there would come a flash of his hands as he looped the weaver's knot and released the bobbin. There was nothing difficult about the weaver's knot. He once boasted he could tie them in his sleep. And for that matter, he sometimes did, toiling centuries long in a single night at tying an endless succession of weaver's knots.

Some of the boys shirked, wasting time and machinery by not replacing the small bobbins when they ran out. And there was

an overseer to prevent this. He caught Johnny's neighbor at the trick and boxed his ears.

"Look at Johnny there—why ain't you like him?" the overseer wrathfully demanded.

Johnny's bobbins were running full blast, but he did not thrill at the indirect praise. There had been a time . . . but that was long ago, very long ago. His apathetic face was expressionless as he listened to himself being held up as a shining example. He was the perfect worker. He knew that. He had been told so, often. It was a commonplace, and besides it didn't seem to mean anything to him any more. From the perfect worker he had evolved into the perfect machine. When his work went wrong it was with him as with the machine, due to faulty material. It would have been as possible for a perfect nail-die to cut imperfect nails as for him to make a mistake.

And small wonder. There had never been a time when he had not been in intimate relationship with machines. Machinery had almost been bred into him, and at any rate he had been brought up on it. Twelve years before, there had been a small flutter of excitement in the loom-room of this very mill. Johnny's mother had fainted. They stretched her out on the floor in the midst of the shrieking machines. A couple of elderly women were called from their looms. The foreman assisted. And in a few minutes there was one more soul in the loom-room than had entered by the doors. It was Johnny, born with the pounding, crashing roar of the looms in his ears, drawing with his first breath the warm, moist air that was thick with flying lint. He had coughed that first day in order to rid his lungs of the lint; and for the same reason he had coughed ever since.

The boy alongside of Johnny whimpered and sniffed. The boy's face was convulsed with hatred for the overseer who kept a threatening eye on him from a distance; but every bobbin was running full. The boy yelled terrible oaths into the whirling bobbins before him; but the sound did not carry half a dozen feet, the roaring of the room holding it in and containing it like a wall.

Of all this Johnny took no notice. He had a way of accepting things. Besides, things grow monotonous by repetition, and this particular happening he had witnessed many times. It seemed to him as useless



to oppose the overseer as to defy the will of a machine. Machines were made to go in certain ways and to perform certain tasks. It was the same with the overseer.

But at eleven o'clock there was excitement in the room. In an apparently occult way the excitement instantly permeated everywhere. The one-legged boy who worked on the other side of Johnny bobbed swiftly across the floor to a bin-truck that stood empty. Into this he dived out of sight, crutch and all. The superintendent of the mill was coming along, accompanied by a young man. He was well dressed and wore a starched shirt—a gentleman, in Johnny's classification of men, and also, "the Inspector."

He looked sharply at the boys as he passed along. Sometimes he stopped and asked questions. When he did so he was compelled to shout at the top of his lungs, at which moments his face was ludicrously contorted with the strain of making himself heard. His quick eye noted the empty machine alongside of Johnny's, but he said nothing. Johnny also caught his eye, and he stopped abruptly. He caught Johnny by the arm to draw him back a step from the machine; but with an exclamation of surprise he released the arm.

"Pretty skinny," the superintendent laughed anxiously.

"Pipe-stems," was the answer. "Look at those legs. The boy's got the rickets—incipient, but he's got them. If epilepsy doesn't get him in the end, it will be because tuberculosis gets him first."

Johnny listened, but did not understand. Furthermore he was not interested in future ills. There was an immediate and more serious ill that threatened him in the form of the inspector.

"Now, my boy, I want you to tell me the truth," the inspector said, or shouted, bending close to the boy's ear to make him hear. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Johnny lied, and he lied with the full force of his lungs. So loudly did he lie that it started him off in a dry, hacking cough that lifted the lint which had been settling in his lungs all morning.

"Looks sixteen at least," said the superintendent.

"Or sixty," snapped the inspector.

"He's always looked that way."

"How long?" asked the inspector quickly.

"For years. Never gets a bit older."

"Or younger, I dare say. I suppose he's worked here all these years?"

"Off and on—but that was before the new law was passed," the superintendent hastened to add.

"Machine idle?" the inspector asked, pointing at the unoccupied machine beside Johnny's, in which the part-filled bobbins were flying like mad.

"Look's that way." The superintendent motioned the overseer to him and shouted in his ear and pointed at the machine. "Machine's idle," he reported back to the inspector.

They passed on, and Johnny returned to his work, relieved in that the ill had been averted. But the one-legged boy was not so fortunate. The sharp-eyed inspector haled him out at arm's length from the bin-truck. His lips were quivering, and his face had all the expression of one upon whom was fallen profound and irremediable disaster. The overseer looked astounded, as though for the first time he had laid eyes on the boy, while the superintendent's face expressed shock and displeasure.

"I know him," the inspector said. "He's twelve years old. I've had him discharged from three factories inside the year. This makes the fourth."

He turned to the one-legged boy. "You promised me, word and honor, that you'd go to school."

The one-legged boy burst into tears. "Please, Mr. Inspector, two babies died on us, and we're awful poor."

"What makes you cough that way?" the inspector demanded, as though charging him with a crime.

And as in denial of guilt, the one-legged boy replied, "It ain't nothin'. I jes' caught a cold last week, Mr. Inspector, that's all."

In the end the one-legged boy went out of the room with the inspector, the latter accompanied by the anxious and protesting superintendent. After that monotony settled down again. The long morning and the longer afternoon wore away and the whistle blew for quitting-time. Darkness had already fallen when Johnny passed out through the factory gate. In the interval the sun had made a golden ladder of the sky, flooded the world with its gracious warmth, and dropped down and disappeared in the west behind a ragged sky-line of house-tops.

Supper was the family meal of the day

—the one meal at which Johnny encountered his younger brothers and sisters. It partook of the nature of an encounter, to him, for he was very old, while they were distressingly young. He had no patience with their excessive and amazing juvenility. He did not understand it. His own childhood was too far behind him. He was like an old and irritable man, annoyed by the turbulence of their young spirits that was to him arrant silliness. He glowered silently over his food, finding compensation in the thought that they would soon have to go to work. That would take the edge off of them and make them sedate and dignified—like him. Thus it was, after the fashion of the human, that Johnny made of himself a yardstick with which to measure the universe.

During the meal his mother explained in various ways and with infinite repetition that she was trying to do the best she could; so that it was with relief, the scant meal ended, that Johnny shoved back his chair and arose. He debated for a moment between bed and the front door, and finally went out the latter. He did not go far. He sat down on the stoop, his knees drawn up and his narrow shoulders drooping forward, his elbows on his knees and the palms of his hand supporting his chin.

As he sat there he did no thinking. He was just resting. So far as his mind was concerned it was asleep. His brothers and sisters came out, and with other children played noisily about him. An electric globe on the corner lighted the frolics. He was peevish and irritable, that they knew; but the spirit of adventure lured them into teasing him. They joined hands before him, and, keeping time with their bodies, chanted in his face weird and uncomplimentary doggerel. At first he snarled curses at them—curses he had learned from the lips of various foremen. Finding this futile, and remembering his dignity, he relapsed into dogged silence.

His brother Will, next to him in age, having just passed his tenth birthday, was the ringleader. Johnny did not possess particularly kindly feelings toward him. His life had early been embittered by continual giving over and giving way to Will. He had a definite feeling that Will was greatly in his debt and was ungrateful about it. In his own play time, far back in the dim past, he had been robbed of a large part of

that playtime by being compelled to take care of Will. Will was a baby then, and then, as now, their mother had spent her days in the mills. To Johnny had fallen the part of little father and little mother as well.

Will seemed to show the benefit of the giving over and the giving way. He was well-built, fairly rugged, as tall as his elder brother and even heavier. It was as though the life-blood of the one had been diverted into the other's veins. And in spirits it was the same. Johnny was jaded, worn out, without resilience, while his younger brother seemed bursting and spilling over with exuberance.

The mocking chant rose louder and louder. Will leaned closer as he danced, thrusting out his tongue. Johnny's left arm shot out and caught the other around the neck. At the same time he rapped his bony fist to the other's nose. It was a pathetically bony fist, but that it was sharp to hurt was evidenced by the squeal of pain it produced. The other children were uttering frightened cries, while Johnny's sister, Jennie, had dashed into the house.

He thrust Will from him, kicked him savagely on the shins, then reached for him and slammed him face downward in the dirt. Nor did he release him till the face had been rubbed into the dirt several times. Then the mother arrived, an anemic whirlwind of solicitude and maternal wrath.

"Why can't he leave me alone?" was Johnny's reply to her upbraiding. "Can't he see I'm tired?"

"I'm as big as you," Will raged in her arms, his face a mess of tears, dirt and blood. "I'm as big as you now, an' I'm goin' to git bigger. Then I'll lick you—see if I don't."

"You ought to be to work, seein' how big you are," Johnny snarled. "That's what's the matter with you. You ought to be to work. An' it's up to your ma to put you to work"

"But he's too young," she protested. "He's only a little boy."

"I was younger'n him when I started to work."

Johnny's mouth was open, further to express the sense of unfairness that he felt, but the mouth closed with a snap. He turned gloomily on his heel and stalked into the house and to bed. The door of his room was open to let in warmth from the

kitchen. As he undressed in the semi-darkness he could hear his mother talking with a neighbor woman who had dropped in. His mother was crying, and her speech was punctuated with spiritless snuffles.

"I can't make out what's gittin' into Johnny," he could hear her say. "He didn't use to be this way. He was a patient little angel."

"An' he is a good boy," she hastened to defend. "He's worked faithful, an' he did go to work too young. But it wasn't my fault. I do the best I can, I'm sure."

Prolonged sniffing from the kitchen, and Johnny murmured to himself as his eyelids closed down, "You betcher life I've worked faithful."

The next morning he was torn bodily by his mother from the grip of sleep. Then came the meager breakfast, the tramp through the dark, and the pale glimpse of day across the housetops as he turned his back on it and went in through the factory gate. It was another day, of all the days, and all the days were alike.

And yet there had been variety in his life—at the times he changed from one job to another, or was taken sick. When he was six he was little mother and father to Will and the other children still younger. At seven he went into the mills winding bobbins. When he was eight he got work in another mill. His new job was marvelously easy. All he had to do was to sit down with a little stick in his hand and guide a stream of cloth that flowed past him. This stream of cloth came out of the maw of a machine, passed over a hot roller, and went on its way elsewhere. But he sat always in the one place, beyond the reach of daylight, a gas-jet flaring over him, himself part of the mechanism.

He was very happy at that job, in spite of the moist heat, for he was still young and in possession of dreams and illusions. And wonderful dreams he dreamed as he watched the steaming cloth streaming endlessly by. But there was no exercise about the work, no call upon his mind, and he dreamed less and less, while his mind grew torpid and drowsy. Nevertheless, he earned two dollars a week, and two dollars represented the difference between acute starvation and chronic underfeeding.

But when he was nine he lost his job. Measles was the cause of it. After he recovered he got work in a glass factory. The

pay was better, and the work demanded skill. It was piece-work, and the more skillful he was the bigger wages he earned. Here was incentive. And under this incentive he developed into a remarkable worker.

It was simple work, the tying of glass stoppers into small bottles. At his waist he carried a bundle of twine. He held the bottles between his knees so that he might work with both hands. Thus, in a sitting position and bending over his own knees, his narrow shoulders grew humped and his chest was contracted for ten hours each day. This was not good for the lungs, but he tied three hundred dozen bottles a day.

The superintendent was very proud of him, and brought visitors to look at him. In ten hours three hundred dozen bottles passed through his hands. This meant he had attained machine-like perfection. All waste movements were eliminated. Every motion of his thin arms, every movement of a muscle in the thin fingers, was swift and accurate. He worked at high tension, and the result was that he grew nervous. At night his muscles twitched in his sleep, and in the daytime he could not relax and rest. He remained keyed up and his muscles continued to twitch. Also he grew sallow and his lint-cough grew worse. Then pneumonia laid hold of the feeble lungs within the contracted chest, and he lost his job in the glass-works.

Now he had returned to the jute-mills where he had first begun with winding bobbins. But promotion was waiting for him. He was a good worker. He would next go on the starcher, and later he would go into the loom-room. There was nothing after that except increased efficiency.

The machinery ran faster than when he had first gone to work, and his mind ran slower. He no longer dreamed at all, though his earlier years had been full of dreaming. Once he had been in love. It was when he first began guiding the cloth over the hot roller, and it was with the daughter of the superintendent. She was much older than he, a young woman, and he had seen her at a distance only a paltry half dozen times. But that made no difference. On the surface of the cloth stream that poured past him, he pictured radiant future wherein he performed prodigies of toil, invented miraculous machines, won to the mastership

(Continued on page 558)



own by Harry Oshorn

From the *Masses*—

Christian Patriot, will you call on your God to help you when your country goes to war?

WHOSE WAR?

By FRANK BOHN

THIS war is a fight between medieval aristocratic Germany and modern capitalistic France, England and Italy. In London and Paris such old-fashioned aristocrats as still remain are at the beck and call of the capitalists. In Berlin the capitalists are at the beck and call of the Junkers. It is a war between the fifteenth century and the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

In this war I wish to see capitalism destroy monarchy and feudalism. That's why I want the Allies to win. That's why I want Germany to lose. After the defeat, Germany will develop a capitalist state—that is, a constitutional and liberal government. Then the German working class will have an opportunity to begin the development of a class-conscious labor movement.

At the beginning of the war I was very glad to see the English capitalists plunge in as they did. I didn't think they "had it in them." It was their job to lick Germany. I rejoice whenever the English and French capture a trench or a submarine. I rejoice because I wish to see the eighteenth century completely and forever wipe the fifteenth century off the map of Central Europe.

What About America?

On the day when everybody thought that America would be rushed into the war before sundown I went out to get an "extra." I got a copy of the New York Globe, an enthusiastic pro-ally paper which advocates war with Germany. On the front page, side by side with the patriotic speech of Senator Lodge, in which that bitter opponent of the Wilson

administration rushed to the support of the President, I found the story of the Bronx janitor which is printed below. On the second page, and right together again, were the news items concerning the re-

cruits for the navy and the report of the Consumers' League upon the condition of the New York waitresses. We print these four items just as they appeared in The Globe:

Washington, Feb. 7.—A remarkable situation developed in the Senate today when Senator Stone called up for action his resolution declaring that the Senate indorse the action of President Wilson in severing diplomatic relations with Germany.

The Democrats were shown to be badly split over the desirability of adopting the resolution, and the President found his most ardent supporter, during the debate, in the Republican leader of the upper house—Lodge of Massachusetts.

This peculiar situation was emphasized by the fact that Lodge has been Mr. Wilson's most frequent and bitter critic in international affairs, and report has had it that the White House was barred against him.

"May we remember that we are all Americans and that our first duty is to stand together in this controversy which has unhappily arisen with another nation."

In this language, and in other expressions equally emphatic, Senator Lodge—who is the ranking Republican member of the foreign relations committee—declared his support of the action of the President.

"Under the present conditions," he said, "party lines vanish, and any criticism of the past or any criticism of the present is silenced for me. When my country is in controversy with a foreign nation I can see for myself but one duty, and that is to stand by and support the recognized constitutional authority of the government."

NAVY PREPAREDNESS IS CALLED PLEASING

Washington, Feb. 7.—So long as no proven overt act is committed against American life at sea by Germany officials will continue to harbor some hope of avoiding a break.

Holding to this faint hope on the one hand, and pressing forward preparations for eventualities with the other, sums up the attitude of the administration. Preparations, however, are only a preliminary sort, such as the merest sort of prudence dictates.

They are only slight forerunners of what the government really could do and would do if war should come. Then the engine of preparedness would be speeded up to a pitch of almost inconceivable intensity.

Good reason exists for the belief that the navy has done much more in the way of getting ready than generally believed. The world over American ships have been directed to get themselves in readiness, and Secretary Daniels' report to the President that a great fleet of more than a score of battleships, with

BEATS HIS WIFE; KILLS HIMSELF

Janitor, Worried About Food for Children Leaps From Roof After Attacking Wife

The high cost of living darkened all James Griffin's thoughts. How to feed and clothe his family of six on the wage of a Bronx tenement janitor tormented him. He was continually discussing it with his wife, Mary, a woman of forty, ten years his junior, and then he would grow heated and talk wildly and the children would cower away from him.

After the four children—Dorothy, seven; Mary, eight; Alice, ten, and Lawrence, thirteen—had gone to P. S. 40 this morning, Griffin went to his wife in their apartment at 1876 Clinton avenue, the Bronx, where he is janitor.

He struck her on the head with a hammer. She screamed and fell unconscious. Neighbors rushed in, but they could not hold him. He ran to the roof of the five-story tenement and leaped off.

He died as he was being borne from the ambulance into Fordham Hospital. His wife is unconscious from a fractured skull, and physicians at the hospital say she cannot recover.

The children were taken from school and to the Sixty-fifth Precinct police station, where they told their story. They were placed in charge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

cruisers, destroyers, and other craft, are ready for instant duty on the Atlantic side has given a feeling of satisfaction.

NAVAL RECRUITS POUR IN THICK AND FAST

The officers in charge of the recruiting stations of the naval militia expressed themselves today as highly gratified at the number of applicants who are calling at the two stations and at the training ship Granite State, at the foot of West Ninety-seventh street.

A new station was opened today at 1906 Broadway, which will act in conjunction with the office opened Monday at 2299 Broadway. Lieutenants Moore and Mason are in charge.

Up to noon today fifteen applicants were directed to the Granite State for their physical examinations.

The naval militiamen who are on duty are working in relays at their different stations. The greater part of the force of the First Battalion, numbering about 650, report daily.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 7.—That hundreds of restaurant proprietors in New York City are working their waitresses twelve and fifteen hours a day, that some of the women have to make "dates" with the male patrons of the place to be able to keep up with the pace, and that in some instances as many as twenty-three girls are piled in together in the same apartment because of the starving wages paid, are some of the contentions of the Consumers League made to the legislators today.

Copies of the league's report, made after an exhaustive study of the conditions in New York, were sent to the legislature to aid the passage of a bill introduced today by Senator Ross Graves of Buffalo and Assemblyman Robert McC. Marsh of Manhattan.

The bill proposes to place the waitresses under the present fifty-four-hour mercantile law. The report points out the selfish care exercised by the restaurant proprietors, the employers of female labor, to get "pretty girls"—girls who are willing to slave all day and half the night for a paltry weekly wage of \$3. They look to the "tips" to boost the weekly stipend to an average of \$9. It seldom exceeds that and often falls far behind it.

"A few, to be sure," says the league, "can afford apartments of their own, but as a whole, their lot falls within the congested districts of the city. Confusion, overcrowding, dirt, lack of sunshine, air and privacy and unwholesome surroundings are only too common in their homes. The janitor of an east side tenement house says: 'A little while ago down in Third street there were twenty-three girls sleeping in two rooms. They'd put their mattresses down on the floor at night and pile them on top of each other in the daytime.'"

The girls must snatch a bite of food now and then, carry heavy trays, and rush about every moment. They get home at 10 and 11, do their own work, and must awaken at 5 or 6 to hurry to their employment. In many cases the waitresses pay for dishes broken and also for mistakes in orders. The girls are driven to encourage the tipping system.

"The girls need the money," says the report, "and they work for it, partly for good service and partly by adopting an intimate personal tone toward their men customers. This leads naturally to familiarity on the man's part and establishes a personal relation between them. Most of the girls quite frankly admit making dates with strange men. In one restaurant a woman was pointed out in incredulous admiration by the other waitresses. 'Her husband has been dead four years and she hasn't gone out with a man yet,' they said. These dates are made with no thought on the part of the girl beyond getting a good time which she cannot afford herself, but the outcome is often a tragedy."

Oh, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson! Do you expect that janitor's wife to join the Navy League? Are you asking the janitor's four children to rally round the flag and sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner'? Do we hear you inviting the

twenty-three waitresses who get three dollars a week for fourteen hours a day, who eat the scraps that other people leave, and sleep huddled together on the floors of their two rooms—do you expect those waitresses to become Red Cross nurses and take care of the men who invite them out nights for the price of their calico dresses?

Not the Workers' War

Let a mighty shout ring from coast to coast—THIS IS NOT THE WORKERS' WAR. It is a war of owning, ruling classes. Let them fight their own war. They have been shouting for militarism and war, they have been beating the drums of "preparedness" ever since August, 1914. Now let them go and have their fill of it. Vincent Astor is an officer in the naval reserve. Fine! Put Vincent Astor on a cruiser and let him go to chase German submarines in the English channel. The Harvard students organized a regiment last year. Let that Harvard regiment go to war and lie in the freezing mud of the trenches! Let them "charge bayonets" at midnight among the rotting bodies between the battle lines! Let the mouthy shouters for war find out what war is! The United States could not possibly arm and equip more than a million men the first year of a war with Germany. Very well! We can spare a million parasites. Let every lawyer who can pass muster be enlisted. Let every college professor who doesn't know he is a slave get into khaki. There are at least a half million sons of the rich who are totally unfit to do a tap of work. Put them under regular army officers. Drill them until they are as hard as nails. Then send them over as fast as the ships can take them, to beat the stuffing out of Germany. We won't put a straw in their way. We shall not envy them their glory. Indeed, we wish them complete victory over the hosts of the Kaiser.

Officers and Dog-Soldiers

Theodore Roosevelt has asked to be made a major-general. His son, Theodore, junior, has just been appointed a major of reserves. Those Harvard students, who have been dancing around in uniforms for a couple of hours a week, all want to be officers. They wish to carry ten-ounce swords and COMMAND the

workers, who enlist as dog-soldiers, to carry fifty-pound packs on their backs. Those lily-fingered sons of the rich are going to ride on horses and lead the slaves who tramp in the mud.

Get Busy

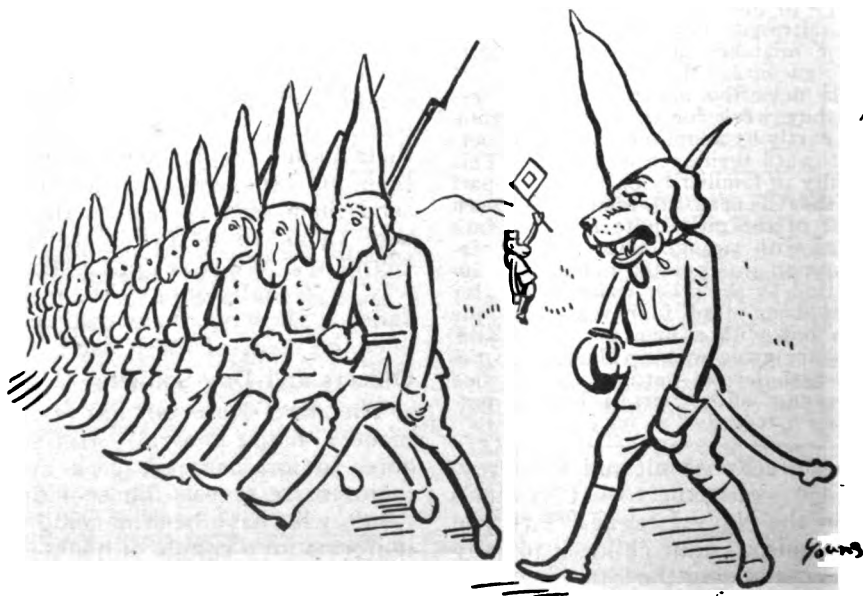
Start the hue and cry. NO WORKERS FOR BUZZARD BAIT. Let not a worker enlist because all are needed at home in the industries. Don't make fool attacks on the flag and get yourselves sewed up in jails. Tell the capitalists to rally round the flag and beat Germany. Say that there is honor and glory for them in war. Urge upon your audience from the soap boxes that those who have the money and the lands and the beautiful houses and the fine clothes certainly ought to get all the honor and the glory to be had.

More Wages

The Analyst, the financial supplement of the New York Times, in a most careful analytical statement, declares that from January 1, 1915, to January 1, 1916, the average cost of twenty-five articles of food rose 38 per cent. But the average wage of 500,000 workers, which it tabulates, rose 13 per cent. If we are to go to war with Germany the first thing we must demand of the capitalist govern-

ment is that it force the increase of wages as much as the cost of living has increased. If wages do not go up 25 per cent all the way around, the workers will not be strong enough to make the munitions of war, to dig the coal to run the railroads. We must demand this out of pure patriotism. Nothing will be so important while the capitalists, and the lily-fingers generally, are over fighting the Germans as to put our industries up to the highest point of production. Nothing decreases production so much as starvation wages. Hence, prepare to support the government by calling general strikes in all the industries which do not at once put up wages 25 per cent. Let that be our share in supporting the war.

If you should find a working man who thinks of enlisting, don't be angry with him. Don't sneer at him. Sit down quietly and prove to him that he is a fool; a deaf, dumb and blind ignoramus; a sucker who is willing to go and die for a country that has reduced his wages 25 per cent while his masters made twenty billions of dollars out of war prices. If he insists upon going to war, at least persuade him that he is not a man but a jackass and ought to sell himself for a hundred dollars to help pull the army wagons.



From the Masses

It Is Up to YOU

From Committee on Industrial Relations

By DANTE BARTON

IF EVER "Eternal vigilance" was "the price of liberty," that warning is true for the American workingman now.

With the attention of all persons distracted by the threat of war, the American workers face a greater and more imminent danger than that of war with any foreign power. There is not one chance in ten million that any invading soldier will set foot on American soil, but there is every chance that a system of domestic tyranny will be fastened upon American industrialists while preparations are making to resist a possible foe three thousand or six thousand miles away.

Conscription, compulsion and constabularies threaten to be the three Fates hereafter for workers whose Destinies were promised to be liberty, equality and fraternity.

Powerful interests that seek every pretext for fastening their power more firmly on workers have already set in motion in Federal and State jurisdictions the instruments for making the workingmen and women of the United States a docile, servile and helpless class.

They would stamp every worker as "lawless" and "criminal" if he unites with other workers in the use of the strike, the only weapon available to the worker for industrial justice.

They are pushing in Albany, New York, a bill for a State constabulary, an organization having no possible relation to war, but designed to club and shoot American workingmen, precisely as it has been used to club and shoot American workingmen in Pennsylvania.

In the Missouri legislature there is pending a bill that baldly and boldly turns over the police power of the state to railroad corporations, and compels the Governor of the State to license any number of "special officers" to be armed and paid by railroad corporations for "the protection and safety of all property and interest of such common carriers." As many of these "deputies" must be licensed and placed at the disposal of the railroads as their general managers apply for. These two are only examples.

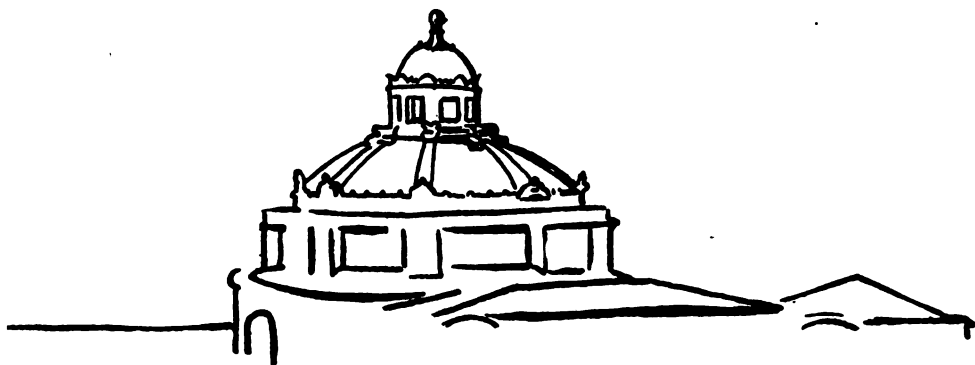
A bitterly prejudiced prosecution of labor leaders is proceeding in San Francisco. In the State of Washington the trial of seventy-four other labor leaders has been set for March 5 in a prosecution founded on the monstrous proposition that the friends and associates of the several other workers who were killed in Everett by a disorderly mob of Commercial Club men, sheriffs, deputies and lumber mill guards deserve death because their friends were killed.

There was not even a threat of war, except as men like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Elihu Root threatened it, when the State of New York, fifteen months ago, accepted a gift of an armored train of cars and an armored aeroplane and forty armored motor cars from such friends of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root as Elbert H. Gary and Henry C. Frick of the Steel Trust.

The Albany legislation for "Cossacks" was introduced by a son of a New York Central Railway director. In direct line with this, it will be observed that the same railroad interests which fight the eight-hour day are the same interests that seek to place the shackles of a lawless law upon the men who move the trains and upon all the workers in the nation's industries.

The patriotism and honor of the American labor movement have been proved in ten thousand ways. Through the president of the American Federation of Labor, it is now seeking to join hands with the labor movements of all lands in the tremendously patriotic service of ending the war among the already belligerent nations, and of preventing America's precipitation into that calamity.

The patience and strength of President Wilson in "keeping the country out of war" made their strongest appeal to the workers of America. The personal freedom and self-respect of American workmen and women, of all national ancestries, are one great element of real preparedness for any development of the national life. They are the one enduring fortification of American patriotism.



UNDER^{THE} GOLDEN DOME

By NINA LANE McBRIDE

THE Library of Congress is not only known as the most beautiful building in the world, but it is said to be the largest, the costliest and the safest library in the world. It was built at a cost of \$6,344,585.34. Exclusive of the cellar the total floor space is 326,195 square feet, or nearly eight acres. Both inside and out, the library is, in the main, in the style of the Italian Renaissance—derived, that is to say, from the architecture of the buildings erected in Italy during the period (roughly speaking, the fifteenth century) when the elements of classic art were revived and recombined in a Renaissance, or new birth, of the long-neglected models of Greece and Rome. The dome and lantern is the most conspicuous feature of the building, and the first to attract the attention of the visitor. The dome and domed roof of the lantern are sheathed with copper, over which, with the exception of the ribs of the dome, left dark to indicate their structural importance, is laid a coating of GOLD LEAF, 23 carats fine.

Photographs or word pictures fail to portray the beauty or richness of color of the interior of this building. An artist, who had traveled the world over and gathered impressions of the most beautiful architecture, stood in the Entrance Pavilion of this wonderful building and said, "To think that I should have had to come to America to find the most beautiful building in the world! It is almost beyond belief."

Every morning, before the day has reached the full dawn, a small army of poorly clad, shivering women, enter the marble halls of this magnificent edifice, and on hands and knees, with pails of water, soap and brushes, scrub, and rub, the matchless marble to keep it white and shining. Mops, in most cases, are taboo, and the women must crawl around on hands and knees, which are sore and swollen, or crippled with rheumatism from the wet and cold, aggravated by sores caused from the soap powder, and the dye from their wet skirts. It is not uncommon to see the skin peel off the knees when the stockings are removed, neither is it uncommon for horrible sores to appear, only to be made worse from constant irritation by the soap powder and the rubbing of the stockings, and frequently women are forced to take to their beds on account of this condition. A few women wear pads or plasters, but these soon get wet and are more often a nuisance than a help. Some even attempt to use small rugs, but in working their way back, as they scrub, lose the rug from under them, and in recovering it, lose time, which is valuable. The hands, like the knees, often become so sore that they bleed and leave bloody stains on the mop cloths as they are wrung from the water.

The combination of soap powder, marble floors and water wears both clothes and shoes so rapidly that to replace them is quite an item of expense to the women,

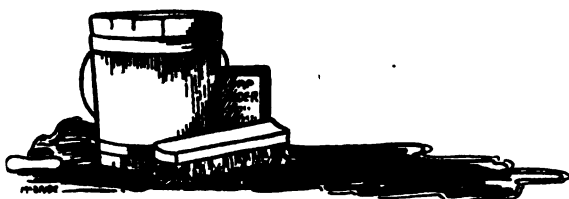
and second-hand stores, and even begging, is resorted to, to meet the condition.

Uncle Sam's underlings are inclined to be both haughty and severe in their treatment of the women. One woman, tubercular, with three small children to support, fainted on her way to work one morning, from exhaustion caused by lack of food. She was carried back to her home, and was unable to appear for work that day. The next morning when she returned for work she was told that in the future when she remained away on account of sickness she should get a doctor's certificate, or stay at home. The doctor's certificate would cost her \$2.

Her wages under the Golden Dome is \$20 per month.

If these women were to organize and strike for higher wages and better working conditions, a great army of unemployed, several hundred of whom are always on the waiting list for jobs, could be put to work on short notice. In the very shadow of the Golden Dome there are several hundred women who would gladly scab for the price of a loaf of bread for their babies, or some of the mush which Speaker of the House Champ Clark declared the people should eat more of to help solve the problem of the high cost of living.

The Golden Dome casts its shadow over a study in vivid contrast.



THE WAY OF WAR

Eleanor E. Carpenter

"My country needs me," so they said,
And I believed it and marched away
To music thrilled,
And marshal tread,
With heart throbs quick and shoulder straight,
As duty called, I must obey;
For "God and my country need me."

All young with hope, all joy and pride,
The youthful flowers of all creation;
With footsteps light
And jaunty stride,
We went our way midst throngs and cheers;
A happy task to save the nation,
And glad I felt my country needed me.

Then lightness turned to dark as down we went
Like cattle before the cannon's roar
In mangled heaps,
And forms all bent,
As shots and shells rained death around,
For youthful flowers would bloom no more,
And sad I felt my country needs me.

From out a ditch of writhing flesh
They kindly took all that was left
Of me that once
Was young and fresh,
And bore me off to patch me up,
To snatch a life from jaws of death,
While knew I not my country's need of me.

"My country needs me" now no more say they,
For arm and leg lie in the trench,
So does my youth,
And life so gay,
And round I stump to ask a chance
To keep the life war failed to quench,
For now God nor my country need me.



A HAND FULL OF LUMBER JACKS

The Lumber Trust and Its Victims

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

THE great Northwest! Land of snow-topped hills and fertile valleys; of the gray Puget Sound and timber-covered acres! This is the much vaunted land of plenty, country of enterprise—the State of Washington.

Years ago, the first stalwart pioneers laid the foundation of a civilization which is now ripening to a maturity,—and, it would seem, a decay! The pioneers are gone and, in their place, are the mighty potentates who have come into power over the land: the emperors of lumber. Hundreds of thousands of acres of timber land have become the stage for the slow, grinding industrial drama of the exploitation of the army of slaves of the lumber companies. From myriad logging camps and a multitude of saw-mills flows an ever-increasing volume of fat profit into the gaping maw of the few who own the lumber industry. Along the shores of Puget Sound are a number of busy ports, the purpose of whose existence is the shipping of the lumber to all parts of the world.

And, in the “lower end” or “working-stiff

quarter” of every town upon the Sound you can see the producers of this tremendous wealth. Congregated on street corners, in pool halls, in the sitting-rooms of cheap “flop-houses” and in the “employment sharks’” offices are crowds of sturdy men, clad in the high, spiked shoes of the logger, heavy short flannel shirts and mackinaws; these are the human material which the lumber barons use for their enrichment.

The small towns on the Sound are in municipal vassalage to the lumber companies; the county administrations are carried in the vest pockets of the bosses. The proud and strutting mayors and sheriffs, judges and prosecutors, are but marionettes: dancing puppets which move jerkily and obediently as the master pulls the wires from behind the screen.

A land of which poets might sing: a land of broad-lined beauty and of such a richness of resources that a population a thousand times greater might live, every one of them, in the utmost plenitude.

But it is a land befouled. Over it lurks the giant lumber trust, like some great and



I. W. W. HALL AT EVERETT, WASH.—WHERE' S THE CAT?

fearful dragon of fable, laying slavery upon the people, devouring men to satiate its fevered lust for profit. And the workers, in their camps where life is that of a dog, rather than of a man, in the shingle-mills where fingers and hands are given daily to the whirling saws and where wood-dust fills the lungs and kills thousands of victims with consumption—the workers did not for long dare to raise hand or voice against the ogre which towered threateningly above the land.

In the old story, you will remember, it was the young and blithe St. George who went out at last to give battle to the dragon. With shining armor and valiant song of battle the gallant knight rode forth to slay the beast that had been eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the people.

So, also, in these prosaic days, came a young knight, bold, debonair and singing, to lay low the dragon of Industrial Despotism in the land of timber, that the workers might be freed.

It was the Forest and Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the of the I. W. W. that stood forth upon the great industrial stage of the Northwest and challenged the monster of profit. Fearless, militant, tireless in propaganda, the young organization sent out a ringing call to the workers in the logging camps to organize under the banner

of the One Big Union to gain higher wages, shorter hours, better camp conditions and, eventually, the control of industry.

When the monster recovered from his preliminary astonishment at this audacity, he began to consider and to plan. It was plain, thought the lumber bosses, that this pernicious agitation must no longer continue or profits—sacred, well beloved profits—would diminish. The lustily growing bloom of organization must be killed in the bud or, one of these days, we shall find ourselves stripped of our power and—we may have to work for our living!

In Everett, one of the principal nerve-centers of the lumber industry a big shingle-mill town and a busy lumber port, the lumber slaves were listening in increasing numbers and with growing attention to the propaganda of Industrial Unionism. The situation was sharpened by the strike in some mills of the shingle-weavers and by the very recent strike of the longshoremen. I. W. W. papers were selling readily; street meetings were attracting larger and larger crowds. Soon, in Seattle, was to take place the great conference of lumber workers of the Puget Sound country to consider plans of organization and tactics for a big drive in the logging camps. It was high time, decided the Lumber Monster, to check this before it became too late.

So the wires were pulled and the official puppets started their frenzied dance. The regular police force of Everett was not sufficient—and perhaps not brutal enough—to fulfill to the required extent the desires of bosses. So the “citizens”—meaning those citizens who were either employers or hangers-on of employers—met in their Commercial Club and organized their now notorious “law-and-order” committee. McRae, the then Sheriff of Snohomish County, a willing servant of the timber octopus, promptly deputized these local “respectables.” Stars were given them, and arms, and they were ready for their appointed work.

Everybody has by now heard of the series of brutal assaults perpetrated upon workers in Everett, culminating in the bloody tragedy of November 5th. Two hundred and sixty workers on the steamer “Verona,” were subjected to a cross-fire from three points of ambush by the bodies of vigilantes, armed with high-power rifles, who were stationed on the docks. Five workmen were killed and many wounded. Two deputies also lost their lives, killed, it is believed, by the fire of another posse of their accomplices on the opposite pier. The men were all arrested in Seattle on the return of the “Verona” and, after a selective process dictated by the capacity of the Snohomish County Jail, seventy-four of their number were charged with the murder of the two deputies. Or, rather, one should say: charged with the murder of one of the two deputies. For, they were originally charged with the murder of C. O. Curtiss, but, when it came to light that Curtiss’s wound was evidently caused by a high-power rifle bullet, the charge was substituted by another accusing them of the murder of Deputy Jefferson Beard.

And so the next act of this grim drama of the uprising of Labor is to be staged in the Superior County court-room in Everett. There the men are to be tried—not for the murder of a deputy, but for their audacity in questioning the power of the lumber interests.

The dragon has not yet been conquered. Still, over the vast stretches of the timber country, looms the giant shadow of industrial tyranny. And it is hungry for these seventy-four knights of the great company of toilers who came, valiant and with song, to do battle with the swollen beast of profit. They had polished up their weapons, as did the brave St. George—their weapons were of the working class: their shield Solidarity, and their sword the General Strike. But the weapons of the masters are bullets and clubs and jails and the gallows! Which, O workers, shall prevail?

If Solidarity is something more than an empty mouthing these men will not be condemned. If there exists working-class loyalty, our class comrades will go free, once more to resume the only fight worth fighting. The first trial starts on March 5th. The hour draws near! Only the workers can help the workers!

Workers, arouse! Seventy-four of our best and bravest are in danger! In the name of Solidarity and the Industrial Democracy!

* * * * *

Funds should be sent to Herbert Mahler, Secretary-Treasurer, Everett Prisoners’ Defense Committee, Box 1878, Seattle, Wash.

Send protests and demands for a congressional investigation and a fair trial for the men to President Wilson and to Governor Lister, Olympia, Wash. Act now!



The State of the Socialist Party

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

IN 1912, with three big parties bidding furiously for votes, with one of them bidding especially for Socialist votes by lifting almost bodily the Socialist program of immediate demand, the Socialist candidate for president received over 900,000 votes—901,032 is the exact number and not 815,934, as erroneously given in the last issue of the National Socialist Bulletin.

With these 900,000 votes tucked away safely under its belt, the Socialist party set out in 1912 with a great blare of trumpets on a vote-getting expedition that would bring it millions of votes. Ever since and every day of the 1,460 days between the election of 1912 and the election of 1916 the quest for votes was kept up.

Tremendous work! Tremendous results! When the vote of 1916 was finally counted, it was found that the Socialist candidate for president received less than 600,000. And of these there were many thousands of votes of women who did not at all vote in 1912. The result of four years' work of 120,000 organized Socialists is getting in 1916 a little over half of the vote of 1912.

Many Socialists are rubbing their eyes in unbelief. They stand aghast. They ask for the cause of this, what appears to them, sudden collapse of the Socialist vote.

War! It is the war! is the ready answer of the Socialist standpatter. Why not? The catastrophe of the war is so universal and its blight so far reaching that it very likely set back the hand of progress in this country as well. This explanation has the double merit of saving hard thinking and diverting the inquirer's attention from causes which are in his control to conditions utterly beyond his control.

Unfortunately for this explanation, the National Socialist Bulletin of January 13, 1917, publishes several tables of figures which show conclusively that the poison of disintegration began its work in the Socialist party long before the war broke out. We ask the reader to examine closely

the following table of the average membership of the Socialist party from 1903 to 1916:

1903	15,975
1904	29,763
1905	28,327
1906	26,786
1907	29,270
1908	41,751
1909	41,470
1910	53,011
1911	84,716
1912	118,045
1913	95,957
1914	93,579
1915	79,376
1916 (11 months)....	83,067

The table shows a remarkably steady and rapid growth of the membership during the ten years from 1903 to 1912. And then commences as rapid and steady decline, as if a blight struck the Socialist party. And the decline is still going on notwithstanding the show of increase in 1916 over 1915. Every presidential year shows an accelerated growth of membership due to greater agitation. This is followed by a reaction. And we believe that the present membership of the Socialist party is far below that of 1915.

The Socialist vote has not suffered a sudden shrinking in 1916. It began to shrink with the party membership in 1913. In 1916 there was no more concealing the fact, as the Socialist decline became a national instead of a local issue.

I know that this will be news to a great many Socialists. They will ask each other—What happened in 1912 or 1913 to the Socialist party that poisoned its body and spirit so as to make from a growing, lusty youth a shrinking, declining invalid?

Something has happened, and this something was pointed out by me and other Socialists for many years past. The Socialist party of 1903 was a party of promises. The Socialist party of 1913 was a party of fulfillment. And its fulfillment of 1913, the Socialist party showed a decided inclination to forget its promises of 1903.

In 1903 the Socialist party was a party of social revolution. It blazoned on its banner—We Demand the Overthrow of Capitalism and the Establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth and No Compromise—and nailed its banner to the mast. It had not only the youthful ardor of achievement, but it also had the firm, nay, fanatical belief that the great achievement was immediately pending.

And therein lies the crux of the distinction between the theory of social revolution and the theory of social reform; between the revolutionist and the reformer; between 1903 and 1913.

Has the idea of impending social revolution, of coming of Socialism in our day, any foundation in solid fact, in the reality of social development, or is it simply mouthing and vamping of irrational and irresponsible agitators? For one can readily see that one's entire conception of the very nature of the Socialist movement is colored by the view one holds of the social revolution. For if the social revolution is not a thing of our making in our day; if the social revolution is something that may occur hundreds of years, perhaps a thousand years hence, then no rational person will plan or base his action with a view to the occurrence of an event so remote. In social events one can lay plans for our own time or for a generation or two to come. To attempt to project oneself further than that into the future would be vain. Reason refuses to follow phantasy into domains of the future so remote from us.

The fact that the idea of social revolution was part and parcel of the Socialist plans and programs of the last, say, thirty years, proved conclusively that the Socialists believed it to be an event of the very near future. And the perusal of the Socialist books, other than those turned out by American Socialists during the last few years, will convince the reader that the social revolution was a living faith, a near and approaching fact to the majority of the Socialists.

The course of the Socialist movement was molded accordingly. Nothing else mattered very much, seeing that a great social reconstruction was at hand. Reform? Yes. Immediate demands? Yes. But they were accepted as a creditor ac-

cepts interest on a debt which is about to become due.

And political action was viewed as the effort of the working class to seize the political power which will enable it to carry out its historic mission—the emancipation of the working class and the establishment of Socialism. Also as the best means of Socialist propaganda. Constructive legislation? Yes. But this no more satisfied the Socialists than reading the menu would satisfy a hungry man.

Imbued with this faith of the social revolution being right at hand and the tremendous role of the Socialist movement in this revolution, the Socialist party attracted thousands of young men and women, ardent for a struggle and full of the coming triumph.

Owing to causes which it is unnecessary here to discuss, other influences came to the front in the American Socialist movement, influences that were more than skeptical of the social revolution and which viewed the fanatical preachment of the same by its zealots sometimes with amusement, more often with contempt.

No one could question the sincerity and honesty of the Socialists of the new school of, as they called it, constructive Socialism. Their devotion to the cause could not be doubted. Yet as they came to the front, the Socialist movement came under the influence of Socialists whose antecedents and environment were anything but of proletarian character. Talk as they might about the great mission to the working class, the fact remained that they were not wage-earners and they could not have that abiding and ardent belief in the working class revolution which springs on the soil of the shop and factory only.

In the division between the revolutionists and the constructivists within the Socialist party, it so happened that almost all the emoluments of honor and profit fell to the constructivists. And it also happens that almost all the public emoluments of honor and profit that fall to the candidates of the Socialist party are gathered in by the constructivists. The revolutionists have for their share most of the abuse and derision in and outside of the Socialist party.

The national convention of 1912 showed that the constructivists were in

full control of the Socialist party. And they decided to assert their power. The idea of an impending social revolution, they considered as baseless and irrational and the talk of the revolutionists, as child prattle where it was not dangerous vamping. Yes, a change will come sometimes, but only by slow imperceptible degrees, a step at a time, and by legal means. The last thought was the most important. The constructivists rejected any and all action on the part of Socialists that was not strictly according to law. The violent protests of the revolutionists led them to believe that the two elements were irreconcilable and could not work together. The revolutionists had to be ousted.

In the national convention the revolutionists felt trouble. They were a minority of only one-third in the convention and they comported themselves accordingly. They yielded point after point until even the platform was reported unanimously. But the constructivists were determined to force the issue. After the committee on the constitution had reported, a motion was made from the floor to insert a clause ordering the expulsion of any party member advocating methods of emancipation of the working class that were not legal, and making "practical politics" a fundamental of Socialist tactics. This was carried by a two-third majority. This was the culmination of a policy that was calculated to destroy the faith of thousands of young and ardent Socialists in the efficacy of the Socialists' movement as a means of working class emancipation. The policy did its work splendidly. Between thirty and forty thousand of the best workers left the party in 1913. And the exodus continued and continues right along. Both members and voters are abandoning

the Socialist party. This is the direct result of the "practical politics" of the constructivists.

It is beside the point to argue that the constructivists meant it for the good of the party. There can be no doubt of that. This is immaterial. By their deeds shall you know them.

And where will it end? I have an abiding faith in the Socialist movement. For one reason, there is no place better, or even near as good, where a fighter for freedom can make his work count as the Socialist party. But the main foundation of my belief is that I am a Socialist and the practicaest of all practical men.

I am convinced, from scientific and historic data, that the social revolution is coming soon. Without that conviction I see no sense in being a Socialist. If Socialism is to come a thousand years from now, how do we know that it will come at all? At any rate, why bother? We might as well follow the advice of Tolstoy and commit suicide, because the sun will be extinguished some day and life on earth will become extinct, anyhow. You see, I am much more practical than my constructive friends. If I believed as they do, I would not be a Socialist.

As a revolutionist, I also believe that the Socialist party will be the means of emancipating the working class. How? Always by education and organization. Sometimes by force. Eventually by both.

Force!

No living creature is born without the use of force. A chicken cannot come out of its shell without the use of force. And you expect a great social change to come peaceably, imperceptibly? Oh, ye blind leaders of the blind!

But be of good cheer!

Some day the Socialist puppy will open its eyes.



Seeing Sarawak, in Borneo

Peculiar Customs of the Aborigines; Crude Housekeeping; "High Society" Costumes; Cheap Wives

By R. R. HORNBECK



A CAPTIVATING LAND DYAK

The scars are self inflicted, to enhance his beauty.
The lower necklace is made of wild boars' teeth.

ON A SULTRY morning in June, a friend and I took passage from Singapore for Sarawak, the kingdom of adventurous Rajah Brooke. The boat was very small, and we were the only European passengers. Let me explain parenthetically that east of Suez all white people are "Europeans." The skipper and crew were Malays, but the chief engineer was a sandy, bewhiskered Scot. As fishing is the inevitable avocation and vocation of the Malay, since the pestiferous Westerners stamped out piracy in these parts, several fishing lines were constantly dangling from the sides of the boat, and we caught one beautiful fish over five feet long, which subsequently was served a la mode.

There was only one cabin in the boat, and we were assured before embarking that we could occupy it, but we found the chief engineer securely anchored within and so had to make shift on the bridge. My friend found a dirty hammock, while I located a

rickety steamer chair, and there we sat and there we slept, for three and a half days. The Malay at the wheel had the additional duty of ringing the watch bell, and every half hour, day and night, the chimes rang out from one to eight times. Now this bell was only about four feet from where we tried to sleep, so the reader may imagine, without further comment, what I think of this ancient custom of ringing the bell to keep the crew awake.

The route to Borneo lies between many tiny coral islands, lying so low in the water that they are partly or entirely submerged at high tide, and all we could see was a clump of trees seemingly growing right up from the ocean's depths.

Every morning the Malays would gather on deck and "shave." Now there are many ways to shave, I have learned since coming East. The Indians finish the operation by pulling the hairs out of nose and ears, while the Malays go them one better by "pulling

all the hairs on the face. So we lay and watched the grimaces as an unusually stubborn hirsute appendage was plucked out with the aid of an ordinary pair of tweezers. My safety razor was a curiosity and elicited many expressions of disgust. Did I not have to shave daily and then cut only the tops off, while they entirely eradicated the pests for a week or more and no growth was ever visible on their faces?

The skipper had been to New York and hence was quite a prodigy to the crew. But as he had not penetrated further than Chinatown and the Bowery, he had a very hazy idea of the city of skyscrapers. The crew openly ridiculed my story of the Woolworth building and would not believe there was any building in the world higher than the 200-foot trees which are native to the jungles of Borneo. I was highly elated on being told by a Malay that it was simply wonderful how I could speak their language so well after only two years' study, whereas they had for many years studied (?) English with no apparent success!

It was surprising how often they asked about the war. "Sir, which is stronger—England or Germany?" This question followed me everywhere I went in Borneo, and the listeners never wearied of the story. They said they wanted the war to stop, for food was becoming very high in Borneo. It is indeed remarkable what a pronounced influence the European war has on one of the most remote and primitive countries of the earth. In one town we visited all the Chinese coolies had refused to unload a few cases of goods for a Japanese merchant because of the demands China had been subjected to from Japan. And so the wealthy sons of Nippon had to roll up their sleeves and do their own dirty work.

The first stop in Borneo was at Rejang, about 450 miles from Singapore. This is a tiny fishing village at the mouth of the mighty Rejang river, and the white men seemed as much of a curiosity to the inhabitants as they were to us. The natives there are called Melanus and speak Malay. There is one Chinese Christian in town, whom we visited and were offered cigarettes and then watermelon, the latter of which we accepted and found barely fit for human consumption.

We proceeded up river for seventy miles to Sibü, our destination, passing a few villages en route. The Rejang river is a mile

to a mile and half wide where we were, and narrows to a rushing, mighty mountain torrent a hundred miles farther up stream, where the steamers must stop and the traveler proceed past the rapids and waterfalls in long native boats which must frequently be carried overland to a higher stretch of the river. These dug-out boats are made of the trunks of tall jungle trees and are usually about sixty feet long.

The principal tribes of Sarawak are the Sea Dyaks and Land Dyaks. Many years ago the Land Dyaks forced the Sea Dyaks back from the sea into the jungle, and occupied their choicest territory, so that now the Land Dyaks dwell by the sea, while the Sea Dyaks inhabit the fastness of the jungle. These tribes have always been head hunters, but Rajah Brooke's government has taken vigorous measures to suppress this pastime. They are allowed to keep all old heads as heirlooms, but are prohibited to take new ones, and when they do this the government offers their heads to any Dyak who can take them, and then every other tribe in the country makes a rush to the offending tribe and annihilates it, keeping the heads as trophies. Nevertheless, there are frequent outbreaks among the Sea Dyaks, who retreat far up the Rejang river after taking the heads of their enemies. Then they cut the trunks of the tallest trees overhanging the river until they are just ready to topple over, and when the pursuers come along down crash the trees across the boats, killing or maiming most of the occupants, and the Dyaks who give the final shove rush into the jungle in high glee to relate their exploit to admiring females of the tribe.

The Dyaks are a hardy race and seek adventure and tests of prowess. Sometimes they meet an antagonist worthy of their mettle, as the following clipping from the official Sarawak Gazette will prove: "From up the river comes a story of great presence of mind on the part of a Malay. He was fishing with a 'jala' (casting net) in the river not far from the Sejijak and while stooping down was suddenly seized by the head by a crocodile. The intended victim was, however, not of the sort who gives in without a struggle, and he made his captor release him by digging at the brute's eyes with his fingers. The Malay afterwards had the wounds in his head attended to at Sejijak hospital and since then has been looking out for his assailant with a gun. He says he



A DYAK ART GALLERY

Every house has a collection of heads, and they are highly prized, as the Dyaks believe that the strength of a vanquished adversary passes to the victor.

wishes to 'bayar hutang'—which is to say, 'get his own back.'"

At Sibu we met Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, missionaries there for thirteen years, and Mr. Brewster, a young missionary from Los Angeles. The Hoovers speak Tamil, Malay, Dyak and two dialects of Chinese, and are well known all over Sarawak. Sibu is the second largest town in Sarawak, having about 10,000 souls, mostly Chinese and Malays.

The day after our arrival we four men took Mr. Hoover's motor boat and proceeded six miles up river to visit a Dyak house. We anchored to a log at the bank of the river, and I remarked that no house or path to a house was in sight. Thereupon Mr. Hoover told us that we would have to wade a mile or so, it being high tide. Now such a trip held no terrors for me, for I had never tried it. We waded through bogs and undergrowth for over a mile, generally sinking to our knees. At the bottom of the "path" logs were placed lengthwise, and when our feet struck these and did not slip, they afforded considerable help. As the Dyaks are not burdened with clothing and

tread the logs daily, they splash along quite heedlessly.

It is not appropriate to ask how many houses or people there are in a Dyak "village," but how many doors. A settlement always consists of only one long house, raised on stout poles higher than a man can reach, the purpose being to prevent an attacking tribe from piercing the floor with knives or swords. The house is divided into small rooms, each having a door leading onto the long enclosed porch in front. It is impossible to enter or leave the building without traversing this porch. This is communistic enough to please most anyone.

There was a log leading into each end of the house before us, with notches for a toe-hold, and it must have been a circus to see us scrambling up those logs. The first inhabitants we met inside were a few razor-back hogs, some chickens and a mangy dog. Along the porch which ranged the entire length of the house were old brass cannon and sword and knives, with an occasional blunderbuss to recall revolutionary days in France or America, whence these are said to have been brought by early traders. And

then there were the smoked heads hanging from the ceiling, which are more highly prized by the Dyaks than in any other kingdom. They were taken in the good old days before the galling restraints imposed by a civilized administration, and we could not buy one of these heads at any price. "Why, sir, these were taken by our father, and if we lost them the evil spirits would bring death and desolation."

Besides, the Dyaks care nothing for money in itself and never keep it for any length of time. A man's wealth is measured by the number of jars and old crockery he has acquired, and his prowess by the number of heads he or his ancestors took and retained through succeeding wars. Each of the small rooms contained a collection of jars and crockery and brass trinkets, and these are jealously guarded. When the Dyaks swarmed about us I offered to buy most everything in sight, and got nothing—not even a pleasant smile. The women wear corsets made of small brass rings strung on bamboo and wound around their waist, and these are very highly prized. The woman whose corset extends the highest is the most admired of all, hence these rings are sought for assiduously. One woman whom we asked about her corset offered to buy one from us at any price we would name, and what could we reply to that? They told me frankly that if I took the corset I would have to take the contents (being the woman herself)—that the two always went together and were inseparable till death! But they very considerably asked no increase in price for the girl, and told me to take my choice of the assembly for six dollars.

Below the corset the women wear a skirt extending to the knees. They have no other clothing, but are invariably loaded with trinkets and gewgaws. In their ears and noses, and on their arms, wrists, fingers, legs, ankles, necks, and hair, is something that glitters and delights their eyes. Here I will explain that the currency of Sarawak is practically all copper cents, which are more than twice as large as American cents. The Dyaks buy all the silver coins for anklets, bracelets and belts, and a recent coinage of \$20,000 in silver disappeared like red lemonade at a country picnic. One dollar copper weighs two pounds, so a man would have some difficulty in carrying away \$100. It is the usual custom to pay all debts in coppers, which are rolled fifty in a package. Mr. Hoover received one debt of \$2,000 in

coppers and took it home in bullock carts, and in Borneo this is not considered a strange proceeding.

White men never carry money in town where they live; they write a promise to pay for every article bought at the market place, and the storekeeper must go to the house and have his pay counted out to him in coppers. One time Mr. Hoover took pay for some rice, the buyer giving him the money in a large sack holding about \$400. Before the sack arrived at home the package had all broken up, and a number of men had to be hired a half day to count and roll the coppers.

A short distance from the house we visited is a small grove of rubber trees which the government encouraged the Dyaks to plant. The women do all the work in caring for these trees, but judging by the condition of the field, this small plantation is not likely to yield rubber enough for the Detroit trade for some years yet. The Dyaks hunt and fish and find wild fruit for



SEA DYAK SWEETHEARTS

He may lose her if a rival gets a head first. A murderer is idolized if his victim belongs to another tribe.



SPINNING THE THREAD

a livelihood. One tribe, the Sibus, makes baskets to sell to Europeans. This tribe occupies two houses near Sibu, and no baskets like theirs are made elsewhere in the world. I bought seven of the baskets and hats for a few cents. The hats they wear are rain and sun proof, measuring about forty inches in diameter. Most of the Dyaks were afraid of our camera, but we got a few good pictures by taking them un-awares.

In Sibu we saw a young orang-outang which was very similar to the human species in appearance and mimicry. Its cries were almost incredibly human and it would pout and whimper like a spoiled child. The Dyaks consider monkey and snake very delicious food, it is said.

While stamping letters in the post-office a Dyak asked us if the stamps were medicine to make them go! When they see Europeans taking outdoor exercise the Dyaks say they are "makan angin"—that is, eating wind.

We visited Mr. Davis and wife, missionaries from Kansas, who live twelve miles from Sibu. Mr. Davis took me on a ramble along the log paths through the jungle, where many of the trees are over one hundred feet to the first branch, although no larger at the base than a man's thigh. Numberless vines and parasitical growths were entwined among the branches, and I was told that it was quite impossible to cut down the trees singly, as they will not fall. An acre or so of them must be cut through the trunks, and then one of the largest is given a hard shove and the whole lot goes down

with a resounding crash. Mr. Davis conducts an industrial school and reformatory, where refractory Chinese and Dyak boys are made so tame that they will eat food from a plate, and are taught the rudiments of soil culture.

We found the Bornean pineapple sweeter and much larger than the Singapore variety. One grown near Sibu weighed 51½ pounds. The bananas are also very large and delicious, and one hundred of the choicest may be had for \$1.35.

As I wished to see Kuching, the capital and largest town of Sarawak, I left my friend in Sibu and proceeded alone. The English rajah, Sir James Brooke, lives here. He is now 88 years of age, but is vigorous and hearty and usually accompanies the war expeditions against the Sea Dyaks. He has a glass eye to replace the one jerked out by a limb while he was hunting. I saw him walking to his office, assisted by a Malay who carried an enormous yellow umbrella over him. His father ruled before him and his son will be the next rajah, Sarawak being absolutely independent of any nation. Kuching is a day's run from Sibu and on the Tbal river. The principal place of interest is the museum.

On the return to Singapore we got a touch of the southwest monsoon, and this kept me in my cabin for over a day. But in spite of the hardships which have to be endured by travelers to Borneo, the trip is well worth the inconvenience and trouble, for those who wish to see children of nature who are wholly untrammelled by the shackles of civilization.



THE ONCE OVER

By Militant

THE labor movement is built on sacrifice and force.

These are two of the most important elements entering into any effective, aggressive unit of working class organization.

When a labor organization is afraid to take a chance—when the members and officers hold back from a projected action because of the risk that they may lose what they already have—then that labor organization has begun to take on the character of a propertied class in human society.

The slogan then has become "Safety First."

Nations, individuals, labor unions—each and all—are entering the shadow of the curse of degeneracy—they are losing the sap of power to hit and power to take punishment—whenever the slogan "Safety First" becomes dominant.

THE railroad brotherhoods—have they lost the meaning of sacrifice and force?

Is all memory gone from the Big Four of the struggles twenty, thirty and forty years ago? For the right to organize, for the right to hold meetings and take counsel together without losing their jobs and being outlawed?

Have repeated arbitrations, incessant tactics of talk and talk, taken away from the Big Four brotherhoods the power of action?

OUT of the trend of events suddenly leaped the threat of war for the United States. This was on Wednesday.

It came in the form of a note from Germany to the United States that unrestricted submarine warfare would be inaugurated in definite sea zones and the United States government was informed that: (1) It would be permitted only one boat per week to England, and (2) this lone boat must be painted with stripes of a certain color or it would be torpedoed. On Thursday this was a nation hanging by an eyelash to the precipice of war.

On Friday Warren S. Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, speaking directly for his own organization and presumptively for the Big Four, announced that there would positively be no railroad strike; that all possible and projected action for the eight-hour day is halted and there is nothing doing. With this was stated a theory that the nation and the flag come first in importance and afterward come the interests of the railroad brotherhoods and the organized working class.

That the brotherhoods might use their mass power to enforce the nation's will on a group of fat, greedy railroad bankers and financiers, was not suggested. That the coal miners of Wales and the dock wallopers of England and Scotland were the splendid instruments by which the British nation compelled fat and greedy coal landlords and fat and greedy ship-owners to loosen their greedy fists and serve the nation instead of their own fat pocketbooks and stomachs, this, too, was not hinted at in the announcement from Warren S. Stone.

The stories sent over from England by those painfully accurate and human

reporters, Will Irwin and William Hard, telling how British labor stood for repudiation of the British flag so long as the capitalistic masters of Britain were repudiating the flag thru hoggish profiteering—all this does not seem to have dawned in any slight degree inside the ivory dome of the spokesman of the railroad brotherhoods.

That now when the Ripleys and Hale Holdens, railroad masters of America, are figuring on more and more record-breaking profits from war business—that now is the time to beat to their knees these railroad masters—is not shadowed forth in any vaguest kind of suggestion from Warren S. Stone.

What he wishes emphasized now is that he and his associates are 100 per cent pure patriots; in their hearts an unblemished love of the flag, and on the rear of their trousers a sign reading, "Kick me."

Talk runs strong in some quarters that if there had been a rail strike last August the brotherhoods would have gotten the trimming of their lives. They weren't ready in the way the Ripleys and Hale Holdens were. The Santa Fe, Burlington and Pennsylvania roads had a strike-breaking organization recruited from brotherhood members whose first "loyalty" is to the railroad companies and all the predictions of 'Gene Debs and Scott Nearing in this particular are verified by all fresh incoming reports. Private detective agencies, an array of gunmen, state governments and newspapers, these all were ready for the job of trimming the brotherhoods last August.

Instead of sacrifice, "Safety First" has become the slogan of the rail organizations' leaders. Instead of a belief in what they can accomplish thru the use of their force, their organized economic physical force operative thru stoppage of work and standstill of a nation's transportation, the Warren S. Stones pin their faith entirely on legislation, court decisions, arbitration, speeches, diplomacy. Stone cherishes the theory that he is able to out-talk and out-argue and out-speechify the railroad lawyers and managers, so as to whipsaw them into granting the brotherhood demands. When will these tactics reach a final showdown?

BRYAN the pacifist. Look at him. War—a war between the working class of Colorado and the Rockefeller Colorado Fuel & Iron Company was on. Men were shot with lead bullets exactly like those in use in Europe. This is Walsenberg and on "The Hogback" where Don Magregor and 80 men with rifles stood off the Rockefeller militia and the Rockefeller gunmen.

Women and children were burned to charred crisps—and suffocated into deaths of bloated bodies and ghastly writhing faces—and the affair constituted an atrocity rivaling in kind, if not in degree, any sort of an atrocity that has been committed in cataclysmic Europe the last two years. This, in Ludlow, Colorado, a few months before the Great War came on us. This, under the orders of the Rockefeller Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, in the United States of America.

It was war. And Bryan, the pacifist, kept his mouth shut, trimmed and ducked, wouldn't say a word.

Likewise there was war between the working class of Calumet, Michigan, and the multimillionaire copper magnates of Calumet and Boston. And on this war Bryan, the pacifist, kept his large oleaginous mouth shut.

Again there was war in West Virginia and a machine gun was run on a railroad car by hired thugs who turned a stream of bullets down Paint Creek pumping jags of lead into the bodies of strikers and their families. On this war Bryan, the pacifist, was silent.

This is partly the reason why organized labor listens with a sort of silent contempt to the mouthings of Bryan, the pacifist, these days.

SACRIFICES—what is it—whaddaye mean "sacrifice"?

It's the stuff embodied in the action of Margaret Sanger and her associates.

It's the driving motive behind the 72 men in jail in Everett, Washington, wrecking the doors, chandeliers and plumbing of the jail interior and singing all night their repertoire from "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight" to "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," in order to force the sheriff to give them food fit for human beings.

Sacrifice? It's the stuff in Matthew

Schmidt, languishing in Los Angeles jail ready for either life sentence or death or anything else rather than be the obedient lackey of the prosecuting attorney of Los Angeles county and cheap instrument of the ruling class of Los Angeles.

Pat Quinlan in New Jersey state prison—Ford and Suhr—Joe Hill—what a list it is of the souls of sacrifice now held within the walls of American bastiles because they took risks for the working class!

Without these and their kind, how far would the working class get?

Without this element of rebels who give all they have and never count the cost, what would the working class be?

They may convict more and more there in San Francisco to follow Billings and Mooney. But the examples of Billings and Mooney will live on as embers that transmit their flame to fresh firewood touching them.

CHICAGO'S police chief, Charles Clarence Healey, has been indicted on charges of bribery, extortion and malfeasance in office. In the hour of his need the labor movement is handing him the horse laugh. When the street car strike was in full swing, he asked the city council to appropriate \$450,000 cash for him to hire 1,000 special policemen and buy rifles and cartridges. During the garment strike of 1915 he was the directing official under whom 1,300 arrests were made on charges of disorderly conduct, unlawful assembly and assault and battery without one subsequent conviction out of the whole 1,300.

MEANWHILE the indictment still stands in Cook county, Illinois, whereby Guy Biddinger, right hand man to Detective William Burns, is accused of extortion and running a confidence game. The latest word is that extradition will be obtained, and Biddinger brought from New York to stand trial. State's Attorney Hoyne's declaration is that the evidence on hand will convince any jury that Biddinger is a crook leagued with professional thieves and all the sanctionious pretensions of Detective Burns' first lieutenant are only a mask for covering the phiz of a hypocrite who almost got away with it. This situation, along with the conviction of Detective Burns and his rebuke by a New York court for eavesdropping, are enabling the general public to get a line on the character of tools used by the National Erectors' Association to combat the structural iron workers' union.

HENRY FORD, we repeat, is scabbing on his class. It isn't the regular and accepted thing for the men of property to offer their property to the nation for use in the event of war. Yet that is exactly the sacrifice Henry, the Tin Lizzie King, is making. The Rockefellers, Morgans, Schwabs, Hearsts and Otises are a cheap lot of flivver patriots—pikers, quitters and white-livered cowards—when they are placed alongside Henry Ford for comparison. Henry says if we take the Profits out of war munitions there will be no more hollering for war.



The Future of International Socialism

By S. J. RUTGERS

FRANK BOHN invites us to put certain facts in a row and to look them over.

The facts as given are:

The Socialist Party is going down.

State Capitalism is growing rapidly.

Congress is losing function after function.

Its place is taken by various commissions.

The "great" middle class wants relief, on account of high prices, etc.

The A. F. of L. is working hand in glove with the professional and middle classes.

The middle classes are going to bedevil plutocracy, which they are doing in proper shape, and when they get done with the job there won't be any plutocracy left. Morgan is the big man of yesterday; Goethals (the engineer who built the Panama Canal) is the big man of today and tomorrow.

The conclusion is that we have to co-operate politically with the middle classes, especially in city and state government (Congress being practically considered out of the job), and that on the economic field we have to democratize industries by building up industrial unions. Besides, we should have a purely educational organization or club for propaganda purposes only.

The main feature of this new "American" scheme is that it puts a great deal of hope for human progression on the middle classes and the farmers and consequently wants to co-operate with these classes. The middle classes are supposed to put plutocracy out of business, and this done, it will, of course, be a relatively easy job to democratize industries, which will be controlled by committees of technical experts.

Now it certainly needs some nerve to announce this position of the middle class, savior of mankind, as a "fact," but even as a suggestion it is hardly worth serious consideration. To give it any glimpse of a possibility, it is necessary to make this an "American" issue, to give it a nationalistic feature. To even sug-

gest that the middle classes in Europe will develop the forces to overcome plutocracy, to overcome imperialism, must seem ridiculous. This very class of professors, school teachers, editors, lawyers, etc., belong to the most reptile servants of Big Capital, are the strongest advocates of imperialism and paid to fool the workers. And this not only holds true in Germany, but in all European countries, including the neutrals.

And how could we expect a different situation?

A gigantic struggle is going on for world dominion, for the supremacy of financial capital. A struggle in which the concentration of capital is going to be fabulous. A struggle in which financial capital as a class is going to be the winner, no matter what may be the national results. A struggle in which even the working class has been crushed temporarily, and in which the middle classes not even stammer a murmur of opposition. And in our relatively small part of the world, which happens not yet to be actively involved in the struggle, because it prefers the rôle of a Shylock coining gold out of blood, we are invited to expect a development diametrically against all experiences on the other side of the ocean! This country, which prepares itself feverishly to play at least an active part in the next conflict, whose President actually does the bidding to be admitted in a world counsel to prepare the next war, this country, in which the Morgans and Rockefellers have increased their influence on the industries and on public life tenfold during the few years of the European war, is going to bedevil plutocracy!

And this Herculean task is not supposed to be performed by the working class, by the workers in the industries on which the money kings base their power, but by a few servants of those money interests, by the professors of the Rockefeller Universities, by the editors of the most rotten, corrupt press in the whole world, by the corporation lawyers, etc. If this is Americanism, if we have

to betray our International position as cheaply as that, we had better stop denouncing the nationalistic schemes of the Imperial Prussian "Socialists."

The Socialist Party has failed, which is regrettable, but let us not make it worse by trying to invent American substitutes for a sound International basis of the proletarian class struggle.

State Capitalism is growing in Europe quicker than it is in the United States, but it will come here as well as in Europe, and we should see as our friend Frank Bohn does, that this is no Socialism; we should realize that this is a form of concentrated monopolistic Capitalism under control of the money kings:

Congress is losing its importance just like the parliaments in Europe, and the Executive Power, the President and Committees, are taking its place. All right, but this means again that Financial Interests, without the co-operation of which no President can maintain himself, and which largely control the committees, judges and other executive powers, are the leading force in present-day Society. No doubt they will pay good salaries to their more intelligent servants, including some of the professors who are paid to fool the rest of the world. Those servants will go on pretending to fight Plutocracy and trying to get still higher salaries for betraying the workers in politics, education, morals, and all the rest. They

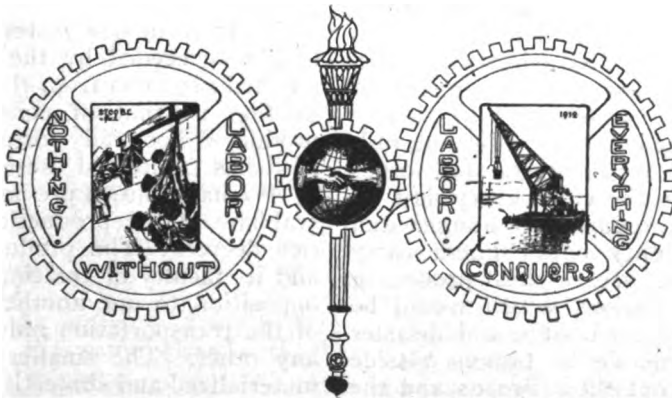
will even help to maintain the illusion of a democracy, but remember: Congress is losing function after function, bourgeois democracy is doomed.

More than ever in history, the working class will have to know that it can *only* rely on its own power, that it has to fight the whole world, including the middle classes, including their own leaders as far as they show middle-class features.

The failure of our American party is greatly due to the fact that it has been mostly a middle class party, and now we should advise to make this a principle rather than an accident!

To my mind, there can be no greater disaster than to saddle upon the workers the illusion that some other class will put plutocracy out of business. It is the gigantic historic task of labor to overcome this new ruling class, and to fulfill this task means to win Socialism. All of its energy, its brains and its heart, its life and its soul, will have to be put in this struggle for victory. This is the very essential part of its class-struggle and somebody comes along and tells us that other people will do the job.

I am pretty sure that no class conscious worker will be trapped by this new form of "nationalism" and become a traitor to his International class, but if so, it would be a crime, which no amount of devotion could make good.



Marxian Economics

TRANSPORTATION

By MARY E. MARCY

THE men who build the railroads, lay the tracks, construct the engines and the cars and who build the vast railroad yards, etc., as well as those who build ships, the docks and ship yards—all produce value or commodities for which they are paid only wages, that is a *portion* of the value of these products, but which wages are, on the average, the value of their labor power. Like all other revolutionary workers, they desire to receive the value of their products—to cease selling their labor power as men sell saws or cloth or cows.

But the railroad men, the men who run the railroads, and the men who sail the seas, the vast army of workers who transport things from where they are produced to where they may be needed, from the farms to the mills and thence to the cities where people need food or clothing, these men are producers of value in another way.

Ten carloads of cattle remain only ten cars of cattle both before and after a long journey across a continent. A shipload of horses sent from America to the war zone in France contains no more horses at the end than at the beginning of the journey. Neither the transport workers on the ships nor on the railroads in either case have produced any additional *commodities*. Both groups of workers have, however, produced additional *value*.

And it is obvious to everyone that transportation is a necessity in society as it is organized today. Without railroads bringing fresh meats and other fresh produce to the cities every day we would soon be reduced to hunger and starvation. Mighty ocean liners carry wheat from the great wheat-producing nations to the nations which would be speedily brought to famine and disaster if they were unable to obtain outside supplies. Without the railroads and the oversea lines, "civilized" society and modern industry would be impossible today. Both enable men to get necessary things quickly, to cover long distances in a

short time. They have brought all men close to one another.

In these cases men produce value who do not produce any commodities.

On page 170, Vol. II, *Capital* (Kerr edition), Marx says:

"The use value of things has no existence except in consumption, and this may necessitate a change of place on the part of the product, in other words, it may require the additional process of production of the transportation industry. The productive capital invested in this industry adds value to the transported products, partly by transferring value from the means of transportation, partly by adding value through the labor-power used in transportation. This last named addition of value consists, as it does in all capitalist production, of a reproduction of wages and surplus value.

"Within each process of production, the change of place of the object of labor and the required instruments of labor and labor-power—such as cotton which passes from the carding to the spinning room, or coal which is hoisted to the surface—play a great role. The transition of the finished product, in the role of a finished commodity, from one independent place of production to another in a different location, shows the same phenomenon on a larger scale. The transport of the products from one factory to another is finally succeeded by the passage of the finished products from the sphere of production to that of consumption. The product is not ready for consumption until it has completed these movements.

"We have shown previously that a general law of the production of commodities decrees: The productivity of labor and its faculty of creating value stand in opposition to one another. This is true of the transportation industry as well as any other. The smaller the amount of materialized and subjective labor required for the transportation of the commodities over a certain distance, the greater is the productivity of labor, and vice versa.

"The absolute magnitude of the value

which the transportation of commodities adds to them is smaller in proportion as the productivity of the transportation industry and vice versa."

And on page 172:

"The circulation, that is to say, the actual perambulation of the commodities through space, is carried on in the form of transportation. The transportation industry forms on one hand an independent branch of production, and thus a special sphere of investment of productive capital. On the other hand, it is distinguished from the other spheres of production by the fact that it represents a continuation of a process of production *within the process of circulation and for its benefit.*"

On page 340, Vol. III, Capital (Kerr edition), Marx explains further:

"Expressage, cost of transportation, storage, etc., all these costs are not incurred in the production of the use-values of the commodities, but in the realization of their exchange value. They are pure costs of circulation. They do not enter into the strict process of production, but since they enter into the process of circulation, they are part of the total process of reproduction."

The wage workers on the steamship lines and on the railroads, who transport the commodities of the world from nation to nation and from state to state, sell their labor-power just as do the cotton mill workers or the miners. They sell their labor-power on the market and receive something like the value of that labor-power—that is, wages enough to produce more labor-power for the next day and month, and children to take their places later on. Their wages may represent two hours of social labor, or three hours of social labor, and the value they add to the commodities they transport may represent eight or ten hours of labor. In this country, where some railroad men work on a mileage basis, they may add *sixteen* hours of value and receive wages representing four or six hours of social labor, or value.

Marx puts the workers of the express companies in the same class with the transportation workers.

Storage

In writing of storage, Marx says storage may or may not add value to commodities. Where a speculator, for ex-

ample, merely decides to keep his bushels of corn or wheat in the warehouses awaiting a rise in prices, this storing produces no value.

When a farmer is compelled to sell his wheat or oats as soon as they are produced in order to secure ready cash, and the man to whom he sells holds the grains on a rising market, the broker or purchaser is put to storage expense, but adds no value to these products.

In such cases the producer merely sells his product below its value and the expense of storing is paid out of the portion of the surplus value appropriated by the buyer.

But in other instances the nature of commodities makes their storage a necessity. Storing crops, to preserve them, *necessary* cold-storage are examples of this nature. This storage adds value to the commodities.

In Vol. II, Capital, on pages 154-155, Marx makes this plain. He says:

"Expenses of circulation, which are due to a mere change of form in circulation, ideally speaking, do not enter into the value of commodities. The capital parts expended for them are deductions from the productively expended capital, so far as the capitalist is concerned. Not so the expenses of circulation which we shall consider now. *They* may arise from processes of production, which are continued only in circulation, the productive character of which is merely concealed by the form of circulation."

Speculators may buy and sell the same wheat, storing it in various warehouses, over and over again, at a time when there is a big demand for this commodity. The wheat will probably, or at least on the average, sell at its value ultimately. The man who originally bought of the farmer purchased the wheat below its value. No value is added by storing it in the warehouses, but the expenses of storage are borne by the various speculators who pay it out of the surplus value appropriated from the farmers, or producers.

This would not at all apply to necessary cold storage, which enables the world to buy eggs when the hens are not laying, to preserve meats for long periods of time in the hottest weather, or to ship meat to distant points preserved by up-to-date refrigeration.

All this work of the men and women employed in such storage is necessary labor which adds value to the commodities, altho it does not produce any commodities itself. This means value produced in the sphere of circulation. And the capitalists in these fields are able to enrich themselves to the extent of the difference between the wages paid these workers and the value added by them, less, of course, the wear and tear of machinery, etc., etc.

Questions

1. Do commodities, on the average, sell to the consumers at their value?

2. Do wage workers, on the average, receive the value of their labor-power?

3. Is virgin gold any more valuable in Washington than it is in Alaska? Is wheat any more valuable in Chicago than it is at the farm?

4. Do these commodities sell at a higher price in Washington and Chicago than they do in Alaska and at the farm?

5. Do the railroad men who haul logs from Northern Michigan to the furniture factory in Southern Michigan add any value to them?

6. Where does the railroad corporation get its profits? From the furniture manufacturer or from the labor of the railroad men?

7. Suppose wheat is sold by farmers to a speculator who ships it to Chicago from Indiana and this speculator re-sells to another man, who ships the grain to Missouri; suppose another purchaser ships it back to Indiana, who pays for the unnecessary transportation? The working class? The "consumer"? Or the speculator?

8. Whom does the railroad company exploit—the consumer, the shipper or the railroad workers?

9. Do any workers produce value who produce no commodities? Name those so employed in two industries.

10. Are there any workers who perform a useful function in society who neither create any value nor produce any commodities? If such workers are necessary, will we always aim to give them the value of such service even under an industrial democracy? Will these workers have to be paid out of the value created by the producers? Does anybody else produce any value?



Current Affairs

By Louis C. Fraina

The Curse of Success

THE philosophy of a successful capitalist is revealed in Charles M. Schwab's book, *Succeeding With What You Have*. Here are two gems:

"The man who fails to give fair service during the hours for which he is paid is dishonest. The man who is not willing to give more than this is foolish."

"I have yet to hear an instance where misfortune hit a man because he worked overtime."

The book doesn't mention the animal cunning, the tricks of trade, the jungle morality, by which men rise to economic power. But in spite of that it reveals the low plane upon which Capitalism places life.

Man should work to live; Capitalism makes him live to work. The most wonderful and potential years of life are from sixteen to thirty. With the physical and temperamental re-birth of adolescence, men and women become eager for the Great Adventure—for love, for creative work, for *living*. But it is precisely during these years that we are thrown into the mill, the mine, the factory; that we must grub and grub, and fight to get the best of the other fellow before he gets the best of us.

And when the savage fight is over, you are either—successful, with the virginal sap of life dried up into a smug satisfaction with things as they are—or, you are one of the unsuccessful many upon whose tragic failure is built the success of the very few.

The Menace to Mexico

THE United States government, through Secretary of State Lansing, has protested against Mexico incorporat-

ing in its new constitution articles vesting the Executive with power to expropriate property without judicial recourse, and generally limiting the property holdings of foreign capital, and against a clause that "apparently means virtual nationalization of the Mexican oil fields." All this, says the protest, might, if retroactive, be confiscatory.

Precisely; the measures *are* meant to be confiscatory. Mexico seeks to expropriate foreign capital of its holdings secured largely through treachery and theft. Imperialism has Mexico in its grip; and Imperialism means securing control of the natural and industrial resources of an economically undeveloped country in ways that rival the terrors of the Industrial Revolution in England.

The task ahead in Mexico is the development of national Capitalism—the task of the bourgeois revolution. Politically, it means constitutional bourgeois government; economically, the development of an independent farmer class and industrial bourgeoisie.

This historic task is complicated today by a circumstance unknown to previous revolutions—the grip of foreign capital upon Mexico. Carranza's effort to free his country of this control is being bitterly fought by international Imperialism, particularly of the United States. Future events in Mexico will largely be determined by this clash of interests. In the event of war, the murder of Mexican and American workers will determine which master class shall get the profits.

The Collapse of Parliaments

THE investigation of the charges that Wall Street speculators received a "tip" about President Wilson's peace

note, is proving one important fact: *The collapse of Congress*. Congress is becoming more and more futile, its popular prestige steadily declining.

A determining development of the new Capitalism and Imperialism is the centralization of power in the executive, and the consequent decline of parliamentary prestige. This is a general development, and is being seriously discussed in Europe. In this country, President Roosevelt terrorized Congress, and got away with it; while President Wilson wields an even greater power. The demand in the Progressive party platform for a virtually Caesarian "administrative control" was a definite expression of the trend toward centralization of power.

The economic unity of Capitalism and its merging of interests in State Socialism, is one cause of this trend; the other cause is the increasing severity of the struggles of Imperialism for control of investment markets.

This collapse of parliamentary control may lead to one of two things:

Congress and parliaments generally may sink still lower in actual power, and become mere verbal outlets of repressed energy.

Or, their basis of representation and functions may become transferred and adapted in accord with the new conditions.

Considering the steady development of State Socialism and the complexity of interests it represents, it seems likely that parliaments may assume a new form. The *London Times*, for example, urges a reconstruction of the House of Commons, *favoring the abolition of political representation based on geographical divisions, and insisting upon election by trades, industries and occupations.*

This is the Industrial Union ideal, turned to the uses of aggressive Capitalism. This development would make all the more necessary adopting Industrial Unionism as the basis of Socialist action. May our conservative Socialist majority realize the compulsion of economic facts!

Socialist Integrity, Above All!

THE Russian revolutionary Socialist, Leon Trotsky, recently expelled from Europe, said in a speech in New York City on January 25:

"Socialists in Europe should have made

it clear that they were against the war, even tho they could not prevent the war. But they did not do so, and the result is that President Wilson, who is a tool and servant of the capitalist class, is more powerful when he lifts his voice for peace than the Socialists."

In this circumstance is one cause of the drop in the Socialist vote. The party declaimed against war, but the *action* of European Socialism spoke louder than words. And, to make matters worse, the party did not emphasize a revolutionary opposition to Imperialism, militarism and war.

Socialism cannot afford to compromise. Temporarily, it may pay in votes; ultimately, it means disaster. Only at its own peril may our movement sacrifice its revolutionary integrity of principles and purpose.

Mass Action and Industrial Unionism

THE growing interest in Mass Action is important, and should be encouraged. But we must not accept Mass Action without considering the historical conditions of its European origin, and adapt it to our particular needs and revolutionary practice.

We did not do this with syndicalism, and it proved more of an injury than a benefit. Syndicalism contributed nothing of value that was not implicit in Industrial Unionism, except Sabotage. And even in this we did not relate Sabotage to our own conditions and industrial development.

It is different with Mass Action. This practice contributes an important idea,—*if we interpret rightly.*

Mass Action means more revolutionary action against imperialism, against war, against capitalism. But, apart from this program, Mass Action is indefinite. It is indefinite—that is to say, incomplete—because it does not emphasize the ultimate revolutionary mission of unionism. It is indefinite because in Europe it is used primarily as a means to fight the conservatism of the Socialist movement. When rebels in Germany urge Mass Action upon the party, they mean more aggressive action and not a comprehensive program of revolution. (While street demonstrations, for example, may be an aggressive and even revolution-

ary act in Germany, they are not in this country.)

Mass Action, precisely as does Industrial Unionism, urges the extension of Socialist activity to *conscious* and *aggressive* action on the economic field. This activity stimulates the independence of the working class and warms its idealism into aggressive action. It "puts a bone" into the parliamentary struggle and compels it to become revolutionary. The fight against capitalism becomes an active mass fight, not merely an electoral and parliamentary debate.

But Industrial Unionism goes much further: it bases the whole Socialist movement upon economic action; it sees in the immediate struggle of the unions a preparation for the revolutionary strike that will overthrow capitalism; and it organizes the working class in a way that provides the means of assuming control of society,—builds in its organization the structure that will function as the administration of the new society on the day of the revolution.

Karl Kautsky, in an article in the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*, April, 1901, said:

"The trades unions . . . will constitute the most energetic factors in surmounting the present mode of production and they will be pillars on which the edifice of the socialist commonwealth will be erected."

But trades unions are not working for the revolution; they are working as a caste for a place in the governing system of the nation,—making for State Socialism, and

not the Social Revolution. Nor does the structure of the trades unions admit of their assuming possession and management of concentrated industry. Industrial Unionism alone provides the aspiration and the means, the theory and practice, of the ultimate revolutionary act.

All this isn't emphasized in the program of Mass Action; nor does it project a *new* and *more effective* form of union organization.

But Mass Action and Industrial Unionism are not antagonistic: they are supplementary.

Industrial Unionism, alone and in itself, is compelled to abstain from action until the future, or to indulge in small action. On the whole, it may preach, but as yet it cannot always act. Thru the practice of Mass Action, however, the revolutionist may participate in all the struggles of the working class, organized and unorganized. We come to them with a program of *immediate* action, and in this way emphasize our propaganda.

Industrial Unionism without the practice of Mass Action may be doomed to propaganda alone; Mass Action without the theory and practice of Industrial Unionism neither builds for the future nor develops the *maximum* power of the proletariat.

The two must fuse: our movement must accept the practice of Mass Action. May our European comrades fuse *their* Mass Action with the theory and practice of Industrial Unionism.



(Continued from page 528)

of the mills, and in the end took her in his arms and kissed her soberly on the brow.

But that was all in the long ago, before he had grown too old and tired to love. Also, she had married and gone away, and his mind had gone to sleep. Yet it had been a wonderful experience, and he used often to look back upon it as other men and women look back upon the time they believed in fairies. He had never believed in fairies nor Santa Claus; but he had believed implicitly in the smiling future his imagination had wrought into the steaming cloth stream.

He had become a man very early in life. At seven, when he drew his first wages, began his adolescence. A certain feeling of independence crept up in him, and the relationship between him and his mother changed. Somehow, as an earner and bread-winner doing his own work in the world, he was more like an equal with her. Manhood, full-blown manhood, had come when he was eleven, at which time he had gone to work on the night-shift for six months. No child works on the night-shift and remains a child.

There had been several great events in his life. One of these had been when his mother bought some California prunes. Two others had been the two times when she cooked custard. Those had been events. He remembered them kindly. And at that time mother had told him of a blissful dish she would sometime make—"floating island," she had called it, "better than custard." For years he had looked forward to the day when he would sit down to the table with floating island before him, until at last he had relegated the idea of it to the limbo of unattainable ideals.

Once he found a silver quarter lying on the sidewalk. That, also was a great event in his life, withal a tragic one. He knew his duty on the instant the silver flashed on his eyes, before even he had picked it up. At home, as usual, there was not enough to eat, and home he should have taken it as he did his wages every Saturday night. Right conduct in this was obvious; but he never had any spending of his money, and he was suffering from candy-hunger. He was ravenous for the sweets that only on red-letter days he had ever tasted in his life.

He did not attempt to deceive himself. He knew it was sin, and deliberately he

sinned when he went on a fifteen-cent candy debauch. Ten cents he saved for a future debauch; but not being accustomed to the carrying of money, he lost the ten cents. This occurred at the time when he was suffering all the torments of conscience, and it was to him an act of divine retribution. He had a frightened sense of the closeness of an awful and wrathful God. God had seen, and God had been swift to punish, denying him even the full wages of sin.

In memory he always looked back upon that event as the one great criminal deed of his life, and at the recollection his conscience always awoke and gave him another twinge. It was the one skeleton in his closet. Also, being so made and circumstanced, he looked back upon the deed with regret. He was dissatisfied with the manner in which he had spent the quarter. He could have invested it better, and, out of his later knowledge of the quickness of God, he would have beaten God out by spending the whole quarter at one fell swoop. In retrospect he spent the quarter a thousand times, and each time to better advantage.

There was one other memory of the past, dim and faded, but stamped into his soul everlasting by the savage feet of his father. It was more like a nightmare than a remembered vision of a concrete thing—more like the race-memory of man that makes him fall in his sleep and that goes back to his arboreal ancestry.

This particular memory never came to Johnny in broad daylight when he was wide awake. It came at night, in bed, at the moment that his consciousness was sinking down and losing itself in sleep. It always aroused him to frightened wakefulness, and for the moment, in the first sickening start, it seemed to him that he lay crosswise on the foot of the bed. In the bed were the vague forms of his father and mother. He never saw what his father looked like. He had but one impression of his father, and that was that he had savage and pitiless feet.

His earlier memories lingered with him, but he had no late memories. All days were alike. Yesterday or last year were the same as a thousand years—or a minute. Nothing ever happened. There were no events to mark the march of time. Time did not march. It stood always still. It was only the whirling machines that moved, and they moved nowhere—in spite of the fact that they moved faster.

When he was fourteen he went to work

on the starcher. It was a colossal event. Something had at last happened that could be remembered beyond a night's sleep or a week's pay-day. It marked an era. It was a machine Olympiad, a thing to date from. "When I went to work on the starcher," or "after," or "before I went to work on the starcher," were sentences often on his lips.

He celebrated his sixteenth birthday by going into the loom-room and taking a loom. Here was an incentive again, for it was piece-work. And he excelled, because the clay of him had been molded by the mills into the perfect machine. At the end of three months he was running two looms, and, later, three and four.

At the end of his second year at the looms he was turning out more yards than any other weaver, and more than twice as much as some of the less skillful ones. And at home things began to prosper as he approached the full stature of his earning power. Not, however, that his increased earnings were in excess of need. The children were growing up. They ate more. And they were going to school, and school-books cost money. And somehow, the faster he worked, the faster climbed the prices of things. Even the rent went up, though the house had fallen from bad to worse disrepair.

He had grown taller; but with his increased height he seemed leaner than ever. Also, he was more nervous. With the nervousness increased his peevishness and irritability. The children had learned by many bitter lessons to fight shy of him. His mother respected him for his earning power, but somehow her respect was tintured with fear.

There was no joyousness in life for him. The procession of the days he never saw. The nights he slept away in twitching unconsciousness. The rest of the time he worked, and his consciousness was machine consciousness. Outside this his mind was a blank. He had no ideals, and but one illusion, namely, that he drank excellent coffee. He was a work-beast. He had no mental life whatever; yet deep down in the crypts of his mind, unknown to him, were being weighed and sifted every hour of his toil, every movement of his hands, every twitch of his muscles, and preparations were making for a future course of action that would amaze him and all his little world.

It was in the late spring that he came home from work one night aware of an unusual tiredness. There was a keen expectancy in the air as he sat down to the table, but he did not notice. He went through the meal in moody silence, mechanically eating what was before him. The children um'd and ah'd and made smacking noises with their mouths. But he was deaf to them.

"D'ye know what you're eatin'?" his mother demanded at last, desperately.

He looked vacantly at the dish before him, and vacantly at her.

"Floatin' island," she announced triumphantly.

"Oh," he said.

"Floating island!" the children chorused loudly.

"Oh," he said. And after two or three mouthfuls, he added, "I guess I ain't hungry tonight."

He dropped the spoon, shoved back his chair, and arose wearily from the table.

"An' I guess I'll go to bed."

His feet dragged more heavily than usual as he crossed the kitchen floor. Undressing was a Titan's task, a monstrous futility, and he wept weakly as he crawled into bed, one shoe still on. He was aware of a rising, swelling something inside his head that made his brain thick and fuzzy. His lean fingers felt as big as his wrist, while in the ends of them was a remoteness of sensation vague and fuzzy like his brain. The small of his back ached intolerably. All his bones ached. He ached everywhere. And in his head began the shrieking, pounding, crashing, roaring of a million looms. All space was filled with flying shuttles. They darted in and out, intricately, amongst the stars. He worked a thousand looms himself, and ever they speeded up, faster and faster, and his brain unwound, faster and faster, and became the thread that fed the thousand flying shuttles.

He did not go to work next morning. He was too busy weaving colossally on the thousand looms that ran inside his head. His mother went to work, but first she sent for the doctor. It was a severe attack of la grippe, he said. Jennie served as nurse and carried out his instructions.

It was a very severe attack, and it was a week before Johnny dressed and tottered feebly across the floor. Another week, the doctor said, and he would be fit to return

to work. The foreman of the loom-room visited him on Sunday afternoon, the first day of his convalescence. The best weaver in the room, the foreman told his mother. His job would be held for him. He could come back to work a week from Monday.

"Why don't you thank 'em, Johnny?" his mother asked anxiously.

"He's ben that sick he ain't himself yet," she explained apologetically to the visitor.

Johnny sat hunched up and gazed steadfastly at the floor. He sat in the same position long after the foreman had gone. It was warm outdoors, and he sat on the stoop in the afternoon. Sometimes his lips moved. He seemed lost in endless calculations.

Next morning, after the day grew warm, he took his seat on the stoop. He had pencil and paper this time with which to continue his calculations, and he calculated painfully and amazingly.

"What comes after millions?" he asked at noon, when Will came home from school. "An' how d'ye work 'em?"

That afternoon finished his task. Each day, but without paper and pencil, he returned to the stoop. He was greatly absorbed in the one tree that grew across the street. He studied it for hours at a time, and was unusually interested when the wind swayed its branches and fluttered its leaves. Throughout the week he seemed lost in a great communion with himself. On Sunday, sitting on the stoop, he laughed aloud, several times, to the perturbation of his mother, who had not heard him laugh in years.

Next morning, in the early darkness, she came to his bed to rouse him. He had had his fill of sleep all week and awoke easily. He made no struggle, nor did he attempt to hold onto the bedding when she stripped it from him. He lay quietly, and spoke quietly.

"It ain't no use, ma."

"You'll be late," she said, under the impression that he was still stupid with sleep.

"I'm awake, ma, an' I tell you it ain't no use. You might as well lemme alone. I ain't goin' to git up."

"But you'll lose your job!" she cried.

"I ain't goin' to git up," he repeated in a strange, passionless voice.

She did not go to work herself that morning. This was sickness beyond any sickness she had ever known. Fever and delirium she could understand; but this was insanity.

She pulled the bedding up over him and sent Jennie for the doctor.

When that person arrived Johnny was sleeping gently, and gently he awoke and allowed his pulse to be taken.

"Nothing the matter with him," the doctor reported. "Badly debilitated, that's all. Not much meat on his bones."

"He's always been that way," his mother volunteered.

"Now go 'way, ma, an' let me finish my snooze."

Johnny spoke sweetly and placidly, and sweetly and placidly he rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

At ten o'clock he awoke and dressed himself. He walked out into the kitchen, where he found his mother with a frightened expression on her face.

"I'm goin' away, ma," he announced, "an' I jes' want to say good-bye."

She threw her apron over her head and sat down suddenly and wept. He waited patiently.

"I might a-known it," she was sobbing.

"Where?" she finally asked, removing the apron from her head and gazing up at him with a stricken face in which there was little curiosity.

"I don't know—anywhere."

As he spoke the tree across the street appeared with dazzling brightness on his inner vision. It seemed to lurk just under his eyelids, and he could see it whenever he wished.

"An' your job?" she quavered.

"I ain't never goin' to work again."

"My God, Johnny!" she wailed, "don't say that!"

What he had said was blasphemy to her. As a mother who hears her child deny God, was Johnny's mother shocked by his words.

"What's got into you, anyway?" she demanded, with a lame attempt at imperative-ness.

"Figures," he answered. "Jes' figures. I've ben doin' a lot of figurin' this week, an' it's most surprisin'."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," she sniffled.

Johnny smiled patiently, and his mother was aware of a distinct shock at the persistent absence of his peevishness and irritability.

"I'll show you," he said. "I'm plum tired out. What makes me tired? Moves. I've been movin' ever since I was born. I'm tired of movin', an' I ain't goin' to move any

more. Remember when I worked in the glass house? I used to do three hundred dozen a day. Now I reckon I made about ten different moves to each bottle. That's thirty-six thousan' moves a day. Ten days, three hundred an' sixty thousan' moves a day. One month, one million an' eighty thousan' moves. Chuck out the eighty thousan'—"he spoke with the complacent beneficence of a philanthropist—"chuck out the eighty thousan', that leaves a million moves a month—twelve million moves a year.

"At the looms I'm movin' twice as much. That makes twenty-five million moves a year, an' it seems to me I've ben a movin' that way 'most a million years."

"Now, this week I ain't moved at all. I ain't made one move in hours an' hours. I tell you it was swell, jes' settin' there, hours an' hours, an' doin' nothin'. I ain't never ben happy before. I never had any time. I've ben movin', all the time. That ain't no way to be happy. An' I ain't goin' to do it any more. I'm jes' goin' to set, an' set, an' rest, an' rest, and then rest some more."

"But what's goin' to come of Will an' the children?" she asked despairingly.

"That's it, 'Will an' the children,'" he repeated.

But there was no bitterness in his voice. He had long known his mother's ambition for the younger boy, but the thought of it no longer rankled. Nothing mattered any more. Not even that.

"I know, ma, what you've ben plannin' for Will—keepin' him in school to make a bookkeeper out of him. But it ain't no use, I've quit. He's got to go to work.

"An' after I have brung you up the way I have," she wept, starting to cover herself with the apron and changing her mind.

"You never brung me up," he answered with sad kindness. "I brung myself up, ma, an' I brung up Will. He's bigger'n me, an' heavier, an' taller. When I was a kid I reckon I didn't git enough to eat. When he come along an' was a kid, I was workin' an' earnin' grub for him, too. But that's done with. Will can go to work, same as me, or he can go to hell, I don't care which. I'm tired. I'm goin' now. Ain't you goin' to say good-bye?"

She made no reply. The apron had gone over her head again and she was crying. He paused a moment in the doorway.

"I'm sure I done the best I knew how," she was sobbing.

He passed out of the house and down the street. A wan delight came into his face at the sight of the lone tree. "Jes' ain't goin' to do nothin'," he said to himself, half aloud, in a crooning tone. He glanced wistfully up at the sky, but the bright sun dazzled and blinded him.

It was a long walk he took, and he did not walk fast. It took him past the jute-mill. The muffled roar of the loom-room came to his ears and he smiled. It was a gentle, placid smile. He hated no one, not even the pounding, shrieking machines. There was no bitterness in him, nothing but an inordinate hunger for rest.

The houses and factories thinned out and the open spaces increased as he approached the country. At last the city was behind him, and he was walking down a leafy lane beside the railroad track. He did not walk like a man. He did not look like a man. He was a travesty of the human. It was a twisted and stunted and nameless piece of life that shambled like a sickly ape, arms loose-hanging, stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested, grotesque and terrible.

He passed by a small railroad station and lay down in the grass under a tree. All afternoon he lay there. Sometimes he dozed, with muscles that twitched in his sleep. When awake he lay without movement, watching the birds or looking up at the sky through the branches of the tree above him. Once or twice he laughed aloud, but without relevance to anything he had seen or felt.

After twilight had gone, in the first darkness of the night, a freight train rumbled into the station. When the engine was switching cars onto the side-track, Johnny crept along the side of the train. He pulled open the side-door of an empty box-car and awkwardly and laboriously climbed in. He closed the door. The engine whistled. Johnny was lying down, and in the darkness, he smiled.



A MILE POST ON THE THOUSAND MILE PICKET LINE.
DISCOVERED, BY HECK.

An International Policy

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

1. Against Capitalism and imperialism.
2. Against all forms of militarism.
3. In favor of strike against international war.
4. In favor of effective union of working-classes of all nations.
5. In favor of any attainable form of internationalism at any time.
6. In favor of any measures which will tend to increase popular understanding of other nations and respect for them.

IT is to be hoped that American Socialists will unanimously support the motion of Local New York in favor of a National Socialist Congress. Since the war our party has been under a cloud. The actions of large groups of European Socialists were a body blow to us and a mighty weapon in the hands of our enemies. Instead of setting ourselves clear before the country we fumbled and hummed and hawed. We lost the advantage of our long antimilitarist campaign at this time when anti-militarism attracted many of the finest sections of the population. We had long been shouting that capitalism means war. And when war came and we had the master argument against capitalism we permitted that argument to be used against our cause. We have suffered for our lack of clearness and courage. We have deserved to suffer.

But we have had thirty months for thought. We have been getting together. We have regained our grip on the situation. We see that thousands who have thus far kept aloof from us are accepting our thought about war, even if they are not inclined to come into our party and join with us in our policies. Quick, clean action now *might* again put us in an advantageous position. A party congress would give us the opportunity to take such action. Let us have the congress.

But a congress will be useless unless it can speak in no uncertain tone. Let us give it something to say. Let that something be so simple, so clear, that it will carry to the most out-of-the-way place and the most benighted intellect. There must be no more long, wordy, technical, contradictory paragraphs strung together and called our platform. Let us first think what we think and then put it into a few simple words which any person over fifteen years of age can understand.

The six proposals set down above are proposed as a basis for argument. Write to the Review and tell what you think of them. Every party member has a right to be heard.

I, for one, believe that they offer a rational basis for a party program. In the first place, we must make it clear to everyone, that the present great war is a result of the natural operation of the capitalist system. It came as a normal extension of policies pursued during a long time of peace by all the great European powers. America is at present pursuing the same policies and so may expect in due time to have her war.

This line of argument is valuable now because it gives us a chance to interest everyone in our general thought about society as it is organized today. People are asking questions. They are not getting answers. If we will put our answers into plain speech we shall be listened to as we never were before.

Moreover, a clear statement on this point puts the burden of proof where it belongs. When the German Socialists went in for war a good many people acted as tho they started it. They did not start it. As far as human beings may be considered responsible for what has happened the great industrial, social and political leaders of Europe are the responsible parties. The blame must be placed at their doors. And in this country, we must make it clear, our Security Leaguers, our International Corporationists, our half-blind politicians are making themselves responsible for the same sort of thing. We must make their responsibility clear.

And militarism is merely a feature of capitalism in its modern form of imperialism. All recent wars have been imperialistic in their origin. Some Socialists are filled with the idea that we must train ourselves to fight in defense of liberty. Were

not the Boers justified in defending themselves? They would never have had to defend themselves had it not been for the imperialistic militarism of Great Britain. Socialism and the labor movement are international. If they fight imperialism and militarism in all countries alike they cannot miss the source of any possible war. This is the reason why we need no boggling about defensive warfare. Besides, this is the sound reason that nobody can tell whether a war is offensive or defensive. The distinction is antiquated.

Democratic militarism is a mere figment of a few theorists. It does not exist in the world. It never has existed. It cannot exist.

In case war does arise we must have a definite program definitely understood. Whatever is done against it must be done on the instant or it may as well not be done at all. I am aware of the fact that mere non-resistance on the part of some well-placed group might result in great good. The 110 Socialists members of the German Reichstag might have stopped the great slaughter if they had simply stood in their places and said, "We are against this thing and we shall do nothing to support it. They might have been shot, but they would have saved the lives of millions. On the other hand, even a large number of conscientious objectors under any ordinary circumstances will not prevent international carnage. There are thousands of them in jail in England at the present time. There is a considerable number of them in jail in Germany. But the war goes on. Passive resistance is not enough. It does not appeal to any considerable number of people. The pacifists, if they are to be effective, must have their bugle-call. They must lead their forces into action.

The modern method of working-class warfare is the strike. It is the method which the workers understand. They have faith in it. It is carried on in a realm which they know. It leads them to battle organized as they are in the daily struggle for bread.

We all remember the Hardy-Vaillant motion. In this country we were voting on it during the fateful summer of 1914. The union men in England and France approved of it. Socialists and unionists in this country were rapidly swinging into line to support it. There is little doubt that we could

at the present time get about three million people to agree to the adoption of such a measure as this. And in Germany the men and women who are backing the Minority Group would welcome an opportunity to swear allegiance to their comrades in other lands. An immense standing-army for peace could be organized if we went about it with the determination which the danger demands.

But we need something more. There must be a real international organization. One of the great tragedies of working-class history is that of the French workers waiting for word of the up-rising of their German comrades. If there had been a real international organization they would not have had to wait. Orders would have gone out from the central office. Railways and telegraph and cable are in charge of working-men. There would have been no such tragic isolation as that which plunged millions into despair during those opening days of August.

With a million men in each great nation internationally organized for peace any war could be prevented. Our present International Socialist Bureau is just the hope of an organization; the symbol, or, at most, the germ of an organization. The moment the great nationalist floods had carried away the working-classes it went into hiding. When it reappeared it went about timidly questioning this group and that in order to find out whether it had the right to breathe. It has never had authority. It has never been looked to by the workers as their visible head. When the members of it met at last they made long speeches and drew up pious resolutions. It was so like The Hague Congress that the two might have passed for twins. It did not even furnish the workers of the world an emotional focus.

Compare this feeble attempt at internationalism with the organization of the German Empire. Within this great national unit all citizens are educated to live and think in relation to the purposes of the nation. The empire sets the pace in church and school, in family and shop. Men and women and children are used to responding quickly to its demands. In the moment of crisis they do so spontaneously. But our so-called internationalists never learn to respond to a central agency. In peace the International Bureau makes no demands on them. Their lives are not varied a hair's

breadth to further its purpose. So in war they do not look to it for leadership.

I am aware of the fact that an international union cannot be organized from the top down or from the center outward. The working-class struggle begins in the shop or in the town or neighborhood. It develops till it takes in a section of the nation. Lastly, it links nation with nation. It is only as a result of the necessities of the struggle that it finally becomes world-wide. But if the local struggles are tense enough and the intelligence of the workers of the civilized nations will act together spontaneously and vigorously as the citizens of a nation do now.

But the present war is just the agency that was needed to weld the national groups of workers into such a world-union. For thirty months we have been pondering the same subject. Our feelings have been moulded by the same distress. The very sense of weakness which engulfed us all has taught the necessity of a new unity. Now is the time to get together. If our various national committees and conferences, our journals and writers, all of us who care deeply for the good of the movement and the world, act energetically now, it may be possible to achieve the hitherto impossible.

The word *effective* is vague. What I mean by an "effective union" is a union capable of giving effect to the deep longing of the workers for active co-operation in peace and war. The members of the central body would have to be elected directly by the members with the understanding that they shall have authority to deal with an international crisis quickly and energetically. We should have to say to them in advance that we are ready to refuse to fight, to go on strike, to do anything which is demanded by the situation. If the workers in each nation knew that those of every other nation were resolved to do this, we might expect with confidence the realization of our hopes. In fact, if the rulers were convinced of our sincerity we should probably win our fight in advance. No government would dare to declare hostilities in the face of a million citizens pledged to place the good of their class and of the world above an imaginary advantage to the nation.

The fifth point in this proposed program refers to possible efforts in the direction of world-government by the various existing governments. The movement inaugurated by Mr. Taft's League to Enforce Peace is

a good example. President Wilson and the English Premier have both declared themselves in favor of some such world-government. I am convinced that capitalist world-government is impossible at the present time. In the controlling industrial, commercial and political agencies, all the forces which brought about the war, are still as powerful as ever. There will be the same necessity for capitalist expansion after the war, as there was before. The economic struggle will be carried forward on a larger scale than ever. This fact will tend to increase its intensity rather than to diminish it. Now, some persons expect the representatives of the mutually-antagonistic governments to get together and form a world-union. Such a development presupposes some common basis of action, some generally recognized principles of justice. But at present justice for England, justice for Germany, and justice for the United States mean different things. Under the influence of imperialism justice means in each country that policy which will place that country's capitalist interests foremost. A world court would be a mockery without a corresponding world-congress for the passage of the necessary legislative measures. On what principle could such a congress be expected to formulate its measures?

But even the world-government may be impossible on any basis proposed by the present governments, I believe that working-people should give every possible kind of support to all pacifist efforts. International capitalism is better for the workers than national capitalism. A show of international government is better for them than nothing. For everything of this sort tends to break down the idiotic, antiquated devotion to purely national ideals.

The sixth point opens up a vast field of effort to working-class organizations. The superstition that various races and various nations are naturally quite different is ancient and deep-seated. Our own prejudices against the Jew, the negro, and the Japanese are cases in point. So long as we have such a superstitious feeling against any race or nation or sect we are exposed to a similar feeling against other groups. All the forces of our journalism and our platform are from time to time set in motion to arouse such a sentiment against this race or that. Such antipathies have often been artfully manufactured and will be again. War tends to engender them instantly. A hundred

years ago every normal Englishman believed that the French were a race of unbelieving, irresponsible devils. Now the French are angels and the Germans are the devils. A few years ago we were all taught, by our statesmen and newspapers, to admire the Germans. Now we are taught to despise them. The Japanese are an admirable nation. They have a splendid intellectual and artistic culture. They are rapidly proving their virtues serve but to make them the more dangerous. Men who would cut but a poor figure beside a Japanese philosopher or artist shout loudly that the little brown man has about him a subtle something which makes him forever different from us and forever our enemy. We are humanitarians, of course, but these people are made to stand outside the borderline of humanity. And this is one of the hindrances to world-unity of any sort. If not a direct cause of war, it is an accessory before the fact.

Labor unions and Socialist groups have done something against this sort of thing, but not much. International congresses have taught us that we have similar interests and similar ways of thinking. The migratory nature of some crafts has taught tolerance. The mingling of great hosts of workers differing in nationality and race has forced a degree of mutual understanding within restricted regions. But competition between various labor groups has done much to strengthen the old devil of suspicion and separatism. The barring of negroes and Japanese from many American labor unions is a case in point. Outside the organized labor movement the workers do even worse

in this respect. No group is so poor and low as not to teach its young that some other group is poorer and lower. The poor and ignorant of each race have a favorite derogatory nickname for those of another. The Dago, the Mick, the Wap, the Hunkie are not human beings. They are outcasts. They cannot be played with or worked with as equals.

The working-class could educate its children out of this sort of barbarism. Shouting loudly that we are brothers or singing the International out of tune will not help. Lessons on the civilizations of various countries would be more to the purpose. Our Socialist Sunday Schools and Young Peoples' Leagues can do much in this direction. The Socialist Party can do more by organizing itself on a working-class basis rather than on a nationalistic or racial one. In some cases our language groups are actually working in opposition to the common good. But the labor unions can do most. If they believe in human brotherhood let them recognize the negro and the Jap as brothers. That will be an ocular demonstration which will go farther with the coming generation than a thousand miles of resolutions.

But, as I said above, these six points are set down here merely to form the basis for a discussion among REVIEW readers. Discussion may lead to unity of thought, and unity of thought may lead to unity of action.

NOTE: The editors of the REVIEW heartily endorse Comrade Bohn's request for expressions of opinion on this all-important subject. But, as our space is limited, we must ask each comrade to keep inside of 200 words. Also, please write on only one side of the sheet, and do not mix what is written for publication with letters to the editors or publishers.

The Majesty of the Law—The Everett Tragedy presented thru the medium of a courtroom comedy is the idea of a one-act sketch, "Their Court and Our Class," from the pen of Fellow, Worker Walker C. Smith.

The I. W. W. in Seattle so successfully presented the sketch at their December smoker that it is to be staged again, this time by the Young Peoples' Socialist League, acting in conjunction with the local defense committee. In Portland, Ore., Denver, Colo., and various

other parts of the country the sketch is being put on as propaganda and to raise funds for the Everett Prisoners' Defense.

As a pamphlet the sketch sets forth the workers' side of the case in a most readable manner. If you cannot see it acted you should at least read it.

Single copies are ten cents; lots of fifty or more are six cents. The supply is very limited. Orders may be sent to Walker C. Smith, 7409 10th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.

The Press Censorship Bill

LOOK out for the press censorship bill!

It has been drafted by the Army War College and will be introduced in Congress, probably, on the day that Congress declares war, if it should, and an attempt will be made to drive it thru both houses under the emotional stress of that occasion.

The bill is exceedingly dangerous and should be defeated. It is aimed, not at the enemy, but at the complete control of public opinion in this country in time of war. If passed it would set up a complete censorship machinery thruout the country and forbid the publication in newspapers, periodicals or pamphlets of any discussion of the war *except by special permission of the censor.*

Make no mistake about it; this bill was drafted with an eye to those newspapers which, in the event of war, might attempt to criticise the conduct of the war, those newspapers (to borrow the language of the War College's statement) which "by their editorials and presentation of news . . . may sway the people . . . against the war and thus . . . by adverse criticism tend to destroy the efficiency of these (the military) agencies." The quotation is from monograph which the Army War College has drafted in support of its bill; it is entitled "The Proper Relationship Between the Army and the Press in Time of War." This monograph may be secured from the Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C., for five cents. *Send for it.*

This argument is easily recognized; it is the old argument of autocracy, with its efficiency, real or imagined, and democracy. The argument holds just as strongly against popular discussion of civic officials as of military officials. The only difference is that public officials have become habituated to the idea of responsibility to the people and military officials would evade this embarrassment if they could. Democracies, however, have faced the problem of free speech and settled in favor of it despite its fancied inconveniences. Now is no time to abandon it, especially in favor of a group so dangerous to civil liberties and democratic ideals as the military group.

The metropolitan press has been won over to the support of the bill by representations that "practical newspaper men, with army experience," would be appointed as censors. Moreover, they know their power and, like Lord Northcliffe, they are not much afraid of what the censor will do to their editorial columns. But the really independent press must be made to realize the threat concealed in this bill and all lovers of democracy must be aroused to fight it even before it makes its appearance in Congress.

Write to the President about it. Write to your congressman. *Write to your editor.* Make him realize that public opinion will back him if he fights this bill in the name of freedom of the press which is our freedom as well. (C. T. H. —American Union Against Militarism.)

"My Dear Brown:

"Your magazine 'The Modern School,' certainly is a credit to you, editorially, typographically and every other way. It ought to wield a real influence.

"I must congratulate you on the publication of that poem by Rose Florence Freeman. In its mingled passion and delicacy, and perfect grace, yet artistic restraint of utterance, I have never seen a sex poem to excel it. It is notable and will be immortal.

"Cordially,

"J. WILLIAM LLOYD."

In the February issue: "Spent," a beautiful poem by Rose Freeman; "The Case of Nietzsche," by J. Wm. Lloyd, etc.

In the March number: The Great Debate between Clarence Darrow and Scott Nearing, etc.

One Dollar a Year. Address

THE MODERN SCHOOL,
Stelton, N. J.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

French Socialist Congress

The annual congress of French Socialists took place in Paris, December 25-29. A vigorous debate on party policy ended just as all such debates have ended in France since the war began. A resolution in favor of continuing to support the war was carried by a vote of 2,838 to 109. Another in favor of permitting socialists to become cabinet ministers received 1,637 in favor to 708 against. A third in favor of refusing to meet the Germans in conference before the Germans have explained their attitude toward their government's peace move was carried by 1,537 to 1,407. A fourth against allowing the Kienthalers, or the left wing, to participate in the editing of *l'Humanite* was adopted "almost unanimously." This probably means that the three members of the Chamber who attended the famous conference at Kienthal were the only ones who voted against it. Their names are: Blanc, Raffin-duguen and Brizon. There will be a conference of Allied Socialists in March. A special congress is to formulate a program for the French delegates.

One interesting and important suggestion was made during the discussion on reopening relations with the German Socialists. Those in favor of this move said there was no longer any sense in referring to Scheidemann and his majority as Socialists. What was wanted was to establish relations with Liebknecht and the other real Socialists. Let us hope that this idea will gain wide currency.

The various peace moves of President Wilson were much discussed at this con-

gress, and his name occurs frequently in various resolutions adopted.

* * *

Strike of French Munition Workers

Toward the end of January several thousand workers in the munition factory of Schneider and Company, Harfleur, went on strike. Albert Thomas, Socialist and Minister of Munitions, went up to persuade them to return to work. He is reported to have said: "The government does not want to use the means the law gives it, and it appeals to your patriotism, to your affection for the fighters who are at the front and to your reason, for everyone to be present tomorrow at the factory. According to a decree, the government has the right to mobilize workmen or requisition works. Besides, it has the right to decide issues between employers and workmen."

* * *

English Labor Party Conference

This conference took place at Manchester on January 23-25. The action of Henderson, Hodge and Barnes in taking positions in the new cabinet was approved. A general enthusiasm for peace was shown by five minutes of applause which greeted a chance mention of the name of President Wilson. But a determination to carry on the war was evinced in many definite actions taken. For example, the representation of the Independent Labor Party on the Executive Committee was so cut down as to give this vigorous group of internationalists little influence between congresses.

Confederation General du Travail

The Confederation held a conference at Christmas time. There was a long and heated debate about the support which the organization is giving the government in the prosecution of the war. The vote was 91 to 25 in favor of continuing to give this support.

* * *

Help Needed for Work in Japan

For the past nine years it has been almost impossible to carry on Socialist work among the Japanese. At the time the publication of Socialist papers was stopped, Socialist books in Japanese were confiscated, and even books on Socialism in the libraries were withdrawn from circulation. One group of Socialists meets secretly in Tokio. The government makes a regular annual appropriation of about \$90,000 to suppress Socialism. All Socialists are registered at the police stations and their movements are closely watched.

Comrade S. Katayama, who has been hounded by the government for nearly twenty-five years, is now in this country. With almost no help from any source, he writes copy for a little paper, prints it with his own hands and circulates it as best he can. He can do more for Japanese Socialism from this side of the Pacific than he could at home. By rousing interest among Japanese residents in this country and by sending copies of his paper back to Japan, he is doing as much as possible to keep things moving.

With a very little money he could accomplish much more. He has never asked for contributions. Let us send them without his asking. Money sent care of the Review will be forwarded. Those who prefer to send it directly can reach Comrade Katayama at 92 West End Avenue, Manhattan Beach, Long Island, N. Y.

IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre fruit tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a cooperative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 1233 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.



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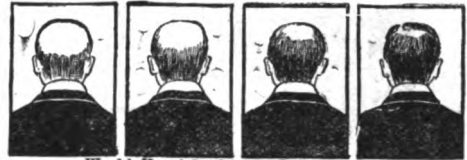
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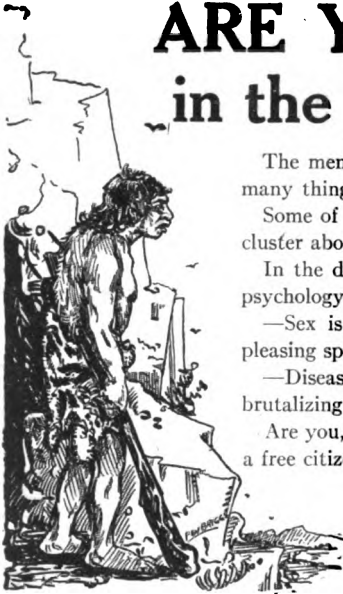
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* * *

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BOOK REVIEWS



The New Socialism. By Harold A. Russell, C. E. New York: The Shakespeare Press. 111 pages. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60c.

The author of this book seems unaware that he has chosen a title already used by Robert Rives LaMonte for an excellent book, published at the nominal price of 10 cents. The book by Mr. Russell is really not on the subject of Socialism at all, but of the State Capitalism already taking shape in Europe and likely to make rapid strides here after the war. As to the effect of State Capitalism on the standard of living of the wage-workers he is in our opinion unduly optimistic. For Harold A. Russell, Marx has written in vain. He imagines that low prices will abolish poverty without any revolution. It is just as well that copies of his book are sold at high prices, since they would only confuse the minds of any wage-workers who might happen to take the author seriously.

Germany and England. By J. A. Cramb, M. A., late Professor of Modern History, Queens College, London. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., price \$1.00 net.

This volume of lectures, delivered in London shortly before the outbreak of the world-war, was intended as a warning to the English. It serves now to explain the causes of the war, and especially the apparent unanimity of the Germans in their war-madness. While the author does not neglect the economic explanation, the chief merit of his book is in his critical analysis of the propaganda teaching the greatness and the conquering destiny of Germany which has been carried on for a generation. Its greatest writer is Treitschke, who says of the British empire: "A thing that is wholly a sham cannot in this universe of ours endure forever. It may endure for a day, but its doom is certain; there is no room for it in a world governed by valor, by the Will to Power." That is to say, England rules one-fifth of the globe because the ancestors of the English were crafty and lucky. Germany needs room to expand, and must, and will take it from England by force of arms." This helps us understand why there is little hope of peace until the Prussian war lords and their dupes are crushed or else have conquered the world.

"A Woman Free" and Other Poems. By Ruth Le Prade. Published by J. F. Sowmy Press, Los Angeles, California. Price, 75c.

The introduction to this book of charming verses is by Edwin Markham, and he says: "Ruth Le Prade comes with the simple speech of every day, declaring her compassion for the multitude, announcing her contempt of caste and conventionality, affirming her faith in the coming of the great day when Love shall take form in a Comrade Order, wherein all from the greatest to the least shall have the social and material resources for living a rich and abundant life."

The Last War. By George Barrett. Published by the Workers' Freedom Group, 2 Hill St., Totterdown, Bristol, England, at one penny. This is the best brochure the war has brought forth on war from the point of view of the working class.

Mr. Barrett calls on the workers of the world to seize the opportunity that war gives them to attack the Invaders of the World who have despoiled those who produce the world's wealth. An invaluable booklet to place in the hands of workmen and women. The following is a quotation from the wealth of good things Mr. Barrett says:

War

"It is war we proclaim, the last war, the international war in which the workers of all lands shall be united against the invaders—the rich who have seized the land and lived on the labor of the poor.

"This is the war that remains yet to be fought. Is it possible? Nay, it is inevitable. It may be delayed, but it cannot be prevented. Already and everywhere dimly the worker sees the injustice of his lot and recognizes his folly in laboring so hard, while he enjoys so little of the fruit of his work. Many a man in each army engaged today knows in his heart that the enemy soldiers are men just as he is, no better but little worse. These dim thoughts only lack boldness, and they would make of each such soldier a revolutionist, who would refuse to fire in such a cause.

"It is by this growing courage that the international workers will presently form their army—not indeed an army like that which their masters possess, where the soldiers blindly obey their officers and care not if their cause is right or wrong. The workers' army organized for a different purpose must be a very different affair.

Our Answer

"Surely this is the answer we ought to be preparing ourselves to make. It would create a revolutionary situation, and no government faced with such internal difficulties, even though the workers were not yet strong enough to make a revolution, would dare to go to war. This would be the surest way to prevent an invasion, for certain it is that even though our comrades abroad were not perhaps so strong in their organization as we were or we so bold as they, yet the workers would still be able to organize sufficient militant strikes to make their government very reluctant to send their army out of the country.

"Have we not seen by the huge military camps established in Liverpool, London and other great centers during the recent great strike period, that the master class feels none too safe, even when the workers are, as now, entirely unarmed? It would need but a comparatively small labor movement in England and Germany at the present time to make these

governments very quickly change their minds as to who was the real enemy.

"The danger of rebellion at home would make a fellow feeling between the opposing governments, and they would very quickly agree to withdraw their armies to shoot their own countrymen. True it is that we are not yet strong enough to thus defeat war and invasion, but great things have small beginnings, and if we are to wait until we can be successful before we throw our energies into a movement, we shall find that we are always behind. If we are but a few in this movement, which will by and by make war and oppression impossible, it is certain that we should exercise no more influence by joining the hosts of English, French and Russian invaders than we have by raising the standard of revolt in our countries at home. Powerful, or even powerless then, as the workers' movement may now be, it should take up its stand of definite and uncompromising opposition to the war.

"War is a part of the present system, but it is one of its most vulnerable parts, for the system is based on violence, and when the means of violence are fully occupied, a great opportunity occurs for those who have been kept in subjection and poverty by them at

home. When we are prepared to take advantage of this opportunity we shall find that we have not only rendered war impossible, but that we are perhaps powerful enough to capture our country from the invaders who now hold it."

A Memoir to the Life of Father Robert W. Haire. By E. Francis Atwood, State Secretary of the S. P. of So. Dak.; published by the Commonwealth Print, Mitchell, S. D. Price, 10c. Proceeds to go to the campaign fund.

Comrade Atwood has given the Socialist movement not only a warm and glowing tribute to Comrade Haire, whom he calls the founder of socialism in the Dakotas, but he also devotes a large part of this excellent brochure to the work to which Comrade Haire, himself, devoted his life—the propaganda of Socialism. Not only to those who wish the loving appreciative memoir of this stimulating and untiring comrade, but to those who wish to still further spread the truth he taught, this little booklet will come as a happy opportunity. The proceeds from the sale of the book are to be donated to the campaign fund.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Our Militant Scotch Comrades:—Two orders for our standard cloth-bound Socialist books amounting to \$200 came in on one mail during the past week. One order was from the British Section of the International Socialist Party at Edinburgh. The other was from the Socialist Labor Press of Glasgow. While the boneheads are busy blowing one another off the map, these comrades are busy circulating sound Socialist literature which is the only ammunition that counts. In other words, it will wise up the workers so that they will not point their guns at each other as they are doing now, but at their real enemy.

Oil Field Flashes:—News comes in from many points in Kansas and Oklahoma that the oil field workers are waking up to the rotten conditions under which they have to work. The pipe-liners are lining up fast in the I. W. W. The I. W. W. way seems to be the winning way these days.

From a Vermont Reader:—Comrade Marsh of Rochester reviews his sub. and also sends in a subscription for the Public Library at Rochester. He closes his letter by saying, "There is but one fault I find with THE REVIEW; that is, there is not enough of it and it doesn't come often enough."

A Massachusetts Comrade Writes:—"I am glad to be alive and in a position to make one more kick for human rights. One of the pleasures I have in life is reviewing my subscription to THE REVIEW. I will always remember Comrade Mary E. Marcy's observation "Take care of the stomachs, and the morals will take care of themselves."—H. L. J.

Joe Hill:—Memorial services in honor of Joe Hill, the I. W. W. poet who was murdered by the authorities of Salt Lake City last year, were held in San Jose, California, at South Park, January 14. Services opened by the signing of the Marseillaise by the I. W. W. local. Comrade Cora P. Wilson of the Socialist Party delivered the oration. Services were continued at Inspiration Point, Alum Rock Park. Joe Hill's last poem was read and as the comrades sang the "Red Flag," Rita Wilson, 9 years old, let loose three balloons containing the ashes of Joe Hill, which the four winds wafted over the beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

From Australia:—A conference of branches of the Australian Socialist Party was held from December 24th to 29th, 1916, but owing to want of time for consideration of other than party business, Dr. Rutgers' articles on Imperialism and Mass Action were not brought forward as this branch had arranged. However, it may be said safely that all comrades are in agreement with Dr. Rutgers and the Left Wing as to the tactics to be adopted on this most important matter.

From Sidney, Ohio:—Comrade Nutt added six new names to the subscription list just in time to get the February REVIEW.

The Questions on Economics:—Comrade Mrs.

Truman of Erskine, Canada, sent in a subscription for the REVIEW and at the same time answered all of the questions on Economics asked in the outline which appeared in the January number correctly. We read her letter with great pleasure, as it is good to get in touch with a woman who is up on Marx. If there were a thousand more Mrs. Trumans the work of education in the labor movement would move twice as fast. Remember you cannot explain current events unless you study Karl Marx.

Donation from Alaska:—Comrade Mrs. Keil of Alaska donated \$5.00 to the REVIEW to help pay the increased cost of the paper bill last month. This is certainly a practical way to help.

Et tu Bohn?—That Carl D. Thompson and Chas. Edward Russell should revert to their class interests was to be expected from their previous leanings; but when Frank Bohn, whom we always thought a thorough red, falls for this nonpartisan dope, it fairly takes our breath away.

Comrade Bohn is, of course, aware of the fact that the evolution of industry is at least a generation ahead of the corresponding mental status of society. The industries will, therefore, be here and waiting for the necessary mental readjustment to make proper use of them. Therefore, as Socialists, we need not waste our time on the organization of the industries. We can safely leave that to those most directly interested, "the great middle class, above all the professional class—the school teachers, college professors, editors, lawyers and physicians."

These will no doubt be greatly benefited under state capitalism, though it is problematical if the average wage earner, not under civil service) will fare any better, as the government has the reputation, amongst the unskilled at least, of paying very low wages. To be sure this does not alter the fact that we shall have government ownership, willy nilly, but neither does this fact alter the further and much more important fact that it is democratic management of the industries and the full product of our labor that we, as wage earners, are interested in. Of course our representatives in city council, legislatures and congress will, as consistent Socialists, vote for public or government ownership, whenever bills for this purpose are presented, but the main point in Socialist administration, democratic control, must always be emphasized.

No, comrades, don't let us waste our time. The tendency towards fusion and compromise is strong enough without encouraging it.

The industries are regular Frankensteins. They will destroy their masters in time. They are waiting, even now, on the necessary intelligence of the workers to use them. It is scientific socialism that must be taught and

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this, of course, includes the principle of industrial unionism.

I am sorry to see that the REVIEW, usually so clear sighted, should be so hasty in accepting this so-called 8-hour law as an accomplished fact and Bohn mentions it in the same light.

There is no evidence among the train crews here of an 8-hour day. In the quotation from the president that I saw it did not state that "The nation now sanctions an 8-hour day for all workers," but that "The 8-hour day has the sanction of society"—potentially very different. No, the Adamson law has not yet forced the American railroads to accept the 8-hour day principle. Not yet.—From O. H. Stow, Washington.

Constructive Program of Socialism—"These are the times that try men's souls," was bravely spoken by Thomas Paine in the revolutionary days of this country. One can imagine what it was to be a lover of liberty at that day and time and brave men like Paine must have seen mountains of difficulties to overcome in overthrowing the government by kings. The traditions and superstitions of his day were more in control of the minds of the people than at the present time. But he never gave up, because the "vote fell off," instead, his reply to "He kept us out of war," was the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods and it would be strange indeed if freedom would not be highly rated.

How well those words of one of the most illustrious sons of freedom fit the present day and time.

Do the votes determine the strength of our forces? Can we measure our achievements by votes? Can't we of the great working class movement realize that the seeds we have been sowing are growing in other parts of society, as well as the political field? Perhaps it is best that we did not get too large a vote. It might encourage our opportunists to adopt too many immediate demands to get into office like Wilson did. Then they would be very much embarrassed—that is if they were real Socialists—to be elected to office without sufficient economic education to back them up. We have lost no Socialist votes, notwithstanding we did not poll as many votes as we did in 1912. But we have done other things and that most im-

portant of all things was bringing together against the entrenched capitalists of this nation almost a solid labor action of the railroad unions of this nation. So much for Socialists' education. Those organizations were brought nearer together; they felt their united strength for the first time. It was only a brief spell that this mighty railroad united body were together, but they felt their strength, and they will NOT FORGET. What would 3,000,000 votes for the Socialist Party mean without that splendid demonstration that brought Congress to act to keep the giant labor asleep? Oh, you of little vision! Do you not see the world is in travail? That the deeds from the brain of Marx is stirring society as it was never stirred before? Labor organizations, fraternal societies, religious bodies, civic and political, are being forced to investigate economics. Churches are being forced to seek relief for members, or the ministers will go hungry. Fraternal orders feel the increase demand for sick benefits—out of employment being found the CAUSE.

We are inclined to be too pessimistic as to immediate results and we show our lack of social vision by condemning the embryo for not breaking all laws of nature.

Let us go into the great religious, fraternal and labor bodies and teach them how to win. Let us teach them to unite for their mutual good. Let us avoid their prejudices and cultivate their friendship. The lack of comradeship and icy conduct of many Socialists have done more to set the brakes upon the wheels of social enlightenment than all the powers of the master class. Our friends, the S. L. P., have reaped the bitter reward of carrying on a campaign of bitterness, instead of one of persuasion and kindness. The people are ripe for the new order of things. It is up to you and I to blaze the way and they will follow.—Jas. Pendragon.

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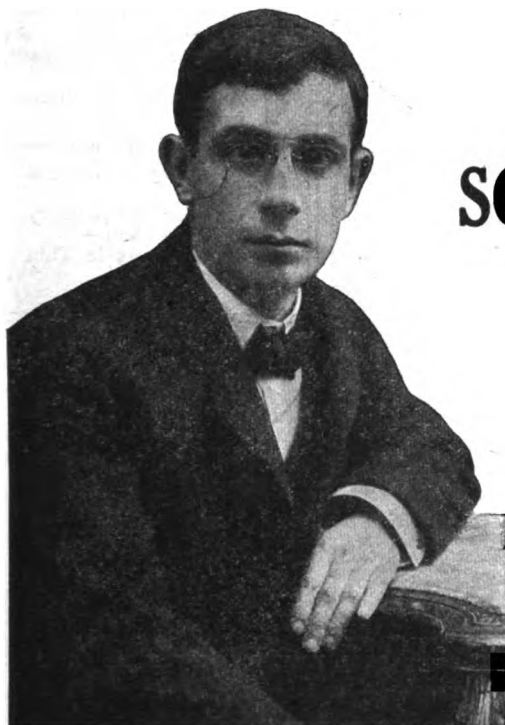
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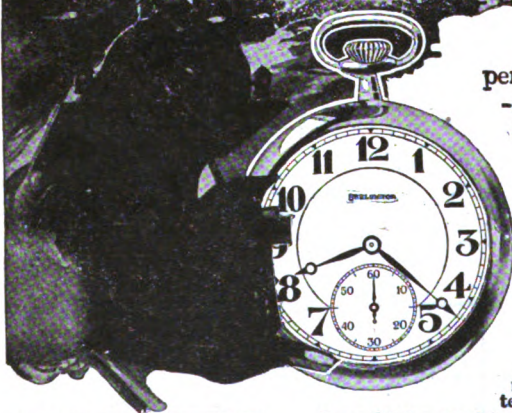
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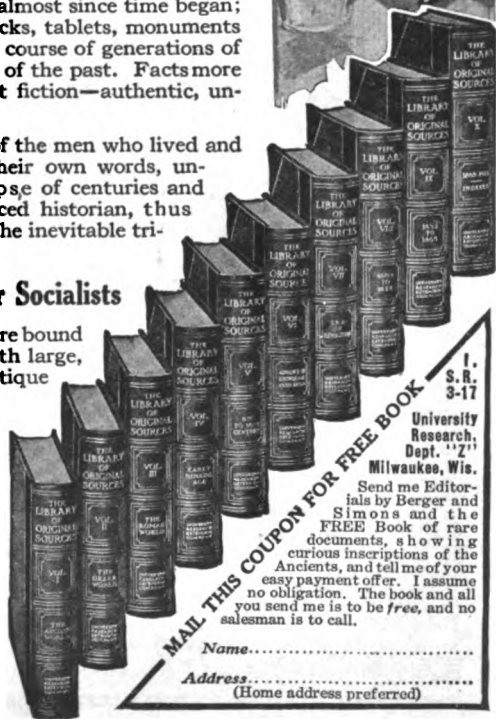
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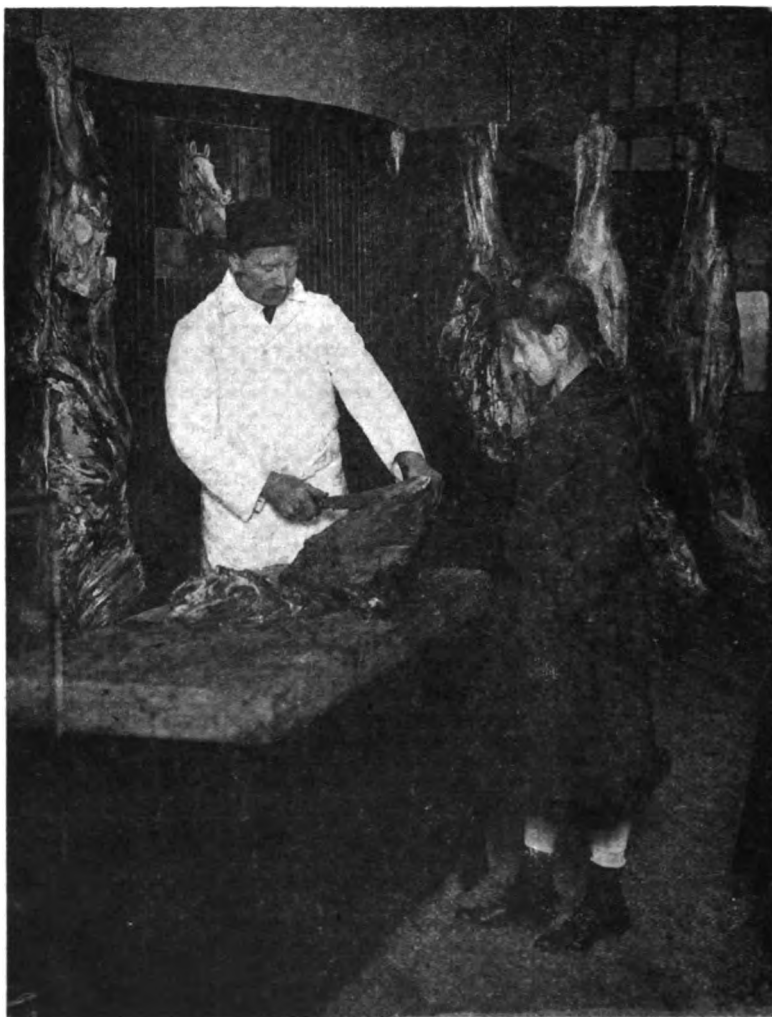
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AMERICA'S FIRST HORSE-MEAT MARKET

The sale of horse-flesh was quickly legalized as soon as food riots broke out in New York City, in which this shop is located at the corner of First avenue and 122nd street.

How long will it take to reduce the American worker to the food level of the European?

Not one of the patriotic metropolitan newspapers could use this photo. We wonder why?

April

1917

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**INTERNATIONAL
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DEPARTMENTS

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RIOTING FOR FOOD

The City Hall in New York City was surrounded by thousands of women from the tenement districts. Police reserves were rushed to the scene and many women and some men were severely handled. They asked for food and were handed clubs.

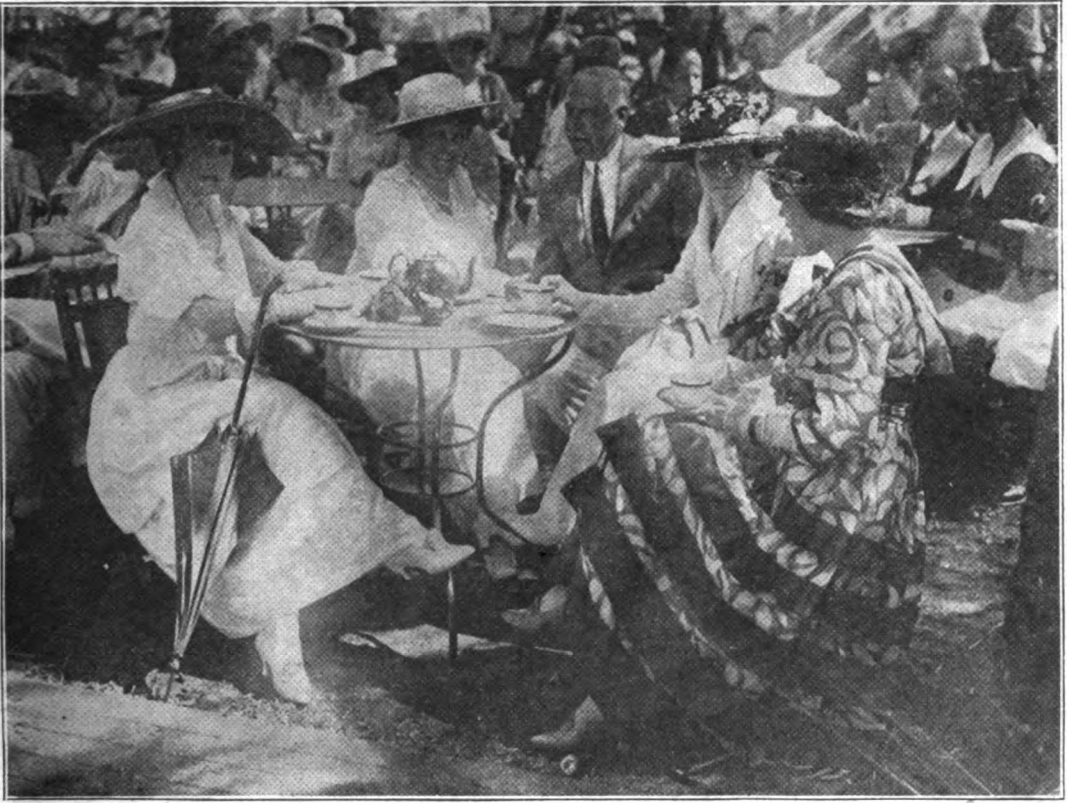
FOOD RIOTS

DID you ever notice how quickly public officials and the newspaper owners and big capitalists wake up when the working class resorts to any kind of *mass action*?

Day in and day out they may read articles or print statistics on crop failures, extraordinary food exports, corners on food products, the phenomenal overnight rise in prices, or the actual shortage of food in working-class districts with perfect serenity. They may even regard the fact that the children of the poor are starving with equanimity. But when the hungry workers arise and seize

and burn and destroy and loot, Their Honors, the Mayors, Boards of Trade, newspaper editors and estimable people generally grow alarmed and say that something must be done.

And be very sure that if these public demonstrations on the part of the working class continue and increase, something is done. During the past month "food riots" have aroused much disquiet everywhere in the breasts of the reputable folk. One day 3,000 hungry women of New York's lower East Side attacked the small grocery stores, shops and carts, seizing all they could lay their



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SOCIETY FOLK AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

The latest society news—The Smart Set are going to act for the movies and when the pictures are completed they will be shown in the ballroom of the Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach and the proceeds will go to charity.

IN AMERICA—By LESLIE MARCY

hands on, burning and destroying the carts and booths of those whom they believed were robbing them. On a Saturday evening 4,000 hungry women, with babies in their arms, besieged the doors of the palatial Waldorf Astoria demanding "Bread."

In Philadelphia on February 21st, one person was killed and nine wounded when wives and mothers with their children, thronged the streets demanding bread and work to keep their children from starving.

Again in Williamsburg, Penn., housewives who went out shopping for the

evening meal at four o'clock became desperate at their inability to purchase the necessities of life and attacked provision stores and pushcart peddlers, while folks on the roofs of tenement houses threw flaming missiles of oil-soaked papers and rags upon the dealers' wagons. The city authorities declared the situation would be utterly beyond their control if the fear of a food famine was not dispelled. One woman said:

"I have five children, who have not eaten today. I have not had food for twenty-four hours. My husband is a tailor, who gets \$8.00 a week, and we are



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EAST SIDE WORKING CLASS MOTHERS AND BABIES

starving. Today I could not buy a loaf of bread."

All food emporiums were strongly barricaded and put under police guard. Martial law was declared in the Philadelphia food shopping district.

Immediately from one end of the country to the other municipal authorities called upon Congress to investigate. The president of the New York Board of Trade is reported to have said that unless the railroad congestion was relieved and thousands of cars loaded with provisions for Europe and awaiting boats for shipment were speedily released for shipping food to the East, the food situation there would assume more grave proportions than the possible war with Germany.

When informed by East Side housewives that their children were "starving to death by hundreds" because of the high cost and scarcity of food, Mayor Mitchel, of New York, promised to place

before the Board of Estimates their plea for an appropriation of \$1,000,000 to be spent in providing food to the poor at cost.

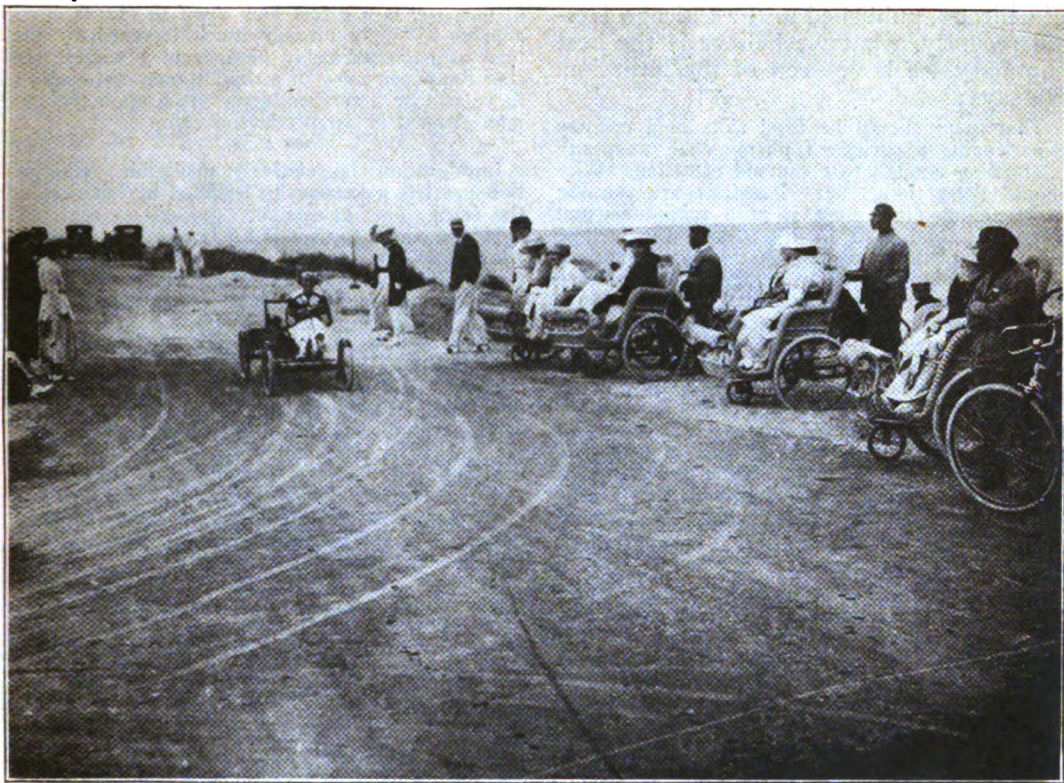
"There is no food shortage at the Waldorf Astoria, and no shortage of food nor of any of the other luxuries of life at the famous wintering resort of American millionaires, Palm Beach, Florida," said a member of the I. W. W., who spoke at one of the hunger meetings.

"It is the congested working class districts that are supplied last by the railroads, and prices have risen so fast and simple wholesome foods have become so scarce that thousands of working class families in New York alone are on the verge of actual starvation."

One of the banners carried in a New York hunger parade bore the words:

"Mr. Mayor: Never mind the people on Riverside Drive. We want potatoes and onions!"

"In the meantime, through wars and



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"RED BUG" RACES LATEST FAD OF PALM BEACH SOCIETY

devastations, dog shows and exhibitions, costume parties and other diversions are going on at Palm Beach."

They say the one given by Clarence Jones was an experience to all who attended. It was on the porch of the Breakers. Pretty much all of the smart set were there in costume, and a friend of mine has written me that they were wonderful. The guests danced all night and at sunrise the men went down to the beach for a dip in the water before going to bed.

Of course, you know, almost everybody that is anybody is in the south—or at least out of town now. New York only claims its own from November to February and for a short period around Easter. There are as many smart setters now at Lenox, Newport, Long Island, and resorts of the south as there are in our city. They take as a pretext that they need to rest from the war work and other activities, and they indulge in the costume balls such as cited.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., have gone down to High Point, N. C., where Mrs. Drexel's father, George J. Gould, has a shooting box. Mrs. Pierpont Morgan has gone to Jekyll Island, Georgia, for a stay of several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Perkins are in Stuart, Fla. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills started yesterday for Palm Beach, where they will remain a fortnight. Mrs. Joseph Harriman, who was a guest of Mrs.

William K. Vanderbilt, has gone to Aiken, S. C. —(From the Chicago Tribune.)

* * *

On the other hand, the International News Service quotes an interview with a prominent member of the Chicago Wheat Pit as follows:

"Thousands of cars loaded with provisions are standing in the yards of Eastern cities waiting to be unloaded. That is a fact. The food is there. And if it were destined for domestic owners it would be unloaded. But it is not. It is all for export trade. It is for the entente nations and there are not enough ships to move it at the present time. But they are holding onto the food in the hope that they will be able to get the ships to carry it in the near future. Much of the food has become rotten and has been dumped. The food supply of this country—present and future, up to December first next—has been bought and paid for."

Prof. C. S. Duncan, of the University

of Chicago, published in the Chicago Herald recently, what we believe is the best summary we have seen of the situation. He says:

That there should be food riots in a country experiencing a period of phenomenal prosperity is startling enough to command attention. Why should these things be? Factories are running overtime, unemployment is at a minimum—and there are food riots in New York City! The plain and obvious explanation is that the prices of food staples have risen far beyond the increase of purchasing power among the masses.

Conditions in the eastern cities have become sufficiently serious to arouse the governmental machinery to action. But the government is going on the assumption that somebody is holding back the food supplies. If prices are unbearably high, says the government, there is manipulation somewhere. There may have been instances of price manipulation; no doubt there are countless numbers. Manipulation is always rife on a seller's market. And other factors may be aiding and abetting the manipulators.

* * *

But no student of present conditions can believe in a wholesale manipulation sufficient to account for the tremendous and universal rise in food prices. It does no good to cry "fraud," and institute investigations, in order to blink the plain fact that there is a shortage of food products. Statistics are shouting this fact from almost every page of our government reports. Wheat, corn, oats, hay, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, beans, garden truck are scarce, and they are growing scarcer. They are scarce in the United States and scarce abroad; they are scarce relative to demand; hence the rise in prices.

Now, investigations may find causes of illegal manipulation, but they will not increase the supply of food products. Nor is it reasonable to believe that anything will be brought to light which will reduce prices to even an approach to normal. Anyway, an investigation usually proves to be the old, old method of locking the stable after the horse is gone. The crying need, the immediate need, is for a forward-looking policy.

* * *

A survey of present conditions will reveal the serious fact that all the great economic forces are working for a continuance of high food prices. There is not a glimmer of hope that the European situation will release productive power for increasing food crops this year; there is every reason to believe that a contrary condition will arise. The great South American harvests are "made" for this season. Our own winter crops are in none too hopeful a condition. The surplus supplies of our grain products have been greatly depleted by the irresistible drawing power of high prices. No comforting deduction can be derived from this situation for a return in the near future to a normal level in food products.

If conditions that assume a peace basis will bring no comfort, how much less those that threaten the desolation and devastation of war. Already a "whirlwind" campaign has been made through certain country districts to enlist recruits for the navy. Such a campaign, however laudable

in purpose, is a direct levy upon the farm labor supply—a supply already much lessened by the lure of extraordinarily high factory wages. In case the paper army of a million men materializes there will be a further heavy drain upon the human element in our productive energy.

* * *

Immigration is relatively negligible; emigration has left a vacuum to be filled by labor from the farm.

If war comes to us it is fairly appalling to think what effect the feeding of a vast army will have upon our food supply. Prices will soar far beyond the present high figures, even if conditions of food supplies grow no worse.

Peace or war, this is no time to waste large appropriations in making investigations into past conduct. We stand today at the threshold of a new season in the great food-producing regions of this country. The soil energy is there to feed the world. A wise policy would consider before anything else the ways and means to utilize that energy. Here is the immediate task for the Department of Agriculture, the federal trade commission and for every other department of state that has any time to devote to it.

There is every reason to think that the high prices will have drawn to market the best quality of grain, of potatoes, of all seed and bulbs. The temptation to sell at such advantage as has been offered will often have been so great as to carry the whole crop to market, leaving nothing for seed.

* * *

And again, in the drought-stricken areas and in the rust-devastating sections there will be lower stocks, poorer seed and a tendency to lessen the crop acreage. Can the great northwest, with a high quality of seed, bring its wheat acreage up above the normal for the coming spring wheat season? That is a far more vital question to the great mass of our population than whether some one has manipulated the price of flour in some locality. A fall from the 1,000,000,000-bushel bumper crop of 1915 to the 625,000,000 crop of 1916, coupled with the drought in South America, the bottled-up Russian supply and the war demand, caused riots in New York City in February, 1917.

Potatoes, once indispensable, are now luxuries, not because somebody is hoarding them, but because they do not exist in sufficient quantity. The stock of potatoes in the hands of the growers in nineteen growing states on December 1, 1914-15, was 143,577,000 bushels; on the same date, 1915-16, it was 84,894,000 bushels, and on last December 1, 45,747,000 bushels. The prices per bushel on the same dates were 42.9 cents, 61.2 cents and \$1.52.8 respectively. The pertinent query here also is, can the potato-growing region bring its potato acreage, with a high quality of seed, up above the normal for the coming spring potato planting?

There is one point we wish to add. Owing to the immense business which the United States has acquired through the European war, this country has become the greatest gold-holding country in the world. Temporarily, Big Capital

here is feeling gold a glut on the market. The situation resembles the times when there is a vast oversupply of any other product thrown on the market. The value of that product may not drop, but because of this temporary glut it may exchange for less—bring a lower price.

This is the gold (or money) situation today in America. Gold is "cheap"; it buys less, and with the United States acting as the temporary bread basket of the world—during the war the great world grocer—food speculators are enabled to demand higher prices everywhere for the necessities of life. Commodities sell above their value.

What are we going to do about it? We are going to organize and *strike* and *secure* higher wages. We are going to organize street demonstrations, we are going to protest and raise a din that will

cause the "walls of the cities to tremble" every time we find the cost of living going up a notch ahead of wages.

We will have to remember that we cannot reach the Big Fellows by destroying the carts of fruit peddlers. But we can *always get them if we fight on the job.*

You miners, you railroad men, you building trade workers who are tied up with long time contracts: You are going to find your wages more than *cut in two* if you work at the old scale. You are going to find yourselves buying food practically with old Mexican money—worth about fifty cents on the dollar.

Everywhere the bosses need you as they never have before. You can double your wage scale if you organize and fight. High priced labor power is the answer to a high cost of living as long as this system endures.



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JOHN JACOB ASTOR III.

BABY ASTOR

One of New York's younger set. Four years old and it takes \$75.00 a day to "make ends meet." Since his birth he has received \$20,000 a year from a \$3,000,000 trust fund. A part of his expenses run as follows: 1 mink robe, \$580.00; 1 ermine robe, \$185.00; 1 toy camel, \$30.00; 1 magic fish pond, \$20.00.

Last year Mrs. Astor petitioned a New York court to increase his allowance, claiming that she had to spend \$7,590 of her own funds on her child's behalf.

FIVE SOULS

By W. N. EWER

First Soul

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plow because the message ran:
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was
slain.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

Second Soul

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer:
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Mus-
covite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

Third Soul

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot
hurled
His felon blow at France and at the
world;
Then I went forth to Belgium and my
doom.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

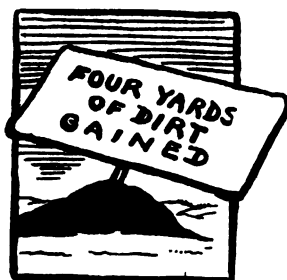
Fourth Soul

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I
rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lor-
raine.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

Fifth Soul

I worked in a great shipyard by the
Clyde;
There came a sudden word of wars de-
clared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unpre-
pared,
Asking our aid; I joined the ranks, and
died.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

—In the London "Nation."



TWELVE THOUSAND YOUNG MEN KILLED



THEIR COUNTRY

Adapted From the French for the International Socialist Review

A Country

What is a Country?

For anybody who is not satisfied with words, for anybody who wants to forget for a moment the fantastic definitions of the Country which have been taught him at school, a Country is a group of men living under the same laws; because they themselves or their ancestors have been brought willingly or by force, more often by force, to obey the same sovereign or the same government.

Almost all countries are alike.

England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, the Scandinavian States, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, the United States of America, China and Japan—they are all alike, or very nearly so. Certainly there are between them differences of governmental label; here the style is republican, there we find a royal sign, again, the chief of State is an emperor.

But the differences of government label and of political form are everywhere superficial, and quite secondary, differences.

In nearly all of these countries the right to combine into trade unions is no longer disputed openly, or, if it is, the government cannot prevent coalitions of the workers and strikes. And no matter what the laws are, in *any country*, you will find that nowhere do they prevent the governments, whatever they may be, republican or monarchical, from intimidating the workers by formidable displays of police and troops, and from charging and killing them, if need be, for the profits of the employing class.

Neither are the differences between countries greater from the economic (bread and butter) point of view. Undoubtedly, English industry is infinitely richer than Italian industry; French agriculture is more prosperous than Spanish agriculture; American industry more productive than Austrian industry. These things are patent to everybody. But this only means that the English, the French and the American *CAPITALISTS* are infinitely richer than the capitalist class of Spain, of Italy, or Austria.

For the mass of the *WORKERS* who, in one or the other Countries, work like beasts of burden in order to satisfy the luxury of the rich, the situation is but little more enviable in one country than in another, and, after all, everywhere they tend to equalize themselves.

Nowhere do the small farmers succeed in defending their property against mortgage or seizure but by leading a life of privation, and at the price of a labor such as is practically slavery.

Everywhere the badly paid agricultural workers see themselves more and more obliged to leave the land for want of regular work, machine production leaving them only three, or four or at most five months of work on the farms in the year.

In all these countries, with the exception of some skilled workers, the working class of the cities, men and women, are reduced to low wages, long hours of employment, insecurity of work, uncertainty for the morrow, airless and lightless slums, adulterated food, a rudimentary education and few pleasures; in all large towns there are thousands of women reduced to selling their bodies in order to gain something to eat.

Of course, wages are not absolutely equal in all Countries. If we speak only of Germany, England and America, the American workman earns generally a higher wage than the English and German workers. But what advantage is this to the American worker, seeing that living is dearer in America and rents are higher?

Generally speaking, the average wages *EVERYWHERE* correspond very nearly to the indispensable minimum necessary to keep a workman alive and efficient for his labor of profit making.

Finally, do not let us forget that everywhere wages have a manifest tendency to become uniform. Thus a French manufacturer who finds workmanship too expensive in France carries part of his concern into Russian Poland, American cotton manufacturers carry some of their cotton plants into the Central American countries where wages are cheap, and steel manufacturers open great plants in China, from whence they are able to ship steel rails into America at a lower price than the produce made in America by American workmen.

Capital and the capitalist class know no frontiers and no flag. They hire the foreign workman at home if he will work for

lower wages than you demand, and they plant their factories beneath a foreign flag if they can increase their profits thereby. Capital goes abroad to seek low priced workers; and the workers everywhere flock to those lands that pay the highest wages and so wages tend to sink to the same level everywhere, under every flag. The condition of the working class has a tendency to equalize itself from one end of the world to the other, over and above all frontiers.

In fact, all Countries differ so very little that if tomorrow by a magic stroke, or by a general consent quite as magical, Englishmen all became Frenchmen, or Americans became Germans, or if Germans all became Americans, after the fusion, the rich of both Countries would still be rich, that is to say, free to exploit and rob their fellow creatures, free to live plentifully from the produce of the work of the wage-earners, and the mass of the miserable and wretched would continue, French and English, German and American, to exist in squalor and misery.

What is true, finally, is that neither is the French country superior to the Austrian, nor the English and American to the German, nor is the German superior to any other country, to such an extent that either one or the other is worth getting killed for.

The difference between one and another is so slight for the great mass of the propertyless wage workers that if the disinherited of those Countries, or any modern country, had a little common sense or heart, not one would lift his little finger when the day came that he was called upon to fight for them.

To be a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German or an American—what difference can it make to you, outcasts, propertyless wage slaves!

THE MIRACLE OF PATRIOTISM,

There is nothing more natural, more logical than that in every Country the rich should be patriots! Nobody would wonder at *THEIR* fighting and getting killed occasionally for *THEIR* Country. And yet from time immemorial the Leisure Class has always found it possible to avoid conscription. But, of course, the evasion of military service only shows their hatred of the barracks; it does not prove that they do not love their Country.

Their Country does enough for *THEM*;

it provides them all with education, leisure, comfort, ease and even luxury; they would be monsters of ingratitude if they did not love her.

But what confounds intelligence is that in all Countries, the beggars, the poverty-stricken, the propertyless, the over-worked working class, ill-fed, badly housed, badly clothed, never sure of a job or a meal to-morrow, as are three-fourths of the inhabitants of every Country, march like one man, at the first call, whatever may be the cause of war.

People who would not take one step to render a service to their neighbors, who are workers like themselves, leave their families and march hundreds of miles in order to get killed for the masters who sweat them; to die horrible deaths in order to protect the ships, or the cargoes, or the carcasses of the capitalist enemies who exploit and discard them.

In July, 1870, millions of German peasants and workmen were working in peace. Many of them knew little more than that there was a Country called France. Other beasts of burden sweated and toiled in France, many of whom ignored the existence of a Country called Germany.

All of a sudden the order for mobilization went out from Paris and from Berlin. At the news that the German Country was attacked, the German people rose up like one man, rich as well as poor. At the news that the French ambassador had been "insulted" in Germany, the French people rose en masse, beggars and millionaires, without even waiting for their government to secure a proof of the so-called insult.

The two peoples rushed upon one another like wild beasts; 300,000 men were slaughtered, and after the bloodshed, on both sides of the Rhine, the flocks took back their yoke, obliged to toil a little more, *VANQUISHED AND VANQUISHER*, to repair the ruin brought about by war, and to prepare for new slaughters.

And what insult under heaven, we ask, could be sufficient to send hungry, dispossessed, homeless workmen to their deaths to avenge—unless it be the *INSULT OF POVERTY*, or the *INSULT OF EXPLOITATION*!

Some great capitalists may gain thru a victory of one Country over another Country; the workers never gain anything. Their position is always the same.

A repetition of the disaster of 1870 is going on before our eyes, only upon a more colossal scale, today. In August of 1914 the German working people were advised by the Imperial Government that the Fatherland was about to be invaded, and the German people arose; the Czar declared that German soldiers were marching upon Holy Russia; the Russian peasants left their black bread and their simple labors and took up the sword. The Belgian workers learned that the Germans were actually marching upon Belgium, the land which Samuel Gompers recently called "The Hell of the Working Class." And the Belgians fled, or remained, fought and died, to preserve Belgium, "The Heaven for Capitalists."

And we cannot see why these workers arose, or fought and are still fighting! Why French or German or American workers should fight to preserve *THEIR MASTERS' COUNTRY*, their *MASTERS'* ships and lives and cargoes!

The employers pay the workers miserable wages and *APPROPRIATE* their *PRODUCTS* in France, in Germany, in Belgium, England, Australia, Hungary, Bulgaria, as well as in that mis-named Land of Liberty—America!

We cannot understand by what aberration the workers of the different Countries throw themselves upon one another with cries of hatred at the first bidding of their masters. How can the German, French, English, Belgian and American workers and farmers be so stupid as not to see that their only enemies are those who, in their own Country, extort from them the best of the fruit of their labor and live luxuriously at their expense?

It is patriotism which accomplishes this miracle.

PATRIOTIC LIES

In every Country they succeed in making the miserable mass of the people believe that the Country is a mother. How else would they have got so far as to persuade them that their Country is the finest of all Countries?

If in one and the same Country, rich and poor, robber and robbed, will always belong to the same group and continue to live together, away from foreigners, distrusting other peoples, it is because in all Countries the rich teach the poor how to hate other Countries and foreigners. And yet we see

in America, German-born neighbors, French and English-born neighbors, living in peace and kindness among workers born in America. The French and German Swiss live amicably in one country. Without these false teachings French workers, German workers, English farmers and American farmers and wage workers would live side by side in the greatest friendliness.

"The Country is a mother, our common mother; she is a great family, whose members all have common interests," they teach us.

This is the height of nonsense. One would think that people who write such funny things ignore the furious struggle which exists among all competitors in the same industry, the antagonism of interests which divides in one and the same Country, Protectionists and Free Traders; still less, perhaps, do they consider that strikes, even when they are accompanied by the sacking of workshops and the shooting of strikers, show clearly and to a high degree the harmony and understanding, the *IDENTITY* of *INTERESTS* which prevails between employers and wage-earners?

In these singular Countries, which are called Countries, a few of the children are seated around a well-covered table, that wants for nothing, not even what is commonly called the butter-plate. They eat, they drink, they talk cheerfully, they enjoy themselves—they have intellectual and material enjoyment; they want for nothing. Life is for them one long banquet.

Meanwhile the other members of the family toil like beasts of burden; they make the butter, so that it should not be missing on the tables of their brethren, the privileged.

"The Country is a mother!"

What is a mother?

It is a good, loving woman, who, at the family table, divides what she has amongst all her children, be they handsome or ugly, strong or weak; indeed rather spoiling those who are ill.

But she is no mother who at the family table gorges a few of her children and leaves the others, the most industrious and most deserving ones, wanting the necessities of life; she is not a mother, she is a step-mother.

Countries—mothers! No, they are no

mothers, but cruel step-mothers, and their disinherited sons and daughters have the right to execrate them—nay, it is their very duty.

And yet it is true that in every Country the ruling classes have so well known how to exploit the old remnant of human stupidity which is in all individuals, to so ably tickle the national vanity of all human agglomerations gathered by the fortunes of history, that in all Countries patriots are proud to belong to the particular one in which chance caused them to be born.

The French patriot is proud of being French, the German patriot is proud of being German, the American boasts that there is no Country like America. Even the very Russian moujik is proud of being born in the land of the knout. Every patriot really believes that his own Country is superior in many respects, and in no small degree, to other Countries.

Every Country has its own dose of patriotic prejudices. We all have a large share.

In France and in America, for example, we boast of being the classical lands of revolution and human liberty. The Germans boast of Old Age Pensions and regular employment. England has been proud of her freedom of speech and the press. And yet it is in these very so-called "free" countries that we find unemployment more frequent. It is common knowledge that in Free England thousands upon thousands of the poorer class live and die in a state of chronic hunger and under-nourishment; that in America the great capitalists are more truly a law unto themselves and deal out death and destruction to striking miners, steel workers, timber workers, garment workers, etc., etc., in a more brutal and bare-faced manner than in any other Country in the world.

It is common knowledge that, while the German ruling class does look somewhat after the welfare of its wage-workers, their freedom of speech, of organization, of action, are rigidly curtailed, and that the paternalism of the German government is due only to the military ambitions and aspirations of the ruling class. They *planned* for strong soldiers—to become cannon-fodder. On the other hand, the workers without jobs may starve to death in the more liberal Countries without one of them lifting her hand to feed you.

PATRIOTISM A RELIGION

The religion of patriotism has its fanatics who, according to the different countries, are called Nationalists or Imperialists; and its devotees who in reasoning reject the exaggerations of patriotism, but who in the bottom of their hearts worship the ideal.

For the former and for the latter the Country is a kind of divinity whose name it is impious to pronounce irreverently; mysticism creeps into the patriotic sentiment even of the most reasoning and most reasonable patriots. There are free thinkers who think that everything should be discussed—except the Country, which is above discussion.

They talk of her with filial tenderness, they show for her a sentimental preference approaching devotion. Both talk of the Country as the faithful talk of God; the flag becomes the "sacred" emblem of the Country; the soil of the Country is the "sacred" soil of the Country, even for the poor wretches who do not possess a square inch of land, nor a place to sleep for the night.

On the pedestal on which the faithful's piety had placed the priest with a crown of purity and sanctity, the patriotic faith of people today has placed the soldier, the professional fighter—him who has chosen by taste, by calling, because his feelings drove him there, a military career, the noble calling of arms.

For that is *THE* noble calling among us.

The noblest calling *PAR EXCELLENCE* is not that of the miner who, at the peril of his life, painfully extracts from the depths of the earth the black mineral, the bread of machinery; it is not that of the farmer, who tills the land whose harvest will be feeding mankind tomorrow. Neither is it that of the teacher who painfully tends uncultivated brains, trying to grow in them the good seed of a critical mind and free investigation.

The noblest calling of all is the military calling, the one in which, as soon as one enters it, one surrenders his own personality, one's will; in which one is no longer anything more than a number, a machine. And what a machine! A machine for killing by order without knowing why: that is the noble calling of arms.

Unfortunately the patriotic religion creates a state of mind which is not only ridiculous, but also dangerous. The old re-

ligions, at the time when faith was glowing in all hearts, were accompanied by hatred and distrust of heretics and infidels; fervent Catholics detested the Jews and other unbelievers for whom the wood-piles of the Holy Inquisition were lit; in the name of the God of peace and love they made the Crusades against Mussulmans; according to history they also treated the Protestants with some rigor. Protestants and Mussulmans were scarcely more kind to those who did not belong to their religion.

Patriots of all countries often entertain similar feelings towards the foreigner, towards him who has committed the crime of having been born in another Country. The school takes care to embitter the bloody memories that peoples drag behind them of the wars of the past . . . so that the slightest international crisis or the slightest conflict between opposing sides of the frontiers will precipitate them at one another's throats.

See the young men shouting frantic hurrahs when they see defiling the sunshine, amid clouds of dust, interminable lines of men, horses, cannon—a formidable array of slaughter-house instruments and an enormous mass of flesh for the slaughter.

And when there passes before them at the end of a stick a piece of drapery, which is the sacred emblem of the Country, a religious shiver runs thru their bodies, and they take off their hats before the icon, just as their fathers did before the Holy Sacrament.

Arrived at this degree of intellectual deformity, the patriot is a beast to kill or to be killed; he is ripe for the slaughter-house.

PATRIOTISM THE UPHOLDER OF THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM

The love of the native village, or home town, is a natural feeling almost inborn in man's breast; but the love of the Country, of the great Countries where chance caused us to be born, is an acquired, fictitious, artificial sentiment. It is but by a long and skillful training that one succeeds in inculcating it in peoples; it is but by constant suggestion, by a poisoning that begins at the cradle, that one succeeds in impressing on those poor wretches who possess nothing, and for whom the Country is but a step-mother, that they should be willing to die for her.

It is not difficult to find out why, in all Countries, the ruling classes carefully cultivate the patriotic feeling in the heart of the masses. The reason is they find it a first-rate interest—a vital interest.

Patriots themselves (altho not so patriotic but that they have everywhere and at all times been eager to sell war munitions to the enemy attacking their own Country), but still, at least self-styled patriots themselves, because the Country is for them a mother, they have at all times felt the necessity of attaching, by a moral and almost mystical link, the mass of disinterested to the existing order of things of which the rich alone get the profit in every Country.

It is good, it is useful, it is indispensable for the ruling (the propertied) classes that the peoples they shear be profoundly convinced that the interests of the rich and of the poor are identical in every nation.

It is good, it is useful, it is indispensable for the propertied classes that the outcasts of every Country consider the rich countrymen who rob and exploit them, not as enemies, but as friends, and on certain days as brothers.

Patriotism in every nation masks the class antagonisms to the great profit of the ruling classes; thru it they prolong and facilitate their domination.

But patriotism is not only at the present hour the moral upholder of the capitalist system; it serves as a pretext for keeping up formidable permanent armies, which are the material upholder, the last bulwark, of the privileged classes.

The pretext, the only allowable and avowed aim of the army, is to defend the Country against the foreigner; but once dressed in the Country's livery, when the barrack training has killed in him every intelligence, every consciousness of his own interests, the man of the people is but a policeman, a soldier in the service of the exploiters and robbers, against his brothers in misery.

Think of this: In the face of a handful of masters who do not work, there are, concentrated about the large industrial centers, thousands of proletarians who would make but a mouthful of them. The working class, represented by industries and unions, could soon have done with the present system of expropriation of the workers.

For the first time one might see the instruments of work (the mines, the factories, mills, shops and railroads) in the hands of the workers who produced them; one would see the hive of workers and farmers at last rid of the drones that take the best of the honey; by a rational organization of production, by an enormous increase in consumption, by the incessant development of machinery, for the first time one might see all the inhabitants of a Country well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, torn away from ignorance and overwork, from misery, and the insecurity of the morrow.

Sacred love of Country! Fortunately you are there to avoid such a catastrophe. Thanks to you, the outcasts, the poverty-stricken, who have nothing to lose nor anything to defend, consent to be soldiers. Oh, marvel of patriotism! They will endure without complaint, at least as a necessary evil, the hard military discipline. There they are trained.

Well, now let their fathers and their brothers, outcasts like themselves, move; let them strike to improve their lot; let them get nearer the butter plate with a threatening attitude. A volley ordered by an officer who, by his social condition, belongs to the privileged class, and executed by the *WORKING CLASS*, will restore "order" again.

The day the disinherited of every Country see clearly that their only real enemies are the capitalists who keep them in poverty, the insecurity of the morrow, overwork, in misery and ignorance, the Social Revolution will be accomplished.

Patriotism, by drawing together and mixing up rich and poor in one and in the same Country, stands in the way of that vision of the class war, just as by placing formidable armies at the service of the propertied classes it protects them against popular demands.

Patriotism is at this hour the great obstacle to the diffusion of Socialism or Industrial Democracy, which is based on the principle of the class war.

It is the most powerful obstacle that stands in the way of the Social Revolution.

ANTI-PATRIOTISM

The small farmer may slave his days away to raise grain and if he is unable to pay off his mortgage, the Country, in the shape of the government, steps in and

takes away his land. It even steps in and takes away the farmer's entire crop if he owes a capitalist money for machinery, fertilizer, tools, etc. The Country protects the banker and the capitalist. It takes no thought at all whether or not the farmer shall have *ANY RECOMPENSE* at all for all his labor, or whether he have food to keep from starving. Property is protected, interest rates are assured. The lives of the farmers are impeded, disregarded.

This Country is a mother to the capitalist and to the banker.

The wage-workers work long hours at low wages, producing riches for their employers, and when these employers no longer need them the workers are turned away. If they are unable to secure work, and, made desperate by privation, turn upon those who have exploited them—the Country, the Government, the Army is there to protect the property of the employers.

The out-of-work wage-earners are driven away from the storehouses they have filled, the food they have produced, the houses they have built. That they freeze to death in the alleys, or starve in garrets, is not the concern of the Country. The Country has fulfilled its function when it has protected the property and the property rights of the rich.

It is time we discarded the old formula: "We will defend our Country if it is attacked." The workers have no country. Their slogan must be:

"Whoever be the aggressor, rather insurrection than war!"

When the rulers know that the organized proletariat is firmly decided to answer the order for mobilization by insurrection, we shall be able to sleep quietly; when that day comes, we shall be quite sure that in case of conflict of interests the rulers of the different countries will know where to find the justices of the peace who reside at The Hague, and to submit their differences to international arbitration. It is the one and only means, the only practicable and infallible means of curing governments of their warlike inclinations.

But to insure that the masses take the manly resolution to answer the call for mobilization by revolt, *they must be cured of all patriotic sentiment.*

As long the the proletarian remains patriotic, as long as he persists in cherishing a sentimental preference for the Country

where chance caused him to be born, as long as he believes that this Country is better than the others, that she is so much better that he should give his life for her, so long will it be impossible to obtain from the proletariat the revolutionary resolutions which alone can put an end to international wars.

And the working class will remain patriotic; it will continue cheerfully to shed its blood for the defense of the present Country until we have shown it that it would have nothing to lose if its Country were annexed by a neighboring country.

If the Country in which you live and happened to be born were suddenly to be acquired by the neighboring Country, what would happen? Supposing France should take a part of Germany or Canada should seize a part of the United States of America, would the small farmers lose their land, the small store-keepers lose their small businesses? When Germany annexed Alsace, did the Germans take the fields, the houses, the shops, the factories of the Alsations?

As a matter of fact, after the annexation, the large manufacturers remained large manufacturers, the small shop-keepers remained small shop-keepers, the small land-owners remained small land-owners and the wage-workers remained wage-workers.

Would the working class of any Country lose its property if the native land were annexed to the neighboring Country? *Those who possess nothing, not even the right to work, have nothing to lose.*

Under German rule, under French or English or Belgian rule, the French, English or American proletarians, changing their Country, would meet with the same insolent and rapacious master class, the same administration hard on the small man, the same officers, the same law courts, pitiless to the poor.

They tell us there are cases when one must fight for dignity, for honor? Yes, what honor? National honor?

Is it our honor of man, our personal dignity, which commands us to oppose ourselves to all aggression, to all violence of any group of men upon the group to which we belong? It is precisely our personal dignity which forbids us to fight for interests which are not ours.

The anti-patriots could have no honor in such a matter since they have not the same

conception of honor as have the patriots. The patriots would deem it dishonorable not to answer an order for mobilization in case of war, and we would dishonor ourselves by answering it.

HELPING ANTI-PATRIOTISM

The Governments everywhere and the officers and the military castes have themselves given great impetus to anti-patriotic propaganda. The brutality and haughtiness of many officers, and of many soldiers, and the immoderate use of troops in strikes, have all singularly facilitated, among the working class, the diffusion of anti-patriotism.

There are in many countries reformers who seek to prevent the use of soldiers against the workers in times of strikes. These demand compulsory arbitration for the regulation of conflicts between employers and employed. They wish to perform that peculiar acrobatic feat of conciliating the class struggle with social peace. They do not wish the workers to determine their own affairs, but to submit their affairs into the hands of politicians.

The working class fortunately does not seem inclined to submit its conflicts to an arbitration of which the employers would have a thousand crooked means of violating the awards, nor to make good, peaceful strikes which would, perhaps, gain them the good will of the small radical capitalist, but which would compel them to surrender unconditionally, when all their coppers were spent.

The only strikes which have any chance of succeeding are those which do not hesitate at having recourse to means of intimidation and direct action.

With this state of mind becoming more general among the working class in nearly every country, since the workers refuse any longer to be fooled by arbitration that yields them always the worst of it, or by promised parliamentary or political reforms that are empty of benefit to them, the capitalist classes intend to use force. In every country they are working for and toward an iron militarism such as the world has never known. The capitalist classes need the army to protect them in their struggles with the dispossessed workers.

And it is fortunate, despite the working-class victims that the bullets may make, that the ruling capitalist class, at the first

important strike, at the first hunger riot, calls on the national army. It is fortunate that by such a concrete demonstration, which stares one in the face, and which is worth more than a hundred speeches and a hundred thousand pamphlets, the mass of the working class soon realizes keenly what a Country is, and whom the Country and the army serve.

Nothing less was needed but the tragedies of Fourmies and of Limoges (France), the brutal cavalry charges and the display of troops of all sorts which gave the towns on strike the aspect of cities in a state of siege, to undeceive the working class hitherto so stupidly patriotic.

Nothing less was needed than the tragedies of Lawrence, Mass.; of Hancock, Mich.; of Pennsylvania, and of Ludlow, Colorado (in America) to awaken the minds of the American workers to the true function of the state and national troops.

Today all these French workers should be ready to call, on the passing of the troops, "To Limoges! To Limoges to murder our brothers!" And in America, "Back to Lawrence! To Ludlow! There you will still find babies to shoot and to burn!" To whistle down the flag, and, in case of war, to refuse to be led to the slaughter.

WE HAVE NO COUNTRY.

We must say to the proletarians over and over again:

The working class *has no country*.

The differences which exist between the present countries are all superficial differences.

The capitalist régime is the same in all countries; and as it cannot work without a minimum of political liberties, all countries which live under a capitalist system enjoy elementary liberties which cannot anywhere be denied any longer to the proletariat. Even in Russia, the autocratic régime is to-day beaten to death.

The workingmen who give their lives for the present countries are dupes, stupid brutes.

Even when their country is victorious it is they who pay the cost of victory through blood and sweat, through privations and through taxes.

The only war which is not a deception is that at the end of which, if they are victors, workingmen and women may hope by the expropriation of the capitalist class, to put

their hands on the social wealth accumulated by human labor and human genius for generations past.

There is one war only which is worthy of intelligent men; it is civil war, social revolution!

And as the masses understand nothing of the abstract language of metaphysics, as it is necessary in order to be heard by them to speak a concrete language, we must not

hesitate to point out to them plainly that we have no national sentiment left, to proclaim that it is a matter of indifference to us whether we be Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Italians, Americans or Russians. We must proclaim that we are neither Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, nor Americans, but, better, that we are the countrymen of all the robbed and exploited workingmen of the earth!

ON THE BREEDING OF KINGS

By THOMAS JEFFERSON

WHEN I observed that the King of England was a cipher, I did not mean to confine the observation to the mere individual now on that throne. The practice of Kings marrying only in the families of Kings has been that of Europe for some centuries. Now, take any race of animals, confine them in idleness and inaction, whether in a sty, a stable, or a state-room, pamper them with high diet, gratify all their sexual appetites, immerse them in sensualities, nourish their passions, let everything bend before them, and banish whatever might lead them to think, and in a few generations they become all body and no mind; and this, too, by a law of nature, by that very law by which we are in the constant practice of changing the characters and propensities of the animals we raise for our own purposes. Such is the regimen in raising Kings, and in this way they have gone on for centuries. While in Europe, I often amused myself with contemplating the characters of the then reigning sovereigns of Europe. Louis the XVI. was a fool, of my own knowledge, and in despite of the answers made for him at his trial. The King of Spain was a fool, and of Naples the same. They passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two cour-

iers a week, one thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the preceding days. The King of Sardinia was a fool. All these were Bourbons. The Queen of Portugal, a Braganza, was an idiot by nature. And so was the King of Denmark. Their sons, as regents, exercised the powers of government. The King of Prussia, successor to the great Frederick, was a mere hog in body as well as in mind. Gustavus of Sweden, and Joseph of Austria, were really crazy, and George of England, you know, was in a strait-waistcoat. There remained, then, none but old Catharine, who had been too lately picked up to have lost her common sense. In this state Bonaparte found Europe; and it was this state of its rulers which lost it with scarce a struggle. These animals had become without mind and powerless; and so will every hereditary monarch be after a few generations. Alexander, the grandson of Catharine, is as yet an exception. He is able to hold his own. But he is only of the third generation. His race is not yet worn out. And so endeth the book of Kings, from all of whom the Lord deliver us, and have you, my friend, and all such good men and true, in His holy keeping.

Monticello, March 5, 1810.





STREET SCENE IN CHINA

Present-Day China

By GARDNER L. HARDING

I REMEMBER the Ha-ta-men street as the place which kept me down to earth in China. The Ha-ta-men street is one of the great thoroughfares of Peking; it skirts the legation quarter and plunges through the great gateway from which it takes its name into the heart of the teeming small shop quarter of the city. After listening all day to the frock-coated students of the South playing at democratic government in their parliament, after talking to suffragettes, so-called, after lunching with a president of the Senate who spoke brilliant French and claimed to be a Socialist, after listening to plans for internationalism, Esperanto and social reform, in a word, after touching day after day the hem of that splendid garment of modernism which this band of patriots and pioneers were trying to cut to their country's fit, it was helpful and chastening to see that nation revealed on the Ha-ta-men street in the naked reality of its common people.

The strange and tireless pageantry of that street is one of the freshest and most enduring impressions I have of China. I can see it now as it was in the evening, a great, broad, dim road thirty feet or more from curb to curb, full of little flickering

lights and swarms of people and strange smells. It is four hours after sundown and still from side to side this great street is crowded with people. Under the flare of hundreds of peanut-oil lamps the keepers of the outdoor bazaars are doing a thriving trade. Here is a street restaurant with its twisted cakes sizzling noisily in hot pans and bowls of pungent broth and chopped meat and vegetables hustling over the crowded counter to the clamorous, quarreling, half-naked mob of customers. Just beyond a man cries, in a terrifying liquid guttural, the virtues of a cold red drink which he is ladling out in cups. Across the road a little magician sits with drooping moustache and cunning eyes, and holds a crowd spellbound at his tales of fortune read from little ivory sticks. Beside him a tall old man with a sparse, straggling beard sells American cigarettes, ten for a cent, while further along a lean young man with shaven head, in a gray robe, looking much like a Buddhist monk, draws a secular and very profitable custom manipulating white dice in and out of a brown leather bag.

Along the dimly lit roadway rickshaws clatter swiftly, threading their way among the people by miraculous lunges from side

to side. Their passengers are inconspicuous, but here and there a gaily dressed lady flashes by. Children in all stages of nakedness chase after them like little minnows in a pool.

And as the busy, sordid, swarming life of the Ha-ta-men brings to your mind the way in which these people have lived for centuries, so the unaspiring malignant tower above them, typifies unforgettably for you and for them the mean and alien despotism which has ruled them and crushed them and forgotten them.

Now that despotism is gone; new hopes, new ideas, and a new restlessness are abroad in the land. Schools are coming, laws are more just, and the law's penalties in prison and social institution are losing the cruel edge of the past. But of the new idea, what of that? Where can you see the republic, the new China, radicalism along the Ha-ta-men street? What is there here among these medieval crowds to tell you that you are in the same country, in the same city, in the same century with a Chinese parliament? I could see nothing. And that is why walking along the Ha-ta-men street was a chastening experience to my warm sympathies with China's hot-blooded radicalism. It brought one down to earth, to a type of life on which the new words and the new feelings seemed to have no effect whatsoever. And I came to feel that unless I could find a sign of the New China in the Ha-ta-men street, even though that street were in the heart of the unsympathetic capital of the unprogressive North, and among the common people whose superstitions against reform were eloquent still in ghostly memories of Boxerism, I could not really believe in the Chinese revolution.

And then one night I found it. I was walking through the Ha-ta-men district with a friend who spoke Chinese, if anything more fluently than the people themselves. He had been in China thirty years, as interpreter, mining engineer, customs official, and unofficial doctor and missionary; and for the past year or so he had been spending his time in a little village where nobody could speak English and only eight people could read or write at all. When he came up to Peking it was an event; he, too, was looking for the revolution among the common people, and, being an old China hand, he didn't believe he would find it.

We came to a little lane down which the chief things noticeable were a lot of flickering lights among a silent crowd—and a Voice. The lights belonged to rickshaws, of which there were a dozen or so along the wall and through the crowd, and the Voice belonged to an earnest, clean-shaven, attractive looking rickshaw man who was standing between the shafts of his old iron-tired rickshaw in the center of the crowd.

"This fellow must have a sun-stroke," my friend was saying, when—"hold on a minute," he said, stopping sharply. "'Min kuo, Min kuo'; do you hear that? It means republic. Look here, there is something more than meets the eye down this lane; let's go and see."

On nearer view the crowd appeared to be about half a hundred people, almost all workers or artisans, with a dozen or so women scattered among them. The edges of the crowd, that is, inside of a considerable fringe of street arabs, came and went continually, but the great majority stood still and listened; and gradually we discovered that it wasn't a sun-stroke and wasn't a quarrel but was that unheard of thing in China—a street speaker. And the way he talked to the people of the Ha-ta-men street was as instructive as it was amazing. My friend translated between gasps of surprise and appreciation, for he was a keen admirer of the Chinese mind, especially when it was whetted in argument.

The rickshaw orator first got his crowd interested in himself. He told them his father had an official post but because he was not willing to pay bribes to retain it, he had been displaced by a man who was willing to purchase favors. Now his family was penniless and he was not afraid to go out and work for a living among the honest rickshawmen of Peking. He pointed the moral with rhetorical questions in finished street orator style. "But why should we be robbed with this bribery and squeeze now?" he said. "What is the use of a republic if they still want money for only taking in your card to some fat official? Shouldn't we have all the more under a republic a preference for character and merit instead of corruption? Don't forget it, the people are powerful now. Why should we let these crooked officials do anything they please?"

"You know," said my friend, excitedly

interrupting his translation, "this is a serious business if there are any police in hearing." But it soon became more serious, for the speaker left the minor officials and began to attack the President himself.

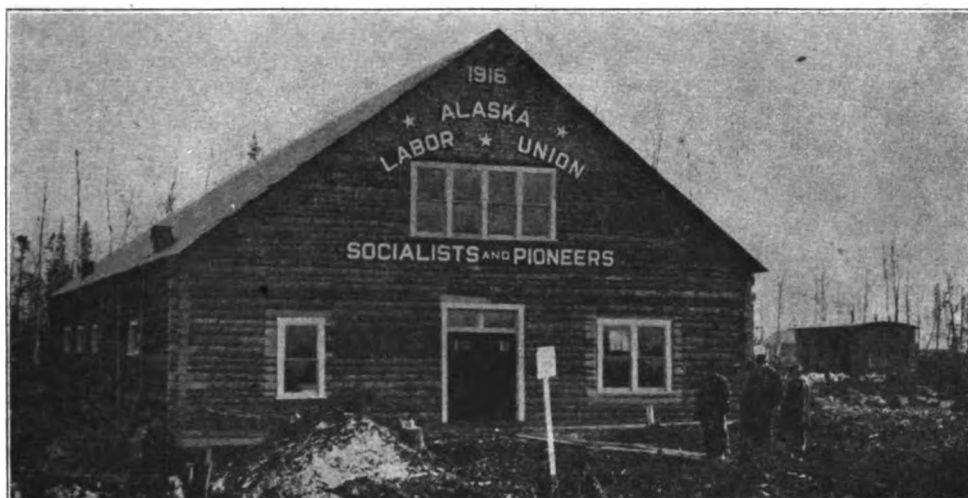
"We have no more kings now, no more emperors. We have a president who is supposed to do what we, the people, want him to do, and yet this president issues decrees just as the Manchus did; and he says 'I decree, I proclaim,' and he expects you to say 'we tremble and obey.' But this man is not a God, he is not even a scholar, but is only an ambitious soldier, and unless we watch him and make him fear us, he will deceive and betray the people just as the Manchus did before him."

"Don't think I am angry," continued the young speaker; "I will talk these things over calmly with anybody here. I will come again to-morrow at this time, but don't tell anybody about it because I don't want to have a disturbance on the street. I might get arrested and then my father would starve." He began to wheel his rickshaw ahead of him through the crowd. His voice had been very attractive, his words well chosen. Unquestionably, he had a sort of spell over these people. But no one moved, no one asked a question. He was obviously a stranger and they were a little shy of him. Now he turned his rickshaw around and the light which had lit up his keen expressive face in the center of the crowd, disappeared. But as he went out to the mouth of the alley he was still talking and among his last words I caught one significant phrase myself. "Kuo Ming Tang," it was, the name, already known throughout China, of the revolutionary party of Sun Yatsen, the student Jacobins, the intellectual *sans-culottes* of the Chinese Revolution. "That places him," said my

friend, "and he isn't the only rickshawman, real or pretended, who has been heard of (though I never believed it myself) working up the people's minds in the alleys and dark corners of Peking. These people had a new sensation tonight; they never heard anything like it before; and they won't soon forget it. You can't begin to realize what this sort of thing means in China. Fifteen years ago a man like that would have been in danger of his life, for then the Southern reform devils were just as despised as the foreign devils themselves. And there was hate right here for both a-plenty; Count von Waldersee was murdered within the sound of that rickshawman's voice on the open Ha-ta-men street. And now, on the same street, you have a crowd listening to liberalism, reform, and the republic. That's the new China. I've lived here almost thirty years, and I never saw it so vividly as to-night."

The man had gone but the crowd lingered. Long after we had gone up to our cubicles in the mission hospital on the corner, where we were staying, knots of people hung about, lights flickered, and the hum of talk came up to our windows. Only after midnight was there quiet at last along this strange old street, a quiet which the squeal of a fiddle somewhere along the deserted alley only seemed to make more still. But the Ha-ta-men was a different place to me now. On that time-sodden street I had caught the heart-beat of the present among the common people. That queer, naive, but stirring talk had been their notice of the revolution. To me it was a sign that no corner of China, no class of the Chinese people could be sure of being without the range of its influence. If the Revolution was abroad on the Ha-ta-men street, it was abroad among the Chinese people.

(Note.—Our readers will remember the articles on China published in the *Review* several years ago by Mr. Harding. We take great pleasure in re-printing here a portion of his chapter on Radicalism from his new work, "Present-Day China," which, we believe has been unequalled by any other writer for sympathy of understanding and for clarity of vision. Mr. Harding's story of the forces that caused the Chinese Revolution, and the rise and fall of the Chinese Republic, is built upon a wide knowledge of Chinese economic history, and politics as well as a great affection for the Chinese people. Here, indeed, is history in the making! Here, indeed, is inspiration and joy for the revolutionist! Don't miss this book. Published by The Century Co., New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00 net.)



NEWS FROM ALASKA

WHEN the Alaska Labor Union was organized a year ago its membership grew so rapidly that in four days there was no hall in Anchorage big enough to hold meetings in. The need of a hall was keenly felt, so got a lot and started to build a 50x100 ft. place of our own.

All the men volunteered to help, and different gangs were organized, some to cut logs, others to haul them home on bobsleighs, others to hew the logs, and still others to erect the building. The first photograph printed here will show you the beginning of our labors and the sturdy fellows that performed them, and the second shows our hall finished. It took us twenty-two days to build the structure, the largest of its kind in Alaska. It was the pride of the whole country, but the enemies of unionism and working class organization made a bonfire of it last fall, but the Alaska Labor Union has built another 50x130 feet, two stories high and costing \$35,000. We are growing stronger and bigger in spite of all they can do.

In November, 1916, the U. S. T. S. "Crook" arrived in port of Anchorage, Alaska, with a capacity cargo of supplies for the government experimental railroad. Among other things was a lot of beef.

Now, any sane person shipping beef from the States to Alaska would put it

in cold storage; not so aboard the "Crook." Some of the meat was stored in the coal bunkers and as a result it was rotten when discharged, and black as the coal. It was so bad that fifty quarters were burned in one day. Government efficiency!

Some of the railroad workers are sleeping in tents and others are "living" in floorless cabins filled with cracks; neither are very comfortable in zero weather. The pencil-pushers and slave-drivers have it soft and enjoy two or three or four room cottages, but these do not consider themselves of the working class. They are drawing *salaries*. Any old gunny-sack contractor would be able to outfit his men better than Uncle Sam has done here. But, of course, the times are hard! There are so many calls for battleships and preparations for war that little things have to go.

Even the dynamite is rotten, though we have to pay \$10.00 for fifty pounds of 40% strength stuff. Some of it is not fit to put in a bore. They have a log cabin government hospital and a tent for overflow, and the workers go in the tent affair and the pen-pushers and over-lords go to the cabin. Some of the boys who had been operated on in the tent said they nearly froze to death during the night; bedding was scarce.

One Russian worker was operated on three times for the same ailment and



BUILDING THE UNION HALL

steadily grew worse, and Uncle Sam fell down on compensation. He was offered a month's wages and free fare Outside and no further treatment. The union took the matter up with the Russian consul at Seattle and notified the Anchorage Boss. Then our fellow worker got a free pass Outside, a free operation and compensation till he was able to work again.

A worker broke his arm while working for a station gang, but he never got one cent from Dear Old Uncle.

Forty of the boys in khaki are stationed here to protect Uncle's property. They are the pick of a couple of hundred and are excellent sharpshooters. The pencil-pushers have also organized a rifle club and have over 4,000 rounds of ammunition and are becoming sharpshooters, too. There is continual practice going on. But nothing will scare the boys so they will not demand 50 cents an hour and better conditions when the next season opens.

THE SONG OF THE RAIL

Life here in town is too damn monotonous,
 Stickin' around at a regular job.
 All the time somebody bossin' and spottin' us,
 We don't fit on a laborin' job.
 Things here is too much precise and pernickity,
 Bo, I would just as soon be in jail.
 Us for the road and the wheels that go clickity,
 Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.
 Us for the road and the old hobo way again,
 Loafin' around in the wind and the sun,
 Floppin' at night in the soft of the hay again,
 Nary a worry of work to be done.
 Say, ain't you ready to beat it, by crickity—
 Jump on a freight and be off on the trail,
 Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickity,
 Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail?
 Judges will call you a shame to society,
 Brakeman'll bounce you off onto the ground.
 Trampin's no cinch, but it's full of variety;
 Here we're just ploddin' around and around.
 Honest, I'm gettin' all feeble and rickity,
 Say, bo, we'll wither up sure if we stick;
 Let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickity,
 Clickity, clickity, clickity, click.

—From Solidarity.

THE 8-HOUR RAIL DRIVE

By JACK PHILLIPS

BY A driving attack aimed straight at the complete stoppage of the railroad transportation industry, the Big Four railroad brotherhoods seem to have won the most decisive and sweeping victory that goes to the credit of the militant American working class in recent years.

In the face of a storm of newspaper accusations and insinuations that the threatened strike was unpatriotic—an insult to the flag—treason to the nation—the brotherhoods kept up their drive.

Plans were made public. They gave the hour to the minute and the name of the roads picked for strikes. They said congress or no congress, supreme court or no supreme court, Adamson law or no Adamson law, they must have their demand for a basic eight hour day granted or there would be a strike.

In its insolence toward the supreme court, toward political government, toward that cherished and wonderful constituency which the railroad newspapers call "the public"—in its general insolence it was grand.

Neither Jesse James, Billy Lorimer, Charlie Murphy, Brigham Young, Jesse Pomeroy or any criminals, outlaws and undesirables of this country ever got a fiercer bawling out than the capitalist press awarded the railroad brotherhoods the week the strike threat was in the air.

Our burglars and murderers as a class are a lily-white lot of respectables compared with the railroad brotherhoods as the Chicago Tribune, New York Sun and Los Angeles Times pictured them the week that a nation-wide general transportation tie-up hung in the air.

After going along for many years without strikes, the brotherhoods were getting so polite and decent that their members—engineers and conductors particularly—were classing up with bank cashiers, store clerks and others who haunt the Y. M. C. A. corridors.

And all of a sudden it was a dirty, thievish, disreputable thing to belong to a railroad brotherhood—as the railroad-fed newspapers howled it down the wind—and as the ministers of Christian churches took up the howl in Chicago and New York.

Well, it's over. And "What next?" is the question now.

Will it be the shopmen next? Will the 80 per cent of railroad workers outside the brotherhoods come next? Are they straightening their fronts, repairing their trenches, laying in supplies, arranging for one display of solidarity that will force the fat, greedy hands of railroad capitalists to unloose still more of the loot of war?

If this isn't next, why not? The machinists know how to go to it. They are well accustomed to the charges of being unpatriotic flag-haters and all that.

Now that Russia is shaking loose from czarism, will the American working class make a record in shaking loose from the industrial czarism?

The eight hour victory of the Big Four brotherhoods was gained without sacrifice, tho a superb potential spirit of sacrifice was ready for action. Do they understand that this victory will crumble to ashes and come to nothing unless they find some way to co-operate with the 80 per cent of shopmen and trackmen?

Do they understand that industrial unionism, the joint action of all crafts and divisions of labor must be the driving force behind any permanent gains?

A GLANCE BACKWARD

The negotiations began in 1916. To be exact, they were in process just about a year ago. To be still more exact, the contracts of the four brotherhoods expired May 11.

Both sides knew what they wanted weeks before May 11 of 1916. And both sides sparred for openings, feinted, grimaced, shifted on their feet, lunged with fake passes—and did nothing but threaten and wait watchfully and watch waitfully—and negotiate thru go-betweens—and try to outguess each other.

Like two prize fighters who don't want to fight—who are out of training and don't like to spatter red blood—the two antagonists, Railroad Brotherhoods and Railroad Companies, are wobbling on each others' shoulders.

It is well known there is a live militant section of the four brotherhoods who are

ready for real fighting, who see no other way to bring the issues to settlement except by direct action; who refuse to believe in arbitration because arbitration has repeatedly lost them as much as it gained when the balances were footed up; who are suspicious. This element in the brotherhoods is suspicious of congress, the interstate commerce commission, the supreme court. Having no faith at all in the government and leadership of the four railroad brotherhoods, how could it be expected to have faith in the federal government and its authorities? Being in despair of effective action on the part of the brotherhood officials, how could these rebels be expected to nail any tangible hopes on what the federal government officials may be able to do?

Among the railroad corporations there are some who don't like the watchful waiting game. They would like to see a strike because they believe strikes can be defeated, the railroad labor unions crushed, and operating costs permanently reduced with a corresponding increase in dividends. The Pennsylvania, Burlington and Santa Fe roads are among these. The Pennsy has its roots in the state of Pennsylvania, where it has an industrial autocracy and a political dictatorship notably corrupt and brutal; where it has seen spy system, constabulary, strikebreakers, newspapers and churches unite for the destruction of organized labor in the steel industry; and where it believes the same methods would be successful against the railroad unions. The Santa Fe defeated the shop craft organizations in their strike of 1912. The Burlington road remembers 1888 when the Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers was routed by the scabbery of other crafts. In substance, then, these three roads who are leading the railroad corporation war railroads in urgency of a knock-down-and-drag-out fight, are believers in the efficiency of their organizations and its capacity to destroy the brotherhoods in any outright open test of physical force. And they so believe because they are the railroads with traditions of conquest of labor.

From high up in American Federation of Labor circles comes the information that the most far-reaching and perfected organization this country has ever seen for meeting a labor strike was in readiness on the above railroads last summer, and the corporations were disappointed that they didn't get a chance to match their organization against that of the brotherhoods.

Very naturally the foregoing array of stern facts is dark to some of the railroad brotherhood philosophers.

Probably the sternest fact of all in the present situation of the brotherhoods is this:

The generation of railroad men who founded the brotherhoods is dead; and the living generation now in control of the brotherhoods knows nothing thru actual experience of the methods of strike and sabotage and physical force compulsions by which the brotherhoods established their right to organize in the face of bitter and pitiless warfare; where the dead generation operated thru strikes and sabotage, the living generation of brotherhood men has operated thru arbitration, negotiation, conciliation, mediation; and if the brotherhoods are driven to a strike they will find themselves attempting to employ a method and weapon of labor warfare against capital which they have not practiced in the present generation.

This portentous fact might be reversed in statement. It might be equally accurate to say that the railroad brotherhoods of today are the possessors of an organization that came to them thru inheritance. It is an organization for which the present membership never had to battle, sacrifice or take any risks. All the battling, sacrifice and risk was attendant on the engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen of a former generation, men now dead. It was these dead men who stood shoulder to shoulder, challenged the railroad corporations, and shaped the brotherhoods, gained rights of organization, wage increases and shorter workdays. It was these dead men who handed on to the present generation the now existing organizations.

MASS ACTION

By AUSTIN LEWIS

A MOST typical statement was that of the General Kommission der Gewerkschaften Deutschlands in reply to the invitation of the Confederation Generale du Travail to take part in the great Anti-War Demonstration in Paris in 1912. The secretary of the great German Labor Organization, while refusing in the name of his organization to take part in the demonstration, incidentally read the French a lecture. He said that it was no part of the work of labor organizations to engage in such demonstrations, but that the work was purely political, and closed with the icy remark, "the unions and the party co-operate in everything which affects the general interests of the working class." According to the German official view, therefore, the industrial movement was held to be subsidiary to the political. Hence no industrial action was permissible which did not meet with the approval of the politician.

The same view was also held by the Austrians. It is therefore quite noteworthy, in the face of subsequent events, that the labor policy of the workers of the Central Powers was differentiated from that of the workers in the countries which are now their opponents in the field. And it is all the more interesting when we recognize that behind this there was what we have come to regard as a peculiarly Teutonic conception of the State.

Elsewhere, no such reliance was placed on the politician; indeed, it was quite otherwise. In France, as we have seen, the organized unions, the syndicates, took the lead in the peace demonstrations.

In France, too, as well as in Great Britain and Italy, not to speak of Russia, spontaneous labor movements of great size and energy had arisen. Strikes were increasing, frequently launched from below without the order and frequently without the consent of those in official control of the labor movement. The workers showed a growing tendency to

take their destiny into their own hands. This was constantly more apparent. In France the breach between the organized labor movement and the political Socialists became very marked. In England the transportation and mining industries made the greatest and most significant labor demonstration up to that time. Strikes also occurred in the United States during the same period, quite independent of the established labor leaders, who had hitherto controlled all labor demonstrations.

This was all quite new and embarrassing, and consequently interesting. Bitter controversies arose, especially in Germany, where the theorists were eager to bring the new facts within the range of the accepted theories. Pannekoek bluntly attributed it all to the change produced by the development of industrial technique brought about by the modern form of capitalism. He said: "The cause of the new tactical differences arises from the fact that under the influence of the modern form of capitalism the labor movement has taken on a new form of action, to-wit mass-action," and in criticising Kautsky who looked with disdain upon these new movements as being anarchistic, he says, pointedly and very acutely, "for Kautsky mass-action is an *act* of revolution, for us it is a process of revolution." (*Italics, ours*).

The question, on the psychological side, is whether modern capitalism, with its new methods of organization, has recently caused any differentiation in the proletarian type. It would be a bold man who would maintain that no such change has occurred. Trustification and concentration are new phenomena and a technique has arisen to correspond with them—a technique which is rigorous in its discipline, minute in its economies, and which seeks to regulate even the movements of employees at their tasks by a system of closely calculated checks, must of necessity produce very evident effects upon the minds of those who work under it. The new proletariat dif-

fers fundamentally from its predecessor, both as to view-point and method. These psychological changes produce new movements and mass-action arises as the method of the new proletariat.

In what does this mass-action consist? Concerning this misconception has arisen and much controversy. Kautsky insists that such mass-action is of necessity associated with turbulent street rows, collision with the police, and the drowning of the movement in seas of blood. Since Kautsky wrote, seas of blood have become almost tediously familiar. Hence we are perhaps not so alarmed as formerly and have come to regard blood-shedding a little more philosophically, but we are still apt to reflect that a more definite class action by at least one portion of the proletariat might have saved much for the working class everywhere.

Pannekoek, whose lucidity, at least, is always commendable, defines mass-action very completely, thus: "When we speak of mass-action we mean an extra-parliamentary political act of the organized working class by which it operates directly and not thru the medium of political delegates. Organized labor fights develop into political mass-action as soon as they acquire political significance. The question of mass-action, therefore, involves merely broadening the field of proletarian organization."

As soon as the aims of labor reach beyond the old trade unions towards the control of industry, and not merely of a particular shop or craft, a noticeable change in tactics appears. The narrow and limited craft union form is transcended and we are confronted by the new mass-action. This arises necessarily from the interrelations implied in the new industrial process and the consequent breaking down of the limitations imposed under the now obsolete methods of production. The new British organization comprising the mining and transportation industries both on land and water is a product of the new development. The actions of such a body, though apparently limited to their industrial expression, are in reality profoundly political. Their effects are necessarily very far-reaching. They extend far beyond the confines of mere lo-

cal industrial action, they impinge upon the whole world.

Such action is mass-action. It satisfies all the requirements of Pannekoek's definition. In an article in the "New Review" of June, 1913, I said in this respect, "Real mass-action is outside the sphere of parliamentary action; it has nothing to do with the election of men to political positions, and yet is in the highest degree political." Senator Elihu Root has no doubt about this, even tho dogmatic Socialists may still continue to doubt. During the debate on the illiteracy test he was careful to point out that the strike of masses of foreign labor in the steel industry would be a political act of great significance, even tho the strikers might all be illiterate and none of them citizens of the United States. There is no need to labor this point. It should be evident that the essence of politics does not lie in parliamentary activity, but in the application of power so as to affect what Sumner rather aptly calls "maintenance mores." *To effect results the worker must apply power at the point of contact with the employer in the shop in such a way as to take advantage of all the force at his disposal. This method, under existing conditions, implies mass-action.*

It is, I presume, pretty generally accepted that the concentration and more intricate organization inherent in modern capitalistic development should find its counterpart in the same features of working class organization. But it is a lesson which the working class appears to learn very slowly. Trades and trades organizations exist in unwieldy multiplicity side by side with the rapidly growing organization and intensification of capitalistic production. Only under the actual spur of necessity do the organized workers bestir themselves to meet what should be an obvious issue. One marvels at the slowness, until we are reminded that progress does not come from intellectualizations, but it is the fact that teaches, and then only when the mind is ready to appreciate the fact. The children of the world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. In their generation, indeed. The facts must appeal to those who are in the age contemporaneous with the facts. They ap-

peal in vain to those whose minds have been filled with other facts of a former period.

The leaders of labor, like practically all leaders, are old men, in whose brains the facts of the former generation still persist. They are deaf to the calls of the present, and will not move until absolutely compelled, and even then but very unwillingly.

The demonstrations in the United States proceeding from a portion of the proletariat, which was not only non-organized, but was reckoned as non-organizable, produced distinct political effects.

It is notoriously difficult for obvious reasons to move the United States. No amount of merely local effort will do it. In order to effect results, forces have to be set in motion transcending local limits and producing tremors at least throughout the whole of the industrial structure. It is, above all, essential for the working class that local barriers should be broken down. An industrial movement permeating all branches and ramifications of an industry throughout our domain is at once the most necessary and the most beneficial thing which can happen in the labor movement. It is obvious that no craft or local movement can produce such results. Industrial movement is the prime prerequisite, and industrial movement implies mass-action. Nay, more, industrial movement is unthinkable without mass-action.

It is an almost ludicrous fact that Kautsky cannot think of mass-action without picturing crowds. In his study of the "New Tactics" he speaks scornfully of that part of the mass which "gets together in unorganized, spontaneous street demonstrations." He shrinks from something which causes him to imagine turbulent mobs contending with the police, significant of ineffective and premature revolution. In this he cannot get beyond his past experiences, for in his youth the small bourgeoisie and that portion of the proletariat which the Social Democrats have always called the "slum-proletariat" made just such street demonstrations.

Even Eckstein has not been able to separate himself from the same conception. "Great, well-disciplined and carefully organized street demonstrations are

powerful weapons of the proletariat of the great industry," he says. As a matter of fact, they are seldom anything of the kind. Street demonstrations are nothing more than publicity and are not even good publicity, for the most part, today. For example, a great parade might be effective in Los Angeles, where union labor is weak, but it would not be worth arranging in San Francisco, where union labor is strong. With all modesty, I should venture to doubt if parades are really of much value in New York. Mass-action, organized mass-action, does not contemplate street disturbances, or parades. It has no connection whatsoever with violence, and all arguments directed against it on that account are outside the issues and utterly irrelevant.

As a matter of fact, the war has disposed of the arguments which the Social Democrats were in the habit of making against mass-action. Eckstein declares that the necessity of a centralizing tendency has become apparent to the proletariat of the greater industry, and adds a sentence upon which the events of August, 1914, shed a dazzling light. He says the proletariat is "against government as the instrument of the will of the ruling class, but it is not against the systematic organization and control of production."

The Social Democrat everywhere must worry about his beloved centralized government. In England Hyndman rejoices in the war because of its centralizing tendency and its disciplinary education. Our Social Democrats appear to be at one with our masters in the desire to discipline and control us.

Does not "Kultur" shine in every word of that statement of Eckstein's? Many of the recent actions of the German Social Democrats which would otherwise be inexplicable become gloriously illuminated by it. It is clear that mass-action in the industrial world will receive no benediction at social-democratic hands. Nevertheless, the tendency of the labor movement in that direction appears to be undeniable; indeed, it is natural and irresistible. It is the only means by which the great mass of the unskilled and the unorganized can be

attached to the labor movement as a whole, and find an expression of their lives thru their organization on the industrial field. On this weapon labor, after the war, will place its main reliance.

The politicals, to avoid using a more common but harsher name, have been so enmeshed in the war and have been so feeble in their expressions of class solidarity that they are sure to be looked upon with suspicion in the inevitable reaction which will follow the cessation of hostilities. "The politicians did not keep us out of the war will be heard on all sides." The war has struck a blow at statesmen and statecraft which will be felt in every department of political life. Politics will be at a very low ebb. Public opinion with respect to politicians will be more contemptuous even than hitherto, and the Social Democrats and labor representatives will share the obloquy. Under these conditions, the tendency will be more and more towards industrial organization and so towards mass-action.

Such of us who have lived in com-

munities where craft unionism has possession of the field and who know the sterility and the narrowness of the controlling influence, cannot but view this development with optimistic faith. It is doubtful whether any class in the community is more stupidly conceited and more prone to give itself airs than that of organized skilled labor. Membership in a union, good clothes, a feeling that one is not quite at grips with fate—all these things make the skilled worker painfully conscious of his superiority and build up a wall of separation between him and the less fortunate. In California, for example, the gulf between the skilled and the unskilled migratory is sufficient to attract the attention of the foreign investigator. No political actions alone can bridge this gulf. Nothing short of such industrial action as can bring the whole mass of the working class into the general movement can do it.

We must therefore look to mass-action for industrial results. Given this, political results commensurate with industrial achievement cannot fail to follow.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON EVERETT!

SEATTLE is now the latest scene in the organized fight of organized commercial interests of the Pacific Coast to forbid all organization to workers.

The 74 men are to begin their trials for murder in the first degree. These men are to be hanged if vengeful officials who helped a mob kill five of their Fellow Workers in Everett, Washington, just four months ago, can force that terrible injustice.

The jury was selected in three days, composed of six men and six women. Meanwhile, every dirty trick known to the professional labor prosecutor has been pulled to break the splendid solidarity of the 74 defendants. So far only one Harry Orchard has been discovered.

Meanwhile, the Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 500 of the Industrial Workers of the World continues to grow by leaps and bounds. The sawmill workers, shingle weavers, cutters and sawyers are enrolling in One Big Union by hundreds and the

great spring drive will be soon under way. Their recent convention was successful in every way. Eleven branches have already been organized with headquarters at Spokane.

The Labor Trust has become so desperate that its lawyers invaded the legislatures of Washington and Idaho and introduced at the same time identical bills making the advocacy of syndicalism (industrial unionism) or sabotage a crime.

The Committee of Industrial Relations is doing valuable publicity work for the imprisoned men and has sent out the following:

The trials in Seattle are the culmination of the "battle" that took place November 5 between a sheriff's mob of several hundred armed persons and a smaller group of striking workers and their sympathizers. These latter were on a boat coming to exercise a legal and moral right of free speech. The so-called "battle" was in fact a slaughter of the helpless men on the boat. From the three

sides of the dock slip into which the boat had been permitted to enter, the workers received the shots from the rifles and other arms of the sheriff's deputies and gunmen and "citizens." The deputy who was killed, and for whose "murder" the survivors of the unhappy crowd on the boat are now to be tried for their lives, may have been killed by the cross-fire of the deputies on the three sides of the slip, or he may have been killed by the return fire of some one on the boat whose life had been placed in jeopardy by the acts of the sheriff's mob.

For the murder of the five men on the boat and for the wounding of about fifty others on the boat no one who killed them or wounded them is to be tried.

As usual in these false prosecutions of labor (which have become so frequent—and so especially frequent and vindictive on the Pacific Coast) the wrong men are being prosecuted. Those who "incited to riot" and who did actually riot and kill on that "Bloody Sunday" of November 5 were the sheriff's and mayor's and Commercial Club's "forces of law and order." The incentive with them was the resentment of the lumber trust (which controls the shingle mills and banks in Everett) at the strike of the shingle weavers in the mills.

When the Committee on Industrial Relations issued a statement of the facts of November 5, quoting the statements of Mayor Gill of Seattle and of others who had condemned the killing of the workers, some members of the Everett Commercial Club sent out to all the newspapers of America a notably bold and shameless defense of the massacre. Under a seeming sting of guilt these representatives of the interests which were arrayed against the strikers denounced the Committee on Industrial Relations and the National Labor Defense Counsel for having dared to lift a voice against both the crime of the slaughter of workers and the crime of seeking to hang those who were not killed at once. This "denunciation" by the conspirators against the workers strung together proved falsehoods and the shreds of flimsiest circumstances thruout all the weeks of the strike. By those falsehoods and pointless circumstances they sought to justify the murder of men who had at least as much right to land in the town as had the strikebreakers who had been imported to take the places in the mills.

In that temper of ruthless extermination of I. W. W.'s and of labor federationists

alike the prosecutions in Seattle (to which place the trial was moved from Everett) is now proceeding.

The state federation of labor of Washington, thru its President, E. P. Marsh, has recognized the sinister and cynical fight on labor that is centered now in this effort to crush labor organizations. Some of the men killed and some of those now on trial were I. W. W.'s, but the industrial struggle to which they and all the workers in that field offered their help was a strike of underpaid and ill-used trades unionists. President Marsh of the Washington State Federation conducted a careful, patient investigation of all the causes and events of the fighting. His statement, fixing the blame for the rioting upon the official "posse" and upon the financial interests opposed to labor, has proved unanswerable to those now conducting the prosecution.

Congressmen of the state of Washington, who were appealed to by the Washington Federation of Labor for a Congressional inquiry in aid of the prosecuted workers, have replied that Congress would not likely intervene because the facts and the struggle were too "local."

But as a matter of demonstrated fact a national issue of the industrial and economic field is now approaching another dramatic exhibition in these Seattle trials.

What happened in Everett and what is happening in Seattle are only a link in the chain of oppressions with which great corporate interests thruout the nation controlling billions of dollars capital, are seeking to increase their power over unorganized workers by keeping them unorganized. The unusual opportunities that workers now have thru their organization in their own trades unions, to raise their standard of living have frightened those whose profits and whose power are threatened by increased wages and increased power acquired by wage earners. The efforts of workers to realize their better opportunities have met or anticipated by such conspiracies and combinations to beat down the labor unions as these perverted prosecutions of the Pacific Coast.

Can the trials in Seattle be fair when based on unfair prosecutions? The legal processes of this country and its industrial processes are on trial there as well as are the workers who must defend their lives.

LETTER FROM KARL LIEBKNECHT

By S. J. RUTGERS

IT IS of the utmost importance that the American workers should have as near as possible a clear understanding of the different groups of Socialists in Germany. It has been almost a common practice in the Socialist press and in Socialist meetings to mention only the existence of a Right Wing and a Left Wing in Germany.

The Right Wing, which includes the by far greater majority of the delegates in parliament and practically all of the "leaders" in the labor union movement and in the bureaucracy of the Socialist party of Germany, is criticized by most of our speakers and writers in the United States. This group is here generally known as the "Scheidemanns" and we are supposed to thank God that we have not sunk so low.

Very little, however, is published about the fact that what is called here the "Left Wing" really consists of two different groups: the Liebknecht group, including among the parliamentary representatives only Rühle and outside of that group, fighters such as Rosa Luxemburg, Klara Zetkin, Pannekoek (now in Holland), and Mehring. Between this Left Wing and the Right Wing, however, is a middle group with eighteen representatives in parliament, generally called the "Haase-Ledebour group," the most prominent representative outside of parliament being Kautsky. This group voted on December 21, 1915, against the fifth war credit, but in doing so, declared that this was on account of the favorable military situation of Germany and the fact that there was no danger of invasion at that time. This not only made their action practically worthless, but it directly played into the cards of the French warlords by strengthening the French Socialists in their support of the Capitalist Government, their country being invaded.

When this group of eighteen voted against another special war budget on March 24, 1916, on the same grounds, it caused a formal uproar in Parliament in which the Right Wing Socialists participated and which resulted in the expulsion of this group, the so-called "Arbeitsgemeinschaft" from the official parliamentary Socialist caucus. This caused a sensation

among German workers and strengthened the illusion that the Haase Ledebour group could be relied upon as Left Wing opposition.

For a better understanding of the real "Left Wing" tactics as advocated by Liebknecht and his friends and endorsed in our "Manifesto," including uncompromising opposition against any kind of capitalistic war and the advocating of militant mass action, it is a great advantage that we have a letter from Karl Liebknecht dealing with this subject and giving a firm and clear condemnation of the tactics of the middle group, which is considered even more dangerous to the future of the proletariat than that of the Scheidemanns.

The letter, as smuggled from Germany by Comrade Wittman, follows in translation:

"What was the meaning of March 24, 1916?"

"The eighteen delegates who finally decided on December 21, 1915, to vote against the fifth war credit, voted on March 24th openly against the proposed special war-budget. While in December they issued a 'declaration,' they now gave the motives for their vote in a speech. The content of this speech, however, did not go beyond the declaration of December. Even the excuse that Germany was safe against invasion was again brought forward. What was it then that caused a sensation on March 24th? It was the wild uproar of the Socialist majority, together with the bourgeois parties, the infamous attitude of the president, the expulsion of the eighteen from the official Socialist parliamentary group. But in this action the eighteen were object and not subject; this action was forced upon them and they disliked a rupture so much that they tried their best to avoid, still in January, 1916, an open break with the treacherous majority, as well as tumultuous scenes against bourgeois parties. And even now on March 24, 1916, they play the part of offended innocence rather than that of showing the clinched fist of rebellion.

"What is the meaning of March 24th?"

"A true opinion can only be formed in connection with the general situation. The

new 'Arbeitsgemeinschaft' are the same eighteen, the 'neither flesh nor fish' policy of whom proved a failure in December and again in the submarine issue on March 22d, and again in the discussions on March 23d. Could you expect the lambs of yesterday to have become all of a sudden lions?

"Just now the so-called 'losen blätter' (loose leaflets) are published by comrades affiliated with the group of the eighteen. These leaflets do not even mention the important fundamental problems, which are at stake. Direct taxes instead of indirect ones is about the highest wisdom of the program on taxation of the eighteen in the midst of the world war! They do not show any deeper insight in the problem of taxation. They do not even see, as was stated in the resolution of the convention in Chemnitz, that direct taxes can as well be saddled upon the masses and that the decision as to what part of the burden will rest on each class, finally, is a problem of political power, not a problem of tax reforms; that it depends upon the political and economic situation as a whole, the tax policy being an organic part of the general policy. They do not even see that the best possible direct tax on top of a system of indirect taxes may easily become a figleaf of the system and a barrier against a thoro reorganization of the system of indirect taxes. Under the heading 'How Long Will It Last?' the loose leaflets of the eighteen talk about war in sentimental language without saying a word about the Imperialistic causes of the war. The war is considered due to stupidity of the rulers! They give as highest wisdom the theory that Imperialism has led to a deadlock out of which the Governments cannot find an escape, so that they need the advices of the loose leaflets—a pitiable mixup indeed.

"And what about the stand of the 'Arbeitsgemeinschaft' in the first test in the budget committee? Two days prior to the expulsion this group did not take any decisive stand in the submarine issue. Now the delegate in the budget committee advanced humanitarian arguments about the horror of the war, against the sinking of vessels without warning. No understanding was shown that the submarine issue is first of all decided by the ultimate aim of the war, as the result of a struggle of groups of capitalists for the control of the war-policy according to their different inter-

ests. This struggle means at the same time sharpening of the war political situation, and a fight for political power in home policy, in which the scene was carefully prepared to stage Bettman Holweg as a liberal and moderate Imperialist, in order to facilitate the treacherous policy of the leaders of the party and labor unions. The delegate of the eighteen even went so far as to advocate again the abolition of the right of confiscation on the high seas, which means to concentrate the attack on the English capitalists instead of on the German Government at a moment in which this latter government capitulated before the most unscrupulous war fanatics and needed the most energetic opposition. This policy means a continuance of the Baralong policy of Ledebour on January 15th.

"Whether all of the eighteen and all of the 'official' opposition in Berlin accept the responsibility for the loose leaflets and the policy of their delegates or not—a group, leaders of which express such opinions, are very far from a policy on principles, although they may claim so loudly. The formal combinations of all kinds of indefinite oppositional feelings and motives is always a great danger, especially so in a time of world changes. This means confusion and dragging along on old lines, it sterilizes and kills the militant elements, which get into this mixed company. What must be the conclusion from all this?

"The warning against uncritical overestimating of the action of the eighteen and of the events on March 24th. The warning, to keep your eyes open, not to forget that if we should join the eighteen unconditionally, this would mean the surest way to make the new group a shield to cover the governmental policy, and to make the 24th of March a mere phantom, just as December 21st has already become a ghostly historic event. In so far as March 24th means a progress, this is to a great extent due to the uncompromising critics of all half-heartedness; it confirms the efficiency of these critics on the strengthening of the oppositional spirit.

"The tactic of endless consideration and avoiding of conflicts and decisions is damned by the events on March 24th. In the turmoil of a world war all compromising breaks miserably together. Whoever tries to move around between warring armies will be shot from both sides, unless he

saves his life in time by joining one party or the other, where, however, he will be received not as a hero, but as a fugitive. The way of the eighteen was a roundabout way, and not a pleasant one either. Not one advantage worth while to a serious man in this serious period has been gained by this delay.

"The masses were ripe for the test already at the beginning of the war. They would not have failed. The only result of the hesitation and doubt has been the strengthening of poisonous opportunism."

"Clear cut principles, uncompromising fighting, wholehearted decisions!

"Uncompromising Socialistic fight against the war, against those who caused it, who profit by it, who want to continue and to support the war! *Also against the supporters of the supporters who slander the name of social democrats.* Against the policy of the majority, against the national committee and the executive committee of the party, against the general committee of the labor unions and all instances of the party and the unions that carry this treacherous policy. *To counteract this policy with all means is now the main issue of the war against war.* A struggle to gain the majority of the party, not a struggle against the party as misstated by the demagogues of the majority. A struggle for democracy in the party, for the rights of the masses of the comrades, against the failing and treacherous leaders, who form the main supporters of the war. Against all of those who in peace time have played into the cards of militarism by opposing mass action in favor of law and order, and who now hang

around in the waiting rooms of the army headquarters and the imperial ministers.

"Now is the moment to throw away all formal considerations. The party machinery is used ever more unscrupulously by the bureaucrats to enforce their policy. Autocratic decisions are a standard feature in the party. After the methods of von Puttkamer, power is used to force the opposition, the meanest methods of Prussian-Russian police brutality are used by the party leaders against the minority. The independence of the party press is disregarded with growing brutality by the so-called party majority. Even the censorship of martial law is beaten by the docile scholars of the military autocracy and military terror of the official Socialist party. *War against this party all along the line, to conquer the party for the party! War against the traitors and usurpators, who must be driven from their jobs loaded with the disgust of the workers!*

"Reconquering of the party from the bottom up thru revolt of the masses, who will have to take their organizations into their own hands!" Not only words, but deeds! Away with all doubt and cowardice! Away with a compromise policy! Away with half friends, feeble-mindedness and sentimentalists! Those are out of place where the fight is heart against heart. The struggle for a decision in the party is on! It must be fought without any consideration for the sacrilegists, the traitors, the deserters from Socialism.

"To the present system of party politics, no man and no cent, but a fight to a finish. Those who are not with us in this fight will be considered against us."



TOM MOONEY SENTENCED TO DEATH

An Appeal to the Organized Workers of America!

By EUGENE V. DEBS

A TELEGRAM just received from San Francisco announces the sentence of Tom Mooney. He is to hang by the neck until he is dead. The day set for his murder is May 17th. The capitalist jury and judge have done their foul work, and it is now up to us to do ours.

Tom Mooney is an absolutely innocent man and his conviction an infamous crime. We, the workers of America, are duty bound to challenge the verdict of the capitalists' jury and set aside the sentence of the capitalist judge. We constitute a court, a jury and a judge of our own.

We sat thru this case from the hour the vile conspiracy was concocted and we knew beyond doubt that Mooney was framed and that he is to be murdered for no other reason than that the corporation criminals, the big capitalist thieves and their official highbinders could not buy him, or silence his agitation.

More than twenty reputable witnesses not only testified to Mooney's innocence but proved it beyond even the shadow of a doubt. His alibi was without a flaw. He was miles away from the bomb when it exploded in the preparedness parade. He had absolutely no connection with and no knowledge of the affair. Bourke Cockran, the eminent New York lawyer who defended him, is positively convinced of this and so is every other man or woman who attended the trial and is not in the pay or under the influence of the United Railroads, the Manufacturers' Association, and other red-handed bandits who have for years been plundering San Francisco and have now set themselves up as the autocratic rulers of the Pacific coast.

You know the record of the Manufacturers' Association. You remember the Mulhall story and the trail of this slimy serpent in the investigation at Washington. If the law had been enforced every one of these criminal conspirators would now be keeping the lock-step in penitentiary.

You know, too, the rotten record of the United Railroads, every page of which drips

with corruption and reeks with stench that cry to heaven. You also know the attitude of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, that gang of pot-bellied exploiters and thieves and their mangy spaniels. It is these sweet-scented elements that constitute the despotic power that rules San Francisco with a rod of steel, these private interests organized for loot, rapine and plunder, as conscienceless a gang of pirates as ever sandbagged an honest man or picked the pocket of a blind orphan.

And it is this gang that issued its declaration of war against organized labor and in cold blood set to work thru its sleuths, hirelings and prostitutes, male and female, of high and low degree, to drive every union man and woman and every Socialist from the Pacific coast.

This is the real cause, the true inwardness of Tom Mooney's conviction. He would not lay down like a cur at the command of the blear-eyed, bloated bandits. He stood up like a man and defied them. In every protest of the workers Mooney's voice was heard; in every strike he was at the front and his influence was felt. He was true in every throb of his heart to the organized workers in their battle against annihilation. He lost sight of self entirely. He was the kind of a man when the crisis came we should have a thousand of instead of one, and if we had, those broadcloth, bediamonded, greasy desperadoes who are now trying to assassinate him under the cover of law would have seen ignominious finish long ago.

The arrest of Mooney in connection with the bomb explosion was an outrage, his trial from first to last a farce, and his conviction and sentence a crime so flagrant, so cruel, so shocking that the working class of the whole nation should and must rise in revolt against it.

The plundering plutocrats thirsting to lap Tom Mooney's honest blood must be thwarted. These hyenas shall not break his neck and gloat over his dead body. Their infamous court and its filthy hirelings have brought him bound and gagged to the gal-

lows, but they shall not chortle over his ghastly murder.

Comrades and fellow-workers of America, I appeal to you! If ever my voice was heard I want it to be heard now. If ever I was engaged in an act of duty to justice and service to the working class I am engaged in that act now in pleading with you to help save as honest a workingman and as true a unionist as ever stood under the banner of the labor movement.

I know Tom Mooney and I know him well. For weeks he was with us on the Red Special. We ate and slept together. Everyone on the train loved him. To me he was a younger brother. He is innocent. I swear it. His murder would be a foul and indelible blot upon our movement and an everlasting disgrace to ourselves.

We can save him. We have got to save him. Let us get to work and lose no time. From now on my pen and my voice are at his service. My duty is clear and so is that of every other union man and Socialist in America.

First of all there is the most urgent need for funds. Everyone should contribute at

least his mite. Send your contribution at once to Robert Minor, Room 210, Russ building, San Francisco, Cal. But this is not all. We must get busy at our union and local meetings. Publicity is extremely important. Protest meetings should be at once organized and proper action taken. We can stir the country from end to end before the San Francisco hangmen in evening dress can dislocate the neck of their framed-up victim.

Every labor union and every Socialist local must swing into line.

This is the hour for solidarity. Now is the time to stand up straight on our hind legs all over this country and say, IT SHALL NOT BE DONE!

We are patient and long suffering, but there is a limit. It has been reached. Let us show this country that labor is alive. Let its lightning strike just once and there will be a sudden halt in the murder program scheduled for May 17th.

Comrades, the red blood in you must now prove itself. I pledge myself to you in this fight to its finish.





FUNERAL OF MURDERED STRIKER

Ham-stringing the Sugar Hogs

By E. F. DOREE

IT is hardly necessary to take time telling the bloody history of the Sugar Trust. Most readers of the REVIEW know how this organization has, in the last few years, grabbed up the Sugar Plantations of the World. Not only has it grabbed up the plantations of the southern states, but it has reached out and taken the fertile fields of Hawaii, the Philippines, and Cuba.

During the Spanish-American war, so the story goes, a body of volunteers passing down Market street in San Francisco, saw Spreckles, the Rockefeller of the sugar industry, throwing flowers down upon the passing troops from an upper window of one of his own buildings. Spreckles turned to a friend and exclaimed: "There go OUR boys to fight for OUR country."

He was right. Practically all of the conquered territory that will grow sugar cane is now the property of Spreckles and the Havemeyers. The land was won for them at the price of American and native blood. We shall not mention the

\$13.00 a month that the vanguards received.

The beginning of the Sugar Trust was in the blood-fest of the Philippines and Cuba, and we might add of the Hawaiian Islands; their history since then is written in the misery of their slaves.

The story of how the Sugar Kings conquered the natives is known by many people today. It has been written up enough. Sufficient to say that the natives work for practically nothing and live the most wretched lives in poverty and filth. The Sugar Kings get the raw sugar at almost nothing.

The sugar, for the most part, is refined in this country. Bad as are the conditions of the workers who grow the sugar cane, they can not possibly be worse than the refinery slaves.

The working hours in a sugar refinery are never less than twelve hours a day, and if the season is at all a busy one, the workers often put in a fourteen-hour shift before being permitted to go home. The wages in the last two years, accord-

ing to a published statement of the Sugar companies, have varied from 18 to 25 cents an hour. Some of the workers insist however that many get as low as 15 cents.

Mr. Peterson, chief driver of the Spreckles outfit of Philadelphia, in an interview with a local newspaper man, stated that he could not possibly figure out why *his* men should strike unless the entire trouble was due to a bunch of irresponsible agitators. He told the reporter that there was plenty of work and that the men might just as well be working twelve hours a day, seven days a week, as to be loafing around. In answer to the question as to how much the workers would get for that amount of work, our genial Mr. Peterson said that "many would earn \$21.00 a week, for 84 hours' work."

The strike of sugar workers began in Brooklyn in the big Havemeyer plant. This was in the latter part of January. No sooner had these workers revolted than they appealed to other sugar workers to come out. From that moment the strike began to spread. It traveled to Long Island, Jersey City, Yonkers and to several smaller plants.

The strike hit Philadelphia like a flash out of a clear sky. There was scarcely a moment's notice. All the pent up spirit of the workers seemed to give vent at once. First it was the Spreckles plant, then the Franklin and McCahans. Philadelphia's sugar supply was cut off before any one really realized what happened.

The first ones to wake up was the Sugar Workers' Industrial Union No. 497, I. W. W. This union had practically nothing to do with the calling of the strike; it wasn't called; everybody simply went out. When the workers reached the streets, they joined the few organized men and went to the National Lithuanian hall where the I. W. W. held their meetings. There the strikers joined the One Big Union by hundreds. The chaos of the walkout was soon cleared. Discipline was injected into the strike. Men began to take on their new duties; their duty to themselves; their duty to fight the bosses.

From that day to this they have fought well, and, when we say fought, we mean it. This strike has been filled with all

the brutalities known to big strikes of recent years. Pickets were clubbed and left lying in the streets until their bolder fellow workers carried them away. Men have been arrested and railroaded to jail and penitentiary without being allowed counsel or communication with friends. Members of the strike committee and their lawyer have searched every station house in the city to locate an arrested picket to later learn that the man looked for was being held in the office of a private detective agency. The most notorious of these agencies is the Tate Agency.

The longshoremen in the port of Philadelphia are members of the I. W. W. Most of the sugar is imported by boat. A good deal of sugar is exported by boat.

When the bosses refused to consider the demands of the sugar workers, and, the sugar workers had demonstrated that they intended to stick with the fight, the longshoremen on the sugar docks laid down their trucks, stuck their hooks in their pockets, and struck. The 1,500 longshoremen made no demands other than a settlement with the sugar refinery workers by their bosses. It was a wonderful and inspiring picture of class solidarity.

No sooner had the longshoremen quit than the bosses prepared to move the boats to other ports to be unloaded. Again the I. W. W. principles were tested and found true. The seamen and fire-room men left the ships. The boats did not move for lack of crew.

When the workers showed this solidarity, the bosses became desperate. They stopped at nothing. Murder was the next thing that happened.

On Feb. 21st, in the morning, a meeting of women was held, mostly the wives and daughters of the strikers. At this meeting they decided to aid in the picketing. On the evening of the same day, these women, loyal members of their class, went out, babes in arm, to face the bitter cold and brutal police.

No sooner had the women shown themselves than the police got busy. At first they jostled the women around but these held their ground. Mothers raised their babies up and shouted "Don't take the bread from our babies." But, babies have little effect on police, who evidently feared that the little kiddies might make

an impression on the scabs. The women were ordered away. They refused to go, so the police began to slap the faces of some of these valiant mothers. Then is when the men got busy. They had said nothing before, but now they spoke. With bare hands they went to the rescue of the women of their class. The police clubbed right and left. The men refused to yield an inch. Soon the police were forced to retreat. The men pushed on after them and the fight was over.

A moment later Hell broke loose. Without a moment's warning police, by the hundred, came in from all sides, on foot, on horseback and in patrol wagons, shooting and clubbing. It was a massacre. The workers had no chance. They began to fall. One worker, Martynus Petkus, was killed and several were wounded. To the everlasting credit of the strikers it must be said that, without one gun in their possession, they showed a few of these murderers where the hospitals were located.

The funeral of our murdered fellow worker was held on Feb. 26th. It is estimated that 10,000 workers attended the funeral of whom 2,500 were members of the One Big Union.

The strike itself is still going on as bitterly as ever. The strikers at the end of six weeks' struggle are as determined as ever to win. Their slogan now is,

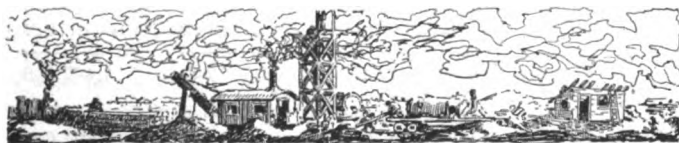
"There is no vindication of the dead unless we have a victory for the living."

What are they fighting for? I am almost ashamed to tell. The conditions they are struggling for are so rotten that they would be doing well to fight against them. At any rate no one will ever say that their demands are exorbitant.

1. A five cent an hour increase in wages,
2. A twelve hour work day,
3. Time and one-half for overtime,
4. Double time for Sundays and holidays,
5. Reinstatement of all workers.

Sugar is a scarce article on the market in this country now and the bosses are feeling the pinch. Today, in contrast to three weeks ago, the superintendent of the Spreckles place, under a guard of police, made a speech from a soap box to the strikers on the picket line. He told his audience that they should leave the I. W. W. and join some other union; then he would deal with them, etc. He said that the I. W. W. was too small to represent their interests.

A week ago they had nothing to say to the State and Federal Board of Mediators, today they are making stump speeches to the pickets; tomorrow they will settle with the strikers and the One Big Union, the I. W. W.



The Deadly Parallel

PLEDGE GIVEN TO NATION

By American Federation of Labor

We, the officers of the national and international trades unions of America in national conference assembled, in the capital of our nation, hereby pledge ourselves in peace or in war, in stress or in storm, to stand unreservedly by the standards of liberty and the safety and preservation of the institutions and ideals of our republic.

In this solemn hour of our nation's life, it is our earnest hope that our republic may be safeguarded in its unswerving desire for peace; that our people may be spared the horrors and the burdens of war; that they may have the opportunity to cultivate and develop the arts of peace, human brotherhood and a higher civilization.

But, despite all our endeavors and hopes, should our country be drawn into the maelstrom of the European conflict, we, with these ideals of liberty and justice herein declared, as the indispensable basis for national policies, offer our services to our country in every field of activity to defend, safeguard and preserve the republic of the United States of America against its enemies, whomsoever they may be, and we call upon our fellow workers and fellow citizens in the holy name of labor, justice, freedom and humanity to devotedly and patriotically give like service.

A DECLARATION

By the Industrial Workers of the World

We, the Industrial Workers of the World, in convention assembled, hereby reaffirm our adherence to the principles of Industrial Unionism, and rededicate ourselves to the unflinching prosecution of the struggle for the abolition of wage slavery, and the realization of our ideals in Industrial Democracy.

With the European war for conquest and exploitation raging and destroying the lives, class consciousness, and unity of the workers, and the ever growing agitation for military preparedness clouding the main issues, and delaying the realization of our ultimate aim with patriotic, and, therefore, capitalistic aspirations, we openly declare ourselves determined opponents of all nationalistic sectionalism or patriotism, and the militarism preached and supported by our one enemy, the Capitalist Class. We condemn all wars, and, for the prevention of such, we proclaim the anti-militarist propaganda in time of peace, thus promoting class solidarity among the workers of the entire world, and, in time of war, the general strike in all industries.

We extend assurances of both moral and material support to all the workers who suffer at the hands of the Capitalist Class for their adhesion to the principles, and call on all workers to unite themselves with us, that the reign of the exploiters may cease and this earth be made fair thru the establishment of the Industrial Democracy.

War's Toll

Washington, D. C., March 11.—There have been 5,719,400 casualties in the entente armies and 3,384,800 in the Teutonic forces since the war began, according to authoritative figures obtained here today. The classified figures by countries follow:

	Killed	Wounded- Permanently Disabled	Captured and Missing	Total
England	205,400	102,500	107,500	415,400
France	870,000	540,800	400,000	1,810,800
Russia	1,500,000	784,200	800,000	3,084,200
Italy	105,000	49,000	55,000	209,000
Belgium	50,000	22,000	40,000	112,000
Serbia	60,000	28,000	88,000
Totals	2,790,400	1,526,500	1,402,500	5,719,400
Germany	893,200	450,000	245,000	1,588,200
Austria-Hungary	523,100	355,000	591,000	1,469,100
Turkey	127,000	110,000	70,000	307,000
Bulgaria	7,500	7,000	6,900	20,500
Totals	1,550,800	922,000	912,000	3,384,800

TEN MILLION HUMAN LIVES STAND AS A MONUMENT TO THE NATIONAL PATRIOTIC STUPIDITY OF THE WORKING CLASS OF EUROPE! WHO WILL BE TO BLAME IF THE WORKERS OF AMERICA ARE BETRAYED AND LED INTO THE BLOODIEST SLAUGHTER OF HISTORY? WHO?

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

"And let us not fear that we may go too fast. If, at certain hours, we seem to be running at a headlong and dangerous pace, this is to counter-balance the unjustifiable delays and to make up for time lost during centuries of inactivity."

AS WE go to press, cablegrams bring the good news from Russia that "the national colors, with their eagles, have given place to plain red flags. The red flag of the Revolution is flying from almost every building in Petrograd, even over the famous winter palace of the Czar; tiny red ribbons have been distributed among the people and they are being proudly worn."

While it is still too early to predict the results of the three day revolt, it is safe to say that the bloody absolutism of centuries is doomed and that the Russian people are on the way to a liberal democracy that will leave Germany the only remaining powerful autocracy on earth.

Hundreds of bread riots and strikes in many large cities culminated in mass action in Petrograd where 13,000 Cossacks were promptly dispatched to quell the "open and violent revolution of the people." Several thousand imperial police were stationed about the city, provided with machine guns, with orders to mow down the hungry crowds clamoring for bread.

But the Cossacks joined the revolutionists, as well as the troops who were hurriedly rushed to the capital.

At their first charge the police, always loyal to their paymaster, the government, killed 300 people and wounded hundreds more. The revolutionists retaliated by killing 4,000 police. The winter palace was invaded and the Czar forced to abdicate.

Meanwhile, the Duma was holding an excited session and trying to control the situation, while the people fought the police and those soldiers who would not join them. Little by little the whole city fell into the hands of the revolutionaries, the chief resistance coming from police on housetops with machine guns.

Fresh troops were hurrying into the city, and there was some hard fighting here and there, but for the most part the soldiers soon joined the people. By night the whole length of the magnificent Nevsky Prospect was in the hands of the revolutionaries and

the fighting pushed more and more to the outskirts.

The last of the nests of police on the roofs with machine guns were cleaned out when the soldiers dashed here and there in motor trucks with their own quickfiring and killed them off.

By Tuesday night almost the entire city was in the hands of the revolutionists, and there was only sporadic firing, and by noon Wednesday the last of the police who resisted had been killed.

For years past, the revolutionary parties, many of them formed or crystallized in the Duma, have been robbed of their importance. None of them had any hope that the Czar would allow the Duma to accomplish anything and they finally succeeded in their great common object, which was to teach the people that nothing would be gained from the Government that was not taken by superior force.

As Comrade William English Walling observed of the third-Duma, in his splendid book "Russia's Message"—"It is not a question of reform in Russia, but of revolution. The reader does not need to be reminded how large a part of the Russian people are of this opinion. Tens of thousands have died for it, hundreds of thousands gone to prison or exile, millions suffered persecution, fines and arrest. Tens of millions of Russians who do not happen to have been individually persecuted share their view. In the election an overwhelming majority of the people voted for representatives of the revolutionary factions. It was only a most unequal suffrage and unheard of arbitrariness of the officials that gave the moderately oppositional parties a bare majority. It will be remembered that this election law, tho by no means distorted enough to give a Government majority and now replaced by one infinitely less democratic, nevertheless gave the noble landlord the same number of votes as a hundred peasants. And it will be recalled that voters and electors were publicly disqualified by the hundred thousand at all stages of the

election for nothing more subversive than unfriendliness to the Government. But it is not generally realized that nevertheless an overwhelming majority of the votes cast were votes for revolution."

* * * *

"The railway men and the labor movement at large have not lost their heads. In October, 1905, they showed the world the first great example of a successful general strike on a national scale. At the first stroke they secured the Manifesto—the first promise of freedom ever wrung from the Czar. The next stroke is to be for nothing less than the final sovereignty of the people, in place of the sovereignty of the Czar, who, if he is kept at all, will retain little more than his name. The workmen are as one man in their demand for a constitution, and they know they will have to force it by revolution.

"But they propose to make this revolution as speedy and orderly as it can be made, and for this end they propose one more great general strike. The working people, having forced the Czar to promise freedom, propose now to force him to make his promise good. It is to be a class struggle against officials, landlords, and employers. But the working class will not antagonize any other class except that of the rich and privileged. The Russian labor movement is under no delusions as to the "benevolence" of the employing class, but it does not extend its hatred to every other class outside its ranks. In the next great revolutionary crisis behind the rejected working people will be found the great mass of the intelligent city population of Russia—all those not held back by private interests, privileges, or public office, and above all, the overwhelming majority of her agricultural population of a hundred million souls."

And the great day has come. The executive committee of the Duma has issued a Manifesto saying that the monarchy has been abolished and that the Government of Russia will be handled for three months by a Committee of Twelve.

The new cabinet will base its policies upon the following principles:

1. Immediate general amnesty for all political and religious offenses.

2. Liberty of speech and of the press,

freedom for alliances, unions and strikes, with the extension of these liberties to military officials.

3. Abolition of all social, religious and national restrictions. Convocation of constitutional assembly, based on universal suffrage, which will establish a government regime.

5. Substitution of the police by a national militia, with chiefs to be elected and responsible to the government.

6. Communal elections based on universal suffrage.

7. Emancipation of the Jews and abolition of all social, religious and national restrictions.

Order is growing with incredible rapidity out of the chaos of the past week, and the new government is striving to set the organization of the country in motion so the conduct of the war will suffer as little as possible from the revolution.

The members of the new ministry already have assumed their posts. The government buildings, empty and deserted for days, are again open for official business.

Food prices have been greatly reduced.

M. Bublikoff is dealing vigorously with the transportation problem. Under his energetic direction almost normal train service has been restored, the coal and food supply replenished and factories are resuming operations. In the rooms of the police have been found large quantities of foodstuffs. Some police even kept live chickens in their quarters.

Quantities of flour are arriving hourly in the capital. It is being carted thru the streets on sledges amid cheers from pedestrians.

Grain stores everywhere have been requisitioned by the provisional government, fair prices being paid the owners. The distribution, thru a carefully organized system, of these stores of food is being arranged.

The doors of the prisons have been flung wide and thousands of prisoners, many of whom have been some of the greatest fighters for Russian freedom, have been liberated.

It is reported that all landed estates of over one hundred and twenty-five acres have been confiscated.

These are great days to live in.

MARXIAN ECONOMICS

How the Farmer Is Exploited

By MARY E. MARCY

SOME of us who have studied only the first part of Volume I of Marx's Capital, forget that when this greatest of all economists wrote Volumes II and III he elaborated on his theory of value.

Because we have been students of only a portion of the writings of Marx, some of us have claimed that the man who owned a farm and worked it himself and sold his product to some warehouse company, or to some speculator, sold his commodities at their value and was, therefore, not exploited in any way. But we were wrong.

As a rule, said Marx, commodities on the average exchange at their value. But by this he did not, by any means, mean that when a farmer sells a thousand bushels of wheat to one man, who in turn sells to a customer, who re-sells to someone else, who finally sells out to a third or fourth buyer—Marx did not mean that all these perfectly useless individuals *added any value to that wheat*. But they sell at a profit.

Now since these speculating purchasers have not added any value to the farmer's wheat, either the first purchaser bought the wheat from the farmer *BELOW* its value or the final purchaser paid for it at *MORE* than its value.

The man who originally bought the wheat from the farmer added no value to the wheat nor did his customer, nor his customer's customer, etc., add any value to the wheat. But the wheat may have sold finally at fifty cents a bushel more than the original purchaser paid for it, because when it was finally sold there was a greater demand for wheat. On the other hand, wheat occasionally sells below the price paid to the farmer for it, because of the sudden termination of war, etc., or by a decrease in the demand for wheat. Supply and demand, we know, affect price, but not value, so that in war time, for example, the farmer may receive a price that is more than the value of his product.

Marx explains in Volumes II and III of Capital, that brokers, middlemen and merchant capitalists, etc., being, on the whole, unnecessary, produce neither commodities nor any value.

On the average, he says, commodities exchange at their value—that is, the consumer usually buys commodities at their value. He nearly always receives the value he pays for; he gives gold, or its equivalent, representing so many hours of necessary social labor, in exchange for commodities representing an equal amount of necessary social labor.

Commodities usually sell to the consumer at their value. Wheat brokers and wheat and other grain speculators get their profits out of value either produced by the farmer who works his farm, or from value produced by farm tenants or farm laborers, because these products are sold to these speculators *BELOW* their *VALUE*.

One speculator buys corn from a group of farmers at 40 cents and re-sells it to another speculator at 46 cents, who disposes of it to a third at 50 cents, who finally sells it to the mill men (who use it as raw material from which, say, corn flakes are manufactured) at 55 cents.

On the average these mill men buy the corn at its value; the various speculators have never seen the corn, never moved the corn, added not one particle of value to the corn. The first speculator in this case bought the corn from the producing farmers at something like 15 cents a bushel *BELOW* its value. This 15 cents of which the producing farmers were exploited, is divided among the three speculators. Nobody is robbed or exploited but the actual producers of the corn.

Among the capitalist farmers the same conditions prevail as in other fields of investment. Unless the capitalist is able to make his capital bring him the average rate of profits, he seeks other fields in which to put his money.

Capitalist farmers hire farm superintendents, overseers, farm laborers to work their

lands or let their farms to farm tenants at a cash rental or for a portion of the tenants' products. Like the capitalist who, for instance, invests his money in a packing house, a mine or a woolen mill, these capitalist farmers have to divide the value appropriated from the labor of the workers with the *MIDDLEMAN*. The capitalist farmer pays his workers the value of their labor power, but far less than the value of their products. On the average, these products are sold to the final buyer at their value. The capitalist farmer divides the surplus value, produced by the farm tenants or laborers, with the broker, the speculator, the storage companies,

The small farm owner, who works in the fields beside his hired "hands" is an exploiting capitalist as far as he pays his workers wages and appropriates their products. The surplus value or profits he is able to extract are represented by the difference between what he pays for the labor and cost of machinery, maintenance, repairs, taxes, etc., and the price he gets for the products of his laborers.

Occasionally buyers' associations grow so powerful that they demand so great a share of the surplus value produced by the farm workers that the farm owner, or fruit grower, or truck gardener is unable to appropriate any of this surplus value produced by his laborers, and he ceases to use his land in raising that particular product. This has been true in the case of many small capitalist fruit raisers. Apples rot upon the ground in Michigan and in many other states because the commission houses are so organized that the fruit farmers have no other market, and the price commission organizations offer for apples or peaches is so low that after the farm owner has paid the laborers to pick and pack the fruit there is no surplus value left for himself.

Farmers in Different Classes

Farmers cannot be lumped into one industrial class as politicians are so fond of doing in this country. To speak of the "farmer" means nothing definite today. We read about the brother of ex-President Taft being a "farmer." But we are informed that this wealthy gentleman does not even superintend the work on his great capitalistic farm. Mr. Taft is an exploiting capitalist who appropriates the surplus value produced by his laborers and tenants.

As the industrial capitalist who employs

workers to produce furniture, cloth, machinery, etc., is compelled to *DIVIDE* this surplus value with the wholesale merchant, the jobber and the retailer, so even the millionaire capitalist farmer, Mr. Taft, sells many of the farm products expropriated from his farm laborers *BELOW* their value. Both classes of industrial capitalists have to *DIVIDE* the surplus value with other groups of capitalists.

Socialists are not in the least concerned with helping the industrial capitalists, neither the mighty Tafts nor the town farmer who hires two or three men who run his farm by the aid of additional men in harvest time. This small town farmer also sells the product of the farm workers *BELOW* its value. We do not grieve to see the expropriator expropriated—the robber robbed. We are concerned only with seeing to it that the working class receives the value of its products.

Now commodities tend to exchange at their value, but this does not mean that the small farmer can exchange a hundred bushels of wheat or corn, representing the hours of labor *he has put in them*, for machinery or other commodities representing an *EQUAL* amount of labor.

The capitalist farmer, who uses the most modern farm tractors and other modern farm machinery, sells wheat and corn representing, perhaps, only one-half as much labor as the wheat and corn produced by the small farmer using small or old-fashioned machinery. And both receive the same price for their wheat or corn because commodities exchange at their *SOCIAL* value, at the average *social* labor required to produce them at a given time.

So the capitalist farmer, who has capital to buy modern machines and who rents enormous farms, gets almost twice as much for the same amount of labor as the small farmer. It is the same old story of modern productive methods and small antiquated methods which has occurred so often in the past; the hand weavers yielding to the machine product; the small factory being frozen out by the big factory; small machine production being driven out by modern automatic machinery.

The small farmer not only pays interest every year on farm loans or rent on farm lands, but, because he has no capital wherewith to buy modern machinery, gets less and less for his labor, because every year a

bushel of wheat, a bushel of corn represent *LESS NECESSARY HUMAN LABOR* than they did before. In other words, wheat and corn and other farm products are steadily decreasing in value because of growing modern machine methods in farm production.

There are several other ways by which the small farmers are forced to *GIVE* more than they *RECEIVE* in exchange. But we cannot take them up here. Those who are particularly interested in this subject will be interested in reading "How the Farmer Can Get His," published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, at 10 cents a copy.

The farmer who owns or is paying on a small farm, who works his farm himself, ought to be interested in the revolutionary movement. He exploits no one and sells his products below their value.

On the other hand, we hear a great deal from the farm owner who works a little and hires two or three men. His complaints fill the country newspapers from Maine to California. It is true that he sells the products of his farm below their value. But his only concern is to secure higher prices for these products, not the payment to his laborers of the value of the things they produce, the wheat they grow, or the fruit they raise. He desires to make more money from the labor of others.

If the workers received the value of their social products, no one would care to *OWN* land, because ownership would not then mean opportunity for exploitation. The landless farmer would not care to own land so long as he possessed access to it and the opportunity to produce and to exchange his products at their value.

In an industrial democracy it need not be a matter of serious moment that one group of workers finds it necessary to labor upon inferior land. We cannot all sow and reap of the best. Men and women should be recompensed according to the necessary number of hours they work, and not upon the amount of wheat they raise upon a certain piece of land. For the same labor will produce twice the crop of wheat on rich land as upon poor land.

Every group should, of course, be advised by national experts as to the best crops to plant, the fertilizer needed, and on the thousand and one questions that are constantly increasing as farming is being reduced to a scientific basis.

If a group spends a certain amount of necessary labor on a piece of land according to advice of expert agronomists and the crop is entirely lost because of frost, floods or drought, this farming group should not be forced to beg for a living the remainder of the year. The local loss should be borne by the whole nation and every bushel of wheat would represent a little more *SOCIAL* labor than it would have meant without the failure of local crops.

The whole wheat product will represent *ALL* the necessary social labor expended in producing it. Every year there will be failures of farm crops for one unavoidable cause or another, but the hours spent in farm work by the group of workers whose labors have proved fruitless will, without doubt, be included in the total number of hours spent in farm production by all the workers. Because the labor of *ALL* will represent the socially necessary labor embodied in the wheat crop, potato crop, or corn crop.

In this way the farmer who works poor land will receive the same payment, per hour of labor, as the man who works the most fertile land. The total product will represent the total number of hours necessarily expended in the production of a commodity, and men will be paid according to their labors.

In this way groups of farmers will be practically insured against crop failures. Modern machinery will abolish all farm drudgery. The income of farm workers will be assured, as will be the income of all other necessary workers. Equal necessary effort, equal labor will mean a like recompense in every branch of industry. Exchange will be based upon labor for labor; service for service.

* * *

Questions:

1. When one farmer raises wheat by modern high-power machine methods and another by old small machine methods, which gets the most for his labor power when they take their products to market?

2. Can the hand-producer ever receive as much for his labor power as the man raising the machine product under this system?

3. Do the grain speculators who buy and sell wheat on the Boards of Trade add any value to it?

4. Where do the profits of these specu-

lators come from? Do they come out of the pockets of the people who buy flour and bread or do they come out of the value produced by the grain growers?

5. Can grain speculators sell grain to the "people" at its value and still make a profit?

6. Did you ever hear of a farmer who, after paying the interest on his mortgage, and paying the interest on his machinery, and paying for some machinery and tools, buying seed and fertilizer and hiring "hands" to help during harvest, sold his product and the product of these "hands" at so low a price that there was scarcely anything left for the farmer?

7. If commodities sell to the consumer at their value (or the social labor necessary to produce them), who gets the best of it, the capitalist farmer or the farmer who works his own farm?

8. What has always happened when

hand-production tried to compete with machine-production?

9. Who produces the value that pays the banker his interest on the mortgage he holds on the "farmer's" land?

10. Does the farmer who owns his own elevator and storehouse and who is rich enough to hold his crops two or three years, waiting for a rise in the price of farm products, possess more capital than the farmer who has to sell his crops as soon as they are raised in order to get money to pay his debts? Well, if the rich farmer does use more capital (in elevators, storehouses, in holding his crops), does he expect a return on the additional money invested in his farm? Marx would call this additional investment merchant capital, and declares that the man possessing merchant capital expects an income on his investment equal to the average rate of profit.

JACK LONDON

(In Memoriam.)

Our Jack is dead!
 He who arose from us
 And voiced our wrongs;
 Who sang our hopes,
 And bade us stand alone,
 Nor compromise, nor pause;
 Who bade us dare
 Reach out and take the world
 In our strong hands.
 Comrade! Friend!
 Who let the sunshine in
 Upon dark places.
 Great ones may not understand,
 Nor grant you now
 The measure of your meed;
 But, in the days to come,
 All men shall see.
 Father of Martin Eden
 And the Iron Heel—
 Yes, men shall know
 When we arise
 And fight to victory!
 And yet—and yet—
 Our hearts are drear today.
 Our Jack is dead.

EDITORIAL

YOU AND YOUR COUNTRY

WE ARE wondering whether the thousands of carloads of potatoes and loads upon loads of onions, those cars upon cars of cotton and leather goods, those tons of meats and tons of dried fruits that the newspapers tell us are waiting at the wharves on the east coast of the United States, are going to feed and clothe the soldiers in Europe or whether they are going to lie at the docks and spoil while "*OUR*" government allows workingmen and women to starve in the United States.

The big American shippers are clamoring for protection to their ships and their cargoes—and their *PROFITS*—and demanding universal military service and war with Germany. They claim that Our National Honor has been smirched; that trade is threatened and that *TWO HUMAN LIVES*—American lives—have been snuffed out by submarine warfare. We can imagine the heartaches caused to the Honorable Messrs. Rockefeller, Loeb, Kuhn and Morgan, the Guggenheims and Schwabs, the Beef Trust, the Lumber Trust and the coal combines, the railroad companies, at the thought of two American lives being lost through the activities of a German submarine.

You know, and I know, that these great financial pirates have calmly sat by while the lives of thousands of workingmen and women have been sacrificed to their greed for dividends, and that the loss of American lives caused by Germany is only one more excuse they have seized to arouse the workers of this country to jump into war with Germany and spend hundreds of thousands of other lives in order that their profits may flow uninterrupted, their exports continue, their power remain unbroken.

But do not be deceived. "*Your*" country is concerned only because *PROFITS* are threatened.

What does Your Country do for you when you are out of work?

What does the National Government, the State Government, the Municipal Government do for you then? Those mighty minions of the law, the police, beat you up when you land in a town looking for work, and send you to jail or to the rock pile, or take you to the edge of town and drive you forth cold and hungry and homeless at the point of a gun.

And if there are many of you producers of the world's food and clothing and homes, if there are many of you who come into a town asking for work, for food, for shelter, the state's soldiers are called. And you are driven from one place to another—ever on and on—because you are homeless and hungry, because you are cold and because you are without money to buy the things you need.

When you have worked through the year and piled up many products and large dividends for your employer, "*Your*" Government permits your employer to throw you out of work, if he is unable to *USE YOU AT A PROFIT*. "*Your*" Government takes no thought of your *life*. It believes that it is better for a workingman to be thrown out—workless, homeless, penniless, hungry and cold than that a capitalist employ this worker at a *LOSS*. Your Country sacrifices the workers' *LIVES* to insure the employers' *PROFITS*.

When a starving worker, out of a job, steals a loaf of bread, the municipal, the state, the national government ("*Your*" Country) sends him away to prison. "*Your*" Government says that a loaf of bread is more important than a worker's life. It protects property and allows the workers to starve. *PROPERTY FIRST, USEFUL HUMAN LIVES SECOND*.

What was the first thing done in cities where the working women have raised their

voices in a cry for "Bread" and have demanded food for their families during the past month?

Did "Your" Government stretch out its benevolent hand and scatter flour and meat and potatoes to the working class which toils and produces for wages insufficient to **LIVE ON?**

Did all the elected officials in this Glorious Land of Liberty raise their voices and open their purses to relieve your distress? Did anybody hear any Congressman or U. S. Senator get up on his hind feet in those marble halls in Washington and suggest that the troops be sent to seize food and prevent suffering among the working class?

Well, what did Your Country do?

It called for the police and special reserves, which were rushed to the scenes of the "riots" and shot into the crowds of workers, who dared to lift their hands toward the food supplies produced by the working class, and appropriated by the owning class.

The police force, the soldiers, are primarily maintained to protect the owning class and their property from the hunger-madness, the want-desperation of the world's workers.

Think it over, Fellow Workers. What has "Your" Country ever done for you?

* * *

London Cargoes.

Published alongside the story of two women shot in Bread Riots in New York City one day this month, we read the following, which appeared in Chicago's "greatest" newspaper:

"A party of neutral journalists who made a tour of London's docks yesterday were impressed by the sight of the tremendous cargoes brought in by newly arrived ships, the aggregate running into hundreds of thousands of tons. Fifty ships were unloading grain and chilled beef from America, South America and Canada. There were many other American cargoes to augment Britain's supply."

And in the next column appeared a story on the port from which some of these ships had sailed, of 4,000 hungry women storming the doors of the Waldorf Astoria, where over \$250,000 is spent nightly in fine wines and rich dinners by the revelers who work not. And the word upon the lips of the

wives and mothers of the working class was "Bread! Bread! Give us bread!"

* * *

Again the headlines of the succeeding column of this marvelous journal assured us that "American Workers Are Aroused," "Think Interruption of American Commerce Abroad Last Straw," and that "Every Boy in the State of New York Will Be a Soldier."

And it caused us to wonder greatly, because, while all wars, except the *CLASS* war, are fought in the interests of the capitalist class, there has never been the prospect of any war more palpably in the interest of *our enemies at home* than a possible war with Germany.

Think of it! American workingmen may fight and die to protect the commerce of American capitalists, the cargoes of food and clothing, which they need at home.

Comrades: We believe all you need to do to change the attitude of patriotic workingmen is to *explain* what this war and what all capitalist wars mean. Every one of you can talk these things over with your shop mates, your factory neighbors, your companions in the mines. You do not have to get up on a platform to show why all workers ought to be unpatriotic. Talk in the shops, on the street cars, and in the unions.

* * *

A Call to Action.

The following call is being sent out by the new Left Wing Socialist Propaganda League. Read it over and sign the Pledge and put yourself on record against Imperialism in America:

Comrades and Fellow Workers: The grip of militarism is closing upon you. What scanty rights are left to you as a class are about to be terminated. The ruling classes, the money kings and monopolists, with the President and Congress concurring, decide that this country shall play an active part in world politics.

This means that the capitalist classes have resolved to appropriate a greater share of the wealth you produce by intensified exploitation and the extension of such exploitation beyond the national borders.

Such a policy of imperialism is, however, impossible without an army and navy unparalleled in magnitude and cost in the history of the world. Warfare on the scale contemplated by the preparations being

made is unthinkable without compulsory military service.

At the hour in which we address these words to you, it can not be said that we are to have war with Germany. But of equal importance to you as the class that works is the underlying motive of the class that rules, which is this: The real purpose of the militarists is to wrench this country from its traditional policies by saddling upon the working population a huge military system with compulsory military service. The death-dealing enginery of war can not be operated without compulsion, as was shown by the plight of England.

We, therefore, urge you to stand with us—united against war and militarism in all its forms. Recalling the words of an American soldier, Ulysses S. Grant: "When wars come, they fall upon the many, the producing class, who are the sufferers," and those of an American statesman, Charles Sumner: "Preparations have been constant provocatives of war," we earnestly appeal to you to present a solid opposition against all attempts to establish compulsory military service in this country. And we ask you to organize protest meetings, protest demonstrations, and protest strikes all over the country. These would be effective in showing the firm resolution of the workers to resist this new form of slavery that militarists seek to implant on American soil. Such action can have its due result only by

actual refusal to be drafted into the industry of murder.

This action, endorsed by a few individuals only, would be useless; made as the compact of tens of thousands it can not fail of influence for the whole of the working class, and will be the best service they can render the country and humanity.

THE PLEDGE

I, the undersigned, solemnly protesting against the working class and the country of my birth (or adoption) being caught in the steel trap of militarism, will refuse to render any kind of military service when informed that ten thousand male citizens of the United States (or those who have declared their intention to become citizens), of an age between eighteen and forty-five, have signed this pledge:

Name

Address

Male.... Female.... Age.... Alien....

Note:—Although any resident of the United States may sign this pledge, it should be clearly stated whether the signer is a woman or a man, and whether a citizen by declaration (one who has taken out his first papers), or an alien.

Send to the general office for supply of this call. Also send your contributions to help meet expenses of this propaganda. Address Box 23, Roxbury, Mass. Signed pledges should be mailed to the same address.

Four Per Cent and Safety

Chicago banks pay savings depositors three per cent; country banks, which are not so safe, pay four per cent. The banks make a profit by using this money. If you are depositing with them, you are helping your enemies.

But there is a way in which you can keep your money safe and still be helping the revolutionary movement instead of capitalism.

Our publishing house was established in

1886; it has been paying its bills regularly ever since. Our capital stock is \$42,000; our total debts less than \$5,000.

We can pay you four per cent on any sum, large or small, that you leave with us to be withdrawn on thirty days' notice. In most cases we shall not insist on the notice but will repay on demand, but we reserve the right, as savings banks do, to require notice when we pay interest. We also receive loans without interest, returnable on demand.

If you wish additional information before deciding, write us.

Charles H. Kerr & Company

341 East Ohio St., Chicago



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

German Socialists Ruled Out of the Party. On January 7 the German Socialists had a conference at Berlin. By this I mean, of course, the real Socialists, those usually referred to as the Minority. There were 157 delegates present, among them 19 members of the Reichstag and representatives of 72 organizations. In general they were divided into three groups, the Union of Labor, the Spartacus group, formerly called Liebknecht-Rühle group, and the "German International Socialists." The Union of Labor is, of course, much larger than the other two combined. By a vote of 111 to 40 the conference declared that the work of the Socialists should be carried on within the Social Democratic Party. A long resolution was adopted in favor of reuniting the working classes of the various nations in favor of peace. The most important paragraph explained that since the Socialists represented in this conference were the ones who had remained faithful to their international faith they were now especially the ones upon whom rested the duty of reuniting German workers with those of other countries. Very likely the most important actions of the conference could not be reported in the papers.

On January 20 the National Committee of the Socialist Democratic Party held a conference, and on the 20th the Executive Committee formally expelled the socialists from the party. The committee bases its action on the theory that Germany is fighting a defensive war and that therefore the whole duty of Socialists is to support the government, ameliorate the condition of the poor during

war, and keep up the party organization for the struggle which is to come after peace is declared. "Anyone," it declares, "who in the future belongs to the Social Democratic party and remains faithful to it, must have nothing to do with the proceedings of the conference of the opposition groups." Two members of the Executive Committee, Robert Wengels and Louise Tietz, refused to sign this order and published a note expressing their disapproval of it.

A week later the Socialists replied that they would fight for their rights within the Social Democratic party. Their declaration was signed by Haase, Ledebour, Dithman and Vogther, for the Union of Labor, and by Ad. Hoffman, P. Hoffman and Herbst, for the regular party organization of Greater Berlin. This declaration denounces the proceeding of the Executive Committee as a piece of high-handed tyranny. It explains that the opposition groups really represent the Socialist position and that, according to the constitution only a party congress has the final power to exclude members from the organization. The action of the Executive Committee is ascribed to fear that the majority of party members will come over to the opposition point of view. Therefore the Socialists are called upon to remain within the party and fight to maintain their position.

David Kirkwood and British Prussianism. Review readers will remember how, about a year ago, David Kirkwood spoke out against industrial tyranny. That was at Glasgow. Because his head

was too clear and his tongue too sharp Mr. Kirkwood was banished. Since then he has been living at Edinburgh. He was elected a member of the recent conference of the Labor party and the government graciously allowed him to attend. He was enthusiastically received and spoke very simply and clearly about his own case and general conditions on the Clyde. Incidentally he declared that he intended to go back to Glasgow. Then the government, which pretends to be fighting German Prussianism, declared that if he did so he would be imprisoned. The conference appointed a commission to investigate his case. Since then a dispatch in the daily papers gives the news that he has been arrested.

Political Reorganization in England. We reported last month that the Labor Party Conference cut down the I. L. P. representation on the Executive Committee to one member. London Justice quotes from The Worker a paragraph reporting a speech made on this subject by Philip Snowden: "Mr. Snowden * * * went on to forecast interesting political changes. After the war there would have to a general reconstruction. It would have been necessary to reform political combinations if the Labor party had remained united during the war. It would be all the more necessary because of what had happened inside the party during the war. * * * By the disappearance of the Labor party, and from the disintegrated units, there would be formed a new democratic party, whatever its name might be, a party which in its policy and in its ideals would be collective Socialist party."

English Peace Movement. News from England is carefully censored. Persons who have recently come over the water say that the peace movement is much stronger than the papers have allowed us to believe. They say, for example, that it is nothing unusual for Ramsay MacDonald to have ten or fifteen thousand listeners when he denounces the war. We are told on good authority that five thousand Englishmen of military age are

living in jail because they refuse to serve.

Justice published a review of an anti-war book by MacDonald. It is called National Defence; a Study in Militarism, and is, apparently a simple and clear statement of the case against any sort of militarism. Much to the discomfiture of the reviewer the author proves that there is no difference between offence and defence under modern conditions.

I. W. W. Unlawful in Australia. During the last days of 1916 the Federal Parliament of Australia passed the Unlawful Association Act. How that title reminds one of Germany! The act is to remain in force until six months after the end of the war. It names the Industrial Workers of the World as an unlawful institution. It provides that "whoever, being a member of an unlawful association advocates anything calculated to hinder the production, transportation, for purpose connected with the war, of troops, warlike materials, etc., etc.," shall be liable to six months' imprisonment.

Starvation and Death Grow Common. Anyone who reads a considerable number of European papers cannot escape the impression that terrible suffering is becoming the regular thing in all the warring countries. In Belgium only children who are under weight receive food. In Germany Von Hindenburg protests that his troops are underfed. In France the wheat crop has gone down and the death rate has gone up. In England bread has nearly doubled in price and there is now less land under cultivation than there was before the war. Food riots are not uncommon.

Scotch Socialists Against All War. Representatives of the Scottish branches of the Independent Labor Party assembled in conference at Govan adopted the following resolution: "This conference urges the Socialist parties of all nations to oppose all wars entered into by their governments, irrespective of the declared object of the war, and instructs the I. L. P. to bring forward this policy at the next International Socialist Conference."

NEWS AND VIEWS

Third Annual Encampment—The 1917 Northwestern Pennsylvania Socialist Encampment will be held at Exposition Park, Conneaut Lake, Pa., from June 23 to July 2, inclusive. It will be a ten-day reunion of Comrades and a very interesting program is being worked out by the committee. Details will be given in the June number of the REVIEW.

Tents for the entire ten days will cost only \$3.00 and comrades who expect to attend should write at once to J. H. Browning, secretary of the Encampment Association, 616 Mahoning avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

From Canada—The comrades at Vanguard liked the March REVIEW so well that they fired in their order for a bundle with the following comment: "The March issue of the REVIEW certainly throws the searchlight right where it is needed, particularly on the question of war. If we can get the REVIEW into the hands of the workers it will speak for itself."

Attention Railway Clerks—Wade Shurtleff, president Cleveland Lodge, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, would like to get into touch with Railway Clerks in Chicago, Detroit and State of Michigan readers of the REVIEW. Address Room 500, 746 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Going and Coming—Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, resigned recently from Local Denver Socialist Party. Word comes from the east that Buck White has been fired from the party for supporting the Democratic ticket in the last election. Meanwhile, Local Logansport, Ind., advises that eighteen new members have joined the local, which, by the way, is a working-class local.

A New Revolutionary Song Book—The most popular poem ever published in the REVIEW was, beyond any question, Ralph Chaplin's famous "When the Leaves Come Out," written at the time when the mine guards in West Virginia had been guilty of killing and injuring scores of striking miners. Many letters came to this office asking the name of the "Paint Creek Miner."

These friends will be delighted to learn that the I. W. W. has brought out a book of poems and new songs by Ralph Chaplin, songs and poems as rhythmical with rebellion as the pulse of that splendid organization itself.

"When the Leaves Come Out" is a beautiful book with a cover, about which the I. W. W. has a right to boast, and the sketches within, by the author, are full of strength, revolutionary symbolism and artistic charm. The sign of Black Cat is everywhere.

Next month we hope to quote one or two of our favorite poems from this book. But in the meantime send in 50 cents and get it. We understand the I. W. W. sells this new book in quantities at 35 cents a copy. Address I. W. W., 164 W. Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

Using Newsdealers—I have been reading your magazine for a long time, and I think it is the best radical magazine we have. I have wondered why it was not better known outside radical circles.

I have come to the conclusion that the reason for this is that the REVIEW is not handled by the regular magazine dealers—bookstores, drug stores and newstands.

I believe that if it was handled by at least one prominent concern in this line of business in each town, its sales would be greatly increased in a short time, and incidentally we would be educating a class of people we do not now reach.

And how easy it would be to accomplish this result! All that would be necessary would be for the Radicals to demand that the magazine dealers supply them with their favorite magazine. "Ask and ye shall receive," provided you only ask hard enough, and long enough. The trouble with us Radicals is that we are too modest, and we don't advertise enough—especially in the right way. Why, if the people only knew the truth about our ideals, especially the ideals of the I. W. W., we would be even busier than we are now, writing out new membership cards. There is no use talking—the immediate future is ours and we ought to take every advantage of the fact.

In Fresno, I intend to see that the REVIEW comes into its own. I have already interested the proprietor of a magazine-selling drug store. This man has his magazines displayed properly. He is centrally located, and is a pleasant appearing man—the magazine should do well in such a situation. If he makes arrangements to keep the magazines for sale, I will go out among the Radicals and drum up a trade. If he does not make these arrangements, I will try to interest someone else and I will keep on trying until I have seen the magazine properly placed.

If one fellow worker in each town would undertake to do the same work the REVIEW would soon enjoy the place it deserves in the magazine world. And what work could any fellow worker, especially one who does not work in the industries, do that would be of greater value towards obtaining industrial freedom? I hope you will publish this letter as it might be the means of helping to open up a new field for the REVIEW. Could not the REVIEW get into personal touch with some one worker in each town that could do this work? —Emma B. Little.

An Eighty-Year-Old Fighter—Comrade Kunze of Cupertino, Cal., writes us this month enclosing one dollar to renew his REVIEW subscription. He has been on our list for about ten years and he is eighty years old. He writes that he cannot do without the REVIEW. This is the best praise we have had in a long time. To know that a veteran in the class war feels thus about the REVIEW makes us feel that perhaps we are doing something

worth while, and we are going to keep it up and try to make the REVIEW better every month.

Louisville Railroad Traitors—It was with a great deal of amazement that REVIEW readers read a few months ago how fifteen L. & N. passenger conductors, who were members of the Order of Railroad Conductors, secured an injunction to prevent their organization from participating in a railroad strike last September. Their conduct aroused great indignation all over the states among railroad men and the fellow members of the Monon Division No. 89, O. R. C., received a great deal of sympathy because of this treason on the part of their brothers. We are advised now that this division has tried and exonerated the fifteen faithful allies of their most deadly enemy—the railroad corporation. Evidently our sympathy last fall was wasted. When a man exonerates a traitor to his own class, he deserves only the further treason which he may expect. It looks to us as though the members of Division 89 were solid bone from the neck up. We hope the day will come when all traitors to the working class will meet their just deserts at the end of the rope.

A Socialist Congress—The time to hold a Socialist Congress, as suggested in the March REVIEW, is to the point, and reorganization of the Socialist party is the only solution for the many perplexing problems now confronting the working class of today. To say that the International Socialist Party has failed is putting it mildly. There can be but one basis for reorganization, which is: Working class organization, as based on the class struggle, to educate for Revolution to overthrow the existing form of robber ruling-class society. We must cease prattling for and about reform for existing evil, and educate for revolution for common ownership and democratic control of necessities for civilization. The complete enfranchisement of woman, and the complete care of the child by the state. This would furnish a basis for national and international organization, to which there could be no objection. We need to make the general strike mandatory in the class war and it must be enforced; next to education it is our greatest asset. And lastly we must not permit or tolerate compromisers or opportunists to influence or control the organization so as to give it respectability in the existing scheme of things.—J. H. Knoop.

From Local, Chattanooga, Tenn.—The Socialist party is chaffing a turning point in its career. After a long regime of job-hunting and opportunism in the party organization the pressing need for a change in the structure and tactics of the party is apparent, and the opportunity is offered to the revolutionary industrial Socialists of the Left Wing to see that the change is for the better.

Always heretofore, when the industrial Socialists have tried to accomplish any change in the party, their efforts have proved ineffectual because of a lack of coordination, of cooperation in their attacks. They have tried to carry their positions by pure force of logic and superior argument, while their opponents,



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the intellectuals and reformists, have in every case been well organized. The opportunists have practiced the prime essential of Socialist theory, and they have organized, but the rebels have as yet been unable to find a way to get together.

The opportunity is now offered. In the Socialist Propaganda League of America we have the means to coordinate our power in the movement. This league was organized to bring the rebels together for MASS ACTION, to be exercised wherever it will do the most good.

Local Left Wing, Socialist Party of America, at Chattanooga, Tenn., has unanimously voted to affiliate as a body with the Socialist Propaganda League, and we call on all other revolutionary Socialist locals and branches to organize with us in this new movement.

At the coming convention of the Socialist party there will be business of much interest to the rebels, and we want to go there with our eyes open and our plans made. The S. P. L. A. fills a long-felt want, and we should not lose time before connecting up. There is a serious situation before us, and let us prepare to meet it in a serious and sensible way.—Yours for Mass Action, Left Wing Local, Socialist Party, Chattanooga, Tenn., Raymond S. Fanning, secretary, 109 Lindsay street.

Montana Coal Mines—Conditions in the coal mines at Sand Coulee and Stockett, Mont., are rotten. These mines are organized under the United Mine Workers of America. Here the bosses are allowed to belong to the local and they run it; this is supposed to be against the constitution of the United Mine Workers. In Stockett twelve miners refused to work in a mine because of the danger, so according to the Union agreement, they could try and reach an understanding with boss. If this failed they must be given other places to work in the mine, but the company did not do this. It discharged the men. Then all the miners

went on strike. So the district president comes to town and had a confab with the superintendent of the company, and then he tells the miners that it is illegal for them to strike and that they should not run the mine; that that was the company's business and he told them they would have to go back to work. The Union has a time contract with the company for two years. Since this contract was made the cost of living has gone up and the miners are worse off than they were last year. Even though this contract helps the company, the company does not live up to it, as the miners here are cleaning rock out of coal and doing other dead work without pay. Most of the miners here are Slavish, Italian and Finnish, but the language spoken in the local is English, so most of the miners cannot understand what is said in the local, but they are forced to attend once a month, or they are fined \$1.00. This state of affairs allows a few English-speaking friends of the boss to run the Union in Sand Coulee.

The Union dues are \$3.00 a month; 75 cents of this is regular dues, 25 cents is for the library, \$1.75 is for sick benefit and the doctor, and the other 25 cents is, I guess, for cigars for the officers. These dues are taken out of your pay at the office. You must pay this sick benefit, and if you are a stranger here you are lucky if you get the sick benefit when you are taken sick.

In the local I come from they have a sick benefit and you can belong if you want to, but if you do belong you get help at once when you are sick.

The miners are disgusted with this Union and I believe it is only a question of time before they do away with it and have a real union. The only real workers' union is the I. W. W. In it the workers settle their own troubles and it is run by the workers. But in the United Mine Workers the district president has the power to settle all troubles.—J. C. W.

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Yours sincerely,

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My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers.

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was sold that no dividends were promised and none have ever been paid. The personal benefit to stockholders has been in the privilege they have of buying our books at a discount, and in the further fact that but for their subscriptions of stock, most of the books we offer would either never have been published at all, or else at much higher prices. The bulk of our sales have been to or thru our stockholders, since many of them, especially the Socialist Locals, have bought books to sell again. Our prices to stockholders have been fixed at a figure which, one year with another, has just about paid the cost of manufacture and distribution. In the early years, when sales of stock did not bring in the capital needed for new books, we borrowed from comrades, and profits from good years since then has been used partly to pay off these loans and partly to make up the losses of lean years.

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JESUS—"One of Those Damned Agitators"

In his "**The Carpenter and the Rich Man**" Bouck White proves to the satisfaction of all intelligent men and women that Jesus of Nazareth **TAUGHT** the very things the Churches and so-called Christians today **CONDEMN** in the name of Christ.

Jesus approved of the acts of David and his hungry followers when they entered the temple and took the blessed shew bread from the sacred altars to satisfy their want.

In New York a Catholic Priest declared he would die rather than permit the Unemployed to contaminate the "sacred" Church by using it to protect them from the winter's cold, although they had not where to lay their heads. The **Catholic Priest** had these **starving men arrested** and sent to **prison**.

Jesus said: "I was in prison and ye visited me not," for "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the **LEAST** of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." According to Mr. White in his "**Carpenter and the Rich Man**," Jesus looked upon legal and all authorities as **ENEMIES** of the poor. He demanded that his followers and friends visit and support their comrades when imprisoned by the hated authorities.

That Jesus loved **ALL** the poor and despised **ALL** the rich there seems to be no reasonable doubt after reading this book. Comrade White points out how when a rich man asked permission to follow Jesus and become one of his band of **OUTLAWS**, Jesus said to him: "Sell **ALL** you have and **GIVE** to the **POOR** and take up your cross and follow me."

In thus referring to the cross, Mr. White shows how Jesus meant that his companions must be ready and willing to give up **ALL** things, to be prepared to **DIE** if necessary in their crusade for the **poor**.

Jesus stood for the **poor** thief, the propertyless lawbreaker, the oppressed **SABOTAGER**, the **HOMELESS** and **HUNGRY** Church defiler (if we are to accept the definition of defilement as laid down by our Priestly parasites today).

He was the **BOLDEST** of **REBELLIOUS** workingmen. All things could be forgiven **ANY POOR** man and the possession of riches in the midst of poverty irretrievably damned the owner, according to the Nazarene.

The outcasts of the world were the beloved of Jesus. Prostitutes, thieves, beggars, workingmen, ex-convicts were all the friends of Jesus. For the banker, the great property-owner, the usurer, the **RICH MAN**, he held only the most deep-rooted hatred and scorn.

Jesus demanded material communism among his comrades, and—above all—revolt against **ALL CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY**.

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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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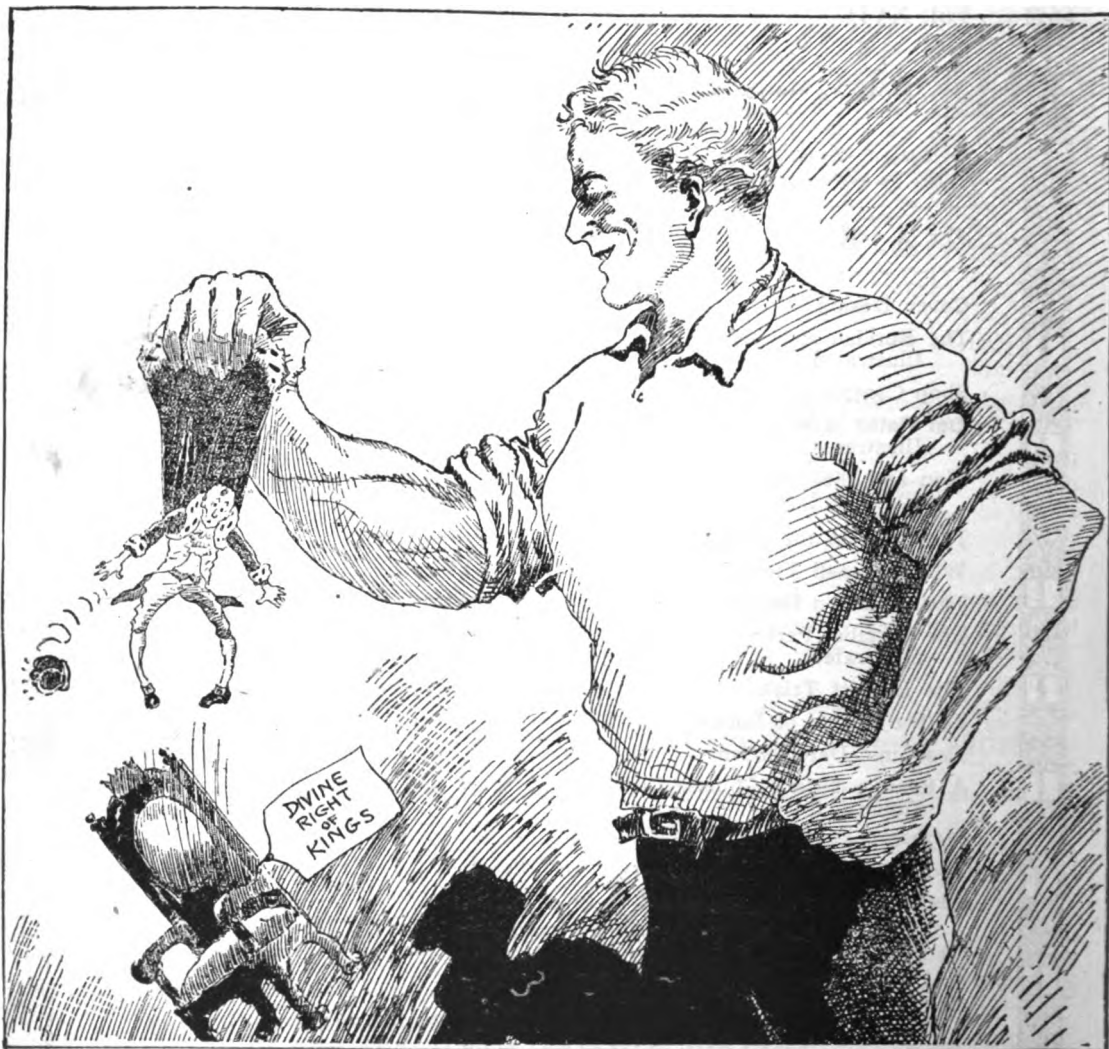
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From the Chicago American.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH IT?

66e
**INTERNATIONAL
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VOL. XVII

MAY, 1917

No. 11

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

THE tocsin of the social revolution rang thruout Russia and its sound carried around the globe, into every land, to all nations of the earth.

It was not a political revolution alone. The overthrow of autocracy was a mere incident. No mere political revolution could make freedom blossom out suddenly in a land that for ages was dark—freedom greater than the freedom of any other people on earth. All the land to be restored to the people; all the one hundred nationalities to enjoy equal rights of existence; woman to be enfranchised. Mountains of political oppression blown to atoms; one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners liberated. No political revolution ever achieved such results. It was the breath of the Social Revolution. It is the first great nation rising, not alone to achieve political liberty, but also to establish industrial freedom. The Great Change has begun in Russia—the event that was waited for these long weary ages. It struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the peoples of far and distant lands. Already Kings and Kaisers are trembling on their thrones. Already the rulers of other nations hasten to forestall the storm of popular wrath by offering more freedom, greater reforms. With the despatch of the Russian revolution in his pockets, the German Chancellor hastens to the Prussian House of Lords there to announce to a thunderstruck audience reforms of the franchise. The Reichstag, apprised of the events in Russia, appoints a committee for the revision of the con-

stitution. The English government hastens to pledge woman franchise, self-government to Ireland.

The rise of the peoples of the world is imminent and the rulers vainly attempt to prevent it.

Too late.

Watch the Russian social revolution get into swing. Watch it go to the roots of economic oppression. Watch it discarding old forms, established precedents, vested wrongs. Watch the beginning of the great work of the world's final redemption.

The Russian revolution came "overnight," as the Ohio legislature expressed it in its congratulatory message to the Duma. To be sure, overnight.

If the revolution asked counsel of our "practicals" "constructivists" and other Socialists of Sorrowful Figure, it would have to come "step by step," "one thing at a time" in about a quimillion of æons.

Social Revolution. What I wrote and predicted in the REVIEW and elsewhere, these many years has come. The Social Revolution is thundering on its way. Let the moles and bats laugh and jeer for a while yet.

They would not believe it. How is it possible, without ages of resoluting, committeeing, platforming? This Russian revolution is utterly "impractical" and ought to be rejected. Is it not too bad, our own Socialist statesmen were not there to advise the Russian revolutionists to take liberty in small, homeopathic doses.



Jones, in the Boston Journal.

BY DIVINE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE.

With Russia, the greatest and freest country on the globe, reacting on England and France; with Germany clinging to what is practically a military autocracy; with the United States now at the side of Russia; the great conflict is now being waged clearly between the democracies of the world, such as they are now, and the last survival of autocracy and feudalism. Every freedom loving man, and every Socialist must desire the victory of the democracies. No one need be deluded by the new variety of "internationalists"—the trimmers who hotly defended German nationalism at the beginning of this war, but whose gorge rises against American nationalism. Internationalists, they? Bah! You can find many such "internationalists"—in Prussia.

Marx was certainly not an "internationalist" of that kind when he desired the victory of the allies over Russia during the Crimean war. There were munition makers and profit grubbers then, as now. This did not obscure Marx's vision of freedom.

The coming Russian Constituent Assembly will in point of far-reaching importance and interest surpass even the events of the war. It will be elected by a universal, equal and secret vote. By all tokens, it will be the most revolutionary assembly, since the French Assembly of the year 1789.

It will institute a republican form of government. It will abolish nobility and

privileges root and branch. It will establish a uni-cameral parliament with a ministry (cabinet) responsible to the parliament.

It will very likely dispense with a "ruler" in the person of a president, the executive power residing either in the ministry or a special commission. It will give the widest political equality to all nationalities, men and women.

It will revise property rights from the bottom up. "Vested rights" will have to prove themselves. Crown land, estates of Romanoffs and of the nobility and even of the church to some extent will be declared state property to be turned over to the peasants for use. The principle of single tax is very likely to be widely accepted and applied.

Russia is not now an industrial country, tho, the war over, it will become so by leaps and bounds. The principle of state ownership cannot be carried out in many industries. The state owns the railroads. The only other great industry that may be taken over by the state is coal mining, owing to its concentrated condition.

But all the more will a Socialism that is peculiarly Russian receive wide application. This is co-operation by groups—village groups, town groups, and groups of wage workers. Co-operative groups of the village and town may be viewed as a species of municipal Socialism. But the co-operative group of wage-earners—*artel*—is an old and established institution in Russia. They are not consumers' co-operatives. They are organized for work and production. When applied on a large scale, they may prove greatly more desirable than state ownership, which is often nothing better than state capitalism.

Perhaps it will be found that individual liberty will be safer under this form of industrial co-operation than under state ownership.

Whereas other industrial countries are ripe for co-operation thru the state, in Russia the industrial state is wanting. The Russian state was military and fiscal. It was taking soldiers and gathering taxes. The economic life of the people found expression in the *Zemstvos*. In the future the function of the *Zemstvos* will be to foster co-operatives among the farmers. And the duty of the national govern-

ment will be to co-ordinate the work of the Zemstvos in the vast empire.

Here is a great deal of prophesy, some might say. It is not. It is a statement of facts, a cool-headed calculation of one who knows Russia.

There is one possibility of failure—an overwhelming German victory, which will mean the destruction of the Russian Republic and the restoration of Czardom by the co-adjustors of Scheidemann. This is a possibility not likely to happen.

We will have to recast our standards of value. For new values will rule. Light will come from the east. Two great eastern nations will endow the world, one with the fullness of peace—China; the other with the fullness of liberty—Russia. And together China and Russia will stand for peace and liberty. And in their goodwill the world will find the lasting light of liberty and the perpetual securing of peace.



Cesare, in the New York Evening Post.

THE POWER OF THE CLOSED FIST.

THE CRY OF TOIL

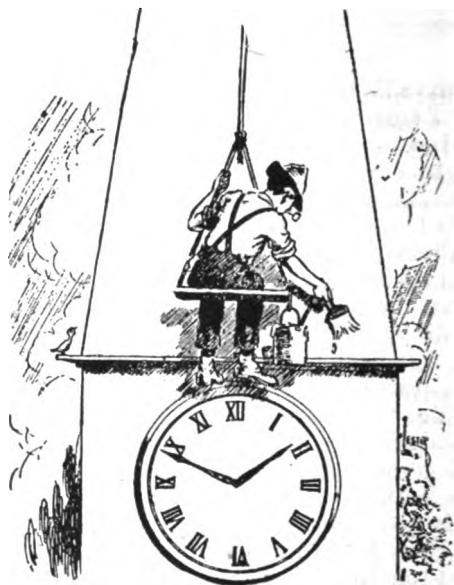
We have fed you all for a thousand years,
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your
wealth
But marks the workers' dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest,
And you lie on a crimson wool;
For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God, we ha' paid it in full.

There's never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you;
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where we spin;
If blood be the price of your accursed wealth,
Good God, we ha' paid it in full.

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, you know,
From the days when you chained us in your
fields
To the strike of a week ago.
You ha' eaten our lives and our babes and
wives,
And we're told it's your legal share;
But if blood be the price of your lawful
wealth,
Good God, we ha' bought it fair.

SHOP CONTROL

By AUSTIN LEWIS



Courtesy of Judge.

WORKING OVERTIME.

THE war has precipitated a new discussion into British labor circles. This time it is the part that labor is to play in the management of industry. The syndicalist movement which had made many gains prior to the war finds a partial expression in this new development, which will no doubt increase in force as time goes by and the necessity for the reorganization of industry at the close of the war becomes more pressing. When Mr. Lloyd-George went to the Clyde last year to deal with the trouble in the workshops he returned with the conviction that the controversy in its essence was not between the government and the workers, but was the evidence of friction between factions in the trade unions.

This irritation does not appear to have diminished, for the Durham miners stated very plainly in a recent meeting that they had no confidence in their parliamentary delegates. There is without doubt much fermentation in the British unions at the present time. The new spirit will manifest itself more fully at the close of the war. Then the controversies and conflicts will take many and various forms, but the earliest appears now likely to be that concerning the part of organized labor in management.

This was actually projected into the law courts last February when several of the Clyde strikers were charged with violation of the provisions of the "Muni-

tions Act." On that occasion Sheriff Fyfe was inspired by the typical magisterial spirit to say, "You (*i. e.*, the accused), have taken the attitude that a certain shop-steward is to manage the work. That is your attitude. You are going to manage the shop and that is the sort of thing to which the law will give no countenance. I venture to think that not only the law of the land but also the common-sense of the nation is against any such preposterous doctrine."

Here we have the same old delightful and familiar formula. In spite of the war and the death of Victoria, "law and common-sense" are still on the job.

The "preposterous doctrine" will not down, however, but again arose quite unabashed by magisterial reproof at the last Trade Union Congress. It was voiced in the opening address of the President, Mr. Gosling, who declared, "We workmen do not ask that we should be admitted to any share in what is essentially the employer's own business that is in those matters which do not concern us directly in the industry or employment in which we may be engaged. We do not seek to sit on the board of directors or to interfere with the buying of materials or the selling of the product. But in the daily management of the employment in which we spend our working lives, in the atmosphere and under the conditions in which we have to work, in the hours of beginning and ending work, and even in

the manners and practices of the foremen with whom we have to come in contact, in all those matters, we feel that we as workmen have a right to a voice—even to an equal voice with the management itself."

This statement met with criticism from all sides. Many people, however, including even the more enlightened portion of the employing class regard it as weak and unsatisfactory. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham, in which city the congress was held, declared that more responsibility should be placed upon organized labor than at present; that it should see more of the "inside of the game," and hints at directorships. Robert Williams, of the "*Herald*," regards Gosling's statement as a step towards Guild Socialism. The "*New Age*" jeers at this, but asks, nevertheless, "Has it come to this, that actually the most intelligent of capitalists are more anxious to thrust responsibility upon the trade unions than the trade union leaders are to take it?"

It is apparent that two new vital questions are up for discussion—the question of the management of the industrial process by organized labor and that of the responsibility of organized labor to the community.

That these should have been placed on the order of the day is in itself an achievement of first-class importance. A grasp of them would have been of enormous value at the time of the railroad employees matter, for with whatever friendly eyes we may view the result, the fact remains that in that case an organized labor body imposed a burden on the community in return for which it did not accept any social responsibility.

The word "control," which has emerged from the syndicalistic discussions in the labor bodies has now become notable. Even Mr. Gosling uses it, but in a very limited sense. He says that labor should be admitted "to some participation not in profits, but in control." But "control" as used by him does not imply directorship and positions on boards of management; it means rather the mere handling of the shop-technique. It has been pointed out that such "control" is impossible without a knowledge of the intricate concerns of the business and such knowledge could only come from taking part in the central management. But the

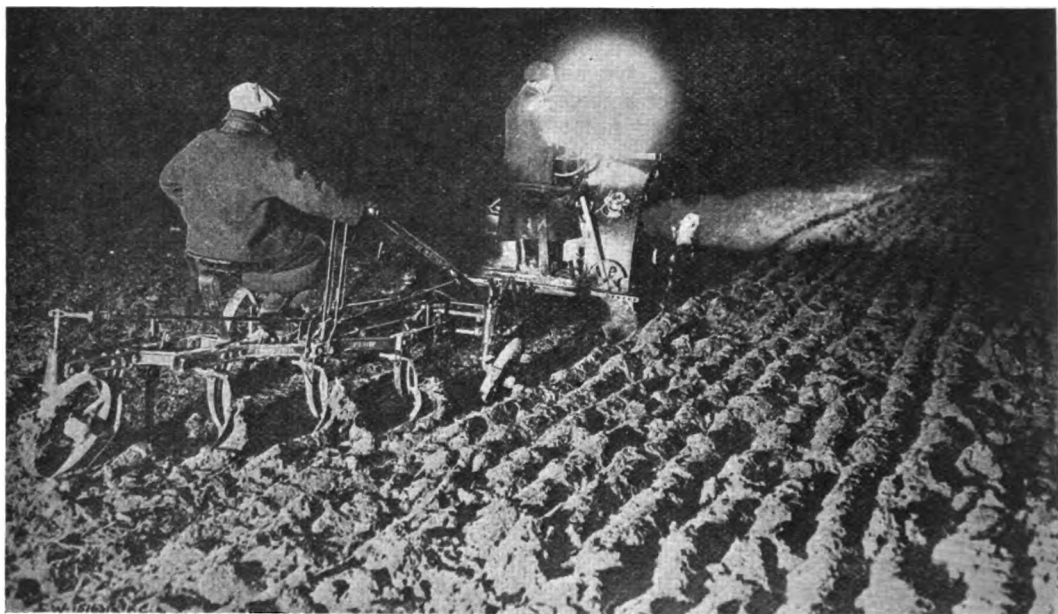
Trades Union Congress definitely excludes such management from its demands. Henry J. Northbrook shows that in certain industries of France where the demands of Mr. Gosling are accepted "It appears to be taken for granted that employes, salaried and staff workpeople, shall assume joint responsibility with the directors, and when they do not sit on the board they have a voice in the selection of the board."

This question of "control" having been once raised, the discussion cannot stop until some reasonable solution has been reached. It was bound to arise sooner or later, but the war has undoubtedly precipitated it.

Trades unionism has now become so powerful that it must definitely take up its burden in social life and become responsible to society for the exercise of its functions. It can no longer be a mere huckster and chaffer over the price of its commodity.

The close examination of all the social functions which the war has necessitated has given labor an unprecedented chance to prove its social value and to insist on its own claims. Many employers, even, favor the development of labor control, and the principle, once accepted is capable of indefinite extension. It only rests with Labor itself to show the requisite power and understanding. The "*New Age*," which takes the most advanced position in this matter, thus sums up, "We say in the first place that economics requires that the thing Capital should be subordinated to the Laborers, who use it as a first condition of its most fruitful employment. Next, we affirm, that the condition of a successful democracy is the responsibility (which includes control) of every one of its citizens. And, finally, we assert that our nation is doomed to decay relatively to competing nations, unless we can call into existence a new principle, namely, the devoted co-operation with the State of the hitherto irresponsible proletarian trade unions."

Eliminating on the one hand those capitalists who take the ground that Labor is entitled to no share in management and on the other hand those trades unionists who shrink from the responsibility of management, the above is a fair summary of the conflicting views on "control" by organized labor.



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ENGLAND PLOUGHS BY NIGHT.

Every foot of land in England is being ploughed up. No matter how historic, sacred or valuable. This photo was taken near Wendover, on a large farm, where men, and especially women, are working day and night. The motor tractor and acetylene gas generator have put the old-time farm tools on the scrap pile.

OUR GAINS IN WAR

By MARY E. MARCY

WE doubt whether Socialists and industrial unionists are ever going to *start* a revolution. This is not the way revolutions or even revolts arise. First, we are too few in number; second, we cannot *plan* a revolution, and third, people do not *act* in *unison* because their ideas are similar.

People *act* when they are hungry and cold, at a time when they are torn from their old moorings and thrust into new sets of conditions, a new environment; when they are jolted from their old habits and customs, when they *suffer*, in short; the *mass* revolt only when they *have to*.

We cannot *make* our opportunity, but we must keep up a constant work of education and organization and class struggles in order to be ready to take advantage of opportunity when it is presented to us. And we are almost inclined to believe that such an opportunity may only come during some great cataclysm

like the world war, or some other great national or international disaster when social institutions are crumbling and men and women are torn from their old habits of thought and of action, and Misery, Hunger and Death stalk abroad among the working class.

Every true Socialist opposes capitalist wars at all times with every ounce of his strength, by all means at his command—because such wars are waged in the interests of Big Business—to gain new territory for capitalist exploitation, or to save old fields to their capitalist possessors, to protect commerce, property or profits rather than human lives.

For if it were lives with which the governments of the world were concerned, you would find the government of the United States making war upon the railroads to save the lives of the thousands of railroad workers killed needlessly every year, or the German government

making war against the landlords in Berlin to crush out the awful scourge of tuberculosis that has raged for years in that metropolis, or you would find the British government using its power to prevent famine in India and the chronic starvation that existed among the poor of England before the war.

We oppose capitalist wars because we know that, in the past, wars have brought in their train oppressive measures which have deprived the working class of freedom of the press, free speech, the right to organize and to strike, and the right of assembly. During war the working class *may* lose all the small gains they have made to better their conditions during the past fifty years at so much cost and sacrifice.

We oppose capitalist wars because they are *usually* the great foes of liberalism and democracy; because, when Imperialism has been saddled upon a nation, and a strong military caste stands ready to serve the billionaire owning class, we feel that it will be almost impossible for the productive workers of that nation to make any headway against the encroachments of capital. For the army may stand ready to break every strike; to suppress every tendency toward freedom; to crush out all revolt.

This is true of Imperialism in times of *peace*; but Russia, on the other hand, points to the hopeful possibilities *during war*. It may need the national, hungry, bereaved desperation of the working class to cause the workers to rise as a *class* and to fight as a *class*.

Elsewhere in this number of the REVIEW we hope to publish an interesting article on Economic Determinism and the Capitalist Class, in which the writer points out how the German government undoubtedly declared war in order to prolong the dominion of its ruling class and to prevent a possible revolution at home.

But the German government, as well as the governments of other warring nations of Europe have *started something* that they are now *unable to stop*. The great giant they loosed has grown beyond their control, and the longer the war lasts the more impossible will it become for the old system ever to be reconstructed. In fact, already we have witnessed the downfall of more of the strictly capitalist

institutions during the past thirty months than the world has seen in a century.

The *private ownership* of the *means of production* and *distribution* has almost disappeared from the face of Europe today. And the longer the war lasts the more certainly is this *private ownership* forever doomed, the more widespread does state ownership and state control become.

In any nation, as war progresses and grows more intense, gradually the utterly useless parasites upon the social body are forced from their snug hiding places and set to work carrying on the task of feeding and clothing the people of that country, and the soldiers on the field.

Gradually production and distribution break away from all individual control and restraint and become social or national in scope. Every healthy human being is forced to perform some function in the social body in order to preserve what the publicists are pleased "their honor" or "their national unity." Meanwhile the old order is surely tumbling about their ears nevermore to be raised up again.

We are not so much concerned whether the border of this country, or of that country, be moved a few miles east or west, as we are in the changed methods of production and distribution, the economic changes—that emerge out of the war chaos, in the disappearance of institutions that have long served the exploiting classes so faithfully and so well. We are interested in learning that parliaments have become outworn, vestigial social organs, or institutions, no longer necessary to the social body.

We rejoice to see the people of Russia throw off the century old yoke of autocracy that has hampered her productive development, tho it be, in some measure, but to wage a sterner war. We are glad to learn that some of England's underfed population are acquiring the habit of regular and abundant food, and still more happy over the news of a possible revolution that may forever destroy the Prussian military caste and bring some measure of gain to the working class of Germany.

Individuals have ceased to stand out in this war, which has grown to such colossal proportions that men are no longer big enough, important enough, to

stand out in the noise of great social changes. The profit-mad capitalist classes of the various nations, who caused this war, are fighting, thru their home governments and armies, for new fields of profit-taking, or to preserve old fields of profit-making. And now that the war is on, they find that all things must yield to bring efficiency for the defeat of their competitors across the border lines.

Meanwhile their own national protective social institutions are tumbling about their ears and the rumblings of revolt and revolution are heard in nearly every land. During war the first consideration of every government is to see that its soldiers are well clothed and well fed, and that its people are well housed and clothed and well fed, so that the people can supply the army. But what government (not planning great wars) concerns itself with the food, the shelter and the clothing of its people? Can we imagine that people who are becoming accustomed to regular work, regular pay, and, for the great portion of the population, a goodly measure of security—can we imagine that these people are going to permit themselves to be thrown into unemployment, uncertainty and hunger after the war is over?

Was it possible to break up the great trusts and monopolies once they were organized? Will it be possible to unscramble the industries absorbed by the governments during war time? We cannot believe it, for it is the *methods of production* which determine things, events and institutions, not the desires of the most powerful individuals.

If the war lasts long enough the new

system of production may grow beyond the control of any individual or groups of individuals if *it has not already done so*.

You may wonder if so much that is good may come out of this great capitalist war, why we oppose this war, why we must oppose all capitalist wars with all our strength and all our means. We believe the answer is plain.

This is not *our* war—a war of the working class to throw off the yoke of exploitation. It is a war between great national and international capitalist groups to widen their spheres of profit-taking, just as it was John D. Rockefeller's fight when he went about freezing out his weaker competitors in the oil fields. It was not the part of an intelligent working class to help Mr. Rockefeller squeeze out the little fellows and help him build a great oil monopoly. It is not the part of the working class to fight the battles of more ambitious capitalists. Besides—

We understand the game. We are not fooled. We see our own international working class interests. We will wage our own fight in *our own interests*. It is our mission to use the opportunity that may develop if the working class is driven to desperation by hunger and misery. It is our mission to gain from new opportunities things that will mean lasting economic independence and industrial democracy to the working class.

We believe this is the function of the advanced guard of the working class. Either these things or reaction will be the fruits of the war.

Russia has struck, in part; Germany may follow. Who shall say what the end may be?



Man and the Other Animals



By J. Howard Moore



KINSHIP of all animals is universal. The orders, families, species, and races of the animal kingdom are the branches of a gigantic arbour. Every individual is a cell, every species is a tissue, and every order is an organ in the great surging, suffering, palpitating process. Man is simply one portion of the immense enterprise. He is as veritably an animal as the insect that drinks its little fill from his veins, the ox he goads, or the wild fox that flees before his bellowings.

Man is not a god, nor in any imminent danger of becoming one. He is not a celestial star-babe dropped down among mundane matters for a time and endowed with wing possibilities and the anatomy of a deity. He is a mammal of the order of primates, not so lamentable when we think of the hyena and the serpent, but an exceedingly discouraging vertebrate compared with what he ought to be. He has come up from the worm and the quadruped. His relatives dwell on the prairies and in the fields, forests and waves. He shares the

honors and partakes of the infirmities of his kindred. He walks on his hind limbs like the ape; he eats herbage and suckles his young like the ox; he slays his fellows and fills himself with their blood like the crocodile and the tiger; he grows old and dies, and turns to banqueting worms, like all that come from the elemental loins. He cannot exceed the winds like the hound, nor dissolve his image in the midday blue like the eagle. He has not the courage of the gorilla, the magnificence of the steed, nor the plaintive innocence of the ring dove.

Poor, pitiful, glory-hunting hideful! Born into a universe which he creates when he comes into it, and clinging, like all his kindred, to a clod that knows him not, he drives on in the preposterous storm of the atoms, as helpless to fashion his fate as the sleet that pelts him, and lost absolutely in the somnambulism of his own being.

* * *

The anatomical gulf between men and apes does not exist. There are, in fact, no gulfs anywhere in the animal kingdom,

only gradations. All chasms are completely covered by unmistakable affinities in spite of the fact that the remains of so many millions of deceased races lie hidden beneath the seas or everlastingly locked in the limy bosoms of the continents. There are closer kinships and remoter kinships, but there are kinships everywhere. The more intimate kinships are indicated by more definite and detailed similarities, and the more general relationships by more fundamental resemblances. All creatures are bound to all other creatures by the ties of of a varying but undeniable consanguinity.

Man stands unquestionably in the primate order of animals, because he has certain qualities of structure which all primates have, and which all other animals have not: hands and arms and nails, a bagpipe stomach, great subordination of the cerebellum, a disc-like placenta, teeth differentiated into incisors, canines, and molars, and pectoral milk glands.

Man is more closely akin to the anthropoid apes than to the other primates on account of his immense brain, his apelike face, his vertical spine, and in being a true two-handed biped. The manlike apes and men have the same number and kinds of teeth, the same limb bones and muscles, like ribs and vertebrae, an atrophied tail, the same brain structure and a suspicious similarity in looks and disposition. Men and anthropoids live about the same number of years, both being toothless and wrinkled in old age. The beard, too, in both classes of animals appears at the same period of life and obeys the same law of variation in color. Even the hairs on different parts of the bodies of men and anthropoids, as on the arms, incline at a like angle to the body surface. The hair on the upper arm and that on the forearm, in both anthropoids and men, point in opposite directions—toward the elbow. This peculiarity is found nowhere in the animal kingdom excepting in a few American monkeys.

Man's mammalian affinities are shown in his diaphragm, his hair, his four-chambered heart, his corpus callosum, his non-nucleated blood-corpuscles, and his awkward incubation.

The fishes, frogs, reptiles, birds, and non-human mammals are human in having two body cavities, segmented internal skeletons, two pairs of limbs, skulls and spinal col-

umns, red blood, brains and dorsal cords; and in possessing two eyes, two ears, nostrils, and mouth opening out of the head.

And finally all animals, including man, are related to all other animal forms by the great underlying facts of their origin, structure, composition, and destiny. All creatures, whether they live in the sea, in the heavens, or in subterranean glooms; whether they swim, fly, crawl, or walk; whether their world is a planet or a water-drop; and whether they realize it or not, commence existence in the same way, are composed of the same substances, are nourished by the same matters, follow fundamentally the same occupations, all do under the circumstances the best they can and all arrive ultimately at the same pitiful end.

EVOLUTION

The similarities and homologies of structure existing between men and other animals, and between other animals and still others, are not accidental and causeless. They are not resemblances scattered arbitrarily among the multitudinous forms of life by the capricious levities of chance. That all animals commence existence as an egg and are all made up of cells composed of the same protoplasmic substance, and all inhale oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide, and are all seeking to avoid pain, are more than ordinary facts. They are filled with inferences.

That vertebrate animals, differing in external as widely as herring and Englishmen, are all built according to the same fundamental plan, with marrow-filled backbones and exactly two pairs of limbs branching in the same way, is an astonishing coincidence. That the wing of the bird, the fore-leg of the dog, the flipper of the whale and the fore-limb of the toad and crocodile, have essentially the same bones as the human arm has is a fact which may be without significance to blind men, but to no one else. The metamorphosis of the frog from a fish, of the insect from a worm, and of a poet from a senseless cell, are transformations simply marvelous in meaning. And it is not easy, since Darwin, to understand how such lessons could remain long unintelligible, even to stones and simpletons. Not many generations have passed, however, since these revelations, now so distinct and wonderful, fell on the listless minds of men as ineffectually as the glories

of the flower fall on the sightless sockets of the blind.

It is hardly two generations since the highest intelligence on the earth conceived that not only the different varieties of men—the black, the white, and the orange—but all the orders and genera of the animal world, and not only animals, but plants, had all been somehow simultaneously and arbitrarily brought into existence in some indistinct antiquity, and that they had from the beginning all existed with practically the same features and in approximately the same conditions as those with which, and in which they are found today. The universe was conceived to be a fixed and stupid something, born as we see it, incapable of growth and indulging in nothing but repetitions. There were no necessary coherencies and consanguinities, no cosmical tendencies operating eternally and universally. All was whimsical and arbitrary. It was not known that anything had grown or evolved. All things were believed to have been given beginning and assigned to their respective places in the universe by a potential and all-clever creator.

The serpent was limbless because it had officiously allowed Eve to include in her dietary that which had been expressly forbidden. The quadruped walked with its face towards the earth as a structural reminder of its subjection to the biped, who was supposed to be especially skilled in keeping his eyes rolled heavenward. The flowers flung out their colors, not for the benefit of the bugs and bees, and the stars paraded, not because they were moved to do so by their own eternal urgings, but because man had eyes capable of being affected by them. Man was an erect and featherless vertebrate because his hypothetical maker was erect and fearless. (I wonder whether, if a clam should conceive a creator, it would have the magnanimity to make him an insect or a vertebrate, or anything other than a great big clam.)

THE EARTH AN EVOLUTION

The world now knows—at least, the scientific part of it knows—that these things are not true, that they are but the solemn fancies of honest but simple-minded ancients who did the best they could in that twilight age to explain to their inquiring



instincts the wilderness of phenomena in which they found themselves. The universe is a process. It is not petrified, but flowing. It is going somewhere. Everything is changing and evolving and will always continue to do so. The forms of life, of continents and oceans, and of streams and systems, which we perceive as we open our senses upon the world today, are not the forms that have always existed, and they are not the forms of the eternal future.

There was a time, away in the inconceivable, when there was no life upon the earth, no solids, and no seas. The world was an incandescent lump, lifeless, and alone, in the cold solitudes of the spaces. There was a time—there *must* have been a time—when life appeared for the first time upon the earth, simple cellules without bones or blood, and without a suspicion of their immense and quarrelsome posterity. There was a time when North America was an island, and the Alleghany Mountains were the only mountains of the continent. The time was—in the coal-forming age—when the Mississippi Valley, from the Colorado Islands to the Alleghanies, was a vast marsh or sea, choked with forests of equisetum and fern, and swarming with gigantic reptiles now extinct. There was a time when palms grew in Dakota, and magnolias waved in the semi-tropical climate of Greenland and Spitzbergen. There was a time when there were no Rocky Mountains in existence, no Andes, no Alps, no Pyrenees, and no Himalayas. And that time, compared with the vast stretches of geological duration, was not so very long ago, for these mountains are all young mountains. The time was when Jurassic saurians—those repulsive ruffians of that rude old time—represented the highest intelligence and civilization of the known universe.

There were no men and women in the world, not even savages, when our ape-like forefathers wandered and wondered through the awesome silences of primeval wilds; there were no railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, telephones, typewriters, harvesters, electric lights, nor sewing machines; no billionaires nor bicycles, no socialists nor steam heat, no 'watered stock' nor 'government by injunction,' no women's clubs, captains of industry, labor unions, nor 'yellow perils'—there was none of these things on the earth a hundred years ago. All

things have evolved to what they are—the continents, oceans and atmospheres, and the plants and populations that live in and upon them.

There will come a time, too, looking forward into the future, when what we see now will be seen no more. As we go backward into the past, the earth in all of its aspects rapidly changes; the continents dwindle, the mountains melt and existing races and species disappear one after another. The farther we penetrate into the past, the stranger and the more different from the present does everything become, until finally we come to a world of molten rocks and vaporized seas without a creeping thing upon it. As it has been in the past so will it be in time to come. The present is not everlasting.

The minds that perceive upon this planet a thousand centuries in the future will perceive a very different world from that which the minds of this day perceive—different arts, animals, events, ideals, geographies, sciences and civilizations. The earth seems fixed and changeless because we are so fleeting. We see it but a moment, and are gone. The tossing forest in the wrath of the storm is motionless when looked at by a flash of lightning. The same tendencies that have worked past changes are at work today as tirelessly as in the past.

By invisible chisels the mountains are being sculptured, ocean floors are lifting, and continents are sinking into the seas. Species, systems, and civilizations are changing, some crumbling and passing away, others rising out of the ruins of the departed. Mighty astronomical tendencies are secretly but relentlessly at work, and immense vicissitudes are in store for this clod of our nativity.

The earth is doomed to be frozen to death. In a few million years, according to astronomers, the sun will have shrunken to a fraction of its present size and will have become correspondingly reduced in heat-giving powers. It is estimated that in twelve or fifteen million years the sun, upon whose mighty dispensations all life and activity on the earth are absolutely dependent, will become so enfeebled that no form of life on the earth will be possible. The partially-cooled earth itself is giving up its internal warmth, and will continue to give it up until it is the same temperature as the surrounding abysses, which is the fright-

ful negative of something like 270 centigrade degrees.

These are not very cheerful facts for those who inhabit the earth to contemplate. But they that seek the things that cheer must seek another sphere. No power can stay the emaciation of suns or the thievery of enveloping immensities. Old age is inevitable. It is far off, but it is as certain as human decay, and as mournful. In that dreadful but inevitable time no living being will be left in this world; there will be no cities, nor states, nor vanities, nor creeping things, no flowers, no twilights, no love, only a frozen sphere.

The oceans that now rave against the rocky flanks of the continents will be locked in eternal immobility; the atmospheres, which today drive their fleecy flocks over the azure meads of heaven and float sweet sounds and feathered forms, will be, in that terrible time, turned to stone; the radiant woods and fields, the home of the myriads

and the green play places of the shadows, will, like all that live, move and breathe, have rotted into the everlasting lumber of the elements.

There will be no Europe then, no pompous philosophies, no hellish rich, and no gods. All will have suffered indescribable refrigeration. The earth will be a fluidless, lifeless, sunless cinder, unimaginably dead and desolate, a decrepit and pitiful old ruin falling endlessly among heatless immensities, the universal tomb of the activities.

The universe is an evolution. Change is as extensive as time and space. The present has come out of that which has been, and will enter into and determine that which is to be. Everything has a biography. Everything has evolved—*everything*—from the murmur on the lips of the speechless babe to the soul of the poet, and from the molecule to Jehovah.—From *Universal Kinship*.





Darling, in the New York Tribune.

WHY WAIT FOR MERE FORMALITIES, TO BE SURE?

THE DRIFT OF THE WAR

By JACK PHILLIPS

WHAT will the working class of the United States get out of the war?

The burden of work and the sacrifice of blood necessary for carrying on the war and winning it is, of course, a burden and a sacrifice that is loaded onto the working class.

There will be hundreds of young millionaires, thousands of young men of the capitalist class enlisted. And newspapers will give the impression that the moneyed class is supplying man-power, courage and intelligence for the armies and navies fighting the war. Yet the main fact will be, however, that the working class will carry the load of labor and sacrifice for the fighting of this war as it has for the fighting of all past wars. So there is a natural and perfect justice about the labor movement raising the question at this time: What will the working class of the United States get out of the war?

Let it be understood, for instance, that the working class of this country is going to lose one or two million men and

boys through death and disease. And let it also be understood that there will be strains of industry, enormous losses caused by longer workdays, malnutrition resulting from higher food prices, physical nervous shocks resulting from disturbances and dislocations of normal conditions. Let it be understood that this is an inevitable concomitant of war inside of any nation entering war. And with this background let the question be asked: What will the working class of the United States get out of the war?

Probably the first point to be considered in answering such a question is whether the food supply of the United States is to be socialized. If the nation for the first time in its existence as a nation takes over complete control of food production and food distribution, will such nationalization of food supply operate as practice for industrial democracy? If the meat and bread lords of the nation are for the first time taken in hand by the federal government and by process of law and military are compelled to sur-

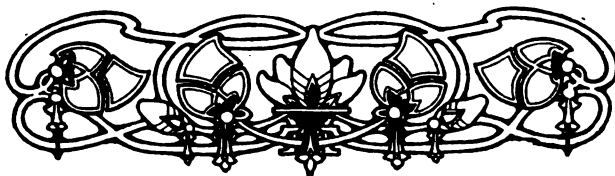
render their price-fixing prerogatives, what will happen when the war ends? Will this country hand back to the meat and bread lords the same powers which they had when war started? Is it the usual and customary thing for a nation of people to seize powers and prerogatives from the ruling class during war time and then at the close of the war surrender those powers and prerogatives? Or does past history tell us that once the government of a nation has broken the power of an overlord class at certain points, it is not easy for the overlord class to regain its former power? It is on the answers men and women formulate in their private thinking on these questions that decides them as to whether the war will work good for the American working class through probable nationalization of food supply.

Will this nation adopt a rigorous policy of conscription of wealth? Will the money and property of the possessing class be confiscated with a direct ruthlessness? Will the announced policy of the national administration be followed to the end that the billions of dollars voted by the congress for prosecution of the war is to be raised "from the present generation"? Will there be no change in the announced plans that there shall not be saddled on future generations the cash cost of the conduct of the war?

Already the unparalleled sum of seven billion dollars has been voted by congress for a loan to the allied nations for the purpose of breaking Prussian autocracy and establishing political democracy in the German empire. How will this debt of seven billion dollars be paid "from the present generation" unless by rigorous, uncompromising conscription of the

wealth of the capitalists of the present generation? The working class on its sustenance wage and with its meager bank savings certainly has no billion nor any seven billions with which to foot the colossal war cost already incurred. There seems to be no way out except conscription of wealth. From this rises the further question: Will this nation originate methods of conscripting wealth which as methods will survive the war? Will the working class witness new ways for seizure from capitalists of the surplus of unpaid wages held out from the men in shops and mines? If such methods and ways are evolved during the war—if taxes on incomes, inheritances and special increments are devised and the capitalist class has its wealth expropriated in unprecedented billions, leaving it at the finish stripped of more money and property than in any similar crisis in history—what will be the effect? Will the process work in such a way that the war habit will continue after the war and the nation go on expropriating surplus values from the master class in a degree and to an extent never known before?

These are questions moving every man of thought today in this country. There are no answers to these questions except guess, surmise and conjecture. The only certainty that may be written is that the war is a tremendous gamble and out of the dice and cards and whirring wheels of fortune in the chaos of it all, there may be seizures for democracy of powers and prerogatives, of practice and discipline in solidarity, such as may cause the writers of history to say the Great War put the clock of progress ahead hundreds of years.



Will Marshall Field III. Enlist ?

By CARL SANDBURG

IF the report proves true that Mr. Marshall Field III. is coming on to Chicago this week and enlist in the First Illinois cavalry his action is expected to stimulate recruiting among other young men who up to date in their pale lavender lives have existed only in the rose glow of a granddad's fame and glory.

At the present time Marshall Field III. is physically and mentally a sort of nobody who travels on his grandfather's name and money. The general theory is that if he hadn't picked the world's greatest merchant's loins to spring from he would on natural form and ability be selling sox at the well-known wages paid by Marshall Field & Co. and without bonus payment at New Year's in war time with record-breaking profits.

I am writing the truth about this kid because I hope he enlists and carries his own horse and handles a shovel like any honest-to-Pete cavalryman fighting as a private soldier in the American army.

If this Field boy goes in and the officers of the First cavalry play no favorites, it will be a good thing for Chicago. This is so because the Field boy is just about the most powerful single individual in this city—if he chooses to exercise the power he holds as titular and economic head of the biggest retail and wholesale stores in Chicago, with control in Commonwealth Edison, Surface Lines, Illinois Central, Illinois Steel.

Let this boy learn how to stand on his own legs, knock around among rough men, eating pork and beans and listening to smutty stories and rollicking hi-yi songs, thrown into the guardhouse if he gets drunk or shoots off his mouth, scrubbing his accoutrements, making his bed on the ground or on stone and wooden

floors of barracks, washing his own shirt, battling against vermin that lay eggs under the armpits of all who get into active service—let this young Marshall Field III. go up against this game without special favors from commissioned officers and non-coms—and then he may come back to State street, take things in his own hands and run the vast Marshall Field shebang all by himself. I'm not afraid of the results. I haven't a doubt but Chauncey Keep, Arthur D. Jones, John G. Shedd and the trustees and caretakers of this young commercial prince have a deep affection for him because of their veneration for his granddad.

If the lad goes into the First Illinois cavalry and learns to work and fight, it is a sure thing the trustees and caretakers will be glad of it. They would like to see him travel on the prowess of his own loins instead of his grandfather's.

When Marshall Field III. sings "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" with the accent on "MY," he is singing true to form, because he is chief designated heir to an estate of \$350,000,000 at 50 years of age, and a big share of the country will be his. The American flag is the flag of HIS country in a real sense. Furthermore, inasmuch as Marshall Field III. & Co., manufacturing wholesalers, have textile mills in France and England—and Marshall Field III. was educated from boyhood to young manhood in England—he is the one young man in all Chicago whom the forces of destiny ought to shove into the First Illinois cavalry. And right after him should come his younger brother, Henry Field.

If they should perish as cannon fodder they would have consolation, not known to the millions and millions. Their wives and children would be safe against material want.

THE SHRUNKEN DOLLAR

By Philips Russell

SUPPOSE you and I were prospectors and out in the middle of a western desert we came across a great lump of solid gold.

Suppose I were to say: "Yes, it's gold all right, but let's go on. It's of no value."

That would shock you. You would exclaim: "Why, that lump of gold is worth a hundred thousand dollars just as it is."

I would repeat: "No, you are wrong. Just as it is, it is worth nothing. It has no value."

That would amaze you. You would reply: "We can dig up this nugget, haul it into town, ship it to a mint, and get a fortune for it."

Ah, but that would be different! It is true that if you dug that gold up and carried it back into civilization, it would have a tremendous value, **BUT NOT UNTIL THEN.**

As it lies it is worth nothing to anybody. But the moment you lift it up—apply labor power to it—it begins to assume value, and that value increases as it is placed on a wagon, hauled into town, put into a car and carried to Denver, New York or Washington, until by the time you have got an assayer at work on it, it can be sold for a fortune as you say.

But, mind you, digging that gold out, lifting it up, and transporting it to a city where it can be coined into money or worked up into jewelry, means an expenditure of muscle and thought, of human energy, of human *Labor Power*.

The gold became of great value because, and **ONLY** because, it represented the labor power of the men who dug it up, of the men who made the machinery and tools that lifted it, of the men who built the trains that carried it, of the men who stamped and engraved it into coin and jewelry.

So with all gold. It is of value because and only because it is the embodiment of labor power. Keep that in mind.

ALL VALUES MEASURED BY GOLD

Now it happens that gold is *the universal medium of exchange*. It has been made so because it is compact and durable, can be easily recognized, is difficult to counterfeit,

wears down very little even after years of rough usage, is tough yet malleable, and because a great many dollars' worth of it can be packed in a comparatively small space. So the principal nations of the world have made it *the standard measure of value*.

You can go into almost any part of the world and the inhabitants may regard your silver coin with suspicion, but they will accept your gold instantly.

So gold is not merely a metal, but a *commodity*. A commodity, roughly speaking, is anything that is bought or sold. It has value because it embodies the labor power of men.

An ounce of gold, then, can be exchanged for 20 sacks of flour, say, because it takes about the same average amount of labor power to produce the ounce of gold as it takes to produce the 20 sacks of flour. But if it takes only **HALF** the expenditure of labor power to produce one ounce of gold as 20 sacks of flour, then **TWO** ounces of gold will be required to buy the 20 sacks of flour; or if a man has but one ounce of gold he will find that it will purchase only ten sacks of flour instead of twenty.

Now, prices are merely the expressions of the value of commodities *in money*. Labor is the real measure of value. The less labor wrapped up in gold, or money, then, **THE LESS IT WILL BUY.**

THE INCREASING FLOOD OF GOLD

Our next problem, then, is to look into the present cost of producing gold. We find by consulting statistics that from the year 1881 to the year 1885 the average world production of gold amounted to a trifle over \$99,000,000. By 1910 the figures had climbed up to \$454,000,000 and still a-going. Experts estimate the increase in the world's stock of gold from 1900 to 1910 at 40 per cent.

One authority asserts there has been an enormous rise in the production of gold, "consequent upon the **LOWERING** of the cost of mining due to the amalgam, cyanide and chlorination processes and to the improvement of mining machinery and shipping facilities."

INFLUENCE OF THE GREAT WAR

In the stimulation of gold production the great world war has been an enormous factor. No sooner had the European conflict broken out than all the governments involved made extraordinary efforts to collect all the available gold within their respective boundaries. Especially was this true of Great Britain, which not only resorted to unusual measures for the conserving of its gold supply, but spared no pains to increase it. Its great gold mines in various parts of the empire were ordered "speeded up," with the result that, according to a recent statement in the financial columns of the *New York Times*, the British-owned mines in South Africa turned out four times as much gold in the latter half of the year 1916 as in the first half of 1914. The other warring nations have likewise done their utmost to stimulate their gold production to the highest degree. England and France have had to use much of this gold in buying supplies from the United States. In the last three years they have shipped to America more than \$1,200,000,000 in yellow metal, giving this country a golden treasury of \$3,150,000,000, an amount unprecedented in the history of any nation.

Never before in the history of the world has there been so much gold in circulation. Gold is plentiful and, therefore, CHEAP. The cheaper money is, the less it will buy. That is why the brand of shoes which cost you \$4 or \$5 three years ago now cost you \$8 or \$9.

That is why the dollars which you put in the savings bank or the stone jug a few years ago have been cut almost in half.

That is why your wages or your salary, though they may have been relatively raised, have been actually reduced.

UPHEAVALS BOUND TO COME

Five years ago I wrote on this same topic in the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*. In the course of my article I made the following comment:

"The high cost of living is bringing about changes here and convulsions there, the end and result of which no man can predict. The next five or ten years are going to be a troubled era in the world's history. The very existence of governments is threatened and there promises to be an entirely new alignment in human society, extending even to morals, manners and customs."

Mark how this has been borne out. The

Russian people have overthrown what was apparently the most firmly entrenched autocracy on earth. True, the forces which gave rise to this upheaval had been gathering for many years, but the spark which set off the explosion was the inability of the people to buy food. The buying power of their ruble (corresponding to our half dollar) had shrunk below the line at which the population could exist.

In addition, in the early part of 1917 we had in some of the principal cities of the east what few inhabitants of "prosperous America" would ever have deemed possible—riots because of the inability of the people to buy the proper amount of food with their shrunk dollars.

In consequence, the functions of municipal governments have been extended to a degree that a few years ago would have inspired the opponents of "paternalism" with horror, but now the spectacle of city officials buying and distributing food is no longer strange. All over the face of the earth we find governments resorting to drastic measures—taking control of this and that source of supply, regulating the production of this and the consumption of that, fixing prices and limiting profits—all because the buying power of their people's money is falling further and further behind the rate of increase in the cost of the necessities of life.

Though it remains true that under the present system, prices ever tend to keep pace with the production of gold, the prevalent high cost of some commodities is due in part to other causes than the tide of gold. There is cabbage, for instance. Formerly it was a prominent item in every working-man's bill of fare. Nowadays only millionaires can afford it regularly. Its present price is due in large part to the almost general failure of the cabbage crop in this country last year. The price of various other foodstuffs has risen because of the shortage created by the shipment of millions of tons out of this country into the maw of bloody, greedy Europe, the patriotic controllers of our food supply having failed conspicuously in this case to observe their own motto of "America First." The cornering of certain supplies by speculators has also played an undoubted, though, of course, temporary, part in the boosting of prices.

Still another contributing factor in the

raising of prices of all things made to eat and wear is the withdrawal of so many of the world's workers from field and factory and their enlistment in the armies of destruction; for as soon as a man dons a uniform he ceases to be a producer and becomes a parasite. The bread that he eats is taken away from some *useful* human being's mouth, while the productive labor he should have performed must be added to some other man's already heavy burden.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE

Such being the situation now, what are the prospects for the next few years? Is there any hope of relief?

Prof. Scott Nearing, the economist, is the author of a book called "Wages in the United States" in which he makes this statement: "It appears that *half of the adult males of the United States are earning less than \$500 a year*; that three-quarters of them are earning less than \$600 annually; that nine-tenths are receiving less than \$800 a year; while less than 10 per cent receive more than that figure. A corresponding computation of the wages of women show that a fifth earn less than \$200 annually; *that three-fifths are receiving less than \$325*; that nine-tenths are earning less than \$500 a year, while only one-twentieth are paid more than \$600 a year."

Now, if it is true, as financial experts say, that the production of gold will continue to increase in the next few years, with a corresponding rise in prices, amounting perhaps to a 50 per cent higher level than prevails today, that means that the \$500 a year which half the men in the United States are now earning is going to be reduced to \$250 a year in actual buying power, and that the women at present earning \$325 a year, who number more than three-fifths of our female wage earners, are going to see the buying power of their wages cut down to \$162.50 a year—unless, of course, a big rise in wages or a big fall in the price of commodities takes place.

PRICES ALWAYS AHEAD OF WAGES

And there we come to the heart of the difficulty: wages have not kept pace with prices. We have only to examine a few statistics to discover that *while food prices have advanced from 25 to 60 per cent, wages and salaries have increased only from 15 to 20 per cent*—and these advances have taken place almost exclusively in the more highly skilled trades. The unskilled work-

ers are simply being forced, slowly but surely, backward across the border line of starvation. Our food riots have shown us that.

I have just said that the trouble lies in the fact that wages have not kept pace with prices. Now why is that? Simply because those who control the means of life, the land, the mills and the mines and all the machinery of production and distribution, refuse to pay those higher wages. Your boss and my boss are among them. They form a class separate and distinct from yours and mine because it is to THEIR interest to pay us the least possible wages for the longest possible hours of work.

It is to OUR interest to work as few hours as possible for the highest possible pay; hence the interests of the two classes are entirely and exactly opposed.

Society, then, is composed of two classes; one the capitalist class, comprising those who live on profit, interest and rent; and the other the working class which lives on the sale of its labor power.

Now why does this former class refuse to pay higher wages? Because that would injure or destroy the profits which enable it to exist.

This, then, is the situation: To meet the steadily-rising cost of living, we must either have higher wages or lower prices.

THE ONLY REMEDY

There is only one way to obtain either and that is to ORGANIZE. But how organize? We might organize to secure lower prices by boycotting the Food Trust, but that has been already tried and proven a failure. We might organize to secure lower prices by buying co-operatively in wholesale lots, but experience and sound economics have shown that this scheme furnishes relief only for a time—because wherever the prices of commodities is lowered generally, wages are sooner or later reduced to correspond.

What we want to do, then, is *not to organize to obtain lower prices but to gain higher wages*, and that can be done in only one way—by uniting and combining our economic power.

In other words, we have got to organize so as to control our labor power for the benefit of ourselves, not for the benefit of a class already gorged with profits. Today we find ourselves face to face with the great trusts whose power does not end with a

single locality, with a single factory, with a single trade, with a single state, but extends to entire industries reaching over the whole of the United States and to other countries as well. To fight these great aggregations of organized capital we must organize ON THE SAME SCALE. Against our solidly united masters we must have a solidly united working class, so as to put the pressure on them right where they put it on us—in the workshop, in the mill, in the mine, in the store, office, field and factory.

ROBBED IN THE SHOP, NOT THE STORE

Right where we work is right where we are robbed. To illustrate: Let us say you and I are shoe workers in a factory whose payroll is \$500 a day. Because of high-speed machinery let us say that we and our shopmates are able to turn out \$500 worth of shoes in two hours. We have, therefore, earned our wages in the first two hours, but then we go right on and work six hours more. The product of this extra six hours the boss gets FOR NOTHING.

We, therefore, must cut down those surplus working hours as rapidly as possible. That will force the boss to employ more men. More men at work means less competition among ourselves for jobs, with the result that the boss will be forced to pay us a bigger share of the value of what we produce.

But it will not do to stop merely with higher wages. What we want to do eventually is to *own our own jobs*, and to do that

we must gain control of the means of life. We must be the rulers of society.

To accomplish this we must utilize every force at our command. We cannot wait until our masters take pity upon our hard lot and give us a few more cents a day. We are not going to beg them for what we want. We are going to **MAKE** them give it to us.

When I say "make," I do not mean that we are to arm ourselves and go out to hold up millionaires. Millionaires are merely creatures of a system and no sooner would we kill one batch off than we would find a fresh crop to take their places.

PREPARING FOR A NEW SYSTEM

The truth is that you and I are victims, not so much of any man or of any set of men, as of economic laws which govern the decaying system we live under. This system, which holds the entire world in its grip, is known as Capitalism. Its constant tendency is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Long ago it demonstrated its unfitness to govern the relations of human beings and every new day places a fresh crop of brutalities, injustices, crimes, wars and murders to its credit. It will die only when men and women no longer compete but co-operate. They can learn that co-operation best by a study of working-class economics and, above all, by combining their brains and energies to work for the organization of a new society in which gold shall not dominate men but serve them.



From the Chicago Tribune.

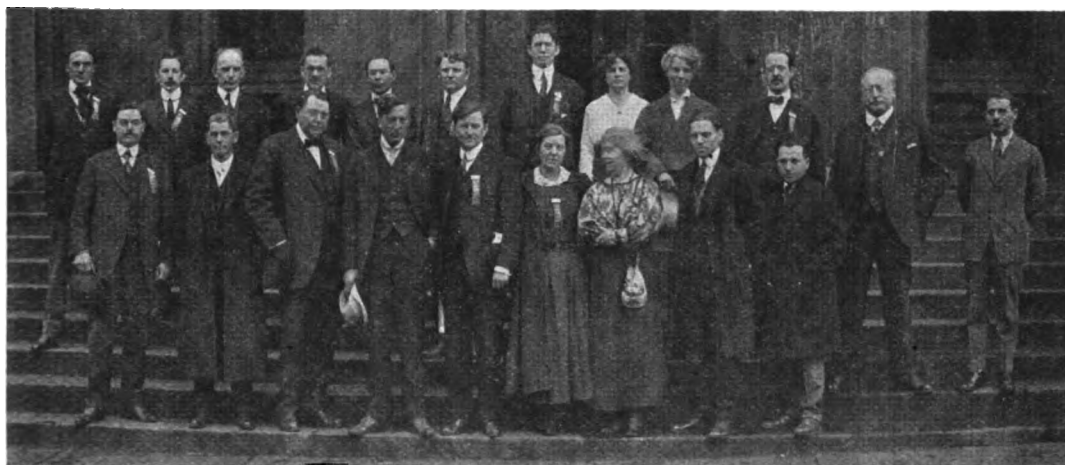


Photo by John R. Idoux, St. Louis.

THE WAR COMMITTEE.

Top Row (left to right): Midney, —, Ruthenberg, Spargo, Boudin, —, Quinlan, —, O'Hare, Lee, Berger, Hillquit.
 Lower Row (left to right): Shipley, Dillon, Hogan, Harri-man, Spiess, Sadler, —, —, —.
 Delegate Zickman and Mrs. Hillquit on top row and Mrs. Lee, Delegate Zimmerman and Max Sherover on lower row were not on this committee.

The Emergency National Convention

By LESLIE MARCY

IN compliance with a mandate hurriedly issued by the National Executive Committee, delegates assembled at the Planters Hotel in St. Louis on Saturday morning, April 7th. All states were represented with the exception of Alabama, Alaska, Mississippi, North Carolina and South Carolina, while Texas was represented part of the time by one delegate.

This convention was called without a referendum vote and in face of the fact that there was very little demand on the part of the membership for it. The Constitution nowhere empowers the National Executive Committee to call a special convention. In many states the membership was not even given an opportunity to elect delegates but the rank and file will be asked to dig up \$15,000.00 to cover the cost of the convention. The excuse for the convention was to find out how the party stood on the question of war. All the National Executive Committee had to do was to say, Let there be a convention, and there was a convention.

As many theories were represented regarding war, its cause and cure and the attitude the party should take in the present crisis, as there were tongues around the Tower of Babel. Many of the dele-

gates came uninstructed but there were half a dozen delegations which came instructed to vote against all wars, offensive or defensive. The delegates from Illinois, Michigan, Washington and Ohio were cleancut and uncompromising and voted solidly together for a clear, concise statement of the party's position.

The convention was called to order by Comrade Germer and Morris Hillquit, as temporary chairman, made the opening address, which was generously applauded. We quote two or three interesting statements from the New York Call:

"We, the Socialist party of the United States, are today the only permanently organized force that has still retained a clear vision, an unclouded mind, in this general din of confusion, passion and unreason, and it devolves upon us to continue our opposition to this criminal war even now, after it has been declared." (Applause and cries of "Good!")

* * *

"This war will be ended, not by diplomacy, not by representatives of the monarchical governments of Europe. It will be ended by the rebellious working class of Europe. (Applause.) And when the hour comes, Comrades, when the proletariat of the world finds itself, when it resumes its struggle for liberty and for social justice, let us see to it that the new movement finds us in a condition where we can proudly take our place in the ranks of the rejuvenated international to continue



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our struggles for the emancipation of the working class of the world." (Applause.)

* * *

"Comrades, it will serve no good purpose to close our eyes to the fact that our party and our movement have gone backward since 1912. We have lost members. We have lost several organs of publicity. We have lost votes in the last election, and, worst of all, we have lost some of our buoyant, enthusiastic, militant spirit, which is so very essential, so very vital, for the success of any movement like ours." (Applause.)

* * *

The usual order of business was adopted and a committee of fifteen was elected on war and militarism. And the first real battle or line-up for a no-compromise war resolution was waged around a motion by Delegate Katterfeld of Washington to the effect that before they proceed to ballot for the committee each candidate should be asked to answer the following question by "Yes" or "No": "Are you opposed to all militarism and to all war, either offensive or defensive, except the war of the working class against the capitalist class?"

The motion was lost by a vote of 96 to 66; in other words, 66 comrades were willing to stand by their guns for a straight-from-the-shoulder position, while 96 went on record as wanting a

document or war resolution which would be a compromise position. They wanted something which the pro-German Victor Berger would put his John Hancock to; and in the end they won.

I will quote a few of the arguments advanced for and against this motion as the same arguments were used time and again:

Gaylord (Wisconsin) opposed it as being undemocratic and stated there was a clique who wanted to control the convention.

Solomon (New York) opposed because he wanted all views represented on the committee.

Hayden (Pennsylvania) said an affirmative answer was necessary to qualify as a member of the party.

Dillon (New Mexico) said he was instructed to vote "Yes."

Spargo (Vermont) opposed. His argument was, "If we had a Socialist government, it would have to be defended by arms."

Maley (Minnesota) opposed. "The motion reflects intolerance. The war resolution must reflect all the views in order to be representative."

Midney (Ohio) defended the motion on the ground that it would be impossible to vote for a comrade on the committee unless his views were known in advance, and this motion would put them on record.

Hillquit (New York) informed the convention that he had practiced law for twenty-five years and the most vicious thing in law prac-



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tice was the insistence upon an answer to a categorical question, "Yes" or "No." He argued that the Russian comrades had to depend upon arms at the present time.

The Work of the War Committee

For three days, including night sessions, the war committee was in session while the various other committees on Constitution, Platform, Resolutions, Organization and Ways and Means, also worked overtime. But all eyes were focused on the War committee which, after an informal discussion of several hours, appointed a sub-committee consisting of Hillquit, Lee and Ruthenberg to draw up a report which could be accepted as a basis for the committee to work upon in building up their report. The arguments advanced by the different members consumed hours and reflected the views afterwards expressed by delegates from the floor of the convention. They are in part as follows:

Lee (New York): "We must not take a stand unqualifiedly against all wars." By way of illustration he put the question: Suppose the workers of Mexico should revolt and that the United States declared war on that country; what would our attitude be? If we say the workers have no country, then we abdicate our rights in this country.

Harriman (California): We cannot oppose the war, because it is here. The governments

of Europe have been forced to take over the industries. Therefore, we will gain the confidence of the people in the United States if we advocate government ownership of the mills, mines, factories, etc.

Hillquit (New York): We must rally all the forces in the nation around us worth while rallying. Our statement should be clear-cut and this is our opportunity to bring clarity of vision into the international movement. It should be vigorous and revolutionary—yet sane. In order to be revolutionary, the statements in the document must be sane. Continuing, he said there are three phases represented in this committee: ultra-radical, conservative, and Berger's position. He contended that the radicals are ultra-pacifists, which is an impossible position, as in the case of civil war they would have to defend the economic interests of the working class.

Boudin (New York) asked Hillquit if he would advocate the trade unions going on strike, and Hillquit replied: "I am a lawyer and could not strike. Therefore, I would not ask others to do what I could not do myself."

Midney (Ohio) took the position that the only interests worth defending are working class organizations. Hillquit, who assumed the role of chief cross-examiner, put the following question to Midney:

"If the capitalists of this country would attempt to take away the workers' rights, would you fight?"

Midney: "Yes."

Hillquit: "If foreign rulers attempted to do the same, would you fight?"

Midney answered: "In Russia, where the



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workers were denied the rights of men, the revolution would bring them more substantial gains than the workers in this country now had." He said he would fight against an external or internal attempt to take away the workers' rights, but the only force we can rely on is working class organization, industrial and political. He concluded by asking this question, which was not answered: "Is it not a fact that the Russian workers did not have the patriotism to stand by their government, but took advantage of its hour of weakness and overthrew it?"

It soon became evident that John Spargo and Louis B. Boudin would submit minority reports. Berger also intimated that he would follow suit unless the majority report met with his approval.

A running debate then ensued for hours. Boudin submitted his minority report. The sub-committee also brought in a report which was accepted as a framework. It was then chewed up and hashed up. A part of Comrade Boudin's minority report was incorporated in the majority report which was finally signed by 11 members of the committee.

Harriman urged that all views presented should be incorporated in the majority report.

Spies (Connecticut) replied that we would then convince the people of the United States that the Socialist party does not know what it wants, and stated that if a man would listen to all the ideas expressed in this committee,

and take them seriously, he would go insane.

Ruthenberg (Ohio) said all wars are fought in the interests of the capitalist class. He argued that the German Socialists took the same position, but were tricked by the ruling class because they held the nationalist ideal.

The committee threw open the discussion to all delegates who had anything constructive to offer. Comrade Kate Richards O'Hare remarked that the committee had received forty-one anti-war and anti-conscription communications.

On the Work of the Convention

The majority report was presented to the convention in a twenty-minute speech by Morris Hillquit. Boudin presented a minority report signed by himself, Kate Sadler and Walter Dillon. John Spargo presented a minority report signed by himself. Both Comrades Boudin and Spargo eloquently defended their position and bitterly criticised the majority report. Boudin characterized it as phraseology, that it clouded the issue and Spargo said it was not an honest document when a pro-German Berger could sign it. Benson presented a written statement, also Seidel offered a substitute, to take the place of the majority report as well as the two minority reports; both were tabled or lost sight of. Kate Richards O'Hare said, "The Committee tried



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to represent all views expressed in this convention just as well as it possibly could." Hillquit argued for the adoption of the majority report, saying, "It contains most of the shades in this convention, which should be a recommendation to you."

Williams (California) said, "I am an American, and a convention which is pro-foreign cannot do justice to American institutions."

Porter (Nebraska) argued for Spargo's report and favored support of the government in this war against Germany.

The vote was as follows: For the majority report 140, for Boudin's report 31, for Spargo's report 5.

In the next issue of the Review we will tell of the work of the convention on other matters such as the attempt to compromise with other political parties by striking out of the Constitution Section 10, Article 3, as well as the Non-Partisan League issue.

The famous sabotage clause was dropped from the Constitution. It has served its purpose, which was to guillotine and drive out most of the revolution-

ary workers from the party. The Constitution committee recommended that it be stricken out by unanimous consent without going on the minutes or records. Ruthenberg opposed. He insisted that it be struck out and the minutes show the record of the action. It was carried almost unanimously.

A new party platform submitted by J. Mahlon Barnes was adopted by the convention to take the place of the present one, as every one practically recognized that the present platform which was drafted by the National Executive Committee is a joke.

An industrial union plank to be inserted in the platform was defeated by a vote of 63 to 61. Had it been offered as a resolution it would have gone thru by a big majority.

Strong resolutions were adopted on the Tom Mooney and Everett cases.

The convention adjourned after singing "The International" and parading around the big hall. The flag of the Russian revolutionists, which is now the official flag over all Russia was carried at the head of the column.

Resolutions on War and Militarism

THE MAJORITY REPORT.

The Socialist Party of the United States in the present grave crisis solemnly reaffirms its allegiance to the principle of internationalism and working class solidarity the world over, and proclaims its unalterable opposition to the war just declared by the government of the United States.

Modern wars, as a rule, have been caused by the commercial and financial rivalry and intrigues of the capitalist interests in the different countries. Whether they have been frankly waged as wars of aggression or have been hypocritically represented as wars of "defense," they have always been made by the classes and fought by the masses. Wars bring wealth and power to the ruling classes, and suffering, death and demoralization to the workers.

They breed a sinister spirit of passion, unreason, race hatred and false patriotism. They obscure the struggles of the workers for life, liberty and social justice. They tend to sever the vital bonds of solidarity between them and their brothers in other countries, to destroy their organizations and to curtail their civic and political rights and liberties.

The Socialist Party of the United States is unalterably opposed to the system of exploitation and class rule which is upheld and strengthened by military power and sham national patriotism. We, therefore, call upon the workers of all countries to refuse support to their governments in their wars. The wars of the contending national groups of capitalists are not the concern of the workers. The only struggle which would justify the workers in taking up arms is the great struggle of the working class of the world to free itself from economic exploitation and political oppression, and we particularly warn the workers against the snare and delusion of defensive warfare. As against the false doctrine of national patriotism we uphold the ideal of international working-class solidarity. In support of capitalism, we will not willingly give a single life or a single dollar; in support of the struggle of the workers for freedom we pledge our all.

The mad orgy of death and destruction which is now convulsing unfortunate Europe was caused by the conflict of capitalist interests in the European countries.

In each of these countries the workers were oppressed and exploited. They produced enormous wealth but the bulk of it was withheld from them by the owners of the industries. The workers were thus deprived of the means to repurchase the wealth, which they themselves had created.

The capitalist class of each country was forced to look for foreign markets to dispose of the accumulated "surplus" wealth. The huge profits made by the capitalists could no longer be profitably reinvested in their own countries, hence, they were driven to look for foreign fields of investment. The geographical boundaries of each modern capitalist country thus became too narrow for the industrial and commercial operations of its capitalist class.

The efforts of the capitalists of all leading nations were therefore centered upon the domination of the world markets. Imperialism became the dominant note in the politics of Europe. The acquisition of colonial possessions and the extension of spheres of commercial and political influence became the object of diplomatic intrigues and the cause of constant clashes between nations.

The acute competition between the capitalist powers of the earth, their jealousies and distrusts of one another and the fear of the rising power of the working class forced each of them to arm to the teeth. This led to the mad rivalry of armament, which, years before the outbreak of the present war had turned the leading countries of Europe into armed camps with standing armies of many millions, drilled and equipped for war in times of "peace."

Capitalism, imperialism and militarism had thus laid the foundation of an inevitable general conflict in Europe. The ghastly war in Europe was not caused by an accidental event, nor by the policy or institutions of any single nation. It

was the logical outcome of the competitive capitalist system.

The six million men of all countries and races who have been ruthlessly slain in the first thirty months of this war, the millions of others who have been crippled and maimed, the vast treasures of wealth that have been destroyed, the untold misery and sufferings of Europe, have not been sacrifices exacted in a struggle for principles or ideals, but wanton offerings upon the altar of private profit.

The forces of capitalism which have led to the war in Europe are even more hideously transparent in the war recently provoked by the ruling class of this country.

When Belgium was invaded, the government enjoined upon the people of this country the duty of remaining neutral, thus clearly demonstrating that the "dictates of humanity," and the fate of small nations and of democratic institutions were matters that did not concern it. But when our enormous war traffic was seriously threatened, our government calls upon us to rally to the "defense of democracy and civilization."

Our entrance into the European war was instigated by the predatory capitalists in the United States who boast of the enormous profit of seven billion dollars from the manufacture and sale of munitions and war supplies and from the exportation of American food stuffs and other necessities. They are also deeply interested in the continuance of war and the success of the allied arms thru their huge loans to the governments of the allied powers and thru other commercial ties. It is the same interests which strive for imperialistic domination of the Western Hemisphere.

The war of the United States against Germany cannot be justified even on the plea that it is a war in defense of American rights or American "honor." Ruthless as the unrestricted submarine war policy of the German government was and is, it is not an invasion of the rights of American people as such, but only an interference with the opportunity of certain groups of American capitalists to coin cold profits out of the blood and sufferings of our fellow men in the warring countries of Europe.

It is not a war against the militarist regime of the Central Powers. Militarism can never be abolished by militarism.

It is not a war to advance the cause of democracy in Europe. Democracy can never be imposed upon any country by a foreign power by force of arms.

It is cant and hypocrisy to say that the war is not directed against the German people, but against the Imperial government of Germany. If we send an armed force to the battlefields of Europe, its cannon will mow down the masses of the German people and not the Imperial German government.

Our entrance into the European conflict at this time will serve only to multiply the horrors of the war, to increase the toll of death and destruction and to prolong the fiendish slaughter. It will bring death, suffering and destitution to the people of the United States and particularly to the working class. It will give the powers of reaction in this country, the pretext for an attempt to throttle our rights and to crush our democratic institutions, and to fasten upon this country a permanent militarism.

The working class of the United States has no quarrel with the working class of Germany or of any other country. The people of the United States have no quarrel with the people of Germany or of any other country. The American people did not want and do not want this war. They have not been consulted about the war and have had no part in declaring war. They have been plunged into this war by the trickery and treachery of the ruling class of the country thru its representatives in the National Administration and National Congress, its demagogic agitators, its subsidized press, and other servile instruments of public expression.

We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world.

In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage.

No greater dishonor has ever been forced upon a people than that which the capitalist class is forcing upon this nation against its will.

In harmony with these principles, the Socialist Party emphatically rejects the

proposal that in time of war the workers should suspend their struggle for better conditions. On the contrary, the acute situation created by war calls for an even more vigorous prosecution of the class struggle, and we recommend to the workers and pledge ourselves to the following course of action:

1. Continuous, active and public opposition to the war, thru demonstrations, mass petitions, and all other means within our power.

2. Unyielding opposition to all proposed legislations for military or industrial conscription. Should such conscription be forced upon the people, we pledge ourselves to continuous efforts for the repeal of such laws and to the support of all mass movements in opposition to conscription. We pledge ourselves to oppose with all our strength any attempt to raise money for payment of war expense by taxing the necessities of life or issuing bonds which will put the burden upon future generations. We demand that the capitalist class, which is responsible for the war, pay its cost. Let those who kindled the fire, furnish the fuel.

3. Vigorous resistance to all reactionary measures, such as censorship of press and mails, restriction of the rights of free speech, assemblage, and organization, or compulsory arbitration and limitation of the right to strike.

4. Consistent propaganda against military training and militaristic teaching in the public schools.

5. Extension of the campaign of education among the workers to organize them into strong, class-conscious, and closely unified political and industrial organizations, to enable them by concerted and harmonious mass action to shorten this war and to establish lasting peace.

6. Widespread educational propaganda to enlighten the masses as to the true relation between capitalism and war, and to rouse and organize them for action, not only against present war evils, but for the prevention of future wars and for the destruction of the causes of war.

7. To protect the masses of the American people from the pressing danger of starvation which the war in Europe has brought upon them, and which the entry of the United States has already accentuated, we demand:

(a) The restriction of food exports so long as the present shortage continues, the fixing of maximum prices, and whatever measures may be necessary to prevent the food speculators from holding back the supplies now in their hands;

(b) The socialization and democratic management of the great industries concerned with the production, transportation, storage, and the marketing of food and other necessities of life;

(c) The socialization and democratic management of all land and other natural resources now held out of use for monopolistic or speculative profit.

These measures are presented as means of protecting the workers against the evil results of the present war. The danger of recurrence of war will exist as long as the capitalist system of industry remains in existence. The end of wars will come with the establishment of socialized industry and industrial democracy the world over. The Socialist Party calls upon all the workers to join it in its struggle to reach this goal, and thus bring into the world a new society in which peace, fraternity, and human brotherhood will be the dominant ideals.

Recommendations

1. We recommend that the convention instruct our elected representatives in Congress, in the State Legislatures, and in local bodies, to vote against all proposed appropriations or loans for military, naval, and other war purposes.

2. We recommend that this convention instruct the National Executive Committee to extend and improve the propaganda among women, because they as housewives and as mothers are now particularly ready to accept our message.

3. We recommend that the convention instruct the National Executive Committee to initiate an organized movement of Socialists, organized workers, and other anti-war forces for concerted action along the lines of this program.

(Signed)

Kate Richards O'Hare, Chairman, Victor L. Berger, Job Harriman, Morris Hillquit, Dan Hogan, Frank Midney, Patrick Quinlan, C. E. Ruthenberg, Maynard Shipley, George Spiess, Jr., Algernon Lee, Secretary.

DEFENSE FIRES OPENING GUNS

Everett Brutality Revealed in Court

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

THE prosecution in the case of Thomas H. Tracy, the workingman accused of the murder of Deputy Beard on Bloody Sunday, November 5th, in Everett, rested its case last Friday. On Monday the defense fired its opening guns with the calling of Herbert Mahler, former secretary of the joint locals of the Industrial Workers of the World in Seattle, and James B. Thompson, a labor speaker of national reputation.

After a long and tedious succession of Commercial Club Open Shoppers and deputy sheriffs of Everett, all telling the same story and all professing ignorance regarding brutal treatment of free speech fighters, the frank and straightforward stories of Mahler and Thompson came as a refreshing contrast. The questions asked them by the defense were, in the case of Mahler, to prove that the expedition to Everett was of a purely voluntary character, discrediting the assertions of conspiracy made by the prosecution, and in Thompson's case to disprove the allegation of incendiary and violent utterances alleged to have been made by him and other speakers in Everett.

The courtroom became temporarily a rostrum of industrial propaganda when Thompson was questioned regarding the nature of the speeches he had been making in Everett when arrested. The searching indictment of social conditions, the arraignment of the industrial despotism of America and the stirring call to the working class to organize for power and advancement had an instant and most favorable effect on the audience, and, it is to be hoped, on the jury. Under cross-examination, Thompson was questioned closely regarding the advocacy of violence but countered every question with an ex-

planation of working class technique. That much misrepresented phrase, direct action, was explained by Thompson as being the organized action of the workers in industry in contrast to action through political delegates.

A long series of men and women, residents of Everett, testified to the brutal tactics of the Commercial Club deputies. It seems that the practice of the citizen deputies was to march up the street in military formation with white handkerchiefs around their necks to distinguish themselves from the unfortunates they hoped to club, and to put an end to a peaceable meeting by the simple process of driving the people off the streets by sapping them up and arresting and deporting the speakers. One lady testified, who was struck twice by a deputy. Mr. Henning, a shingleweaver, stated that he was beaten over the head by Sheriff McRae when quietly standing by a meeting and knocked unconscious. Then he was dragged away by another deputy and beaten up while lying on the ground.

Mrs. L. S. Johnson, of Everett, testified that she had listened to several street meetings, had heard no advocacy of violence and no incendiarism. She stated that, one day, coming out of a store, she heard a policeman and a couple of men talking about the street speakers. They were saying that they would drive them out of town and never let them speak. She protested against this and discussed the matter with them for a few minutes. Two hours later, Sheriff McRae came to her home to see her, telling her that it had been reported to him that she had made statements in favor of the I. W. W. She said that she was certainly in favor of their being accorded their constitutional rights. The sheriff then let his true na-

ture and intentions become apparent. He said that they should not speak under any circumstances; that he would stop them coming to Everett even if he had to have soldiers brought in. McRae then went on to say that he had the backing of the mill owners of Everett and they would help him drive every one of them out of town. He said that if they tried to come he would have soldiers there, if possible, and **would shoot them down on the dock!** This was some time before November 5th and shows that he was already foreseeing the tragedy and was exulting in anticipation of the slaughter.

Harry Weinberg, a speaker and one of the seventy-three defendants, went on the witness stand and gave evidence that, after a meeting at which he had been arrested, he was taken to the county jail where he was beaten up by the sheriff. The sheriff took him out of the jail and knocked him down the steps. On the sidewalk were some more citizen deputies. These respectable gentlemen pounded Harry upon the shoulders and back with their billies and fired two shots after him as he ran to escape their brutality.

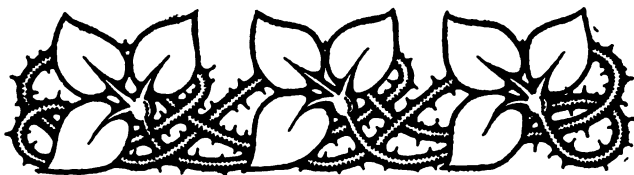
On Thursday, the 5th, there was a startling development. One G. Reese, a member of the I. W. W. and the Longshoremen's Union, had been making incendiary speeches in Everett so that Feinberg was compelled to pull him from the

box because of the inflammatory nature of his utterances. He was also on the "Verona" on November 5th, but was released by the chief of the Pinkerton Agency in Seattle—Ahern. On Thursday, Ahern, the Pinkerton chief, was placed on the witness stand and testified that Reese was in the employ of the Pinkertons for the Snohomish County sheriff's department on November 5th and previously. Thus it was revealed that a detective was on the "Verona." This looks bad for the "First Shot Theory." Even, as is most improbable, it could be proved that it came from the boat, one could reasonably expect that it was fired by the stool-pigeon.

The defense is in urgent need of funds to carry on the case. Will you do your duty? Many think that now the case has started, there is no need of further support. Nothing could be more untrue. In fact, expenses are heavier now than ever before and it is a tremendous struggle for the defense to keep its head above water. All depends upon the enthusiasm and willingness with which the workers respond to this appeal.

Send all funds to Herbert Mahler, secretary-treasurer, Everett Prisoners' Defense Committee, Box 1878, Seattle, Wash.

Act now! Fail not, workingmen! Delay is fatal!





WARREN BILLINGS.

TOM MOONEY.

TO THE SHAME OF LABOR

By ROBERT MINOR

MOONEY PLOT EXPOSED!

Just as we go to press we are in receipt of a telegram from San Francisco, saying that a new witness has come forward with evidence that will certainly set Tom Mooney free and show up the whole dastardly plot against labor on the Pacific Coast. F. E. Riegall, of Grayville, Ill., is the man whom the prosecution, and whom the unspeakable Oxman, on whose perjured testimony Mooney was convicted of throwing a bomb during a Preparedness Parade, sought to bribe. And Riegall brings telegrams, letters and much other evidence to prove his claims. He was offered a bribe to testify that he was in San Francisco and saw Oxman on the street corner where Oxman swore he saw Mooney throw the famous bomb. But Riegall refused to do the dirty work. His evidence will prove to the world exactly to what degrading depths the Capitalist Class on the Pacific Coast has sunk in its efforts to further enslave the working class.

W. Bourke Cockran is a democratic leader, as well as the most noted lay orator in expounding the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Bourke Cockran is known internationally for his remarkable mentality and almost unequalled oratory in Congress and upon the democratic platform. He cannot be accused of being prejudiced in favor of violent overturners of society. Cockran spent six weeks in San Francisco as volunteer chief counsel for Tom Mooney, and at that time steeped himself in every detail, confidential or

otherwise, of the entire story of the prosecution of Mooney, Billings, Nolan, Weinberg and Mrs. Mooney on the charge of blowing up the preparedness parade. One of the highest-priced attorneys in the world, he charged for his services—nothing.

When a cynical jury of twelve business men and retired derelicts sentenced Tom Mooney to hang, Cochran told me that he had never received so heavy a blow in his life. He said that if such things could be, the nation was rotting at its foundation.

The greatest orator of America is now touring the United States fervently pleading to the American conscience to awaken and stamp from its soil the viper of corruption whose poisoned fang is exhibited in the dishonest proceedings against the Labor unionists in California. Twenty thousand heard Cockran in Chicago in a most eloquent appeal, under the auspices of the Chicago Federation of Labor. Ten thousand packed Carnegie Hall in New York, under the auspices of the Central Federated Union. Cockran is giving the present epoch of his life to what he declares is to America what the Dreyfus case was to France. Cockran is not a ranting, cursing, lie-spitting Billy Sunday, and therefore the foul capitalist press is not telling much about it; but the massmeetings of Bourke Cockran are one of the biggest things of the kind ever seen in America.

Why does Cockran do this? If Mooney is guilty, Cockran knows it. If there were any doubt about Mooney's innocence, Cockran would have that doubt. Why is the grand old man who holds the leadership of American oratory as ably as it once was held by Ingersoll, giving his life and world-wide name, at the age of sixty-three, to this case?

It is because working men are being slowly, in most cowardly hypocrisy, murdered in California for daring to assert the primary right of human beings to organize for their own protection.

As cruelly as ever men's bodies were broken upon the rack and wheel are these men tortured with the lying hope of justice through the farcial jugglery of court-rooms, as they wend their way one by one to death. With an understanding that he had to meet a certain charge, built upon the same story which was used to convict his alleged co-conspirator, a prisoner brings his perfect proof of innocence before the court with the quivering hope in his heart that surely he will not be murdered in defiance of evidence.

Only to be met by a change of stories! Although he was charged with committing the act in the company of another man, going together, doing the same thing, and the other man has been convicted upon that story, he finds that the prosecutors simply abandon that story and tell another one, another hideous lie

entirely different and contradictory to the lie that convicted the first man! The same witnesses get on the stand in the second trial and blandly assure the court that, though they had lied in the first case in convicting the first prisoner, they would now tell the truth, and that the truth was so and so. Then the witness will proceed to tell a story that gets around alibi photographs, witnesses, every sort of disproof of the case that the prisoner thought he would have to meet.

Before the heat of the bomb had cooled from the sidewalk at the scene where ten people were killed, a private detective for the United Railroads was put in charge of the investigation by a district attorney, notoriously the hired tool of the same street-car corporation—in fact, put in office solely to dismiss indictments against crooked street railway officials. Within a few minutes a sledge-hammer and crowbar had destroyed the scene of the explosion and constructed a framed-up scene entirely different from that caused by the bomb. Photographs of this fake "effect of the explosion" were taken and actually shown to the juries to prove that a suitcase bomb had been placed there instead of a thrown bomb falling there. Six reputable persons, one of them a prominent physician, who marched in the parade, saw the bomb fall into the crowd. All but the prominent physician were terrorized or chased out of the city or persuaded to keep quiet until after we had caught the district attorney lying red-handed and declaring that he did not know the address of one of the witnesses. When he finally turned over her address about three hours after she had left the city for a secret residence elsewhere—we finally located all six of the witnesses and proved that there was never a suitcase bomb in the affair.

The first prisoner was convicted while the district attorney had, locked in his safe, photographic films proving the innocence of the boy that he asked the jury to hang. The boy's attorney heard of the photographs and demanded them. The district attorney turned over what purported to be the photographs, but the street clocks in these pictures of Mooney and his wife on the roof of their home a mile and a quarter away from the scene of the crime did not show the time of day

and therefore the value of the pictures was almost destroyed. The boy, Warren K. Billings, was convicted.

Then, when Mooney came to trial, somebody tipped us off that the photographs turned over by the district attorney were not authentic, that they had been falsified so as to obliterate the time on the street clocks. By a hard legal fight, the defense forced the district attorney to disgorge the films to be examined by an expert. The expert enlarged them, and the street clocks showed the exact time that Mooney was supposed to be committing the crime with Billings a mile and a quarter away! Thus Mooney went to trial with absolute proof that the witnesses against Billings had lied in saying that he and Mooney were at the scene of the crime at or near that time. What did the prosecutors do?

Their witnesses took the stand and told a different story, swearing that they had testified falsely before as to time. Also, the chief witness, a drug victim named John McDonald, alias McDaniels, testified that he had lied to the Grand Jury and in the conviction of Billings in saying that Mooney and Billings crossed the street on foot through the parade. He said now that they did not cross the street through the parade and that he did not see them on the other side of the street, as he said in convicting Billings. That gave an opportunity for the State to claim that the men left in an automobile, in order to make the mile and a half from the scene of the crime to the roof of the Mooney's home at 1:58, when the first photograph was taken.

A cattleman from Oregon, named

Frank C. Oxman, took the stand under the influence of liquor, and swore that he saw the men come and go in an automobile.

There happened to be in the audience a woman who was with Oxman a mile away from there at that time, and she, in horror, came and made oath to that effect.

But it makes no difference. Truth, decency, justice are dead letters where labor is being baited with a mock trial by the Chamber of Commerce that has sworn to crush the last throb of labor rebellion on the Pacific Coast.

Warren Billings is in the penitentiary for life; Tom Mooney is sentenced to hang. Israel Weinberg faces the black-robed lynching before a jury of the business class on April 23d.

Then will come Rena Mooney and Ed. Nolan.

Tom Mooney's offense was to organize a strike against the United Railroads. Billings and Weinberg committed the offense of refusing a \$5,000 bribe to testify against Mooney. Rena Mooney is to die for helping Tom organize the car men. She is one of the best known music teachers in San Francisco. Edward D. Nolan is slated for hanging for being a friend of Tom Mooney and active in all recent strikes in San Francisco. He was in Baltimore as a delegate to the National Machinists' convention at the time he is charged with having to do with bomb making in San Francisco. The only evidence offered against him was a box of Epsom Salts, which a detective swore before the Grand Jury was gunpowder.

Oh, what a shame to all America!

Economic Determinism and the Capitalist Class

By JACK MORTON

NEARLY all of us are accustomed to pointing out how economic conditions or economic pressure drive the workers of a nation to do certain things and act in certain ways. But we rarely take the time or the trouble to try to discover how the capitalists or owning classes are also driven into new lines of conduct by economic conditions and events. We forget that the profit-takers, to whom the relinquishing of their

dividends is the one unthinkable course, may also find themselves forced into new activities, changes of government, into abolishing old social institutions, or into great wars.

Take the German ruling class for example. For the first time in the history of a united empire, Germany was, in July, 1914, utterly and completely prepared to make war upon her neighbors. For two generations the capitalist and landed

classes had been adopting and adapting every invention of modern science, every labor-saving device known to modern industry, every new practical chemical process and had organized and perfected the science of agriculture until they possessed some of the most modern scientific farms in the world.

For two generations the ruling class had been fortifying Germany, had built the new nation; in fact, upon the foundation of military preparation.

Hundreds of thousands of men had been employed for many years in constructing military and industrial railroads, always with the movement of large bodies of soldiers, war munitions, food, etc., etc., in the mind of the ruling class. But this road building *had* employed enormous groups of men. Marvelous railroad terminals and elaborate railway switching facilities were planned and constructed; harbors, enormous storehouses and warehouses were built at large shipping centers along the great rivers; a great network of canals was perfected to transport commodities cheaply by water.

Coal, iron and steel were produced upon the most modern and scientific bases. The best chemists of the empire experimented with by-products until Germany's dyes and other chemicals brought in to the capitalist class of that country millions of dollars of profits annually. It came to be the boast that in Germany nothing was wasted; nothing lost. Even the hours of the working class were under the supervision of the Government from youth to old age. The moments were utilized scientifically to the upbuilding, the perfecting, the modernizing of Germany.

For forty years hundreds of thousands of Teutons had been employed by the Government in feeding millions of useless soldiers, in clothing, warming, housing, transporting, amusing them; in caring for them when they were sick. Thousands of workers had been employed in constructing the Kiel canal, in raising and storing vast quantities of food for war, producing guns, munitions and the thousand and one commodities to be used by the army and navy in wartime.

Came a time, in July, 1914, when the Kiel canal was completed; when the millions of tons of food for war, was stored and the guns were ready; when railroads

and canals were finished and the vast furnaces of the steel cities employing hundreds of thousands of men about to become silent and cold—because their work was done when millions of new army uniforms for eight million soldiers hung in eight million lockers in the barracks; when millions of new pairs of shoes and outfits complete for war to the smallest detail stood waiting to be used.

Came a day when Germany was completely modernized industrially and in a military sense, *for that day*, and the work of preparation for war was perfected in so far as any nation can be really prepared for war. All was ready.

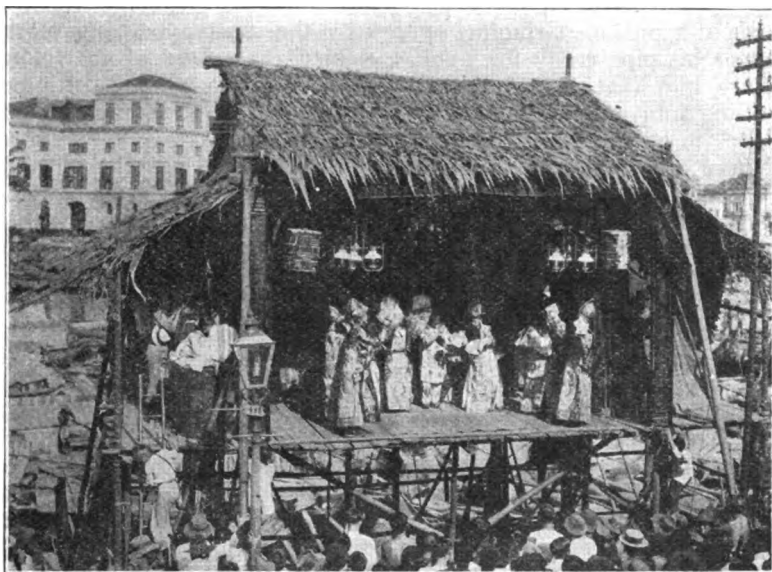
Were the vast armies of workers who had labored long and faithfully for the Government, in steel cities, fields and mines, on the railroads and canals—to be sent back to their homes without *jobs*? Would it be possible to throw a vast number of people upon their own resources who had been taught to look to the Government for work and for wages? And where were these people to find work if the factory wheels ceased to revolve and the mills were closed?

Or were the millionaire classes, who had made their fortunes from the labor of the working class, to become humanitarians and shorten the hours of labor, make two jobs out of one, and employ all the men who would be thrown out of work by the stoppage of military preparations and thus *abolish their own profits*?

Obviously those who had been taught to look for employment to the Government would continue to expect the Fatherland to employ them—or they would become penniless. Hunger would drive them to revolt.

No capitalist class in times of peace has ever willingly shortened the hours of labor to employ the unemployed and yielded up their profits for the good of humanity. They have had no other alternative save *expansion, or war for war's sake—to prevent revolution*.

And so, because of the desire of the ruling classes of Germany to prolong the present system, and to gain profits and still more profits, because of their military preparedness, their economic need (as capitalists) of new fields of exploitation and their fear of vast armies of unemployed and possible revolution at home, Germany went to war.



OPEN AIR THEATRES.

A Ramble Through the Streets of a Chinese City

By R. R. HORNBECK

SINGAPORE, in the Straits Settlements and at the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, can consistently be called a Chinese city, because of the more than 300,000 inhabitants, about 195,000 are Chinese and I will add parenthetically, fewer than 40 are Americans.

It is an intense pleasure for an American sojourner in Singapore who has been working strenuously day after day in the enervating tropics to forget for a few brief moments the annoyances of a business life and to plunge joyously and heedlessly into the vortex of Chinese commercialism, which grows most animated after sundown.

Tonight my friend and I will go whither our fancy dictates, feeling confident that we will see things that will enliven our languishing spirits.

We leave our boarding house on the city's principal thorofare and turn into a narrow side street. The sea is only four blocks

away, and after getting our lungs full of the invigorating salt breezes we decide to see our first opium "den." It is not difficult to find, for a short distance ahead is a sign reading "Public Smoking Room." We do not hesitate to enter, as we did in New York's Chinatown on Mott and Pell streets, for here the Celestials are a happier lot and have not learned the cunning wiles of their expatriated brothers in the West. There is a dirty curtain across the doorway, and the window panes are frosted. We unceremoniously brush aside the curtain, and enter. On our right is a small room enclosed by upright wooden bars and with a small opening, and we instinctively reach for a dime to buy a ticket. But the window is for the convenience of the habitués, for the sleepy-eyed Chinaman behind the bars hands out the pipes and the opium "on receipt of cash." The room is filled with smoke and there is an offensive odor. Along the walls

are wide benches and reclining thereon are many Chinese, some in a stupor, others muttering incoherently as they leer at us, many smoking and a few loungers who haven't the price of a smoke. Grinning, one of them offers us his pipe ready for smoking. We assure him that we would not think of depriving him of such a pleasurable gratification, so he contentedly smokes it himself. There are small lamps on the benches, and we soon see that they are quite essential. A lump of opium sufficient for three or four smokes cost about twenty-five cents, and in this state is called "chandu." It is a dark brown, sticky substance, and requires careful manipulation and repeated heatings over the lamp before it is ready to inhale. After being placed in the bowl of the pipe it yields only two or three whiffs. We learn that all opium "dens" close nightly at ten o'clock, and feeling a little faint because of the stuffy atmosphere, we leave.

On emerging we are greeted with the most abominable, unearthly sounds we ever heard, but never mind—that is Chinese orchestral music and signifies that two hearts now beat as one and that the bridegroom can afford to invite all his friends to his wedding feast, and intends to especially please those who delight in just such discordant noises.

We see a fruit shop, and after fingering

and smelling about forty varieties of tropical fruits we pay fifteen cents each for a few Australian apples and two cents each for some mangosteens, which are undoubtedly the most appetizing morsel that ever tickled the palate of mortal man—a fruit that would cause the most hopeless dyspeptic to think he had found the Fountain of Youth.

We now find ourselves in the most populous section of Chinatown. The streets are fairly gushing over with half-naked humans. Jinrickisha pullers are helpless here and must take side streets. There are ear-splitting shrieks of laughter and of anger on all sides. Some of the older men curse the younger for jostling them so unmercifully, calling down imprecations on all their relatives to the seventh ancestors.

Seeing a Hindoo temple nearby we leave the bustle and enter. We must, however, remove our shoes before entering and leave them outside, for there are positively no exceptions to this requirement. The temple is built of stone and on the tile roof are four crude images of sacred bulls. About sixty Hindoos are inside, worshipping their heathen idols by muttering strange gibberish, beating on tin vessels, kowtowing and gesturing frantically, then painting hieroglyphics on their bodies to denote their caste, and strutting around like peacocks, with chests thrown out and arms swinging



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

proudly. Among the idols is a life-size peacock made of silver, which is guarded day and night and exhibited in their frequent ostentatious street parades.

Leaving the temple we get our shoes and stroll into a road running alongside a canal crowded with house-boats. There are hawkers galore on both sides of the road. The stands are small and can be carried across the shoulders of the owners, but we see a surprising variety of commodities. Here is a man cooking and selling fish, shells, rice and macaroni; another sells toilet articles, buttons, handkerchiefs, towels, and Chinese locks; this man sells nothing but Chinese shoes, from the plain wooden ones at eight cents to the glittering, gaudy shoes for women at twelve dollars. Finally we see an opium pipe and decide to buy it as a curio. We ask the price and are told four dollars. Astounded, we examine it again,

and seeing the joke, offer forty cents. The hawker takes the pipe, lays it on the shelf and casually remarks that two dollars will buy it. We offer him fifty cents and start to leave. He calls us back and takes the fifty cents, and we have bought an opium pipe.

Further down the street we see an attentive crowd gathered around an ugly old Chinaman who is gesticulating wildly and talking at the top of his voice. We learn that he is a public story teller, who reads tales of Chinese conquest in days long past and then recounts them with many embellishments to his enraptured hearers, who each pay him one cent a night if the stories are satisfactory.

It is now ten o'clock and the shops are closing, so we go home, in much better humor than when we started.

MESSAGES FROM OVER THE SEAS

MANY inspiring messages and news items have found their way to this office during the past month, but nothing more quite so fine as the appeal directed to the proletariat of the whole world from the Russian revolutionists.

An especial appeal was made to the workers of the central powers, urging the proletarians of these countries to "throw off the yoke of autocratic rule, as the Russian people have overthrown the imperial autocrat and refuse to serve longer as an instrument in the hands of kings, capitalists and bankers."

"By united working class effort" the appeal declares, "we can stop this awful murder, which is the shame of humanity." The Russian comrades state emphatically that this is not a craven appeal for peace, adding:

"If it is *NECESSARY* the workers of Russia will defend their new-found liberties against all interference, whether from within or from *without*. We will not permit ourselves to be coerced by foreign military power."

M. Tcheide, socialist member of the дума and president of the workmens' and soldiers' delegates, said:

"When we speak to the Germans we always keep guns in our hands. We shall fight to the last drop of blood for liberty, if the Germans do not accept the appeal. We are seeking peace by urging others to throw off the yoke."

Crown lands, aggregating more than half the vast domains, are to be divided among themselves by the Russian masses. Carried away with joy at the hope of throwing off a part of their shackles at last, everywhere at meetings the Russians are sending messages to their German and Austrian comrades asking them to rise against the imperial authority.

Germans Rebel

Julian Pierce, Editorial Director of the Socialist News Service, at Washington, sends in the following on our friends in Germany:

Authentic reports from Germany announce that the election of Franz Mehring to the seat made vacant in the lower house of the Prussian Diet by the imprisonment for treason of Karl Leibknecht, is regarded by the anti-war Socialists of Germany as a distinct victory for the Social Democratic Union of Labor, the new Socialist anti-war organization.

Mehring belongs to the Socialist anti-

war minority, which has fought the German government in the Reichstag by voting against the war credits and demanding that the government open negotiations for peace on the basis of no annexation of territory.

The "official" Social Democratic party has supported the German government in each of its war measures since the outbreak of hostilities in August, 1914. It was the action of the official majority, in voting for the war credits demanded by the Kaiser when war was declared that brought discredit upon the international Socialist movement of the world. The official action was imposed upon the entire Socialist parliamentary group thru the mandate of the party caucus.

Mehring's victory, coming coincidentally with the definite organization of the anti-war Social Democratic Union of Labor, is significant as indicating a pronounced working class revolt in Germany against the war. It will do much to remove from the Socialist movement the odium attached to it by the pro-war Socialists who dominate the Social Democratic party. It is doubly encouraging to the anti-war Socialists in other countries than Germany, carrying as it does a denial of the repeated declaration that the German Socialists were or are a unit in support of the war.

The anti-war Socialists who backed up the Mehring campaign charge the official majority with conspiring with capitalist interests to defeat Mehring. The anti-war Socialists claim that they were in legitimate control of the party organization in the district, which is the one in which Liebknecht was deprived, thru imprisonment, of his parliamentary credentials. According to the custom of the party, it was their legitimate function, inasmuch as they constituted the majority fraction in the jurisdiction, to determine the candidate of the Social Democratic party.

It is charged that the official war-Socialist majority, in violation of the practice and precedent of the party, set up a rival majority candidate against Mehring, hoping thru a fusion with capitalist interests to defeat the anti-war Socialist Mehring. Mehring's overwhelming victory in the face of such a coalition is the

most remarkable political development since the war began.

An anti-war Socialist paper is to be established in Berlin by the Social Democratic Union of Labor, according to reports regarded as reliable received from various Socialist anti-war centers in Germany.

The paper will be used by the anti-war Socialists as the fighting machine to carry on their struggle with the majority Social Democratic party for the control of Socialist movement in Germany. The anti-war Socialists claim that such a paper is necessary in order to make up for the handicap they are under thru being deprived by the majority of the use of the columns of *Vorwaerts*.

It is declared by the anti-war Socialists that the pro-war Socialists controlling *Vorwaerts* base their hope for the defeat of the opposition on the difficulties that will be encountered in the establishment of an anti-war Socialist paper in Berlin. It is stated that the pro-war Socialists expect to receive the assistance of the Government in preventing the paper from seeing the light of day. It is felt that the Kaiser, in view of the loyal support which the majority Socialists have given to his war policy, will not require much urging in the matter of censoring the proposed paper out of existence.

All of which seems to indicate that the Socialists might well democratize the Socialist party before they undertake to democratize industrial society.

Haase, the great anti-war Socialist, declared:

"The majority, pro-war 'Socialists' and the minority, anti-war 'Socialists,' are as far apart as the poles of the earth."

From Australia

Fellow-worker Mack of Australia, manages to get the following news to us for readers of the REVIEW. "We defeated universal military service here and now I think the imprisoned boys will soon be released. An election is coming on. Broken Hill selected a candidate pledged to release them, and others are following. It looks as tho this would be a big issue."

The Curse of Censorship

The tentacles of censorship are extending every day. In addition to the press

ensorship, which enables the Government of the day to suppress the views of its political opponents, there is now a censorship of moving pictures, and the Wowsers are clamoring for the extension of censorship to the theaters and vaudeville shows. It now appears that books coming into the Commonwealth are also subject to censorship. Mr. G. M. Burns, M. A., speaking in the House of Representatives the other day stated that the Censor for Victoria (Colonel Newell) had prevented a lot of books from coming into the country. The books were ordered by Mr. Will Andrade, of Bourke-street, from Kerr & Co., of Chicago, the well-known publishers of Socialistic literature. The books were mostly Socialistic works including such classics as Marx's "Revolution and Counter-Revolution" and Engels' "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific." There were also some scientific works, such as "The Law of Biogenesis" and "Science and Superstition," and a

large number of pamphlets on Labor questions. Mr. Burns said that Colonel Newell had stated that he had not read the books; but that we should not be allowed to get such rubbish into this country. This is censorship with a vengeance! Apparently the people of Australia are not to be trusted to select their own reading matter, but must read only what their masters think good for them. The censorship was established to prevent information of military importance from reaching the enemy; but further than that it should not go. The recent extension of the censorship to films and books is a pernicious usurpation of authority, even worse, in its far-reaching effects, to the manipulation of the censorship by Hughes for political and personal purposes. A determined protest must be made by the people, or there is no knowing where these encroachments will end.—(Australia.)

THE CHANGING ORDER: A STUDY OF DEMOCRACY

By OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS, Ph. D.

"The real problems of life in America are neither ecclesiastical nor governmental—they are industrial. What men are struggling for today is industrial freedom What is needed at this hour is not to establish free government, but to develop free men—not, as William Morris once said, 'to establish socialism, but to educate socialists'." These sentences from Dr. Triggs' Introduction indicate the viewpoint of "The Changing Order," and the book consists of seventeen studies in which the author traces the spirit of democracy as it spreads from the workshop into the fields of art, literature, philosophy and education. One more quotation will give an idea of his method: "The struggle of this modern world to gain its industrial independence is leading directly toward artistic constructiveness. Every gain in freedom means a step forward in art. The issue of the industrial battle is perhaps the greatest in history. For in it are wrapped up the possibilities of a universal art." Cloth, \$1.00 postpaid. With the REVIEW one year, \$1.50.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY

341-349 EAST OHIO STREET, CHICAGO

TO THE OLD GUARD

By FRANK BOHN

WHEN you read this article (which I am writing April 2), you will be in the midst of snapping flags, screaming bugles and resounding drum-beats.

Our group of internationalists, we who have stood for the indestructible principles of the world labor movement as against all the forces of the crumbling class system about us, are finding that we are not very many in any nation when the final stroke of fate sifts us out and makes us stand alone.

A majority of the spokesmen of the Socialist Party of the United States are now either pro-German or pro-war-with-Germany. Some of our erstwhile comrades would fight to defend the Kaiser in murdering everybody within reach; others are pro-war Socialists who would have us go to war with the Kaiser because we oppose the Kaiser.

To both these groups we bid good-bye. We shake our skirts clear and free, and stand alone. At this moment I pity both Victor Berger who is pro-German and Charles Edward Russell, who is pro-war. Both are being weighed in the balances of the Great Cause and found wanting.

Think Clearly—Speak Calmly

At this time I wish to make a few suggestions to that minority of out-and-out Socialists who are now taking stock of the situation from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon.

Don't agree with the pro-Germans. True, they are against the war and we are against war. They are against it, so to speak, because they are from the North Pole and we are against it because we are from the South Pole.

If to beat the Kaiser and his Junkers who have enslaved the German people more than any modern white population has been enslaved before in the world, it is required that America throw herself into the balances, then let the American ruling classes fight that fight. I, for one, am sure that it is not necessary. Germany is today crumbling at both ends.

She will collapse by midsummer. Her enemies need no troops. If they need supplies and loans, then, in the name of common intelligence, let our property classes furnish them loans at 3 per cent and food and ammunitions at cost. For two years and eight months our capitalist hogs have charged them from 5 to 7 per cent for loans, have grabbed their gold reserves to the extent of a billion dollars flat, and in return have given them supplies *at the average of one hundred per cent more than they should have charged.* For our dominating plutocratic class to now talk of "helping the allies" is like the fox telling the hen while he is eating her that he is swallowing her to protect her from the wolf.

This is the ruling class of America which wants our working men to go to war.

Be unafraid.

Hold up your head, you revolutionary workers everywhere. Look them straight in the eye. Let no day pass but that you speak your mind. Tell any property-holder who asks you to go to war or advocates war on any pretext whatever, that he must first yield up his property for war purposes before he dare advise anybody in your presence to give his life for war. How can any property-holder argue against this policy? All the industries are in the land are needed to make war. When the industries are turned over we shall then be in a position to consider whether we shall surrender our lives.

Furthermore, there are in the country at least two millions of able bodied men who are not at work in the industries. There are at least two million men, business men, professional men and commercial travelers, who will possibly be much benefited by military drill, and the experience of war. There are one hundred thousand preachers. These have been preaching war. Let them go to war. There are 100,000 lawyers who have been arguing for war. Now, for a change, let

them go and argue from the butt end of a machine gun.

One thousand Harvard University students, 90 per cent of whom are the pampered, lily-fingered offspring of the plutocratic classes of our great cities, are drilling in an officers' corps. These young sporting gentlemen wish to ride on horses and give commands to the young working men who will be tramping in the mud with packs on their backs. Tell them you are far too wise for their little game. Tell the thousand at Harvard, the six hundred at Leland Stanford, the two thousand at the University of Illinois, that after they have enlisted as private soldiers and are tramping in the mud with packs on their own backs, that then there will be plenty of time for you to consider whether or not you had better enlist. Out of ten thousand New York and New England business and professional men just one (please get this straight, one and no more), enlisted and went to the Mexican border last summer. These rich young men *all wanted to be officers*. There are, right now, a hundred thousand ignorant, conceited, totally untrained, tin-horn sports wire-pulling night and day at every state capital and at Congress in Washington to get officers' commissions. They are looking for about two million fool wage-slaves to brush their clothes, to clean their horses, and snap up their hands in salute before and after the job. These officers will mostly sit in the second line of trenches smoking cigarettes and getting from \$125 to \$300 dollars a month, while the fool wage-slaves up in the front trench are getting \$15 a month to breathe the poison gas and get their bowels torn out.

When the officers return they will come back to a country which they own or in which they are assured good financial and social standing. When the workers return they will tramp the streets look-

ing for work and be thrust into jails for striking against unbearable conditions. That is why intelligent workmen are not going to enlist for this war.

Don't be against the United States and for Germany. Be for your class against its enemies in all lands.

We Demand

We demand that since the workers are needed to raise food and produce the necessities of life in the cities they shall be kept on the job and that the first to go to war shall be all the capitalists, all the commercial travelers, all the preachers, all the lawyers, all the editors, and all the college professors and students.

We demand that privates in both the army and the navy receive as good food and clothing and as much pay as the highest ranking officers in the service.

Finally, we shall not surrender our right of private judgment as to war and the necessity of making war. The German nation today is a curse to the human race because it has been Prussianized into a total surrender of the private conscience. The possession of our own minds, our judgment as to what is right or wrong to do with our own lives, that is our single precious heritage from American history. Hence, we shall oppose conscription with every means in our power. In doing this we are protecting and defending what the flag is supposed to stand for while the militarists are undermining our ancient liberties and are traitors to the flag they claim to love.

A Final Word

Don't "slop over." Don't hunt for trouble. Don't let them make you angry. Take the above arguments and use them. Stick to the facts. Do that and you can go before any honestly chosen jury and find protection against the wolves, foxes and skunks of militarism.



NEWS FROM NOWHERE

TO those of us who remember when the first publication of "News from Nowhere"* was made in the "*Commonweal*," which William Morris published in the late eighties, this reprint comes with all the joy of an old and well-remembered friend. It is the most delightful and stimulating romance that the Socialist movement has produced and is destined to eternal fame because it rests on everlasting foundations and is free from the accidental influences of a particular period. At a time when the movement in general looked to politics as the path to the new society, Morris felt more deeply, poet as he was, and saw farther, for he was a trained economist and historian.

He makes his new society man say, "We are very well off as to politics—because we have none." Now and again we feel among ourselves the growth of a spirit which he predicted, to the scorn and amusement of his contemporaries. Thus speaking of punishment:

"The punishment of which men used to talk so wisely and act so foolishly—what was it but the expression of their fear? And they had need to fear since they—the rulers of society—were dwelling like an armed band in a hostile country."

But the interest in and the appreciation of the artistic things in the new society are typical of and peculiar to Morris alone. It is doubtful if there has ever lived a man in our period who could speak with such authority upon the art instinct and the tendency of the human to create things of beauty and joy if left to his own devices and unhampered by the restrictions and necessities of a sordid and corrupt society. He says:

"The art or work-pleasure, as one ought to call it, sprang up almost spontaneously as it seems from a kind of instinct amongst people no longer driven desperately to painful and terrible overwork, to do the best they could with the

work in hand, to make it excellent of its kind. And when that had gone on a craving for beauty seemed to awaken in men's minds and they began crudely and awkwardly to ornament the wares which they made, and when they had once set to work at that it soon began to grow."

The work properly and carefully read is a mine of information and suggestion on the burning problems of life and of modern society and it is very doubtful if all the cumbersome tomes of the libraries on social science and social psychology have really succeeded in striking at the root of things any more effectively. It is certain that they have not done it with more sincerity or artistic skill. The book is a refutation of the sneer of the commonplace who urge that because a man is a poet he cannot have intellectual and rational conceptions of life. A Marxian scholar, as Morris with much toil taught himself to be, and who was at the same time a poet and a craftsman, a man who knew the technique of production as few have known it, must necessarily have great advantages in discussing social life, and these are apparent to the careful and studious reader.

But on the other hand the book is written with such consummate art and the mere literary quality is of so high an order that the superficial will be carried along by the sheer power of the narrative so that they will overlook the great significance of much of it. Never was English scenery more bewitchingly described, and to no one was the glory of sea and sky, of changing cloud and sweeping river more wonderfully revealed. And to no one did the "love of love," the sweet sympathy of a man for the troubles and affections, the joys and the pains of our common human lot, more compellingly appeal. In short the book is the epitome of Morris himself, the poet craftsman with the great tender heart, which would not let him rest on his own laurels but drove him ever onward to battle for the downfall of the people-devouring kings.

AUSTIN LEWIS.

**News from Nowhere: An Epoch of Rest.* By William Morris. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. \$1.00.

USEFUL NON-PRODUCTIVE WORKER

By Fore Cast

WE industrial unionists, or industrial Socialists, are accustomed to say we will organize a system of society in which the productive workers, and they only, shall enjoy the values they create. Are we sure that this would be either desirable or possible?

Today, of course, the men and women who produce, who make things, are only permitted to enjoy a very small portion of the value of their products. They are paid, in wages, just about enough of this value to keep them in condition to appear on the job the next day and to rear children to take their places when they are thrown on the scrap heap. Sometimes they receive one-fifth of the value they create, or one-third and even as low as only a tenth. And much of the surplus value taken from them by their employers is used to support those elements in society which do not produce any value, nor perform any useful service.

What we want to consider here is whether or not we desire to bar all that portion of mankind which makes no commodities, and very few of whom create any value, from sharing in the products of the working class.

The actual commodity producers are accustomed to saying they support the whole world and that some day they will place the rest of society outside the circle of those who shall enjoy the things they have made.

We know of one Socialist Party Local which was all split because two coal miners, who actually brought up the coal we consume in our stoves and furnaces, declared their intention of keeping the entire value of that coal for themselves. They were going to cut out the men who work about the mine, load the coal on to cars, etc., etc. They would refuse to "divide up" even with the carpenters who timber the mine. They could not see where the railroad boys ought to come in for any share of their product at any point. This is often the attitude of workers who do not consider the social basis of industry today.

We have to remember that everywhere in modernized nations today, industry is organized socially. We see social instead

of individual production. Teamsters and sawyers and cutters go out into the forests to cut down trees and bring to the mills the logs that are later sawed up into lumber, for furniture, staves and barrels, boxes or fuel. Other men load and haul these logs to the saws, or cutters in the mills, while still another group of workers cut or saw the logs up into different kinds of lumber, shingles, siding, boards, laths, posts, scantlings, staves, hoops, box stock, etc., etc. All depends upon the purpose for which the logs are intended. Often the logs are loaded onto flat cars and shipped to furniture factories or mills some miles distant. Men are employed estimating the number of feet of lumber in a patch of woods, in checking up the number of feet cut by the cutters, in the number of feet shipped to the factory or mill.

Now nearly all these groups of men are directly employed in the production of lumber. The men who wheel kegs of nails to the men at machines, or who go about with oil cans from one machine to another, are a part of the productive plant and process, because we have social production today.

The men who check in the logs and check out the number of feet of lumber shipped to the mills are not producers of commodities. Neither are they producers of any value. But they now perform, and probably will continue to perform, a very necessary function in the lumber plant. This is an age of specialization and it means a saving of the individual labor of many workers to use other men to check their products rather than that all the men stop work to record them every time themselves. Such labor is one of the necessary "expenses of production" and its pay will have to come out of the value produced by the productive workers in that industry.

Men on the steamboat lines, expressmen and railroad men produce no commodities, but they produce value. Every man and woman in America uses things every day that are brought to his city and to his door by these men. It is a great saving of individual labor for men to be able to buy wheat that somebody else has raised, to

buy flour that others have specialized in producing, to have this flour, or bread brought right to his door instead of each man having to produce it from planting the crop to baking the bread. It is a great saving of individual labor to have the steamship lines, the railroad men and the expressmen bringing these things to our doors. We don't have to go to Minneapolis to carry back a sack of flour.

Wheat crops in Kansas would not feed the Lawrence mill workers or English weavers without the labor of the railroad and steamship men. These groups of workers are the world's great grocery, clothing and fuel deliverymen, who bring these things to our doors and make modern life possible. These men add labor and value to commodities already produced. Without them we would, each and all, need to go to the point of production and carry home our own potatoes, our own wool, or cloth or clothing. Everything carried, or transported by these railroad men contains added value.

Men and women working in shoe or clothing factories will be unable to leave their machines to show and fit their wares to customers. It will be a great saving of their labor to appoint some of their numbers to do these things. These clerks are a necessary expense of production. They will have to be paid out of the value produced by the shoe and clothing makers.

THE PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE

We all need the doctors sometimes in our lives. They usually bring us into this world and sometimes they usher us out. But physicians and surgeons produce neither commodities nor value, altho they are necessary to society. Without doubt, in an industrial democracy, all the workers will pay a certain annual amount to an authorized medical staff—sufficient to equal the standard rate of recompense per year for their own services, when every individual will have "free" medical or surgical attention whenever it is needed.

And we shall probably educate men and women, at the expense of the workers, as scientific specialists in every branch of industry, particularly in the branches of chemistry and agriculture and mechanics, to advise with us on best methods of production, best soil fertilizer required on certain soils, best crops a certain kind of soil will produce, etc. These specialists will not then be permitted to hold us up for enormous

fees for their services. They will be paid the prevailing rate of reward, for serving us, out of a fund which we shall pay.

As for the lawyers and the clergy, we hope we shall neither need nor desire them in the wonderful days a-coming. We believe lawyers will disappear with the old governments and the old laws in a co-operative society where committees of the various industries, appointed by and paid by the workers, will conduct the business of the world, discover the value of commodities, the number of these commodities on hand, and the demand for them; so that the supply will meet the need.

Unless the workers desire to tax themselves to pay them to teach worn-out dogmas in a new-born world, the preachers will have to go.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Other Non-Productive Workers

The school teachers and college faculties will produce no value, but they will perform a very necessary function in society. Some of them even do today. We believe the rest of society will pay enough annually to have "free" schools and colleges and to assure to the teachers and professors the average recompense received by the productive workers.

Doubtless in the new society the necessity for bureaus and committees, municipal, national and international will arise to oil the wheels of social life. Some of these, such as the lighting, heating and water bureaus produce value and will be recompensed like other productive workers. Cleaning, sewerage and dredging departments, while producing no value, perform a necessary function and will need to be paid by the other members of society for this work.

One might go on indefinitely discussing possible branches of municipal, national or continental and international requirements of the future. But the workers will decide these things in their own good time. We believe they will surround their work and their lives with all and more of the charm and beauty with which they today surround the lives of the capitalist class.

With the constantly improving methods of production and machinery and with the great natural powers utilized to do the drudgery of the world, they will have more and more leisure to enjoy the exquisite things of life, more and more reward for

their labors—that is, more actual products for the same amount of effort.

Some may ask why, if the productive workers will have to produce the value for running a future society, just as they do today, why we should struggle for the revolution. We say: there is every reason. We shall make this the best possible world for useful people to live in, where all shall be workers, either producing necessary or beautiful things which men desire, or performing some useful function in society.

The productive workers do all these things for society and many more. They feed and clothe and house the world. From the surplus value taken from them, comes all the millions upon millions of dollars annually squandered by non-productive workers. From this value, produced by them and appropriated by their employers, are supported millions of utterly useless members of society, million of middle men, wholesale merchants, brokers, governments, with their retinues of officials, lawyers, public officers, the advertisers, churches, armies and navies and all that vast horde of human by-products, the useless parasitical class of idlers from which we shall then be free.

Then all the wealth of the world required in production and distribution, in the making of wholesome, normal lives, shall be the property of the workers, just as today it is the property of the capitalist class. Then, as now, we shall continue to produce the useful and beautiful things of life. We shall discard all the wasteful, useless human institutions that exist today in industry; we shall abolish armies, navies, governments and stock exchanges, middlemen, with their hundreds of thousands of attendant parasites now consuming value produced by us, for which they give no return in useful labor. We shall abolish profits and keep the surplus value for those who have made it.

We are supporting the whole world today while perhaps two-thirds of the people,

who are the beneficiaries of our generosity, contribute no useful word, or act, or product. We shall put these people to work beside us to share in the labor and help earn the rewards. We shall produce more and better things than the world has ever seen. The days of joy and ease and plenty shall arrive for all who are useful among mankind.

QUESTIONS

1. Are there any necessary workers in society as it is at present organized, who produce neither value nor commodities? Name two or three branches.
2. If these men or women continue to perform a necessary function, does the revolutionist propose to pay them out of the value produced by other workers?
3. Could modern society be maintained by the commodity producers alone?
4. Why not? Explain.
5. Could modern society be maintained by the commodity producers *and* the workers who produce value but no commodities, without any outside help?
6. Why not? Name some commodity producers. Name some classes of workers who produce value but no commodities.
7. How are all the bills incurred by society paid today?
8. Whence comes the value that pays these bills? Can bills be paid today in any other way?
9. Does this mean then, that the value today produced by the productive workers, pays *all* the bills of society, as well as constituting all of the exchange value, of commodities, in the world today?
10. Name twenty branches of work and business that are today purely parasitical, that is which buy and sell or pretend to serve society, which we shall abolish in the industrial democracy. Would unnecessary wholesale firms, duplicating industries be included in this list? Would unproductive, unnecessary branches of middle class activity come under this list?





INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Signs of Unrest in Germany. The greatest fact in our world is the Russian revolution. Since this great uprising of the people of the greatest empire of Europe is dealt with in another part of the REVIEW, I shall content myself here with reference to a single fact. No sooner was the new regime firmly established at Petrograd than the Russian workers began to think of their comrades in other lands. Their minds turned involuntarily to the Germans. An uprising of the people of Germany would mean, not only German freedom, but peace and opportunity for universal reconstruction. In a formal appeal to the German people the workers of Petrograd called to their comrades over the border to "throw off the yoke of autocratic rule, as the Russian people have overthrown the imperial autocrat, and refuse to serve longer as an instrument in the hands of kings and capitalists."

We are all suspicious of reports of discontent in Germany, for most of our news from the continent comes through England. But there are certain signs which seem to show that there has been a change in the fatherland. For one thing, at the recent session of the Reichstag the Socialists of both factions voted solidly against the war budget. The idea animating the "Majority" seemed to be that the Germans have now won enough and should be content to declare definitely their terms of peace. There is nothing very Socialistic about this. If the German government had sufficient political insight it probably would do that very thing. But at any rate the Socialists dare stand alone at last.

Stories of riots and of prosecutions for treason or near-treason are growing more and more common. There is, too, no diminution of tales about posters surreptitiously attached to walls, and of leaflets secretly circulated. It all reminds one of Russia in the old days.

Socialist deputies are speaking up with surprising plainness and frequency. On the 24th of March it was reported that Paul Hoffman, of the Union of Labor group, said in the Prussian diet: "With the club of possible service at the front you prevent workers from leaving their employment or doing anything to increase their wages. Meetings of the Socialist opposition are constantly forbidden. Through your censorship you prevent the people from knowing the course of the war or the nature of your purposes. You talk much about the new tendency in internal affairs, but in reality nothing has changed. But in spite of all, my friend Liebknecht, whom you have condemned to a criminal's fate, shall live in the hearts of the people as a man of honor." At this point he was called to order. He went on, however, to describe the sufferings of the women and to proclaim that if the rich had to endure a fraction of the sufferings of the poor the war would soon be brought to an end.

About the same time Socialist Deputy Kunert spoke in the Reichstag. Vice-Chancellor Helferrich, scolded him for comparing conditions in Germany and Russia. Kunert answered: "Because I compared German reactionaries with Russian revolutionists you say I insulted the fatherland. I should be proud if such progress had been made in our country as

has been made in the Russian empire." Haase and Ledebur have also made vigorous addresses during the past month.

But the best proof of the effect of the Russian revolution is a speech made by Bethmann-Hollweg before the Prussian Diet. They were debating the ancient proposal to reform the suffrage law. The Chancellor seemed to be deeply moved by something. Those who bear in mind what happened to Nicholas II can easily imagine the source of his emotion. Of course, he is reported to have said, the German people would have reforms; but not now. Now they are in the midst of war. The one necessity is to beat the enemy. But we will go far; we will appoint a commission to investigate the matter. After the enemy is beaten the commission will report, and we will consider their recommendations. This is statesmanship. But it shows, at least, that the German ruling class has had news from Petrograd.

The Election of Mehring.—Karl Liebknecht, before his conviction of treason, occupied two posts: he was a member of the Prussian diet and of the imperial Reichstag. After his conviction, these posts were declared vacant and special elections were ordered. The seat in the diet, he held from a district in Potsdam. According to the famous civic peace entered into by the German Socialists there should have been no contest for the place. The nominee of the local Socialists should have been declared elected. The local Socialists nominated Franz Mehring. Mehring is an old and honored comrade. He is a great scholar, perhaps the best historian in the whole Socialist movement. He is, moreover, a clear and uncompromising Socialist. Not for a moment has he been deceived by the patriotic program of deception. For such a man there is no civic peace. As soon as he was nominated, the official Socialists put up a war-Socialist against him, a man named Stahl. The bourgeois parties turned in to help Stahl, and he was elected.

But the Reichstag election furnishes a different story. In the eleventh Berlin district, which Liebknecht represented, Mehring was again the nominee. Again the Socialist majority put up an opponent, a certain Brunner. The election machinery is complicated. Some six hun-

dred and fifty electors are chosen and they elect the deputy. In the first balloting Comrade Mehring secured 218 electors, the Progressives 25, and the war Socialists just six.

The Kaiser's Master Message.—Even Kaiser Wilhelm II has learned of what happened in Russia. At Easter time he addressed a sort of open letter to Bethmann-Hollweg. He said in part: "Reform of the Prussian Diet and liberation of our entire inner political life are especially dear to my heart. For the reform of the electoral law of the lower house preparatory work already had been begun at my request at the outbreak of the war."

I charge you now to submit to me definite proposals of the Ministry of State, so that upon the return of our warriors this work, which is fundamental for the inner formation of Prussia, be carried out by legislation. In view of the gigantic deeds of the entire population there is, in my opinion, no more room in Prussia for election by classes. The bill will have to provide for direct and secret elections of deputies."

German editors seem to be very thankful for all this beneficence. **Vorwaerts**, which is now a Majority organ, is quite blissful. "The monarch himself," it jubilates, "guarantees the new orientation in Prussia."

Critical outsiders cannot but notice that his Majesty does not promise the "one-man-one-vote" so long demanded by the Socialists. A secret and direct election seems to him enough of a revolution for the present. And he seconds his Chancellor in not indulging in undignified haste. It would be impolite to steal a march on the soldiers by stealthily instituting reforms while they are on the frontier looking the other way!

Revolt in Spain.—The Russian upheaval shook the surface of politics even as far as Spain. Toward the end of March a group of twenty-six heads of labor organizations signed and published a manifesto calling on the people to strike in favor of a complete change of government. It is understood that the high cost of living had something to do with this move. The government was very "firm." That is, it arrested the labor leaders; it closed the headquarters of the organiza-

tions; placed the country under military rule, and instituted a rigid censorship of news. Middle-class republicans waited hopefully to see whether the labor unions could really get the revolution started. As it turned out, there were only local uprisings.

No Allied Socialist Congress.—The National Committee of the French Socialist party issued invitations for a conference of Allied Socialists to meet in

Paris on March 15. At the last moment this plan was abandoned. The reason was that only a few groups would have been represented and some others offered vigorous opposition. The Italians insisted on a full meeting of the International Socialist Bureau. The British National Socialists feared that conflicts between war-socialists lists and pacifists would lead to division rather than union.

Four Per Cent and Safety

Chicago banks pay savings depositors three per cent; country banks, which are not so safe, pay four per cent. The banks make a profit by using this money. If you are depositing with them, you are helping your enemies.

But there is a way in which you can keep your money safe and still be helping the revolutionary movement instead of capitalism.

Our publishing house was established in 1886; it has been paying its bills regularly ever since. Our capital stock is \$42,000; our total debts less than \$5,000.

We can pay you four per cent on any sum, large or small, that you leave with us to be withdrawn on thirty days' notice. In most cases we shall not insist on the notice but will repay on demand, but we reserve the right, as savings banks do, to require notice when we pay interest. We also receive loans without interest, returnable on demand.

If you wish additional information before deciding, write us.

Charles H. Kerr & Company

341 East Ohio St., Chicago

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by Act of Congress of August 24, 1913 Of International Socialist Review, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1917.
STATE OF ILLINOIS,
COUNTY OF COOK—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles H. Kerr, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the International Socialist Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1913, embodied in section 448, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Charles H. Kerr & Company, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

Editor, Charles H. Kerr, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.
Managing Editor, Mary E. Marcy, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

Business Manager, Leslie H. Marcy, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

2. That the owners are (give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock):

Charles H. Kerr, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

(All others hold less than 1 per cent each.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so state):

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

CHARLES H. KERR, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1917.

MICHAEL J. O'MALLEY.
(My commission expires March 8, 1920.)



NEWS AND VIEWS



Ella P. Hines, Stratford, Conn.—This is a photograph of one of the oldest Socialist women in America, taken by Andrew Ensign of New York. Comrade Hines was born in Buffalo in 1840, and is a descendant of two radical suffragette workers, and for more than forty years has been talking Socialism to every one she has met. Comrades in New York write us that her friends are always welcome to visit "Gram," who has a large adopted family, and they tell about baked beans piping hot served by her. Comrade Hines is an Internationalist and advocates birth control, and strenuously opposes the war. We are very glad to tell the readers of the *REVIEW* about this faithful woman worker for working class emancipation.

Looks Good in Louisville—Comrade J. L. Stark, State Secretary, closes a very interesting letter with this paragraph: "Please send me by return mail ten (10) more copies April *REVIEW*. Sold out entirely last Saturday night meeting. Can make May order 50 copies. This month's issue is great."

Brotherhood of Metal Workers—Lodge No.

14, at Newark, N. J., came in for a second bundle of the April number. The boys say the *REVIEW* looks good to them, and that their first bundle sold like "hot cakes." There are a bunch of you union men across the country who read the *REVIEW* regularly and we want you to get busy with your Local.

Local Grand Rapids, Mich.—Sold 170 *REVIEWS* at their big Debs meeting. The Comrades write that the only trouble that they didn't have half enough *REVIEWS*. They fired in an order for another hundred and are going to handle a big bundle of the May Day number, all of which goes to show what a live Local can do.

No Compromising—Comrade Richardson of Maryland writes: "Dear Comrades: Now that the master class are to set in motion every Christian cannon on earth, I rededicate myself to International Socialism."

Passing Events—Comrade Archibald of Canada writes: "The *REVIEW* is certainly alive these times. Your manner of comparing present with historic events ought to awaken anybody up."

Ohio Organization—Comrade State Secretary Wagenknecht of Ohio writes us that that state is collecting a \$1,000 organization fund and that donations from every revolutionist will be welcomed. The friends in Ohio have already donated over \$375, but they want to roll this up to \$1,000, so that the state can send out organizers and buy an automobile to carry them from city to city without paying out railroad fare. The address of the state office is 1291 Cook avenue, Lakewood, Ohio, care A. Wagenknecht, State Secretary.

San Jose for Mooney—*Resolved*, That we, San Jose Local No. 499 of the Industrial Workers of the World affirm our belief in the innocence of Tom Mooney and his co-defendants, and pledge them our aid in their efforts to secure justice; and be it further

Resolved, That organized labor go on a (general) strike on May 1, 1917, and demand the immediate freedom of Tom Mooney and his fellow-workers, now held in prison by the capitalist class; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes and a copy be sent to all working class presses for publication. (I. W. W.)

Library of Science for the Workers

To understand modern Socialism, you must understand Evolution. Socialists predict the speedy end of the capitalist system as a result of irresistible **NATURAL LAWS**, the workings of which have been studied for two generations since their discovery. Most of the books in which these laws are explained are too difficult to read and too expensive to buy, except for the leisure class. That is why we have used the slender capital subscribed in small sums by wage-workers to publish the most essential of the facts in simple language at low prices. The ten books here described will give you a clear understanding of the great process in which Socialism is the next step.

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5. **The Making of the World.** By Dr. M. Wilhelm Meyer. Describes the process by which dead worlds are re-born into new worlds and how life begins again. Illustrated.
6. **Germs of Mind in Plants.** By R. H. Francé. A remarkable work proving that "mind" is not limited to man or even to animals, but is found in plants also. Illustrated.
7. **Human, All Too Human.** By Friedrich Nietzsche. A study of human motives, showing the absence of "free will" and the folly of orthodox theology.
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9. **Social and Philosophical Studies.** By Paul Lafargue. The causes of belief in God and the origin of abstract ideas explained in a brilliant and convincing way.
10. **Evolution, Social and Organic.** By Arthur M. Lewis. A volume of popular lectures in which the relation of the Evolution theory to Socialism is fully explained.

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For Mooney—Fellow-worker W. J. Leomn of Salt Lake City sends a most inspiring resolution passed at a citizens' mass meeting in that city on the Mooney case, calling for a general strike to get a new trial for our Comrades. It was also recommended that all California products be placed on the unfair list by the City Federation of Labor, to give the workers a chance to use their economic power. This position has been crystallized by the rebel members of the A. F. of L., the I. W. W. and the Socialists, so that it looks as tho Salt Lake City would be able to help deliver a blow for our friends who are in jail for their revolutionary activity in San Francisco.

From Japan—Comrades: The Imperial Diet was dissolved on January 25 and on the same day we Socialists in Tokyo proclaimed Comrade Sakai as candidate for the membership of parliament for Tokyo constituency. This caused a great panic among the people thruout the land, but especially to the government. A few days later we drafted a manifest, but hardly it went to the public when its types were all put to pieces and all copies finished were taken over by the police. This manifest was headed "The Socialist Manifest," but in its text we did intentionally everything in our power not to allude to our last aim, but only to the so-called immediate policies. In a word, it was merely a social reformers' manifest.

Since that time we arranged several lecture meetings. But every time they were suppressed after a few scores of minutes, on the pretext of their being "dangerous." Even leaflets and handbills for the meeting could not escape the atrocious claw of the police.

On February 18 (Sunday), Comrade Sakai's wife and daughter, together with a number of our female comrades, started on campaign, distributing handbills which contained short sentences like "Tokyo citizens, don't you want to send for trial a Socialist to your legislature?" Even this was deemed very "dangerous" to the police's eye and the ladies participating were all called to the police office and "carefully admonished" never to take part again in such "an indiscreet action." The picture attached shows Comrade Sakai twitting a policeman with his shameless discipline. The lady standing by him is his daughter, Magarasan, smiling at the policeman's silly reply.

The general election is to take place on April 20. We, of course, cannot expect success in this campaign, considering that our franchise is extremely limited, the electors making only one-fiftieth of the whole population. We are, however, convinced that our campaign in this election would not a little serve for the advance of our cause.—Yours for the cause, A Socialist in Tokyo.

From Milwaukee—A Comrade from Milwaukee writes: "A person needs the REVIEW to keep the issue clear while among the trimmers and compromisers of Milwaukee."

Back Again—Comrade Horn of Arkansas writes us: "I dropped out for four years, but I beg leave to acknowledge my neglect of duty and want to come back into the fold

with the true red bloods. I see by the papers that the compromising, vote catching reformer element has set back the party considerably. Here's my mite to help carry the real light of Socialism to the workers." Comrade Horn accompanied his subscription with one for another friend.

Kentucky Minister Fights War—Dr. John G. Stilli of Louisville, Ky., and pastor of St. John's Evangelical Church, is one minister who is not afraid of his job. He hurls defiance into the face of Mammon worshippers of another church in that city and arouses wrath of capitalist-kept ministers and newspaper writers who, not being able to answer his arguments in defense of peace and Christianity, like the mob of old who crucified Jesus, they accuse Dr. Stilli of being pro-German and un-American because he accused the capitalist class of all nations as being the *CAUSE* of *WARS*, and who, being the beneficiaries of wars, should do the fighting.

Dr. E. L. Powell of the First Christian Church held a protest meeting in his church, advocating war, at which meeting leading business men met and gave vent to their feelings against the Senators who blocked the Ship Neutrality Bill. Bishop Woodcock, head of the Methodist Church, also spoke at this meeting and declared that, while he was too old to fight, he was not too old to pray for the fight to go on. It was his and Dr. Powell's offering to pray for fighting which Dr. Stilli replied to at a special meeting of his church, which was crowded to overflowing. His reply was so telling that 50,000 copies of it were gotten out in a special leaflet. Requests for these have come from every point in the United States. So great was the demand that it was impossible to supply orders coming from ministers, who ordered bundles for their churches.

As a consequence of this great sermon in behalf of labor, and its interest, Dr. Stilli has been preaching to crowded houses every Sunday night, and his straight-out gospel of Social Revolution is causing widespread interest in Socialism.

It is to be hoped the other ministers will wake up and join Dr. Stilli in his great fight against barbarism and bloodshed. He has turned his church into a labor temple.—Jas. Pendragon.

Changed His Mind—Comrade Fraer of Oregon writes: "Send me the REVIEW. I used to think the REVIEW was pretty wild; now I can see that it was even tame for the occasion."

Back Again—We are more than glad to see that our old friend, S. B. Hutchinson, is back managing a new Socialist paper in Grand Junction, Colorado, with Charles L. King as editor. The name of the new paper is "The Critic," and its price is \$1.00 a year. Judging from the contents of the first issue we have seen, these two comrades are going to start the Socialist movement in Colorado on the upgrade again. If you want to subscribe, address them at 620 Main street, Grand Junction.



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John Spargo, Socialism, and the War—A perfect avalanche of publicity has slipped down the tall tower of the REVIEW building the last week in regard to John Spargo, Socialism, the war, and free speech. The occasion of this slippery deluge of misrepresentation, criticism and ridicule is John Spargo happened to strike Spokane just at the time when every effort is being made by capitalists to excite the war frenzy among the working class. This torrent of abuse, ridicule and criticism is calculated to affect the workers in the same way that the workers in Germany were affected two years ago—that is, to stampede them into enlisting to fight for the capitalists. Socialists understand all this. Many others do not, and are deceived by this sham praise of "good" Socialists.

Our limited space requires us to be very brief in writing of this affair. At the solicitation of the Intercollegiate Society of New York (which is independent of the Socialist party), the Socialist local in Spokane arranged for a lecture and for brief addresses in the high schools and Whitworth college by John Spargo. When this was done, we were in ignorance of the fact that Spargo differed from the other members of the national executive committee in their opposition to the war. Spargo arrived in Spokane two days ahead of his schedule and introduced himself to the public thru a prominent interview in the *Spokesman-Review*, in which he agreed in important particulars with the war program outlined by the capitalists of the country. This being in exact opposition to the belief and program of the Socialist party, national, state and local, it was felt that Spargo had done a most injudicious act and forfeited the support of the organization.

A special meeting was called for that (Thursday) night, to which Spargo was invited. He did not attend, but came out in another interview in the *Evening Chronicle*, insisting that the local had no strings on him, and that we were attempting to suppress free speech. In this meeting, invitations were given to any and all to express opinions as to what should be done, the chairman especially requesting those who wished to justify Spargo's conduct to speak. Not a word was said in Spargo's defense. It was then voted unanimously to repudiate and protest Spargo's war talk, and to withdraw all support that we expected to give him in his public addresses.

The charge that the local tried to muzzle Spargo and to prevent him from speaking is maliciously false. All we did was to withdraw our support, and to refuse to assume any responsibility for what he might say. This action was entirely consistent. In fact, we

should have merited the everlasting contempt of consistent people had we done otherwise. Mr. Spargo has the privilege, the right, to express any views he may hold about the war, about Socialism, or any other subject so long as he is speaking as an individual. Neither he nor any other person, merits the support of the Socialist local when he expresses views that are in conflict with the adopted policy of the Socialist party. Mr. Spargo is not bigger than the Socialist party. We are under no obligation to accept his views when they differ from the views of the great majority.

It is truly amusing to see what a hero Mr. Spargo becomes in the eyes of all those people who are heart and soul opposed to Socialism. It is interesting to have the great *Spokesman-Review* open its columns to him in such a generous way, and to be lauded editorially as a really great man, tho a Socialist. This same great newspaper had not a line of report to make of the speech made by George R. Kirkpatrick, Socialist candidate for vice-president, when he spoke in Spokane last fall. It sent no reporter to interview HIM on the war situation. We could get no more than a few lines in an obscure corner to announce his lecture. Why was this? Because Kirkpatrick stood with the international Socialist movement in opposition to war and capitalism.

Are *Spokesman-Review* readers so stupid as not to understand how to read its tainted news and inspired editorials? Do they not know that it is the organ of capitalism, and that on every occasion it has taken the side of the exploiters of labor? Have they not learned that its owners, as members of the capitalist ruling class, have good reasons to oppose free speech? For any defender of the laboring classes, Socialist or otherwise, to be complimented and praised by the *Spokesman-Review* is pretty good ground for suspicion of the fidelity and loyalty of that man to his class.

Let us give thanks that Spargo has come, and gone.—*From Spokane Socialist.*

A Socialist Circulating Library—Comrade Louis V. Middleton, 921 Ottawa avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., is trying an experiment that ought to work well elsewhere. He is starting at his drug store a Socialist circulating library, charging 2 cents a day for the use of the books to cover expenses and pay for additional books to circulate. We have helped him make a start by putting in a bunch of shelf-worn books for less than cost, and we shall be glad to do the same for any other comrade trying the same experiment. Comrade Middleton will have the REVIEW on sale regularly, and we hope many of our Grand Rapid readers will call on him.



PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Trying Times Ahead. When the European war broke out, the sales of our revolutionary literature suddenly dropped to less than half normal. After the first few months there was a slow recovery, so that while there was a considerable loss for the year 1915 and a slight loss for the year 1916, we were able to put aside a small reserve during the first three months of 1917. Since the decision of the United States to enter the world war, there has been another abrupt drop in our receipts, and we have a heavy deficit for the month of April. The situation is made still worse by the fact that the cost of paper and printing is going up while our cash receipts are going down.

What Are We to Do? No capitalist stands behind our publishing house; its capital has been subscribed in small sums and is nearly all owned by wage-workers. If our small reserve is used up, there will be no one to assess. What we must do is to stop the deficit as soon as possible.

We May Raise the Price of the Review. By charging 15 cents a copy and \$1.50 a year we would cover expenses. But we are reluctant to take this step except as a last resort, for fear that it would cut off the very readers who most need the REVIEW, the ones who are most mercilessly exploited by the capitalist class. So first we shall await the result of the appeal we are now making. There are five ways in which our readers can help. Perhaps YOU can or will help in one of the following ways.

1. **Contributions.** Last month a Colorado comrade sold a house and sent as a contribution to our publishing house the purchaser's note for \$1,200 secured by a trust deed, and payable in five years with interest. This is the first large gift we have received for many years, since we have preferred to make no appeal for gifts. In the present emergency, however, there may be others who will follow this comrade's example. We would

publish her name, but for the fact that she fears this might result in annoyance or worse from her patriotic and capitalistic neighbors.

2. **Loans.** About two years ago, as we announced in the REVIEW, Comrade Estelle Baker, author of "The Rose Door," lent us \$1,500 without interest, as a help to our work. Now, owing to ill health she finds it necessary to withdraw this loan in monthly installments, and we are repaying it in this way. We have at different times received other loans from comrades and have always repaid them when desired. We offer four per cent interest on loans to be repaid on thirty days' notice, and we also solicit loans without interest to be repaid on demand. If you leave your savings in a bank, you are helping your enemies. Why not use them to help on your own work of education, which our co-operative publishing house is doing?

3. **Stock Subscriptions.** Eight hundred shares of stock in our publishing house still remain to be subscribed. The price is \$10 each, and you can pay for a share in ten monthly installments of \$1.00 each, if you prefer. Stockholders get no dividends, but they can buy the books we publish, postpaid, at forty per cent discount; you can, if you wish, buy books in this way while making your monthly payments. If this stock could all be subscribed this year, it would strengthen our position immensely.

4. **Review Subscription Cards.** Send \$3.00 before June 30, and we will send you five subscription cards, each good for the REVIEW one year to any address in the U. S. A. This barely covers the cost of printing at present prices, and we may soon be obliged to raise the rate. Moreover, it is only by receiving a large number of subscriptions each month that we can afford to make this rate, or even the make this rate, or even the rate of \$1.00 a year on single subscriptions. If the

wave of patriotism reduces the number of subscribers, we shall have to raise the price. Your prompt response with \$3.00 for five subscriptions may help us keep the subscription price where it is.

5. **Buy Socialist Books.** Remember the co-operative house of Charles H. Kerr & Co., owns both the REVIEW and the book business, so that an order for books is almost as great a help as a subscription toward covering the expenses of the REVIEW. Look over our book advertisements on other pages of this issue, and send what you can spare for books.

Don't Wait. You can surely help in one of these five ways, perhaps in more than one. Do what you can at once, and we shall have an optimistic report to make in next month's REVIEW. Address all business letters to

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Socialism and War

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Various Headaches

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ray of Blockton, Alabama. Continuing, he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble has been removed. To answer this purpose Anti-kamnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headaches of women."

FOR SICK-HEADACHE

If a patient is subject to regular attacks of sick-headache, he should take two A-K Tablets when he feels the least sign of an oncoming attack. These tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended upon to produce relief in a very few minutes. Such patients should always be instructed to keep their bowels open.

Influenza or LaGrippe

It is quite refreshing these days to read of a clearly defined treatment for Influenza or La Grippe. In an article in the "Lancet-Clinic," Dr. James Bell of New York City, says he is convinced that too much medication is both unnecessary and injurious.

When called to a case of La Grippe, the patient is usually seen when the fever is present, as the chill which occasionally ushers in the disease has generally passed away. Dr. Bell then orders that the bowels be opened freely with salts, citrate of magnesia or other laxative. For the high fever, severe headache, pain and general soreness, one Anti-kamnia Tablet every two hours is quickly followed by complete relief.

A Remedy for Pain

"The efficiency of any drug," says Dr. C. P. Robbins, "is known to us by the results we obtain from its use. One of the principal symptoms of all diseases is pain, and this is what the patient most often applies to us for, i. e., something to relieve his pain. If we can arrest this promptly, the patient is most liable to trust in us for the other remedies which will effect a permanent cure. One remedy which I have used largely in my practice is Anti-kamnia Tablets. Many and varied are their uses. I have put them to the test on many occasions, and have never been disappointed. I found them especially valuable for headaches of malarial origin, where quinine was being taken. They appear to prevent the bad after-effects of the quinine. Anti-kamnia Tablets are also excellent for the headaches from improper digestion; also for headaches of a neuralgic origin, and especially for women subject to pains at certain times. One or two Anti-kamnia Tablets every two or three hours give prompt relief."

Acute Rheumatism

In the hands of one observer we find that a certain drug has been used with the utmost satisfaction; others have found the same remedy to be a great disappointment. All physicians however agree that every method of treatment is aided by the administration of some remedy to relieve the pain and quiet the nervous system, and Dr. W. S. Schultze expresses the opinion of thousands of practitioners when he says that Anti-kamnia Tablets should be given preference over all other remedies for relief of the pain in all forms of rheumatism. They are also unsurpassed for headaches, neuralgia and all pain.

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Are you distressed after eating? Do you have nausea when riding in the cars, or on the train or boat? Take one A-K Tablet and get relief.

When to Take Anti-Kamnia Tablets

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As an Antipyretic—In intermittent, puerperal and malarial fevers, bronchitis, pleurisy, etc.

As an Anti-Neuralgio—In acute or chronic neuralgia, facial neuralgia, earache, toothache and pains of sciatica.

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All genuine Anti-kamnia Tablets bear the AK monogram. At all druggists in any quantity or in 10c and 25c packages. Ask for A-K Tablets and insist on getting them.

JESUS—"One of Those Damned Agitators"

In his "The Carpenter and the Rich Man" Bouck White proves to the satisfaction of all intelligent men and women that Jesus of Nazareth TAUGHT the very things the Churches and so-called Christians today CONDEMN in the name of Christ.

Jesus approved of the acts of David and his hungry followers when they entered the temple and took the blessed shew bread from the sacred altars to satisfy their want.

In New York a Catholic Priest declared he would die rather than permit the Unemployed to contaminate the "sacred" Church by using it to protect them from the winter's cold, although they had not where to lay their heads. The Catholic Priest had these starving men arrested and sent to prison.

Jesus said: "I was in prison and ye visited me not," for "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the LEAST of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." According to Mr. White in his "Carpenter and the Rich Man," Jesus looked upon legal and all authorities as ENEMIES of the poor. He demanded that his followers and friends visit and support their comrades when imprisoned by the hated authorities.

That Jesus loved ALL the poor and despised ALL the rich there seems to be no reasonable doubt after reading this book. Comrade White points out how when a rich man asked permission to follow Jesus and become one of his band of OUTLAWS, Jesus said to him: "Sell ALL you have and GIVE to the POOR and take up your cross and follow me."

In thus referring to the cross, Mr. White shows how Jesus meant that his companions must be ready and willing to give up ALL things, to be prepared to DIE if necessary in their crusade for the poor.

Jesus stood for the poor thief, the propertyless lawbreaker, the oppressed SABOTAGER, the HOMELESS and HUNGRY Church defiler (if we are to accept the definition of defilement as laid down by our Priestly parasites today).

He was the BOLDEST of REBELLIOUS workingmen. All things could be forgiven ANY POOR man and the possession of riches in the midst of poverty irretrievably damned the owner, according to the Nazarene.

The outcasts of the world were the beloved of Jesus. Prostitutes, thieves, beggars, workingmen, ex-convicts were all the friends of Jesus. For the banker, the great property-owner, the usurer, the RICH MAN, he held only the most deep-rooted hatred and scorn.

Jesus demanded material communism among his comrades, and—above all—revolt against ALL CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY.

Comrade White proves how most of the books of the New Testament were written several hundred years after the death of Jesus and bear the imprint more of the aims and minds of the AUTHORS than they do of the FIGHTING CARPENTER.

Read this book by Bouck White and prove to your friends and fellow-workers just what ACTUALLY WERE the teachings of the Carpenter Revolutionist.

The book sells in New York for \$1.35 net. We have just bought 330 copies, and while they last will mail one to any REVIEW reader for \$1.00. When this lot is sold we shall have no more, so order now, using the blank below.

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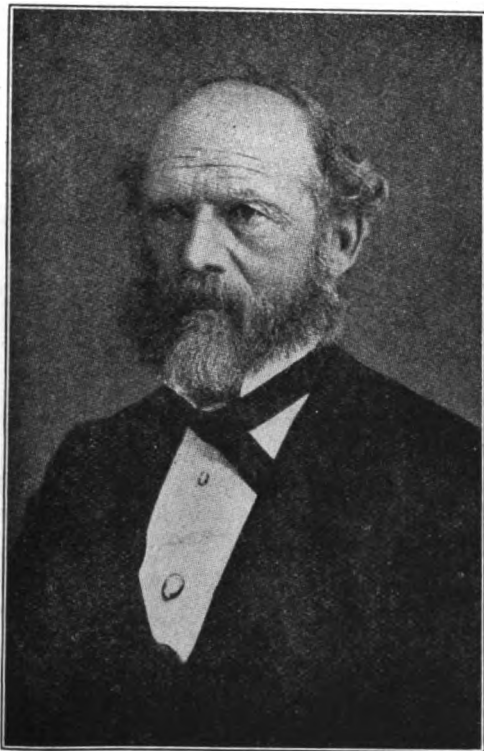
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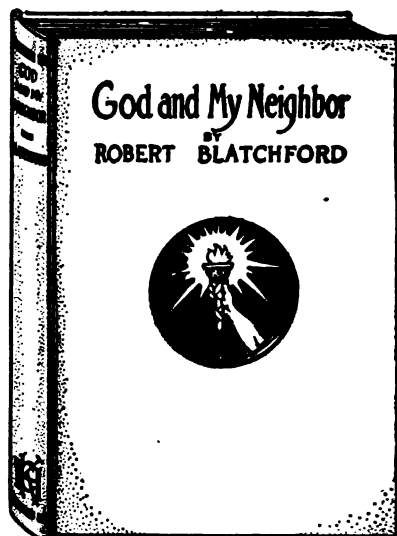
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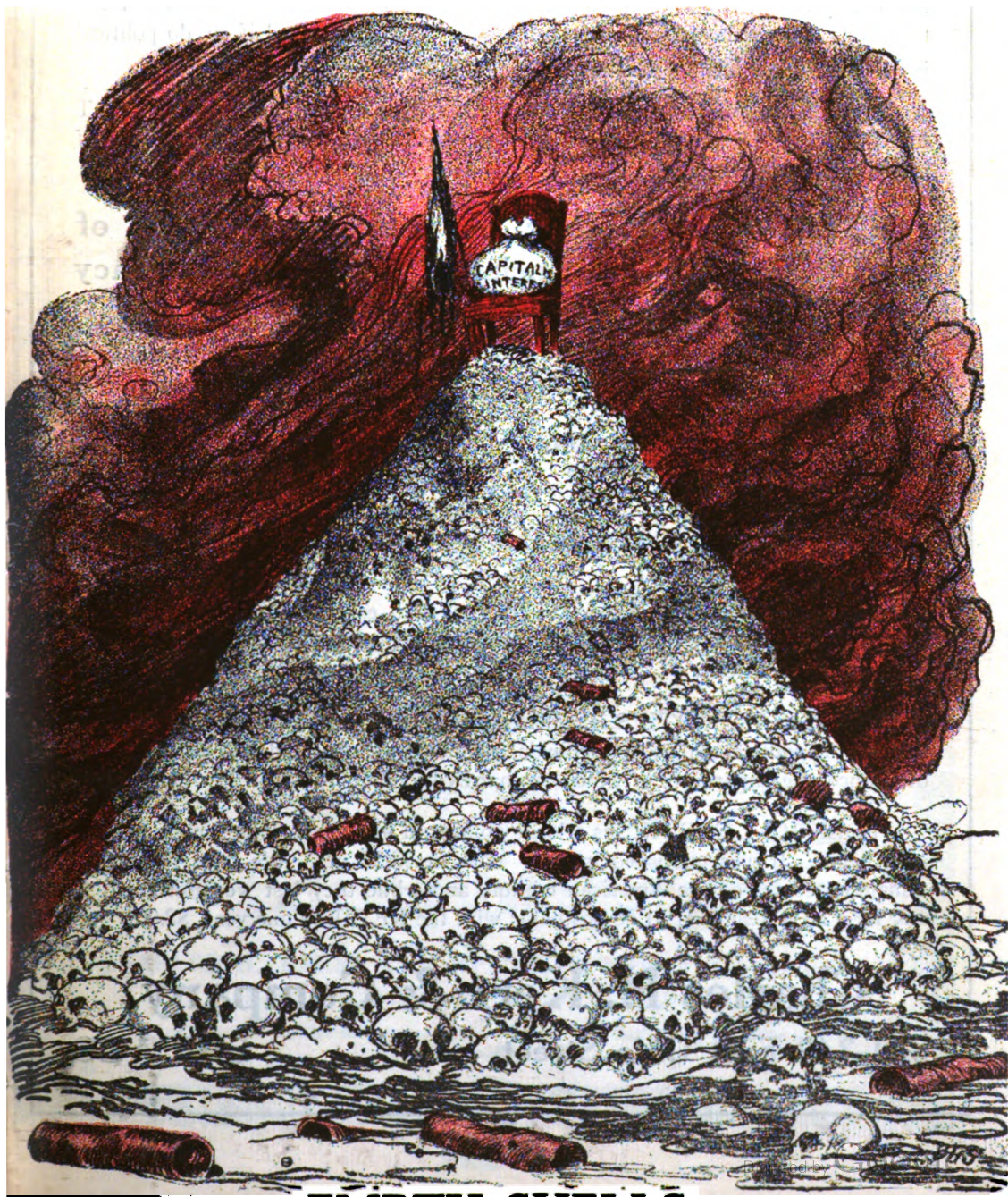
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June

1917

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**INTERNATIONAL
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Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 12

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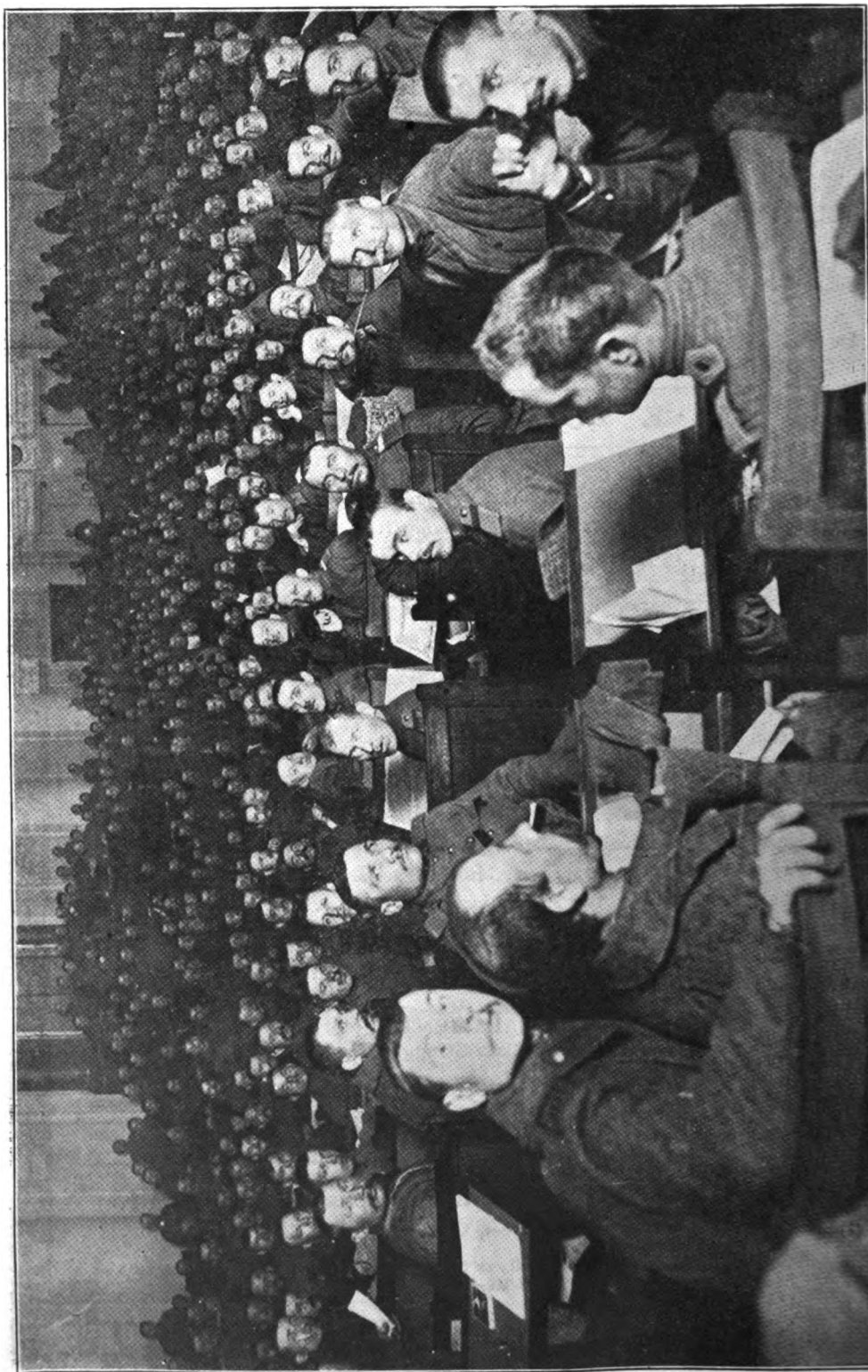
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THE COUNCIL OF SOLDIERS' AND WORKMEN'S DELEGATES IN SESSION
The great work of this Council will be to continue the revolution. If they falter or compromise, all gains will be lost.

66 INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVII

CHICAGO, JUNE 1917

No. 12

The Russian Revolution

THE program of the provisional government contains big promises. If they were to be realized, Russia would be the freest country in the world and many revolutionists would move to Russia.

Those revolutionists, however, who understand Imperialism know that it cannot, and will not, keep to this program. There will develop a tremendous struggle in Russia, as we are now only in the honeymoon of the revolution. We have already been informed by cables about protests against speakers who present "impossible" demands. We know what this means. The Social patriots combine with the bourgeoisie against revolutionary Socialism. How large a part of the Russian working class will keep to the revolutionary principles we don't know, but what we know is this: if the revolution stops now, if the workers listen to those who urge them to return to work, to calmly continue regular life, then within six months a compromise will be effective between the utmost reactionary forces and the modern capitalists, and even the ordinary bourgeois liberties will *not* be granted. Only if unrest and action continue to prevail in Russia and the working class is not itself infected by Imperialism, only then will the revolution benefit the Russian people, and at the same time, other peoples as well.

We do not know how this revolution will develop, but we do know that the field was prepared by Revolutionists, who have undermined Czarism through persistent revolutionary efforts. What was done in Russia will have to be accomplished in other countries. The soldiers, whole regiments of them, actually went over to the people, and such we may expect to be their action in the Proletarian Revolution. And the same energy with which the Russian Revolutionists have continued their efforts to weaken Czarism, we Revolutionists of western Europe have to develop to undermine Imperialism. This will have to be the essential part of our struggle.—H. Roland-Holst.

THE full story of the first days of the Russian revolution are just arriving in this country.

The daily news bulletins issued by the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies give us a clear look-in on events as the revolution grew in intensity day by day.

The one fact which stands head and shoulders above all others is that organized labor, hand in hand with the Social Revolutionists, precipitated the revolution

which overthrew Czarism in spite of the Duma.

When Paul Miloukoff, the Duma leader, first became aware of what was going on in the streets of Petrograd he exclaimed: "It will be over in a quarter of an hour!" expecting the soldiers and police to crush the revolution. The Duma, therefore, was not prepared for a successful revolution. It was only when the workers had won over the soldiery and defeated the police that the Duma joined in the upheaval.

The following summary of the news bulletins was compiled by Isaac Don



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THE RETURN OF THE EXILES

Workers and soldiers greeting the "Grandmother of the Revolution"—Comrade Catherine Breshkovsky, who spent over thirty years in prison and exile.

Levine, foreign correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. We quote in part:

Beginning With a Strike

On March the 6th a strike began.

On the 7th all the textile workers were out.

On the 8th the last newspaper appeared. The whole populace of the city turned out into the streets with cries of "Give us bread!" For two days the Cossacks and soldiers, sent out to disperse the crowds, fraternized with them, accompanied by universal ovations.

Demonstrations began on Sunday, March 11. Hundreds of thousands marched toward the Winter Palace. This date marks the beginning of the revolution. On Sunday afternoon the police charged the crowds, but the soldiers ordered to do so refused point blank. The police were savage, causing considerable casualties.

The storm, however, burst on Monday, March 12. Enormous crowds rushed to the arsenals and arms factories to arm themselves. The cordons of police were everywhere smashed, and with the help of the soldiers the workingmen turned upon the police.

The Revolution's Newspaper

The first bulletin was issued on the afternoon of March 12. Across the whole page is a three-line head reading:

"The Newspapers Are Not Appearing. Events Are Developing Too Rapidly. The Population Ought to Know What Is Going On."

The bulletin contains the Czar's edict dissolving the Duma and the Duma's resolution not to close its session. Twenty-five thousand soldiers joined the revolutionists on that day.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon a deputation of these soldiers arrived at the Duma to find where it stood. Rodzianko, the president, communicated to this delegation the Duma's resolution.

Rodzianko also said that he had wired to the Czar, the commanders in chief and the chief of staff on March 11. On the 12th he sent to the Emperor the last telegram, which read in part: "The last hour has arrived to decide the fate of the country and dynasty."

At 2 o'clock the revolutionary soldiers, followed

by the armed populace, arrived at the Duma. The Socialist Deputies, Tchkhaidze, Kerensky and Skobelev, came out to address the revolutionary army. The latter enthusiastically greeted the Socialist leaders. The chiefs of the revolution then detailed rebel soldiers to guard the Duma and take over its telephone and telegraph apparatus.

At 2:30 o'clock the Duma met. The question of organizing a temporary committee to restore order in Petrograd was discussed. In view of the crowded assembly, it was decided to let the Council of Elders of the Duma appoint this committee. It became known under the name of the Temporary Executive Committee of the Duma.

The same day representatives of the revolutionary working men, soldiers and some radical intellectuals met in the building of the Duma and organized the Temporary Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. Immediately the committee issued a manifesto calling upon the soldiers and the workmen of the city to hold elections and vote for deputies to this newly constituted council. The elections were held, on the basis of one deputy per thousand voters. The committee also issued an appeal to the people of Petrograd to feed the hungry soldiers who fought all day for the revolution.

Taking the Russian Bastille

The day was eventful in the progress of the rebellion. The president of the Imperial Council, Stcheglovitov, was arrested and imprisoned at 5:30 o'clock in the building of the Duma. The famous prison, "Kresty," where political offenders were held in large numbers, was taken by the revolutionary army the same afternoon. The smaller prisons were captured almost without opposition. The fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Russian Bastille, was then taken over by the revolutionists. The Secret Service Department was set on fire. All the archives were destroyed. So numerous and bulky were the espionage documents that for three days they continued to burn.

Petrograd went to bed on Monday night, March 12, under the protection of the revolutionary army.

Two committees, simultaneously formed, representing the Duma and the rebels, were already functioning as the sole government. Searches made in the houses of the cabinet members failed to locate the ministers, who were in hiding.

The following morning at 2 o'clock the Executive Committee of the Duma issued two proclamations, calling upon the population to refrain from violent and destructive acts as well as to recognize the gravity of the situation and help it restore order and law.

The same morning the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies appealed to the masses to stand by it in its efforts to demolish completely the old régime and create a new government through a constituent assembly elected on the basis of universal, secret and direct suffrage.

The Duma Committee next issued an appeal to the army officers to come to the support of the Duma. "In spite of the profound difference of opinion among the Duma members forming the Temporary Committee," read the appeal, "at the present difficult moment complete harmony has been reached among them. We are faced by the urgent task of organizing the elemental popular movement. In organization only is there safety and power. Obey temporarily the Committee of the Duma."

Kerensky, the Socialist Deputy, met with even greater enthusiasm on the part of the troops he addressed. "Comrades, workers, soldiers, officers

and citizens!" began Kerensky. "That we are all here together inspires me with confidence that the old barbarous régime is destroyed forever. We are gathered here to swear that Russia shall be free."

"We swear!" resounded a multitude of voices. "Long live the free citizenship of free Russia!" concluded Kerensky.

A prolonged and mighty ovation greeted this sentiment.

During the day ex-Premier Sturmer, General Kurllov, General Commisarvo and many other high officials were arrested. The Duma committee dispatched special commissioners to take charge of the railroad, telegraph and telephone lines and various other public utilities. The disorders in the streets continued all day, largely being encounters between the police and the revolutionists. All day long new detachments of the Petrograd garrison joined the revolutionary army. When the day closed the Executive Committee of the Duma and the Council of Deputies were in full control of the situation.

March 13 the Official Telegraph Agency was taken over by Deputy Gronskey. A city militia was formed to keep order. Ex-Premier Goremykin was arrested with the rest of the ministers. The day closed with the following proclamation:

Citizens! The great thing has happened. The old government that oppressed Russia has dissolved itself. The Committee of the Duma and



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REVOLUTIONISTS BURNING POLICE RECORDS AND ROYAL ARMS

Imperial eagles, royal arms and all police records went up in smoke. Hundreds of bonfires lit up towns and villages for three days.

the Council of Labor Deputies are restoring order and law in the country. The first task at the present moment is the supplying of the army and the people with food. Citizens! Help your country with bread and work.

The Fourth Day

The 15th of March, the fourth day of the revolution, still found Russia without a permanent government. The two committees were successfully running the affairs of the city and the country. But the czar was still ruler nominally. No new cabinet had been formed. And yet the population was behaving itself wonderfully. The daily bulletins kept all Petrograd informed of the latest developments. They were distributed free. In the morning the officers issued a joint appeal to the soldiers, calling for continued alertness on the part of the revolutionary army.

"The hour of popular freedom has struck!" read the appeal. "The army, navy and people together have raised the holy banner of liberty. Only a free Russia can destroy the German menace. Remember that the safety and victory of Russia lie in our mutual confidence and union. The old autocratic system, which for two years was unable to lead Russia to victory, let it perish forever. Together with you we curse the old regime. Long live free, great Russia!"

Rise of the New Government

Professor Yurevitch was appointed chief of police—undoubtedly the first professor in Russia to hold such a post. Commissioners were also delegated to take over the ministries. Minister of Commerce Prince Shakovsky and ex-Minister of the Interior Maklakov, a notorious reactionary, were arrested. A special committee was immediately formed to elaborate a plan for a general political amnesty. The Labor group issued an appeal calling for obedience to all the regulations and orders of the temporary committee.

Ex-War Minister Brought Under Guard

General Sukhomlinov, the ex-war minister, who was responsible for the terrible Russian defeats in Poland and Lithuania in 1915, was brought under guard to the Duma. So excited were the soldiers over the news that it was with difficulty that they were restrained from doing violence to the prisoner.

The same day the Kronstadt garrison went over to the revolutionary forces. Admiral Viren, the commander, was killed. Two deputies of the Duma were dispatched there to take charge of the situation.

All morning negotiations between the temporary executive committee of the Duma and the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies took place in regard to the formation of a new government. The negotiations were closed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The provisional government which now is in control of Russia, was the result of the joint council. This point should be borne in mind at the present moment, when the council of deputies is so much to the front.

The Duma Was Afraid

One thing is clear now. The Duma stood,

out of fear, for the retention of the Romanoffs. The council of labor and soldiers' deputies insisted upon the complete overthrow of the monarchy. All night and day of the 15th of March conferences were held between the two bodies. Finally it was decided to demand the abdication of Nicholas II, to proclaim temporarily as regent Grand Duke Michael and to leave the czar's son, Alexis, as heir apparent. The revolutionary masses greeted the latter decision with outspoken hostility. "Again the Romanoffs!" cried the populace, which had made up its mind during the revolution that czarism was abolished for good in Russia.

From all parts of the country messages were arriving hourly, telling of the nation's unanimous support of the new government. Grand Duke Nicholas wired from the Caucasian front, urging the czar to save Russia. The exiled leaders of the revolutionary movement abroad were urged to return immediately home. The Association of Newspaper Editors met and decided to resume as soon as possible the publication of their journals. New army divisions arriving in Petrograd were met by the revolution forces with music and cheers.

The arrested ministers provided enough diversion for the still nervous population. Protopopov kept asking his guards what would be done to him. Especially alarmed was old Sturmer. "Who will guarantee that they won't cut my head off?" he continuously queried.

While the emissaries of the Duma went to Pskov, where the czar was, to obtain his signature to the abdication decree, the revolutionary elements increased their pressure on the council of deputies in favor of the abolition of the monarchy. This pressure it was that made Russia a republic. The Duma favored a constitutional monarchy. But after the emperor abdicated it yielded to the insistent demands of the workmen and soldiers and caused the Grand Duke Michael to abdicate his rights also.

The masses began the revolution and the masses freed Russia of the Romanoffs and made her a republic.

The liberal Duma was too timid to make full use of the opportunities of the movement, and it was the courageous Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies that transformed Russia from the most absolutist autocracy in the world into the most radically governed great nation.

March 15th was the most constructive day of the revolution. With the provisional government's authority established, the capital rapidly assumed its normal appearance. The Petrograd correspondents and agents of foreign newspapers wired abroad on the afternoon of that day all the news of the revolution for the first time. In the United States the first message telling of the great upheaval arrived at 2 o'clock. In France the news was not released till the next day. In Berlin it was known earlier than in any other country.

March 16th Petrograd was full of all kinds of wild rumors. There were reports of a revolution in Berlin and the murder of Wil-



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BURYING MARTYRS OF THE REVOLUTION

There were many graves containing 45 coffins each which were decorated with red roses and red flags.

helm. But the committee's bulletin of the day called the population's attention to the danger of German agents. The first act of Minister of Justice Kerensky was an order for the release of imprisoned members of the Duma. The most popular of all ministers, Kerensky, soon became a national hero. His passionate eloquence and revolutionary ardor won him the love and devotion of the masses.

The various revolutionary parties began to collect their forces openly for the first time in their existence. The Social-Revolutionists, whose underground activities have inscribed some of the most dramatic pages in Russian history, held their first legal session. The

Cadets met also. Both parties issued appeals calling for union and co-operation. The head of the council of deputies, Tchkhaidze, addressed the soldiers amidst one of the most picturesque scenes of the revolution. General Rennenkampf, whom Hindenburg ignominiously defeated; the black minister of education, Kultchitsky, and the governor general of Finland were arrested. The reactionary governor of Tver was killed. Ex-Premier Kokovtsov was also arrested.

Thus did the old regime die. Already, on March 16th, the banks were open for two hours. With the end of that day the revolution was definitely over. A new Russia had arisen on the ruins of czarism.

INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
 Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
 For justice thunders condemnation,
 A better world's in birth.
 No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
 Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!
 The earth shall rise on new foundations,
 We have been naught, we shall be all.

REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,
 Let each stand in his place,
 The Internationale
 Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,
 To rule us from a judgment hall;
 We workers ask not for their favors;
 Let us consult for all.
 To make the thief disgorge his booty
 To free the spirit from its cell,
 We must ourselves decide our duty,
 We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
 Wage systems drain our blood;
 The rich are free from obligations,
 The laws the poor delude.
 Too long we've languished in subjection,
 Equality has other laws;
 "No rights," says she, "without their duties,
 No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,
 The kings of mine and rail and soil!
 What have you read in all their story,
 But how they plundered toil?
 Fruits of the workers' toil are buried
 In the strong coffers of a few;
 In working for their restitution
 The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,
 The union we of all who work;
 The earth belongs to us, the workers,
 No room here for the shirk.
 How many on our flesh have fattened!
 But if the noisome birds of prey
 Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
 The blessed sunlight still will stay.

The Coming of Supernationalism

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL

THE night of nationalistic capitalism is passing and it is time revolutionists were up and about their business.

I take it that all of us have been more or less confused and uncertain about the events of the last two and a half years. But now we are beginning to see daylight faintly showing on the distant horizon. The Russian revolution has cleared the atmosphere for us and the moving shadows that formerly were but parts of the welter of darkness now are slowly taking shape as parts of the next stage setting which the great scene shifter, Economic Progress, will soon reveal to us.

The world's masters are frightened. Therefore it begins to look as if their serfs were going to have a chance. In this connection it has been interesting in the last few weeks to watch the various stages of thought arrived at by the *New Republic*, the New York weekly. I mention this journal because it is the country's foremost organ of progressive and constructive capitalism. In its issue of May 5 it made this admission:

"Western civilization is approaching not the end of its potential resources, but the end of its resources as they are now organized."

In other words, the war-makers have bitten off more than they can chew. They are in the position of the shark that swallows a certain little sea monster which, once down, eats its captor's vitals out. The *New York Call* derives great comfort from the situation. It views the plight of the warring powers as the death of capitalism which, in its struggles, is digging its own grave. However, let us be not too previous in singing the funeral chant. Economic nationalism, indeed, is rattling in the throat, but let us consider the locust. That insect is not dead when it relapses into unconsciousness. It merely splits its skin and emerges into a new form. What new epoch, then, are we verging upon? There are varying opinions. Let us accept for what it is worth that of the *New Republic*. It asserts: "It is almost impossible to estimate the consequences of this great revolutionary situation. For one thing it means that a supernatural government is being forced into existence—a

world authority over the necessities of life."

In short, there is being born what we have long looked forward to—a perfected international organization of capitalism. We should worry about that! It will then be in the position we have long wanted to get it. The internationalization of capitalism will make easier the internationalization of labor. In fact, the former will promote, will manufacture the latter. It is not true that the International is dead. There never was a real one. But we may have one now.

The international police force, long threatened, has already started its work. When, some months ago, English interests in India were alarmed by a native uprising, marines were landed from a Japanese warship and put down the outbreak at the point of the bayonet. We have abundant reason for believing the story that when in 1905 the Russian autocracy was menaced by the uprising of the peasants, the German government offered to send troops to Russia to smash it. We may yet see the day when American soldiers will be quelling a rebellion of Chinese and other imported coolies on French soil, and if England is hard enough pressed when the next Irish revolt breaks out, she may call on American warships to bombard Dublin.

If any further proof is needed that old-style capitalism is in its death throes, one has only to survey the wild flounderings of the various capitalist governments today. Actually, they are calling on their once-despised Socialists to save them. In Russia Kerenski and Tscheidse are mainstays of the provisional government. In France, Albert Thomas is Minister of Munitions; Briand and Viviani, who got their training in the Socialist movement, and many other former bearers of the red banner, are trusted advisers. In England the usefulness to the government of labor leaders is well known. In Italy Bissolati is a pillar of the state. In Germany Scheidemann and other Socialist politicians are of incalculable aid to a hard-pressed autocracy. Melancholy is the sight of Walling, Stokes, Russell and others acting as volunteer advisers as to what is treason to our own capitalist government! What irony—that Socialists

should become bolsters of a decrepit and crumbling order.

Meanwhile, it is a time for lovers of freedom to look alive. Our Junkers are in the front seat and out for a joy ride. Stimulated by the sight of Britain's well-herded munition workers, they are now demanding the conscription, the militarization, of American labor.

The last vestiges of political freedom left to working men and women are being torn away. State legislatures are rapidly repealing all laws supposed to be for the benefit of labor for the period of the war and for six months after. But this, too, need be no cause for worry to those who look ahead. This facile repeal of laws so toilsomely won will yet teach those workers who believe they can improve their condition by political enactment that they can win and hold what they have won only by compactly formed, firmly rooted economic organization. This war is going to be one grand promoter of industrial unionism.

Nor will the warriors from labor's ranks be alarmed by any shifts in styles of capitalism. A system that can produce cases like Ludlow, Calumet, Bayonne, Paint Creek, Lawrence, Little Falls, Moyer and

Haywood, Ettor and Giovanitti, Ford and Suhr, Rangel and Cline, Joe Hill, Warren Billings, Tom Mooney, the Mesaba Range and the Everett Massacre can hardly change for the worse. Those who tell us that a capitalist reign of terror is about to begin forget there has been one on for a good many years. Conditions such as are reflected in every copy of papers like *Solidarity* and the *Industrial Worker* are frightful beyond words. The murderous hatred with which the employing classes strike back at every upward movement of their slaves betokens the desperate fear in their hearts.

It is a time of opportunity for the working class of America. The American Federation of Labor, following the example of the labor aristocracy in England, France and Germany, has cast its lot with the nationalistic exploiters, but there are some 88,000,000 other workers in the United States, among whom are many who will remember the victory of the coal miners of Wales and will make no compromise. The capitalists' need is the workers' opportunity. The autocracy of Russia has been made to abdicate on account of this war. Shall the plutocracy of America go unscathed?

MUTTON AND WAR

By Mark Twain

"Look at you in war—what mutton you are, and how ridiculous!"

"In war? How?"

"There has never been a just one, never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it.' Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will shout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry, and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."—From "*The Mysterious Stranger*."



Women Workers of Porto Rico

By NINA LANE McBRIDE

WHEN the sugar coated hand of the United States Government shook Porto Rico loose from the iron grip of Spain, the annual production of the island was about forty-five million dollars. Since the American occupation, the production has increased to one hundred and fifteen million dollars, and great strides in the sanitary conditions of the island have been made, such as the improvement of the water and sewage systems of towns and cities, improved country roads, etc. Wealth, and modern industry are everywhere. This is the sum and substance of the report given out by the Governor of the island, to members of the United States Senate, when the Porto Ricans were seeking the passage of the Organic act, known as the Jones Bill, called by some of the knowing ones, the "Bill Jones." In fact, nearly everything on the island has changed for the better, except the condition of the working people, which has remained the same, with the exception that they have American prices of commodities to meet, and are beginning to organize themselves, to meet American conditions. Like the butterfly, crawling from its chrysalis, the

people of Porto Rico are creeping slowly along the path of progress against the high wind of economic conditions, equipped at the present time with antiquated ideas of organization, from which in time will, no doubt, develop a strong industrial organization, which will free them from their bondage.

The women of Porto Rico, feel the coursing of the new life thru the arteries of the times, more keenly than do the men, after the centuries of servitude to church, state and employers, and are rapidly taking advantage of opportunities afforded. In nearly every industry the workingwomen are organizing themselves into craft unions and while their forces are in a sense divided, those working in the same industry, do not feel that their contracts with their employers are particularly binding, and if one set of women strike, the others whether organized into a union or not, can be counted upon to go out with them.

It has happened that women in one factory have gone on strike, and have marched from the factory into town, pulling out women workers as they marched, taking them from their work at all oc-

cupations, even those in domestic service, until by the time they had reached the Plaza, they had swelled their ranks to two thousand strong. When these women strike, they strike; they are tenacious fighters, and soft words and promises do not often fool them. In many cases they have forced the employers to raise wages, just by threatening to strike. The women working in the Macaroni factories organized themselves without affiliating with any labor organization, and struck for a twenty-five cent a day raise from a wage of thirty-five cents for a ten hour day, and won. Working conditions for the women are so terrible, that when thru desperation a desire for freedom is born, their struggle for the attainment is magnificent. As yet, they can see only a better form of capitalism, they cannot visualize an industrial democracy.

Working conditions for the telephone operators, can hardly be imagined. The switch boards are placed in the home of the operator and she is supposed to be on the job night and day, to answer the call, and make connections. The ringing of the bell keeps the whole family awake at night, and on a nervous tension all day. It is estimated by the labor organizations of Porto Rico, that fully twenty-five per cent of the operators are tubercular, due to the close confinement demanded by their work. The operators of these home stations receive from fifteen to twenty dollars per month.

Stenographers receive from eight to ten dollars per week, and are the best paid women workers on the island. Teachers receive from thirty-five to sixty-five dollars per month for a school year—nine months. Distinction is made between native teachers and American teachers, doing the same class of work and teaching the same subjects. The American teachers receive ten dollars a month more than does the native teacher.

The woman who works in domestic service, knows drudgery in its worst form, and degradation unspeakable. She works from early morning until late at night, with no days for rest, and no holidays. Her meals are furnished by her master, and her wages average three dollars per month.

The average straw hat workers, doing piece work, working a day of ten hours, six days a week, receive from two dollars and seventy-five cents to three dollars per week. Those doing the very finest work, working the same number of hours, receive from three to four dollars a week. Dress makers, working from 8 a. m. until 10 p. m., average four and five dollars per week. The average store clerk receives three and a half to four dollars per week. Five dollars a week is the highest wage paid for a day of nine hours.

In the cane fields the women work in the hot sun, always moving about, spreading seed, cleaning up litter, etc. In fact, acting as helpers to the men who cut and



load. For this work they receive forty-five and fifty cents per day. In the pineapple canning factories, the women and children are paid by the hour, their wages being two and a half cents per hour. They work as long as they are able, that they may make a few extra cents.

Conditions in the cigar factories are very bad. There is only one factory on the island which is considered sanitary by the workers. The factories are overcrowded with workers, and in some of the factories to have sanitary conditions, over half of the workers should be dispensed with. An insular ordinance was passed to improve the sanitary conditions in the factories, and the owners were given ten years in which to make the changes. Needless to state, the ten years have not yet elapsed. The strippers, which are women, are paid twenty cents per bunch for their work. By working hard, they can make from fifty to sixty cents per day.

Coffee is picked during the rainy season, and the women work in the fields in the pouring rain, barefooted and drenched to the skin, with their little children work-

ing by their sides. The mud gets very deep in these fields, and the work is not only hard, but fraught with great danger to the lives of the pickers, as land slides are not infrequent. The fields are on the mountain sides, and the heavy rains loosen the soil, which slides, taking plantation and workers with it. These women are paid by the measure. One measure brings thirty-five cents, and with the help of baby hands can be filled in from nine to ten hours.

Reports tell us, that this has been a very prosperous year in Porto Rico. The sugar companies alone, are said to be making a profit of one hundred and fifty per cent. Prices of commodities are a little higher than in the United States. As one capitalist publication stated recently, "San Juan today is certainly a good American city; it is vastly more American than many parts of the continental United States, etc." I may add, that Porto Rico today, is certainly a good American Island. Fine sanitary conditions, great wealth, and lots of profits—for the other fellow.

Conscientious Objectors in England

TWENTY THOUSAND Englishmen have made their protest against compulsory military service in the last half year, by claiming exemption, based on conscientious objections. The majority of them accepted "alternative service," many were finally exempted for some other reason and about five thousand have been put in jail.

The majority of the conscientious objectors are workers and a great number of them are Socialists. The anti-conscription propaganda has been carried on with such vigor and conviction that the general opinion gradually has improved and the brutal outrages against the objectors has caused so much protest as to stop some of the most ferocious manifestations.

In the earlier period fifty objectors were forcibly transported to the war zone in France and after again refusing military orders were court-martialed and condemned to death. Strong protests in England, how-

ever, changed these sentences into ten years' penal servitude. Others were beaten and knocked and tortured by military authorities in the so-called "special rooms" and were denied a trial. Gradually, however, there developed a more systematical treatment, combined, of course, with special offenses and ill treatment, different according to local authorities and local conditions. The system works out as follows:

The C. O. (conscientious objector) is turned over to the military authorities and, with few exceptions, is court-martialed and sentenced to imprisonment, generally for 112 days in a civil prison. During this period the Central Tribunal decides whether the objector is "genuine" and if so, he is offered "alternative service" of "national importance" under the so-called "Home Office" scheme.

If he refuses to accept this he is again sentenced to a longer term of prison, and so on. A general organization, the "No

Conscription Fellowship," and its official paper, the "*Tribunal*," printed in more than 100,000 copies, are of great help to carry on the propaganda and to expose excessive cruelties.

In the first period the treatment before court, as well as by the military authorities, was greatly different in different parts of the country.

One judge even refused to turn a C. O. over to the military authorities and there was a great divergency in accepting different arguments as "conscientious objections."

Comrade Gilbert Cannon, who claimed that he had been for many years a conscientious objector to the whole state of modern society and, therefore, was a conscientious objector against war, was ruled out of order as being a political and not a conscientious objection. Francis Johnson, general secretary of the Industrial Labor Party, was accepted on a statement that he objected as a Socialist, to whom Socialism is a religion, based upon a belief in international brotherhood. One of the judges called this "political," but the majority agreed that: "Tho the objections are rather based upon moral than upon religious grounds, they are acceptable as conscientious objections," which, however, did not keep our comrade out of jail, because he refused to do "alternative service."

Lately the proceedings have been systematized by decisions of the "Central Tribunal" as follows:

First. Absolute exemption is ruled out entirely, altho this is clearly against the spirit of the law.

Second. It is denied that men who are opposed to this particular war, or who are prepared to take human lives under certain circumstances, are C. O. at all.

Third. It is declared that to young people exemption should be refused, because their views cannot be regarded as "deliberate and settled." Membership of a Socialist organization is in itself considered no evidence of a conscientious objection to military service.

Against these rulings, altho not binding for the local judges, the no conscription Fellowship carries an intensive propaganda. It certainly requires some freshness of mind to order young people to kill and be killed and at the same time deny them judgment on account of being too young!

The chief argument presented by Socialists is their international conception of a general brotherhood. Clifford Allen, f. i., argued: "I am a Socialist and so hold in all sincerity that the life and personality of every man is sacred, and that there is something of divinity in every human being, irrespective of the nation to which he belongs. I cannot betray my belief in the brotherhood of all men. To me war is murder. . ."

Particularly striking and interesting also for this country is the following argument:

"I am a Negro, born in Jamaica. My parents were sent in bondage to Jamaica. They were torn from their home. My country is divided up among the European powers, who in turn have oppressed and tyrannized over my fellowmen. The Allies of Great Britain, i. e., Portugal and Belgium, have been among the worst oppressors, and now that Belgium is invaded I am about to be compelled to defend her. . . Even Germans or any aliens who are white men are preferred to us. I have been buffeted from one labor exchange to another. . . In view of these circumstances, and also the fact that I have a moral objection to all wars, I would sacrifice my rights rather than fight."

There is no doubt that the extensive arguing before the different courts and the courage of conviction shown by a great number of Socialists will bear results, if not at once, then in the near future.

The number of C. O.'s no doubt would have been even much larger if the Government had not, beforehand, exempted from service such industries as munition factories, railroad workers, longshoremen, miners.

It will be noticed that among the workers that are exempted without any further investigation, are those that have shown at least some fighting spirit in the class struggle during the first part of the war. It always pays the workers to keep up their class struggle, and if conscription did come at all, this is largely due to the fact that labor finally submitted to the combined efforts of their exploiters and their "leaders."

Anyhow, a strong group of men, mostly workers and Socialists, stood for their principles and accepted sufferings. Will their example and their courage inspire us to similar sacrifices, intensified in proportion, not only to our number, but also to our claims for liberty and freedom of conscience?

Our Action Against Conscription

By S. J. RUTGERS

THE St. Louis convention of the Socialist Party declared in favor of "unyielding opposition to all proposed legislation for military or industrial conscription" and for the support of "all mass movements in opposition to conscription."

If we do not wish to stop at mere words, we must organize *action* in accordance with this resolution.

First of all, we must encourage and support all strikes during war, particularly in important industries, such as transportation and mining. This will not only help to keep the workers from starvation and enslavement, but it will at the same time be the most efficient weapon against the reaction of conscription. The capitalist government seeks to make each struggle on the economic field a political issue. In fact, we have had in New York a strike of truckmen, who asked that a new arrangement made by their masters, and to their disadvantage, should be repealed. This was merely an economic conflict and the bosses were the aggressors, but still the workers were told to drop the strike on account of its "interference" with war interests. If labor submits to that, it gives up its influence, its power of resistance, and is reduced to serfdom. If it does not, it comes into serious conflict with the organization of the Capitalist State and an intensified class struggle will be the result. Gompers, as a faithful servant of Capitalism and a traitor to his class, grasped the situation exactly when he declared his willingness to prevent any and all strikes during war, because he knows that any serious strike under the circumstances may develop into a political strike, into a general conflict between the two classes.

Our task lies not so much in an effort to start or to proclaim a general strike, as some of our opponents seem to believe; our task is to support any tendency towards strikes, which under present conditions and when waged uncompromisingly, may develop into more general movements.

The English miners, as well as the railroad workers and the metal workers, *did*

strike during the war against the orders of their capitalist government, and they gained results.

The government actually had to implore the workers to stop their fight, on the presumption that the future of the country was at stake. Labor "leaders" had to be rushed to the danger zones, and once more succeeded in fooling the workers into submission. But it shows the power of the workers and their opportunities.

The Russian revolution started with partial strikes, combined with street demonstrations, gradually growing into more general mass actions, and the American workers should take to heart the lessons of recent history.

The St. Louis resolution demands support of mass actions against conscription. But this cannot mean that we have to wait until some mysterious general action against conscription falls from heaven. A general action has to develop out of smaller local actions, as soon as conditions become favorable. Our first duty is to organize meetings and demonstrations against conscription in all districts all over the country. Get a meeting together, even if it is a small one, try to arrange for a demonstration in combination with that meeting, and you will do more towards the support of mass action than in declaring your willingness to support "mass action" if "others" (who the devil are those others if not we!) will be kind enough to start something. Our opposition to conscription voiced at these meetings, small or large, should be uncompromising, should be a part of our fight against militarism, and against Imperialism.

It is true that the police have already prevented some of the Socialist meetings, but this should not discourage you. Other districts have held meetings since; we should try every district, every hall, every street corner; we can change our subject, if only not our spirit, and if we are driven by force out of every corner, we will have accomplished at least something. This would help greatly to show the workers the kind of "democracy" and "freedom" they are supposed to go to war for, and they will ask

why this is a fight against "foreign" autocracy.

And even when driven from the last hall, even when denied the right to hold street corner meetings, we need not give up the fight. We can print and distribute leaflets, and we can come together in streets and squares for propaganda and protest until dispersed by the police. If the hundred thousand Socialists, together with their six hundred thousand "voters" and that part of organized labor that did not surrender to its exploiters, organize this form of protest all over the country in a changing and growing number of groups to "discuss" current events, it will mean some problem for the ruling class.

No doubt, one of the topics at such informal gatherings would be the refusal to be conscripted. We may be assured that many will refuse, as was done in England, where several thousand conscientious objectors are still in jail. But it would be more effective if those prepared to refuse would get in touch with each other, could organize in a certain way to carry their action and their sacrifices in one and the same direction.

This concerted action should start with the taking of the military census, with the registration for the prospective conscription. Among the questions as issued by Governor Whitman of New York, there are two which enable us at least to make some form of protest; and no doubt other registration

forms will contain similar questions. Question 50 asks: "Do you claim exemption from military service?" Everybody should answer "Yes." The Socialist Propaganda League of Brooklyn adopted a motion, subsequently adopted at the Borough meeting of Local Kings County of the Socialist Party to answer question 51, asking *why* you claim exemption, with: "Because I am a conscientious objector." No matter what other reasons you may have for exemption, first of all state that you are a "conscientious objector." This may give us an opportunity to get a public hearing on our objections as in England, and to make propaganda and muster our forces. And because the census most likely will include all the inhabitants of the United States up to 45 years of age, the grown up people will have an opportunity to join their protest with that of the younger generation. There is no use stating on the registration form what these conscientious objections are, because this will not be given publicity and may cause your exemption to be rejected without any further hearing.

We may expect different kinds of conscientious objectors; religious humanitarian, non-resistance advocates and class-conscious workers. Each group will have its own arguments, but there can be no objection to co-operating in the effort to get a public hearing and an efficient action.—*The International.*

OUT FROM SIBERIA

By Alice Corbin

I hear the tramp of thousands of men
Coming from prisons and haunts of
gloom,

Out from Siberia's living tomb—
Russia greeting her own again.

Oh, this is the happiest army of men
Who fought for freedom with passionate
zeal,

A fight more brave than of steel on steel—
Russia welcomes her own again.

I hear the marching of millions more
In every country and every state,
Building, before it be too late,
Free republics from shore to shore!



ZULUS ENJOYING A MULLIGAN

NOTES ON NATAL

By S. G. RICH

WHEN the union of South Africa was formed in 1910, the success of the scheme was said to have hung on the participation of the little colony of Natal. Had Natal refused to enter the union, the other three colonies would probably have remained separate. Yet it is to this day problematical whether even Big Business of Natal has been a gainer by Union.

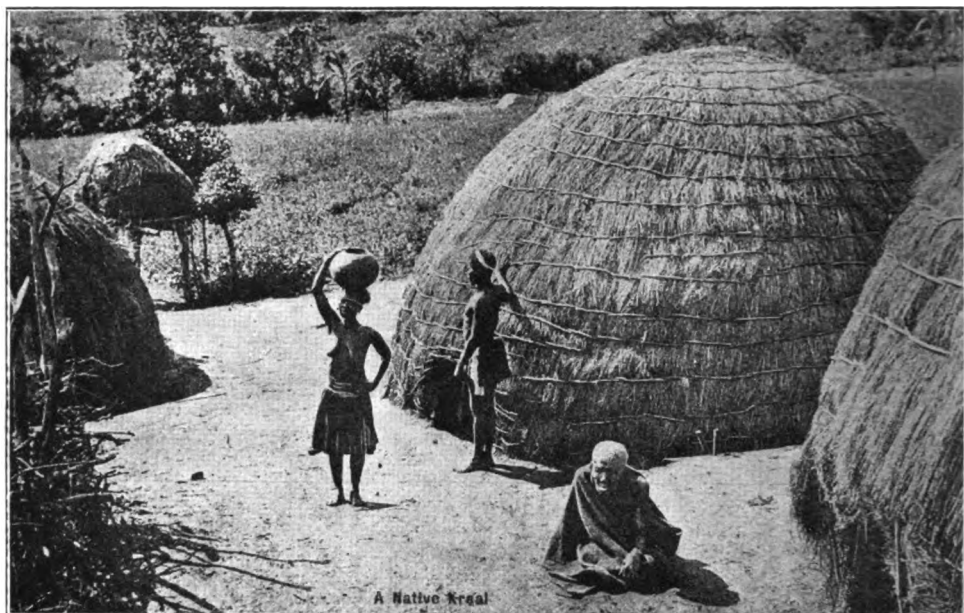
Situated on the eastern coast of South Africa, Natal is a series of grassy tablelands and deep valleys, rising within a hundred and fifty miles from the sea to the ten-thousand-foot mountains of the Drakensberg. With an area about equal to that of New Hampshire and Vermont, Natal has a population of nearly a million. Of these, a scant hundred thousand are whites or "Europeans." Another hundred thousand are Indians. The rest are Zulus, known locally as "natives" and also, to their own dislike, as "kaffirs."

To a Socialist, Natal is an interesting study in many ways. It is, first of all, a land of four industries. The coast, semitropical in climate, is a sugar-cane center. The midlands are largely given over to raising Australian wattle trees, whose bark or extract is exported to Europe for use in tanning. The third industry is

that of the port. Durban, or "Port Natal," has the only really decent harbor within the limits of British South Africa. The port, and with it the railway to the Transvaal, is an important industry of the province. The last great Natal industry is coal mining. The only important coal fields of South Africa are those of the Biggarsberg and of Hlabane, in northern Natal.

Natal capitalism is, of course, of British origin. Hardly had the settlement of the province begun, seventy years ago, than capitalistic exploitation began. So far has it progressed that industrial Natal may well rank as one of the best exploited regions of the world.

The Zulus, who held Natal previous to the coming of the British, lived in a system of tribal communion. Under their kings, Tshaka, Dingana, and Ketshwayo (commonly misspelt Cetywayo or Cettiwayo), they were the dominant native military power in South Africa. They ruled Natal, parts of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, as well as a slice of Portuguese East Africa. They were a prosperous people half a century ago. Their herds of cattle were large and well fed. They lived a contented communistic life, secure in free access to the land.



HOMES OF THE NATIVES

Amabele (kaffir corn) and mealies (corn) were raised for food.

The steady encroachment of Europeans upon their lands at first produced little effect. True, the free natives became renters, but the economic yoke was as yet light. Large areas, called "locations," were permanently reserved for native occupation. Here the old tribal life went on, comparatively undisturbed.

An interesting experiment of this period was the native dorp (village) at Edendale, in the midlands. Led by a Wesleyan missionary, a civilized community of Christian natives was here formed. For a long time it prospered. One of its great sources of wealth was "transport riding"—carrying goods from Durban to the Transvaal by ox-wagon. The events I am about to describe ended this:

Eighteen eighty-seven is the date which marks the making of modern, capitalistic South Africa. In that year gold was discovered on the Witwatersrand, a desolate rocky range of hills in the Transvaal. Quickly a huge new town, Johannesburg, grew upon the "Rand," as this gold field was commonly called. Within almost a few months, gold-mining on the Rand passed into the Big Capitalist stage. This

might have been expected, for the gold was in a nearly vertical vein of hard rock. A Rand mine needed expensive crushing-machinery.

By 1897 the government railway from Durban to the Rand was completed. Transport-riding, a source of wealth to both native and white in Natal, ended. At the same time, the steady growth of the native population began to crowd the locations. The Rand, from the start, was a magnet for natives—most of whom succumbed to miner's phthisis.

In this same period of rapid growth came the sugar-cane industry. This, taking still more land, crowded the natives still worse. Wattle-growing in the midlands likewise crowded the natives out of many areas.

With the huge profits of the Rand gold magnates for comparison, Natal capitalists became impatient. The easy-going native, who went back to his kraal when he had a few pounds on which to live, was not sufficiently exploitable. So to India they sent. Landless coolies were imported under indenture. These were nearly perfect scabs: starvation wages, even at the low standard set by cheap living among natives, were big to the coolie from India. He had no kraal to



RICKSHA BOYS

which to go. He had to work all the time.

Then came the Rinderpest and Red-Water. Like snow in April, the natives' cattle melted away before these two diseases. The natives were impoverished. No longer could they be independent of capitalism.

Of recent years, the natives have had more and more to flock to the towns. There, under the supposed democracy of British rule, they are subject to many restrictions. A Russian passport system has been forced onto them; curfew laws, etc., limit their freedom.

But Africa capitalism is not yet satisfied. The Union parliament in 1913, and again this year, has passed Native Land Acts, which, in the words of a Johannesburg comrade, are "manufacturing the proletariat." Under pretense of segregation, of protecting natives from white vice, these acts take away from the natives *all* the good land. Fine, grassy veld is given to Europeans; the reserved locations are rocky and sterile.

One degrading and destructive occupation of natives is that of rickshaw-runners in Durban and Maritzburg. Exploited intensely, the runner who does not fall victim to heart-disease within five years is an exception.

Thus far the labor movement in Natal

and all of South Africa has neglected the natives. It has been a mere conservative craft union movement among whites. Yet the Kaffirs are 93 per cent of the working-class of the country. The international Socialist League, a new body of revolutionary Socialists and industrial unionists, has at last started to reach the natives.

With the memory of free access to land, with keen appreciation of their present exploitation, the natives should be easy to reach. Solidarity they know and practice: it is the rule of their communistic tribal life. They are entirely disfranchised: hence it is useless to talk political action to them.

One tactic they know well. I refer to passive resistance. At the normal school at Adams, M. S., where I teach natives who are preparing to become teachers, the students worked it effectively a year ago, when a holiday was unexpectedly denied them.

The natives are ready for the message of Socialism whenever we can give it to them. Our great difficulty is that of language. Few of us can speak Zulu, Sesuto, Shangan, or other native languages well enough to propagandize in it. There is no Socialist literature in these tongues: the first pamphlet, "Wage-Labor

and Capital," is only now in process of translation into Zulu.

The Zulus are a fine people. Physically, they are sturdy and well-proportioned, though not very tall. Men and women alike are commonly handsome, especially according to native or negro standards. Few are entirely black: they are a brown people. Mentally, they show very decided power. While slow, they are excellent reasoners. We whites see them at a disadvantage, for English is a foreign tongue to them and Zulu to us. I must not forget to remark how very intelligent even the facial expression of the Zulus is.

Education among the natives is almost wholly in missionary hands and hence under church control. The government aids financially, but rather grudgingly. An immense amount of petrified, stupefying practice, apparently derived from British schools of the "Dotheboys Hall" period, has crept into native education in Natal. We at Adams have to fight it tooth and nail.

But the natives desire education. On every side one hears of their sacrifices to get it.

The Indians, as a bunch, impress one as dirty. This is doubtless the result of their intense exploitation. In contrast to the neat grass huts of the native kraals, they build squalid-looking shanties of corrugated iron.

The white people of Natal are British, and intensely patriotic. They do not regard themselves as South Africans, but as an outpost of England. As a group, they are excessively conservative.

Natal has only two cities: Durban and Pietermaritzburg. Durban, on the coast, is a warm place. It is a very clean town, thoroly mercantile and thoroly British. Palms and fig-trees adorn its streets. It is about as big as Bridgeport, Conn. Pietermaritzburg, half its size, is the provincial capital. It is called Maritzburg

locally. It is a pleasant, quiet city, built of red brick. It lies seventy miles inland, two thousand feet high, in a fertile valley among the hills. Ladysmith, of Boer war fame, is a village of 3,000 people, mostly Indians, near the Drakensberg. Colenso, also of war fame, is a bunch of tin shanties on the bare grassy veld.

As thruout South Africa, the railways of Natal are government-owned. But the government exploits quite as much as private owners. Trains are slow, since grades are heavy. The gauge, standard for Africa, is 3 ft. 6 in. The carriages, etc., are English in pattern and often in make.

Passing up the "Main Line" railway from Durban, we first pass cane-fields and semi-tropical bush, very handsome, in patches. We soon come out on the high, bare, grassy table-lands, 2,500 feet high. Magnificent wide views and gorges are seen. The plantations of wattle break up the grassy veld. So we go on, past Maritzburg in its valley, up onto another plateau, thru fine farms, and upwards to Ladysmith. Except at the coast or where they are planted, there are few trees. It is a land of grassy, open veld, with rocky hillocks called kopjes, as we near the Drakensberg. Near Colenso Boer war soldiers' graves are plentiful. The line to Johannesburg goes on thru the coal districts and fine mountains. A branch line southwards from Maritzburg traverses an Arizona-like district.

Like all of South Africa, Natal is a land of imports. Corrugated iron from England, known as "zinc" or "tin" is the universal roofing and building material. I write this with British ink in a New York pen, on Canadian paper under light from American kerosene in a British lamp. I am wearing an Italian hat, Scotch shoes, a wash suit of American cotton woven in England, a French necktie, German collar-buttons, and am writing on a table made of Australian lumber.



INDUSTRIAL ACTION NEWS

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

A234CH BQ COLLECT NPR

SEATTLE WASH MAY 14 1917

I. S. REVIEW

341 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ALL PRISONERS RELEASED. ALL CHARGES QUASHED. HAD PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN FRONT OF COUNTY JAIL. DECORATED GRAVES OF MURDERED FELLOW WORKERS LOONEY, BARAN AND GERLOT. TOTAL EXPENSES EVERETT DEFENSE THIRTY SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. REPORTS WILL BE FINISHED AND PRINTED JUNE 1ST. ALL UNIONS SEND FUNDS COLLECTED IMMEDIATELY TO CLEAN UP BILLS.

ALL STREET AND GRADING CONSTRUCTION WORKERS ON STRIKE. SEATTLE AND VICINITY COMPLETELY TIED UP. WE DEMAND 50 CENTS INCREASE AND EIGHT HOURS. BOSSES HAVE GRANTED A 25 CENT INCREASE, EIGHT HOURS AND ALL MEN TO BE HIRED FROM I. W. W. UNION HALLS.

ORGANIZATION BOOMING. TWELVE SECRETARIES, ORGANIZERS AND SPEAKERS MOVING AT TOP SPEED.

J. A. McDONALD.

On the 5th of November, 1916, five working men, members of the Industrial Workers of the World, were shot to death on the docks at Everett, Wash., by hirelings of either the mill owners of the State of Washington, or the Commercial Club of Everett, Wash. Forty-six other workers were wounded.

For this crime, seventy-three workers were jailed for six months under various charges and on the 5th day of May, this year, Thomas H. Tracy was acquitted of a murder charge after a trial lasting two months. Now comes the good news of "all prisoners released." Another clean cut victory for the fighting I. W. W.!

Class Lines Clearly Drawn

Never in the history of the American labor movement have the class lines been so clearly drawn and the supposed defendant in the case so completely pushed to one side as in the case of the State of Washington vs. Thomas H. Tracy. For days at a time Tracy would sit listening to the evidence and arguments as if he were only one of the spectators, and in no way whatever connected with the case. On the other hand, every principle and idea of the Industrial Workers of the World, the actions of the Commercial Club of Everett, the industrial disturbances of Everett and several other towns in Washington, and anything that would tend to throw light upon the industrial situation or the propaganda of the I. W. W. was brought out and explained in fullest detail.

The charging of Thomas H. Tracy with

the murder was merely perfunctory. It was the only way in which the state, which represented the Commercial Club of Everett, hoped to be able to break down and completely wipe out the Industrial Workers of the World in the camps and mills of the state of Washington. It was but an extension of the open shop campaign that has been waged on the Pacific coast by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association for the past eight years, and it is the first really big case in all that time in which that association has been defeated.

Attorney Cooley for the prosecution said:

"The question in this case is as to whether any organization, whether it be a labor organization or any other, has the right to use unlawful methods; whether it has the right, because it may have the power, to use unlawful methods."

Attorney Fred Moore's closing speech will rank alongside of Darrow's defense in the Haywood case. In making this closing plea he said, in part:

"Your responsibility is that of measuring out absolute and complete justice between warring elements in modern life, not for one moment allowing yourselves to be swayed by the fact that one class of witnesses are witnesses of social positions, of property qualifications, while, on the other hand, the witnesses called by the defense were witnesses from the four parts of the earth whose only claim to your attention is that they have built the railroads, that they have laid the ties, that they have dug the tunnels, that they have harvested the crops.

"* * * We were further handicapped in view of the fact that we did not have behind us the resources of the state of Washington and the county of Snohomish. Neither did we have behind us the resources of various business interests; neither did we have behind us all the resources of allied business on the Pacific coast, as represented by Mr. Veitch for the prosecution.

History of Conspiracy

"What have they? They have the old reliable, the old faithful, in the trial of cases of this character, namely, conspiracy, hallowed by age. Way back in the sixteenth century the tug women on the banks of the Thames were indicted for conspiracy in attempting to raise wages. The chandlers of London were likewise later indicted. The stone masons in New York, the carpenters in Boston! From time immemorial the charge of conspiracy has been leveled against Labor. Indeed, it was only in the reign of Victoria that labor unions became other than simply conspiracies.

"I can almost hear ringing in my ears the impassioned plea of Mr. Cooley in closing this case. He is going to read this: 'The question of right and wrong does not concern us.' My God, did it ever concern the sheriff of Snohomish county. Does it seem to concern others who are attempting this prosecution?

"I might urge upon you that the state at that time wanted to absolutely suppress all speech because they had constituted the chief of police, they had constituted the sheriff, they had constituted the arresting officer, as the executive, the legislative and the judicial department of our government.

"We are not afraid of the evidence. We are afraid of the deep grained interest that goes down into men's consciences and that reaches back a thousand years.

"They fight because they must. They fight because to do anything else is suicide. You could not have stopped the American revolution with all the powers of the British government. Since this jury was impeached you have had the collapse of one of the greatest powers of modern times. It has passed from the stage of an absolute monarchy to a republic.

"The trial of this cause is the presentation of a great social issue, the greatest of modern times, namely, What are we going to do with the migratory and occasional workers? These are the boys who have told their story on the stand.

"If yours is a verdict of 'not guilty,' Tom Tracy must take up again the job of finding a job, this endless tragedy of marching from job to job, without home, wife or kindred. His offense consists of being a migratory worker. I beg of you to render a verdict that has due regard and consideration for the tragedy of our twentieth century civilization that does not as yet measure out economic justice.

"Your verdict means much. The wires tonight or tomorrow will carry the word all over this land, into Australia and New Zealand. We are not in this courtroom as the representatives of one person, two persons or three persons. Our clients run into thousands. These are behind us and put us here as their mouthpiece, the mouthpiece of the workers of America, organized and unorganized. They are here behind our voices."

Importance of Free Speech

"If there is any one principle that is ground into Anglo Saxon thought it is the principle of liberty of the press and freedom of speech. Those two things stand as the bulwark of our liberty. They are the thing for which the Anglo-Saxon has fought from time immemorial, liberty of the press and freedom of speech.

Attorney Moore closed with an appeal for a clear-cut verdict of first degree murder or acquittal.

Tracy's acquittal is entirely due to the solidarity displayed by the militant workers of the country.

A complete history of this, the longest and most important labor trial in the history of the Pacific Coast, is now being written up under the direction of the general office of the Industrial Workers of the World and will be off from the press about July 1st. It will be substantially bound in cloth with over twenty illustrations. Every Revolutionary Socialist and intelligent union man will want a copy for his book shelf.

Meanwhile the Review will not talk about "justice" on the Pacific Coast until Sheriff McRae and the guilty members of the Everett Commercial Club have been arrested, brought to trial and convicted of shooting to death five members of the Industrial Workers of the World on the Everett docks on Sunday afternoon, November 5, 1916.

THE SPRING DRIVE OF THE LUMBER JACKS

By C. E. PAYNE

A NEW method of organization is being tried out in North America, an invention which, like many another, is so simple and yet so efficient that the wonder is not that it has been discovered, but that it has not been tried before. This new machine is the Lumber Workers Organization No. 500 of the I. W. W.

Formerly when the timber workers in one locality became numerous enough to form a Local Union they took out a charter for that locality, and the certain result was that when the members would leave or be driven out, the Charter would lapse, and people would say that "the lumber jacks won't stick together."

The lumber workers who are now organizing in the L. W. O. were at first accepted under the jurisdiction of the Agricultural Workers Organization, but they became so numerous and their activities were in some respects so different from that of the A. W. O. that a convention was called to meet in Spokane on March 4th. It continued for three days, and resulted in an application to the I. W. W. The charter was issued on March 12th of this year, and the members engaged in the lumbering industry who had been members of the A. W. O. began transferring to the L. W. O. No. 500, and new members have been joining at a very encouraging rate. The number in good standing at present is close to 6,000.

The new form of organization is that of an Industrial Union with branches, and it has jurisdiction in the lumbering industry throughout the entire country. The headquarters is located at 424 Lindelle Block, Spokane, and the Secretary, Don Sheridan, and three assistants have all the work they can handle, and more coming in all the time.

There are district branches at Spokane, Duluth and Seattle. Duluth district has three branches, Seattle has seven branches, and Spokane has some seven branches, while each district and branch

has a number of stationary and camp delegates working with credentials. Organization is being carried forward in Louisiana to establish a Southern District, and work is being started in California. Wherever there are a number of districts near each other they function as a district. On the other hand, where logging and milling operations are discontinued in some section of country, there is no lapsed charter because of the members moving away, but some Stationary Delegate who has a suitcase full of literature, stamps and cards simply moves to the new location, and the business of organization goes on.

The new arrangement means that there is but one Lumber Workers' Charter for all North America, and every member belongs to the Industrial Union, which has headquarters at Spokane. But this does not mean any hard and fast rule of action. Each district is left free to tackle the boss whenever they feel so inclined, and to use such tactics as they find suitable, while the head office gives that particular district the support of the whole organization. It also provides a way for the head office to send delegates and organizers into unorganized territory without waiting for a charter to be issued for that locality, and in case of all the members in any one locality being blacklisted they do not lose charter or membership, for there is but one charter for lumber workers, and camp delegates who collect dues and initiate members are becoming very numerous. As the result of organization, the members of the L. W. O. are coming to have a good understanding with each other, and they are quietly and coolly figuring just when and where to make their demands.

In Washington, Idaho and Montana, where logs are floated, or "drove," to the mills, there are generally as many logs cut each winter as can well be taken down the streams during the high water of each summer, and but a few days delay

in the drive will mean that large numbers of logs will be left on the banks of the streams till next year, and the worms and rot can do a lot of damage. It is a question with the bosses whether rot in the logs will cost more than the wages demanded. In some places the bosses have decided that it is better to agree to the demand than have no logs this year, and the L. W. O. is making preparations for presenting demands at the right time at other places. The results gained so far by the L. W. O. through organized effort, and the work of education that is being carried on, indicate that the growth in membership will be very rapid. The river drivers on the St. Maries River in Idaho have raised their wages from \$3.50 for twelve hours to \$5.00 for eight hours.

At the Convention held in Spokane, the pledge was given that if any of the Everett prisoners were convicted, the L. W. O. would bring economic pressure to bear to change the verdict. The convention also adopted a demand for \$60 per month and board for all teamsters in the woods, and eight hours work; \$5 and board for eight hours work for river drivers, and that all men be paid twice a month in cash or bank checks without any discount.

The Lumber Workers Organization is working along lines that were to some extent mapped out by the Agricultural Workers Organization during the past two years in the harvest fields of the Central states. But in some instances the work is being carried along on entirely new lines for which there is no precedent, and each problem is handled as it arises. The Organization and its methods are so new that the bosses have been unable to find any way to successfully combat it.

And the very success that it is making is why the L. W. O. No. 500 is attractive to the lumber jacks.

As this is being written the river drivers are in some places enjoying the benefits of the better conditions they have secured; in some places they are still on strike, and in other places they are waiting till the drives are started before making their demands. There is no disposition to help the bosses break the strikes by going out when there is no demand for labor power. The disposition now is to wait till the bosses are just starting their log drives, and then making a good drive for wages. And the boss knows that the water running to the sea now will never come back to float logs to the mill. It must be taken at the flood to lead on to fortune, and the boss cannot grasp that fortune except he concedes to the lumber jacks a larger portion of the wealth they create.

But more than the demands made for higher wages and better working conditions, the lumber jacks are consciously building their organization for the purpose of taking and operating all the lumber industry in the interest of the working class just as fast as the rest of the working class can be brought to see their economic position in society. The lumber workers know that they cannot go much beyond the most advanced position of other organized workers in industry, but they are determined to keep the L. W. O. in the front of the drive against the bosses, and have in less than three months since their convention been able to obtain some good results, and they know that better results can be obtained in the near future.

METAL MINERS BLAST

By G. H. PERRY

THE work of organizing the metal miners goes merrily on in spite of desperate resistance on the part of the corporation mine owners.

Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union No. 800 was organized January 29, 1917, and in four months' time its membership has passed the 6,000 mark and is still going strong in spite of the fact that we

have been denied meeting places, men have been blacklisted and the newspapers have carried on a campaign of open-shop slander and abuse.

The Arizona Local No. 800 is the power in the mining industry. Although the Western Federation of Miners, or rather its ghost, has been a silent partner along with the work of the boys to crush

out a real organization among the miners.

The W. F. of M. has dwindled down to a few hundred members in this state. Where hundreds of the boys once prized their W. F. of M. cards, they are now turning them in for transfer in the I. W. W. The officials of the W. F. of M. fell flat in their attempt to foist upon the miners a contract system with a check off similar to that used by the United M. W. of America. The boys down here are on to that game and the mine owners knew that the W. F. of M. did not have the organization to deliver the goods.

Few people realize that Arizona is the biggest copper state in the Union. The deposits extend over the entire state. Some of the largest mining camps are Miami, Metcalf, Clinton and Morenci, where thousands of miners are employed in low grade mines.

The mines are insufferably hot and are located in dry districts where the water has to be hauled into many camps. Food is high because it has to be shipped in.

The whites and Mexicans work eight and ten hours a day and wages are \$5.85 for miners and \$5.45 for muckers while general laborers get from \$2.50 up.

Copper is badly needed for munitions at the present time and the I. W. W. is

in the game for shorter hours and higher wages whenever the opportunity offers, regardless of international financial differences.

Machine guns have been planted on the hill sides around the mining camps and search lights play all night long. Rifle clubs have been organized and various measures have been taken to stand off "foreign invasions."

The miners realize that these military stunts are being staged regularly for their benefit. But they refuse to be intimidated and the work of organization goes steadily forward.

Conditions in other mining states are similar to those in Arizona. Local 800 is rapidly gaining ground in Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado and Nevada. One delegate in Butte sent in over 180 members. One day's receipts from Butte brought in 535 new members while nearly every mining camp in the west is represented by a delegate of Local 800. At this writing we have 125 delegates and paid organizers on the job and best of all we have aroused the enthusiasm of the diggers from the Mexican border to Alaska and it will not be long before the men who drift and cross-cut will be the dictators of mining conditions.

THE BATTLE FOR THE LAKES

By H. L. VARNEY

WAR for job control has been declared on the great lakes by Marine Transport Workers' Local No. 200, I. W. W.

For years the lake workers have been divided into autonomous unions and double-crossed by agreements which give the workers all the worst of it.

The seamen had their seamen's Union. Then there was the Marine Firemen, Oilers and Water Tenders' Union and the longshoremen had their I. L. A. The shipbuilders were also divided into a dozen or more craft unions. But the day has come when the lake workers realize that the old A. F. of L. form of unionism must go in the discard. They are beginning to realize that division brings dividends to the boss but does not bring the bacon home to the workers who do the work. They are awake to

the fact that most of their unions are little better than bosses' unions. And that is one reason why the union membership had declined to almost zero. That is why One Big Union looks awfully good to the lake workers at the present writing.

The first strike handled by Local 200 occurred at Ashtabula, Ohio, and resulted in a good, strong branch among the shipbuilders.

On May 1st a bitter strike broke out in Erie, Pa., between the longshoremen and the bosses. The men were organized in the I. L. A., which is run by one T. V. O'Connor, whose record is well known among intelligent union men. As soon as O'Connor heard of the trouble, he wired into the bosses repudiating the strike in the name of the I. L. A. He assured the bosses that they

were free to fill the jobs with scabs and that he would give no support to the strike.

The Erie strikers appealed to the I. W. W. and applied for a charter. The strike is now on its third week and not a single man has shown a yellow streak or deserted in spite of the fact that gunmen, searchlights and threats of Federal deportation have been the bosses' weapons.

About the same time Local 751 of the I. L. A. went on strike at Buffalo, demanding higher wages and the annulment of the old agreement with the bosses. This agreement or contract is one of the rottenest documents ever used to bind or gag a bunch of union men. According to its terms, if the local goes on strike without permission of the Hon. Mr. O'Connors, their worthy International Secretary, the local forfeits a \$2,000 bond to the chief employer,—one W. J. (Fingy) Connors, who, by the way, is a notorious politician, and has taken advantage of the ignorance of these poor

Polish workers for years past. They have revolted and drafted a new agreement which leaves O'Connor out in the cold.

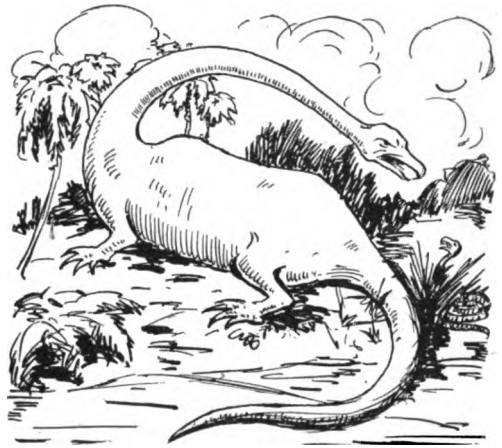
On May 6th they declared themselves independent of the I. L. A. and voted unanimously to follow the example of the Erie lake workers and affiliated with the I. W. W. A tidal wave is surely sweeping our way and with the help of the General Organization it will not be long before One Big Union will hold full sway on the lakes.

The headquarters of Local No. 200 is Cleveland, Ohio. George Hardy is Secretary-Treasurer and at present the General Organization has the following organizers on the job: Joe Schmidt, Wm. Kornick, Emanuel Rey, C. L. Lambert and your humble servant. Arrangements have also been made for a colored organizer. We hope to be able to send the REVIEW readers next month news of the successful winding up of the strikes at Erie and Buffalo.



The Genealogy of Animals

By J. HOWARD MOORE



LIFE originated in the sea, and for an immense period of time after it commenced it was confined to the place of its origin. The civilizations of the earth were for many millions of years exclusively aquatic. It has, indeed, been estimated that the time required by the life process in getting out of the water—that is, that the time consumed in elaborating the first species of land animals—was much longer than the time which has elapsed since then. I presume that during a large part of this early period it would have seemed to one living at that time extremely doubtful whether there would ever be on the earth any other kinds of life than the aquatic.

And if those who today weave the fashionable fabrics of human philosophy, and who know nothing about anything outside the thin edge of the present, had been back there, they would no doubt have declared confidently, as they looked upon the naked continents and the uninhabited air and the sea teeming with its peculiar fauna, that life upon solids or in gases, life anywhere, in fact, except in the sea, where it had always existed, and to which alone it was adopted, was absolutely, and would be forever, impossible; and that feathered fishes and fishes with the power to run and skip, and especially "sharks" competent to walk on one end and jabber with the other, were unthinkable nonsense. Life originated in the sea for the same reason that the first of the series of so-called "civilizations" which have appeared in human history sprang from the alluvium of the Euphrates and the Nile, because the conditions for bringing life into existence were here the most

favorable. The atmosphere was incompetent to perform such a task as the inventing of protoplasm, and there was no land above the oceans.

The first forms of life were one-celled—simple, jellylike dots of almost homogeneous plasm—the protozoa. These primitive organisms were the common grandparents of all beings. From them evolved, thru infinite travail and suffering, all of the orders, families, species and varieties of animals that today live on the earth, and all those that have in the past lived and passed away. By the multiplication and specialization of cells, and the formation of cell aggregates, the sponges, celenterates, and flat worms were developed from the protozoa.

From the flat worms developed the annelid worms, animals perforated by a food canal and possessing a body cavity filled with blood surrounding this canal. The body cavity is the space between the walls of the body and the alimentary canal, the cavity which in the higher animals contains the heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, etc. The worms and all animals above them also have, as an inheritance from the flat worms, bodies with bilateral symmetry—that is, bodies with two halves similar.

This peculiarity was probably acquired by the flat worms, and so fastened upon all subsequently evolved species, as a result of pure carelessness. It probably arose out of the habit of using continually, or over and over again, the same parts of the body as fore and aft. It has been facetiously said that if it had not been for this habit, so inadvertently acquired by these humble beings so long, long

ago, we would not today be able to tell our right hand from our left. In the worm is found the beginning of that wonderful organ of co-ordination, the brain. The brain is a modification of the skin. It may weaken our regard for this imperial organ to know that it is, in its morphology, akin to nails and corns. But it will certainly add to our admiration for the infinite labors of evolution to remember that the magnificent thinking apparatus of modern philosophers was originally a small sensitive plate developed down in the sea a hundred million years ago on the dorsal wall of the mouths of primeval worms.

From the worms developed all of the highest four phyla of the animal kingdom—the echinoderms, the mollusks, the arthropods, and the chordate animals, the last of which were the progenitors of the illustrious vertebrates.

In the eccentric denizens of the southern world, we find the beginnings of a grand transformation—a transformation in both structure and function, a transformation made necessary by the transition from life in the water to life in the air, a transformation which reaches its maturity in the higher air-breathing vertebrates, where the simple air-sac of the fish becomes a pair of lobed and elaborately sacculated lungs, performing almost exclusively the function of respiration, and the gills change into parts of the ears and lower jaw.

The air-bladder of ordinary fishes, which is used chiefly as a hydrostatic organ to enable the fish to rise and fall in the water, is probably the degenerated lung of the lung fishes.

Amphibians

From the lung fishes or allied forms developed the amphibians, the well-known fish quadrupeds of our bogs and brooks. The amphibians are genuine connectives—living links between the life of the sea and the life of the land. In early life they are fishes, with gills and two chambered hearts. In later life they are air-breathing quadrupeds, with legs and lungs and three chambered hearts.

Here is evolution, plenty of it, and of the most tangible character. And it takes place right before the eyes. The transformation from the fish to the frog is, however, no more wonderful than the em-

bryonic transformations of other vertebrates. It is simply more apparent, because it can be seen. The lungs of amphibians and the lower reptiles are simple sacks opening by a very short passage into the mouth. Some amphibians, as the *axolotl* of Mexican lakes, ordinarily retain their gills through life, but may be induced to develop lungs and adapt themselves to terrestrial life by being kept out of water. Others, as the newts, which ordinarily develop lungs, may be compelled to retain their gills through life by being forced to remain interruptedly in the water.

The black salamander, inhabiting drougthy regions of the Alps, bring forth its young bearing lungs, and only a pair at a time. But if the young are prematurely removed from the body of the mother and placed in the water, they develop gills in the ordinary way. These are remarkable instances of elasticity in the presence of a varying environment.

In the amphibians the characteristic five-toed or five-fingered foot, which normally forms the extremities of the limbs of all vertebrates except fishes, is first met with. It was this pentadactyl peculiarity of the frog, inherited by men and women through the reptiles and mammals, that gave rise to the decimal system of numbers and other unhandy facts in human life. The decimal system arose out of the practice of early men performing their calculations on their fingers. This method of calculating is still used by primitive peoples all over the world. The sum of the digits of the two hands came in the course of arithmetical evolution, to be used as a unit, and from this simple beginning grew up the complicated system of tens founds among civilized peoples. It has all come about as a result of amphibian initiative.

Our very arithmetics have been predetermined by the anatomical peculiarities of the frog's foot. If these unthinking foreordainers of human affairs had had four or six toes on each foot instead of five, man would no doubt have inherited them as cheerfully as the number he did inherit, and the civilized world would in this case be today using in all its mathematical activities a system of eights or twelves instead of a system of tens. A system of eights or twelves would be

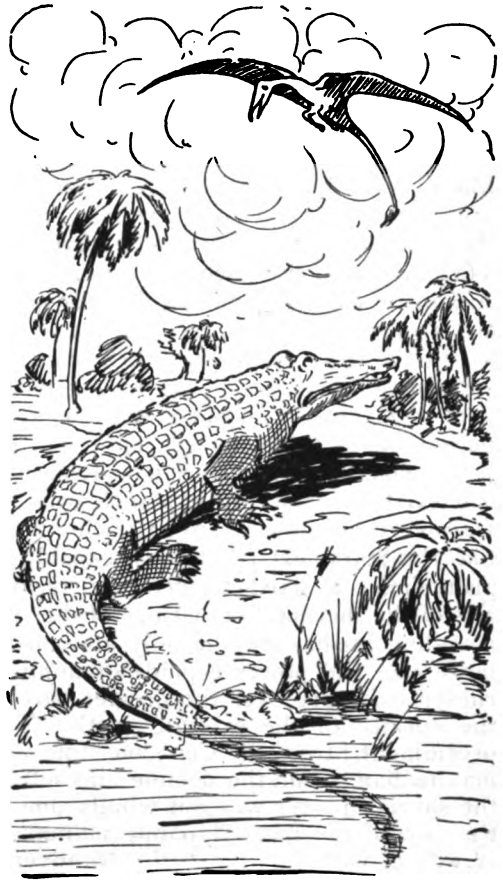
much superior in flexibility to the existing system; for eight is a cube, and its half and double are squares; and twelve can be divided by two, three, four and six, while ten is divisible by two and five only.

How helpless human beings are—in fact, how helpless all beings are! How hopelessly dependent we are on the past, and how impossible it is to be really original! What the future will be depends upon what the present is, for the future will grow out of, and inherit, the present. What the present is depends on what the past was, for the present has grown out of, and inherited, the past. And what the past was depends upon a remoter past from which it evolved, and so on. There is no end anywhere of dependence, either forward or backward. Every act, from an idea to a sun, is a *contingent link in an eternal chain*.

From the amphibians (probably from extinct forms, not from living) there arose the highest three classes of vertebrates—the true reptiles, the birds and the mammals—all of which have lungs and breathe air from the beginning to the end of their days. Gills, as organs of breathing, disappear forever, being changed, as has been said, into parts of the organs of mastication and hearing.

Mesozoic civilization was preeminently saurian. Reptiles were supreme everywhere—on sea and land and in the air. Their rulership of the world was not so bloody and masterful as man's, but quite as remorseless. Imagine an aristocracy made up of pterosaurs (flying reptiles) with teeth, and measuring twenty feet between wing-tips; great plesiosaurs (serpent reptiles) and ichthyosaurs (fish reptiles), enormous bandits of the seas; and dinosaurs and atlantosaurs, giant land lizards, thirty feet high and from fifty to one hundred feet in length. A government of demagogues is bad enough, as king-ridden mankind know, but dragons would be worse if possible. The atlantosaurs were the largest animals that have ever walked upon the earth.

Toward the latter part of the reptilian age, and somewhere along about the time of the appearance of hardwood forests, came the birds, those beautiful and emotional beings who, in spite of human destructiveness, continue to fill our groves and gardens with the miracles of beauty



and song. The bird is a "glorified reptile." How the "slow, cold-blooded, scaly saurian ever became transformed into the quick, hot-blooded, feathered bird, the joy of creation," is a considerable mystery, yet we know no reason for believing that the transformation did not take place.

Altho in their external appearance and mode of life birds and reptiles differ so widely from each other, yet, in their internal structure and embryology, they are so much alike that one of the brightest anatomists that has ever lived (Huxley) united them both into a single class under the name Sauropsida.

Wings, it may be remarked in passing, have had at least four different and distinct beginnings in the animal kingdom, represented by the bats, the birds, the reptiles and the insects. This does not include the parachutes of the so-called flying squirrels, lemurs, lizards and fishes. . . . The first birds had teeth and vetebrated tails.

The Mammals

The most brilliant offspring of the reptiles were the mammals, animals capable of a wider distribution over the face of the earth than the cold-blooded reptiles, on account of their hair and their warm blood. Cold-blooded animals of great size are able to inhabit but a small zone of the existing earth's surface—the torrid belt. They cannot house themselves during the seasons of cold, as men can; nor escape to the tropics on the wings of the wind, as do the birds; nor bury themselves in subaqueous mud, as do the frogs, snakes and crustaceans. During the Mesozoic period, when cold-blooded reptiles of gigantic size flourished over a wide area of the earth's surface, the planet was far warmer than now. Animals, therefore, like the mammals (or birds), capable of maintaining a fixed temperature regardless of the thermal fluctuations of the surrounding media, are the only animals of large size and power capable of uninterrupted existence over the greater part of the surface of the existing earth. The preeminent life of the Cenozoic time was mammalian. But the decline and fall of the saurian power was not wholly due to the rise of the more dynamic mammals. It was in part due, no doubt, to adverse conditions of climate, and also to the fact that mammals and birds guard their eggs, and saurians do not.

From the marsupials developed the placental mammals, animals so called because their young are developed within the parental body in association with a peculiar nourishing organ called the placenta. From the herbivorous marsupials developed the almost toothless edentates, the rodents, or gnawing animals, the sirenians, the cetaceans, and the hoofed animals, or ungulates. The sirenians are fish-like animals with two flippers, and are often called sea-cows.

Among the most interesting derivatives of the herbivorous marsupials, because the most aberrant, are the whales. They are true mammals—have warm blood, breathe the air with lungs, and suckle their young like other mammals. But, like the sirenians, they live in the surface of the waters, and have flippers and a fish-like tail and form.

Out of generalized forms of hoofed ani-

mals, now extinct, developed the odd-toed and even-toed races of existing ungulates. The original ungulates had five hoofs on each foot, and were highly generalized in their structure. From these original five-toed forms have arisen the variously hoofed and variously structured tribes of existing ungulates; the five-toed elephant, the four-toed tapir and hippopotamus, the three-toed rhinoceros, the two-toed camel, sheep, swine, deer, antelope, giraffe, and ox, and the one-toed horse and zebra.

The carnivorous branch of the placental animals came from the carnivorous branch of the marsupials. From early forms of carnivorous placentals developed the ape-like lemurs and those generalized forms of rapacious animals from which arose the insect eaters, the bats, and the true carnivora.

The lemurs are of special interest to human beings, because in them are found the first startling approximation in looks and structure to the "human form divine." The lemurs are monkey-like creatures living in trees, but differ enough from true monkeys to be often placed in an order by themselves. Their milk glands are abdominal instead of pectoral, as in the monkeys, and the second digit of each hand and foot ends in a claw.

The earliest races of men were speechless—the ape-like "Alali"—beings, living wholly upon the ground and walking upon their hind limbs, but without more than the mere rudiments of language. The vertical position led to a much greater development of the posterior parts, especially of the muscles of the back and the calves of the leg. The great toe, which in the ape is opposable, lost its opposability, or all except traces of it, after the abandonment of arboreal life. It must have been a sight fit to stir the soul of the most leathern, these children of the night, with low brows, stooping gait, and ape-like faces, armed with rude clubs, clothed in natural hair, and wandering about in droves without law, fire, or understanding, hiding in thickets and in the holes of the earth, feeding on roots and fruits, and contending doubtfully with the species around them for food and existence.

The Way That Failed

By AUSTIN LEWIS

BEFORE the war the socialist political movement was in the heyday of its prosperity. Already the leaders could see portfolios dangling before their vision. It was no longer necessary, as it had been, to leave the ranks of the socialist movement in order to attain the object of personal political striving. The need of duplicating the performances of John Burns of Millerand and of Briand had passed. The movement itself offered a respectable career for a politician who had the ambition to become a statesman. The war proved it. The socialist leaders in some instances passed directly into the war cabinets as in Belgium and France. In other countries they were employed indirectly, their power was lent to the governments.

No sooner was war declared than, to the intense disappointment and disgust of the world, even of that portion of the bourgeois which had intellectual and ethical leanings towards a peace propaganda, the vast mass of socialist political opinion was directed into patriotic channels. For a while observers in neutral countries saw only the downward trend of the movement. It appeared to be interrupted by no considerations of decency or consistency. The whole structure seemed doomed. So far had this degenerating influence gone that the Independent Labor Party conference at Norwich, in April, 1915, defeated a resolution which ran in the following terms: "The Conference is of opinion that the Socialists of all countries should agree that henceforth the Socialist Parties should refuse support to every war entered into by capitalistic governments, whatever the ostensible object of the war, and even if such war is nominally of a defensive character."

Little by little, the process of clarification, however, has proceeded, until now there is a respectable and growing minority which is prepared, in all the countries, even in France, in spite of the fact of invasion, to lock horns with the government on the war question. But there is no doubt that the Socialist movement has been greatly discredited by the whole performance and that the dominant responsible political group will

eventually pay the penalty. They had not the moral strength to make the great refusal demanded of all who would really lead.

But the war did not cause the downfall. The seeds of decay were growing in the political party for years before the crisis came. The weakness of its constitution was only made evident thereby. In the Congress at Jena, in 1912, Rosa Luxemburg had said: "We now live in times when there are no longer any advantages to be gained for the proletariat upon the field of parliamentarism." That was in Germany, a country where the political party had already reached a vote of four millions, and was apparently stretching out its hand to grasp the scepter. Apparently, no more. The skilled observer could detect, even then, the channels by which the supposedly revolutionary party was in reality becoming absorbed in the great governmental stream. It had ceased to be revolutionary. On the contrary, it was a group which grew progressively less hostile to the established order, and which could be depended upon to mitigate or delay any attack upon the existent order of things. Here the Social Democracy parted company with the proletariat, who is instinctively revolutionary. Rosa Luxemburg, therefore, who is in the habit of saying significant things, never said anything more significant than when she declared that parliamentarism was useless for the proletariat.

The German Social Democratic Party is not selected as being particularly and above all the sinner in this respect. On the other hand, its size, the ability of its leadership, and what we might term its "kultur" render it the most conspicuous. Indeed, it has always been careful to claim the preëminence and to consider all variations from its dominant "kultur" as transgressions of what we might term the "societal mores" of international socialism. In fact, it was the Colossus; all other social democratic manifestations walked under its huge legs.

So that the political socialist movements in other countries were the replicas on smaller scale of the great Teutonic movement; they showed the same tendencies;

they were inspired with the same ideals, and they elaborated their political methods after the same fashion. In France, in England, in Belgium—indeed everywhere, the tendency of the parties to fasten themselves upon the back of the bourgeois system, became more and more manifest. The working class was not to use its political power for the destruction of the system. On the contrary the base of the system was to be broadened and its walls strengthened by the admission of large numbers of the working class into the system itself. The question was to be solved not by the united and mass attack of the proletarians upon the system, but by incorporating into the system such of the workers as could show sufficient organization and force. The tendency was the same as has since been manifested in the United States, for the Adamson bill meant nothing other than the bourgeoisization of the well-organized trainmen, and the Progressive victory in California means no more than the admission of the well organized unions to a share in the government.

The solution is unsatisfactory to the trackwalker on the railroad and to the migratory workers in California, and in Europe to large masses of the working class, also.

There was a reaction against all this political socialism, to the consternation and disgust of the official party, a carelessness with respect to political action, even where there was no actual antagonism, began to take the place of the former enthusiasm and Rosa Luxemburg but voiced the sentiments of a growing portion of the proletariat.

Friction soon arose between the non-political and the political socialists. Even carelessness with respect to political action could not be tolerated. It was still to be the fetich without which passage to the Co-operative Commonwealth was tabu. And, to tell the truth, the politicians could not afford any doubt or questioning upon a point so vital to their own well being. To detract from the relative significance of political action is to strike a blow at the group of managers, candidates and wire pullers, the whole body of whom look to the political field as their selected campaign ground upon which they must gain such a meed of material or spiritual success as the fortunes of war allow. To reduce politics to a mere tactic would never do;

it was profanation intolerable. It was a displacement of the idol, and such is always followed by a displacement of the priesthood. And a priesthood simply hates to be displaced. And yet Marx, the *fons et origo*, has declared that political action is but a reflex of industrial action, necessary, quite necessary, but secondary, quite secondary. This was the lesson which the Socialist parties were to be taught when the war broke out and they have still to learn it. The teaching will be resumed after the hostilities are over, with this difference, that the close of the war will find the old leadership shaken, the old pundits discredited, and the politicians not quite the objects of adoring respect which they were in 1914.

As a matter of fact, the Socialist parties did not mirror the proletariat as a whole, and they certainly were far from representing that portion of the proletariat which has not organized sufficiently to have an impact upon the industrial system. As far as German Socialism was concerned, its actual aims were not much higher than those of California Progressivism; in fact, it is very doubtful if they were so high, even theoretically. Practically they were infinitely lower, and Manchester Liberalism, with an admixture of social reform, represents about the very summit of the aspirations of the Social Democratic statesmen, except in moments of exaltation on the platform outside, very carefully outside, of the precincts of the Reichstag. And what is true of the German Social Democracy is again true of the Socialist parties elsewhere, making due allowance for the differing economic and industrial milieus, with their differing political reflexes.

Vindictive criticism of the political socialists is, however, unprofitable on this account. They could hardly have escaped, for as long as their real aims do not transcend the bounds of the capitalist system, the latter can readily accommodate itself to the socialists. Indeed, where the socialists are not themselves strong enough the necessity of capitalist politics will itself produce something like socialists, *practical socialists*, as it were.

In those countries where the socialist propaganda has taken but slight hold, as an intellectual expression, but where a union between the lower middle class and organized labor bodies is possible, a tendency to collectivism naturally shows itself.

Professional politicians discover a career in making war upon the greater capitalism. Lloyd George, Hughes of the Australian Commonwealth, and Hiram Johnson, governor of California all represent this collectivism, this union of organized labor with the small bourgeoisie. The contrast between them and the leaders of a generation ago is very clear. The variation tells the story, for the politician survives by adaptation and the change in type is eloquent of the change in environment. The practical politician has "dished" the socialist; he has been more pragmatic. He has changed his clothes, but is nevertheless still bourgeois. He thinks in terms of collectivism, which will save dividends and secure investments, at the same time satisfying the immediate demands of the trade unionists. The political socialist, on the other hand, has not advanced beyond the concept of the organized craft with its political reflex.

The craft unionist readily combines with the small bourgeois for both the crafts and the small bourgeois have a common desire to save their small property. Thus in liberal countries, where the small bourgeois have secured political expression, the socialists are at a disadvantage. They can only express themselves in somewhat obsolete terms; they are not understood of the multitude, and they have really little to contribute in face of the Labor parties, Progressivists, and New Liberals. The issues are not sufficiently clear and the political socialists are involved in explanations which do not tend to clarity.

On the other hand, in the less liberal countries where, owing to the limitations on public expression, the so-called revolutionary party entered the fight as the advocate of liberalism, the middle class flock into the social democratic party, which thereupon becomes an expression of the smaller middle class and trade unionists. This happened in Germany and was precisely the state of affairs when war broke out.

The German Social Democratic Party, with a magnificent organization of some nine hundred thousand dues paying members, was powerless to proceed because of the political situation. It was practically in a blind alley. Its fighting power was much curtailed by constitutional limitations, and it was constantly driven to make a fight upon non-essentials. Its leaders were constantly compelled to tell the membership

that nothing could be done until they had secured an actual parliamentary majority. In 1912 the Social Democratic Party was forced to compromise upon the question of greatly increasing the military forces of the Empire. The compromise was explained as necessary to prevent the financial burden of taxation falling upon the shoulders of the proletariat. In reality it would have lain more heavily on those of the small bourgeoisie who showed themselves the dominant power in the Social Democratic Party.

It is evident that the substitution of the industrialist for the craft notion in the organization of labor would have an enormous influence not only upon the conduct of the organized labor movement, but in addition, upon the political movement which springs from it and whose reflex it is. This notion was rapidly gaining strength when the war broke out. In England it was, perhaps, best expressed in a statement by Tom Mann: "Our concern is that the trade-unionist movement as the chief agency of working-class activity should be made as perfect as may be for fighting the class war, and should forever eliminate sectional and racial animosities that have hitherto checked our advance."

Craft sectionalism lies at the bottom of the failure of the socialist political movement to achieve distinct results for the working class. There can be no working class political solidarity where industrial solidarity is non-existent. How far we are from industrial solidarity let the following complaint from the "*New Statesman*" (the *New Statesman*!) show. "Trades unionists we fear do not realize the peril in which they stand, with employers in nearly every industry steadily aggregating into larger and larger concerns and combining into closer and closer associations. The incoherency and multiplicity of eleven hundred separate trades unions, many of them opposing each other, is a fatal weakness. There are some seventy unions in the engineering industry alone."

What success could be hoped for in a political socialist movement resting on such actual conditions in the organization of labor? In the last analysis the socialist movement proper cannot be other than the political expression of the labor movement. It is obviously fatal to oppose to a highly organized body of employers the sectionalized and disintegrated groups of workmen.

The same thing can also be said of a political party which confronts a collectivist capitalist state, managed in the interests of the greater capitalism, with the negative conservatism of the smaller middle class.

But that is what the socialist political parties have been doing, and the only success they have had is in backward political countries where the socialist parties maintain the standards of early liberalism. Can it be denied that modern socialism has paid the penalty? It could not have been otherwise, nor can it be, for as long as the political socialists mirror the struggle of the small bourgeois against the ruling economic

lords and look to the development of the collectivist state, with its accompanying subjection of the working class, they do not reflect the aspirations of the sagacious part of the proletariat.

And as a natural and inevitable result of the foregoing it may be noted that the new thinkers, the new poets, the new organizers, and the men who go gladly to jail for the movement, are no longer to be found in the ranks of the politicals. Rosa Luxemburg was right. A change will have to come over the spirit of the parliamentary delegations before they can gain advantages for the proletariat.

ALONG THE LINE

By JACK PHILLIPS

ONLY a short while ago the cry, "We want food!" was heard from no quarter except among the poor people of the earth, among the desperate of the working class, among the proletarians.

The cry "We want food!" was one that went with a cry for revolution and was connected with revolutionary propaganda.

All this was before the world war came, before armies marshalling thirty million men took to the battle lines.

And now these armies, the most gigantic hosts of armed men that ever trampled the surface of the earth—these cohorts of proletarians thrust into uniforms on command of the master class—they have stripped the surface of the earth of all things to eat—and the governments of the earth have shared these things out—the governments have divided the food supply of the earth by a scientific system of so-called "rations"—by a food card system whereby, a so-called "rational" amount of food is apportioned to each individual.

From all the civilized nations of the earth comes the cry of the people, "We want food!"

No longer is the cry, "We want food!" heard only in revolutionary circles and as an accompanying cry to the watchwords of revolution.

From the American Federation of Labor comes word that its chief point of strategy

during the American participation in the world war shall be "food control."

If there is anything definite coming from the A. F. of L. Washington headquarters these days it is the pledge and promise that the food supply shall be watched and there shall be no over lord class of food hogs keeping and hoarding away from the people, the working class, the means of life.

If the high prices go higher without compensating higher wages—if hardships of insufficient food are imposed on the American workmen who in the shops and fields of America are fighting the war as literally as soldiers in the trenches—the responsibility and the blame will be laid in part on the American Federation of Labor, the railroad brotherhoods, and the organized workmen who have it in their power to curb the overlords of meat and bread.

* * *

Was the drama of food production and distribution ever staged in such high lights as the present time?

Was there ever such world wide solicitude over a bushel of wheat, the worker who coaxes it from the soil, the worker who transports it by rail and boat, the dock hand who transfers it to elevators,—or the submarine that torpedoes it and sends it to the bottom of the sea?

Was there ever such wastage? Is not the fact true that wheat, beef and pork enough to feed the armies of Grant and Lee a year

has been sent to the green sea weeds of the English channel?

And has not this drama set the millions on millions of the world thinking about food supply, food shortage, food control—not only national but INTERNATIONAL—in a way and to a degree and extent never thought of before the world war broke on the horizon of human history?

Will this thought and action, this discipline and experiment, in handling the world's food supply from INTERNATIONAL viewpoints during the war produce democratic habits and instincts, that will outlast the war and be of service for the working class of the world after the war? In other words, is it possible that out of the world war will come a socialization of the food supply of the world? Or is such socialization the dream of a rarebit fiend and a pipe smoker?

What logician is there who can demonstrate by premise and syllogism that socialized internationalization of the food supply of the world will not eventuate from the world war?

Whatever happens, isn't this a strategic aim worth keeping in mind while the war is on? Isn't this precisely the thing that the workmen-soldier councils of Russia are megaphoning the world as one of their objectives?

CHICAGO bankers and manufacturers are raising a howl against conscription.

It's all right to conscript men, they say, and they want universal compulsory military service for the man-power of the nation.

But a tax on the excess profits of 1916—conscription of money-power—the drafting of dollars—universal compulsory military service for the swag and the loot of the munitions and food business of 1916—against this they are raising a loud, prolonged howl.

Banker George Reynolds and Banker James Forgan are leading the attempt to defeat the retroactive war tax which would mean the seizure of at least \$600,000,000 of stored-up fat fried out of the war game.

What is a slacker? And why are newspapers so ready to socially stigmatize the young mechanic who would rather get married than go to war while the banker and manufacturer who is unwilling even to send his dollars to war, escapes stigma?

CHARLIE SCHWAB, the big Bethlehem steel gazook, is in the newspapers again.

This time the famous Chas. of Bethlehem fame and notoriety, is recorded on the front pages as a true-blue, humped-up, guaranteed patriot.

The story starts with the esteemed mayor of Boston, a politician named Curley.

Curley, he says he was a-listening to somebody telling him something and the first thing he knewed he heard that the Kaiser of Germany offered Charlie Schwab one hundred million (\$100,000,000) dollars for to go ahead and junk the Bethlehem steel works and quit making munitions for the Allies.

And there the story ends. Curley doesn't say he thinks Schwab is a hero. And nobody says right out plain Schwab is a hero. But what everybody is expected to do is to think and think hard what a fierce big hero and what a fierce big patriot is this here Chas. Schwab of Bethlehem.

If you ask us about it—us what has seen one or two stunts in publicity pulled by Ivy Lee—the same Ivy Lee who used to do the publicity for the Pennsylvania railroad and who later was press agent for the Rockefeller fambly—the same Ivy Lee who got out a booklet for the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. with a printed lie in it, which lie he was caught in by the Walsh Industrial Relations Commission—why we make our guess that it's Ivy Lee again on the job making Charlie Schwab, or Chas. Schwab, if preferable, a famous hero and patriot.

THE junker spirit of Theodore Roosevelt showed when he was in Chicago. His touring party was cavalcading up the Lake Shore Drive. Some guy who didn't know Roosevelt was approaching, ran his motor car out from a side street and around straight in front of the T. R. cavalcade. The horse-teeth hero of San Juan hill called for police to arrest the nervy guy and keep him in jail. He didn't get what he wanted—T. R. didn't. The only result was a flash-light for the people of Chicago on the junker pride of the Oyster Bay nuisance.

LISTENING to some of the voices yammering loudly for "democracy" these days reminds us of a Philadelphia assignation house we used to pass where the sign read:

"Rooms for Respectable People."

Frank Munsey hollering for "democracy" is like Cassie Chadwick teaching a Sunday school class to never tell a lie.

GEORGE CLEMENCEAU, former prime minister of France, gets out a paper called "The Man in Chains." Discussing Russia and the struggling and striving of that people to break their chains, Clemenceau gives the viewpoint of a large number of French observers:

"Nobody ever doubted that the repressive regime of the Czars would end sooner or later, in an enormous volcanic explosion. But the when and the how was left in complete darkness. It was impossible that it should be otherwise, since nothing could be known of a systematically suppressed public opinion.

"Two conditions were evidently necessary to set the machine in motion: the establishment of a more or less definite mouthpiece of the national aspirations, and secondly, the simultaneous explosion of the popular energies in a general crisis, such as can only be brought about by a war of a nature to threaten definitely the existence of the country. Then only do the demands for independence become merged into the elementary victory of freedom, as was seen in the days of the French Revolution. It has been the fate of Nicholas II, as it was that of Louis XVI, to bring about the inevitable and to fall victim to it."

While in the foregoing Clemenceau undoubtedly stresses the "freedom" gained by the French Revolution too strongly, he does make an analysis worth looking at. All who are thoughtfully trying to penetrate the future of the United States in the present war might well do some hard thinking about whether there is a chance for the labor movement of the United States to utilize "a more or less definite mouthpiece of the national aspirations" or to bring about "the simultaneous explosion of the popular energies in a general crisis."

The overturn of the Czar and the whole Romanoff bureaucracy and the establishment of a provisional government closely watched by a workmen-soldiers' council came to the world with the sharpest surprise of any event in centuries. What revolutionists in the United States are trying to fathom is whether there is any possibility for the workmen and soldiers of this coun-

try to bring a surprise out of the participation of the working class of the United States in the world war. With this view in mind, further comment of Clemenceau on the Russian Revolution is interesting. He writes:

"I heard it said on all sides that the Russian Revolution was adjourned until after the war by common consent. That was folly, since it was from the war itself that the revolution was to spring, less because of the necessity or good government, than owing to the fatality of human laws which, in Russia as in the France of former days, was going to prove that a bad government is necessarily composed of bad patriots."

Certainly in the United States, political and industrial, as it exists today, there is plenty of evidence that it is a "bad government" with a large percentage of "bad patriots." In fact, "the New Freedom," a book by Woodrow Wilson, analyzes and depicts the forces going to make a "bad government" of "bad patriots." One of the questions to be answered by this war is whether the working class of a nation is able to make headway against the low wages, long hours, and oppressive conditions established by "bad patriots."

* * *

Will the completion of political democracy thru establishment of industrial democracy ever come about in the United States by any other route than "an enormous volcanic explosion," similar in its elements to that of Russia? In other words, will the chaos of this war result in any situation where the government or military power will co-operate with the working class of the nation toward the job of throwing off the yoke of industrial autocracy? To be specific, will the brutal autocracy of the United States Steel corporation, every whit as ruthless and tyrannical in its treatment of an army of 300,000 workers as were the Romanoffs of their millions of serfs, will the U. S. Steel corporation see its despotic power over the lives of a vast domain broken during this war? If the war ends with U. S. Steel holding an absolutism that inflicts a 12-hour day and a 7-day week at low wages for 300,000 men—with the right to organize forbidden—with the plant at Gary designed for the quick military repulse of rebellious workmen—if the war ends with these autocratic indus-

trial conditions unchanged—then what becomes of the slogan that this is a war for democracy as against autocracy?

In Petrograd there were revolutionists who stood by cool and canny and watched their chance. They waited for the right time to throw the hooks of revolution into the Romanoffs. They kept hope. In the darkest hour when the world over Russia was thought hopeless for democracy, there were revolutionists keeping an eye for their hour. Long they had waited. At last the clock struck.

* * *

"Word received today indicates that nearly 150,000,000 acres of land have been seized by the peasants thruout Russia," writes W. G. Shepherd for the United Press, May 12th, "the peasants could not wait for the promised breaking up of vast estates, under pledge that such a distribution would come soon after the constituent assembly had definitely mapped out Russia's future. Confiscation and distribution of land has in

many sections of Russia been formally decided on by vote of popular assemblies. The movement has become so general thruout the land that German agents have succeeded in stirring up great dissatisfaction among soldiers at the front by insinuating that unless the soldiers deserted and went home to participate in the confiscation, they would lose their share. Numerous desertions have come from this report."

The foregoing paragraph of news fairly trembles, glitters and coruscates with the chaos of what is doing in Russia. It tells of a portentous movement among the mass of Russ peasants. What is doing in the city proletariat is told in this paragraph:

"The Russian workmen, too, are taking matters into their own hands. Thruout Russia workmen are placing representative officers of their organizations with various manufacturing companies and refusing permission for any shipments without their official vise."

"PRUSSIAN" MILITARISM AND "FREE" RUSSIA

By JOHN MILLER

IT is gratifying to learn that the allied entente has become a bitter foe of "Prussian" militarism! Particularly since we are told that since the Russian revolution Russia has become "free," its new government being ultra-democratic and revolutionary, the red flag of revolt flying high above the dome of the Russian capitol. So great is the hatred of the bourgeoisie that they are ready to rally the whole world and abandon all the remnants of their liberties in order to crush out "Prussian" militarism.

It is surprising to learn, also, that this story of fighting "Prussian" militarism has permeated so many of the American newspapers. But let us consider the present situation in the light of a materialist conception of history.

"PRUSSIAN" MILITARISM

It is a fairly well established fact that Prussian militarism represents the most perfect and dangerous military machinery of the modern capitalist state. But it is also

a well known fact that the military systems of Russia, France, Italy, Turkey and Japan are cut from the same pattern and are almost as dangerous and as brutal. None of the anti-Prussian militarists have ever tried to dispute this fact.

Furthermore, since the beginning of the present war England, the traditional home of freedom and voluntary military service, has retrograded so far that she now possesses universal and compulsory military service and an army of three million men. Now it looks as tho the United States were going to go the same way. In order to fight "Prussian" militarism we are to be driven into militarism ourselves.

Here we come to the truth, that in the very nature of imperialism, the present state of capitalism, where financial capital has become the dominating world factor, lies the economic necessity of establishing and protecting the "spheres of influence" on the world markets. That is, new territory must be found wherein to reinvest the huge

amounts of surplus value (profits) realized by the present merciless system of exploitation of the working class by the monopolistic rule of financial capital.

Since, however, the old world has already been divided, the only way to secure new "spheres" is by crushing out competitors, the financial capitalists of another state or coalition of states. This cannot be done without a strong army and navy. Hence the blessings of universal military systems.

This condition was made so plain during the past thirty months that we fail to understand socialists who seek to prove one sort of militarism more dangerous than another. Thus we have the Scheidemanns of Germany, Hyndman of England, Plechanoff of Russia and Russell and Benson of America.

In spite of the fact that at the very beginning of the war, Vandervelde tried to persuade the Russian socialists to support the Czar and that Plechanoff published a manifesto to the working class of Russia asking them to cease their class struggle and support the Government, urging the socialists of the Duma to vote for military credits, the social patriots of the allied coalition were ashamed of the Czar's militarism. They were silent about it. But then came the Russian revolution and they imagine the Russian people are "free."

"FREE" RUSSIA

The ninth wave of the Russian revolution was well on its way before war was declared. There were strikes, street demonstrations and barricades on the streets of Petersburg and the ramshackle structure of the Czar's throne was fatally shaken. The despair of the Czar's government was one of the factors that hastened the war. The thunder of roaring cannon, the dreadful rule of military dictation, the rule of white terror and death, the predatory appeals of the head of the second International, the collapse of the International itself and the collapse of the German Social Democratic Party surprised and appalled for a time the most revolutionary champion. The Russian proletariat and the barricades fell under the sudden attack of patriotically strengthened reaction.

But only for a moment. And again the mighty voice of the revolutionary giant was heard from the tribune of the Duma all over the world. The worthy representa-

tives of the Russian proletariat were court-martialed and bravely met their fate; they went to Siberia to serve life terms in prison. Silent remained the officialdom of the second International and the parliamentary socialists of the "democratic" allies were too busy voting war budgets and maintaining the "burgfrieden" to voice their protest against the brutality of their friend, the Czar's government.

But stronger and stronger grew the revolutionary movement of Russia and the popular cry for "peace, liberty and bread" echoed over the land. The workers of Russia resorted to mass action. Strikes were called in various industries. Suppressed in one place they burst out with new force in several other places, until in February and March they assumed the character of general, successive strikes, in the munition factories, on the railroads, on the telephones and telegraphs. The production of munitions, as well as the supplying of the army with food, was almost paralyzed. The Czar's government made its last attempt to clasp hands with its old reliable friend, the reactionary German government, to make it appear that the Czar's government was responding to the popular cry for peace. But the Russian imperialists would not give up their hopes of Constantinople, Galicia, Poland and Courland. They were for war to their own victory. So the Czar's government was caught.

Again in despair the Czar's government tried to survive by sacrificing the interests of the financiers of Russia and those of the allied coalition. Between the millstones of the opposing interests of the struggling classes it was crushed. The strong arm of Russian imperialists clutched the balance of power and declared a provisional, revolutionary government. So progressive is this provisional government that it is already looking for some one else to occupy the throne. So Russia is not yet free.

A few words about the provisional government. The premier, Lvov, is a member of a reactionary party like the Republican party of the United States. Gutchkow is well known as the 1905 organizer of the black hundreds that organized to beat the Jews and students. Milukoff represents a liberal party and holds the portfolio of minister of foreign affairs. Kerensky, a socialist of the type of Allen Benson, is the minister of justice. Under him the editor

of a socialist paper in Petersburg has been arrested.

Whatever liberties the Russian workers now have are *in spite* of the provisional government.

What is the attitude of the revolutionary Russian socialists toward the war? The same as it used to be before the revolution. It is not *our* war, but a war of capitalists. The overthrow of the Kaiser will not be

accomplished by any capitalist government or coalition of governments, but must be done by the working class of Germany, with the assistance of the workers of other countries where the working class has risen to control. This has not yet happened in Russia. Therefore, our slogan remains:

Down with Imperialistic wars!

Long Live Socialism!

Labor, Lloyd George and the War

By W. M. H. and L. W.

AN ACCOUNT of the personal activities and influence of Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe would form a story of profound interest to students of mob-psychology, but it is sufficiently correct for our present purpose to regard these two leaders merely as straws indicating the direction of the political wind in the United Kingdom. The ideas and actions of these two men are so closely identified with the general current of politics that it is not necessary to treat them as individuals at all, but to consider them simply as part of the general movement of the political events of today.

The essential characteristics of pre-war political development are of considerable significance in connection with the present subject, for the result of the war has been an intensification of these underlying principles, rather than the establishment of new ones.

The more intelligent class of socialists have long realized that their case against the present social system was best expressed in terms of the class war, and support is given to this view by the trend of modern "social" legislation in several of the leading countries of the world. In England, the name of Lloyd George is closely associated with a mass of legislation which directly works for the legal establishment of class slavery. The recognition by statute of classes of society differentiated by the fact of possessing or not possessing capital is an important step on the road that leads to the social condition known as the servile state. In such legislation as the Insurance

Acts and the Workmen's Compensation Act before the war this division of society was legalized and confirmed; by the Munitions Acts, the Military Service Acts, and the proposals for industrial conscription, the process has been continued and extended. The framers of this legislation have realized (perhaps subconsciously) the existence of the class-war, and have tried to resolve the problem of conflicting class interests by reducing the proletariat to a position of inferiority recognized and enforced by statute. Such legislation clearly constitutes a definite step forward on the road of slavery, and is the utter negation of all Labor's ideals of freedom and self-expression.

In the light of this view of the nature and effects on Labor's status and prospects of the principal social legislation of recent times, let us proceed to examine the policy which Labor has adopted to counter this attack on its stronghold.

It should be noted that, altho the bonds handing over Labor as a docile servant to the Capitalists for the duration of the war were sealed in the halls of politicians and were ratified by statute, the essential bargains made related to matters industrial. The class war is based on an economic cleavage in society and the victories won over Labor have been almost all economic in their nature.

To meet attacks on their economic position, common sense would suggest that the industrial weapons of Labor should be employed. In fact, however, the rights which Labor has surrendered have been bargained away by politicians restrained to some ex-

tent only by fear of a revolt on the part of the Trade Unionists. The concessions given by the Government in return for Labor's sacrifices have been nugatory. They have, in the main, taken the form of promises to return to a "status quo," which can never be regained, and Labor's sacrifices have tied its hands and weakened its power to frame a policy to meet the new conditions. The reward to Labor for surrendering its right to strike, its right to leave its employment, if dissatisfied, its right to express its opinions on matters of public policy, its right, in short, to oppose the hostile policies of the employers, and the malicious activities of reactionary politicians—all these have been ceded in return for promises that can never be fulfilled, or, what is even worse, for seats on Commissions of Enquiry, seats in the Cabinet (\$15,000 p. a.) and all the other corollaries of a complete subjugation to the aims of the imperialists and capitalists.

It is easy to see where and why Labor has failed not only to secure advancement, but even to hold its own, during the war. It has failed thru having no united policy, by failing to use its brains and draw a distinction between patriotism and support of capitalistic dodges, and by allowing its leaders to get out of hand. Labor has never realized the danger that lay in the servile legislation described above. Against its doctrines of class differentiation, with the workers occupying the inferior status, it should have set its ideal of the emancipation of the proletariat by economic weapons. What was needed was that Labor should have realized the possibilities of success for a strong policy of "direct action." For every right that Labor yielded in the interest of efficient war waging, a concession should have been wrung from the capitalist. Not a vague promise of return to an irrecoverable "status quo," but an immediate share in control over the conditions of production. This should have been the demand, and it could have been gained, had Labor realized the full import of the economic power which, already, it possesses. Labor could have made the war an opportunity for moving forward on the road of real freedom.

Such, in general terms, is the policy we suggest that Labor should have adopted. How, in practice, would such a course have worked out? The primary object of La-

bor's activities is clearly the abolition of the wage system and the substitution in its place of a co-operative commonwealth in which the conduct of industry shall be in the hands of independent producing associations, responsible in the last analysis only to a joint committee representing both producers and consumers. In such an ideal state of society there will be no such thing as the separate ownership and "reward" of capital in the hands of persons other than those who use it, and there is thus no sort of compatibility between the aims of Labor in the state of today and those of the present owners of capital. It follows from this that all schemes of co-partnership and joint responsibility for the conduct of industry within the limits of the existing industrial organization are utterly opposed to the interests of Labor, and proposals for "industrial reconstruction," which contain such schemes, must be repudiated. The fact of the class war must never be forgotten, and specious appeals for increased economic production in the interests of national advancement after the war should be taken at their proper value as capitalistic poppycock.

These merely negative cautions may be supplemented by the following propositions for a Labor policy in the conditions set up by the war:

(a) Having in view the fact that Labor's everlasting battle with capital must be intensified after the war, and the struggle for the expropriation of the capitalist a supreme climax in that war, it is Labor's first and constant duty to perfect its industrial weapons. The means to this end are familiar enough to all industrial unionists. The reorganization of the Trade Unions on industrial lines, with representation of craft and other sectional interests, is a reform that has been advocated for many years, but so far with too little result. Trade Unions must centralize and consolidate their forces to meet the ever growing power of employers' organization, while the particular needs of sectional groups must be respected and allowed for.

(b) Side by side with this reform, Labor may well direct its highly critical attention to such proposals for a development of conciliation boards and other joint committees as may offer some prospect of developing capacities in the Unions for industrial self-government and the management of the economic machine. Such schemes are

dangerously liable to lead, however, to a partnership between the Unions and the employers in the conduct of profiteering enterprise, which would tend to stereotype a form of industrial organization in which Labor occupied a position of junior partnership and shared the responsibility for carrying on the commercial malpractices that are the basis of the socialist indictment of the present system. In any case, the time for any sort of joint action with capitalists is not yet arrived; as Mr. G. D. H. Cole says in a recent article in the *New Age* (22, 3, 1917):

"The first and most important task for the workers is that of perfecting and completing their control of labor, which will, at the same time, place in their hands the power of conquering and democratizing the state; but if at any point it becomes necessary for the control of labor that they should assume any measure of ownership or control of capital, they should not hesitate to fight for this also in the industrial field. * * *

"This way clearly lies a danger; but the danger is less in the suggestion itself than in the possibility of its acceptance as an immediate plan of campaign. For it is certain that the time for such a partnership is not yet."

(c) A brief reference may be made to the threefold problem that will confront the Unions when peace is declared. The problem will relate to (1) the repeal of all the repressive legislation which the war has brought upon us; (2) the restoration of T. U. Rules, and (3) proposals for the reconstruction of industry.

On the first head there can be no doubt of the true policy to be followed. All the legislation which has turned England into a land of serfdom and forced service in the interests of profiteering must be swept away. Organized Labor must demand this from the Government of the day as the essential price of any support that it may accord in the political or economic affairs of the country.

The restoration of T. U. Rules is a more controversial matter, and it is difficult to say in any detail what Labor's demands on this point should be. It is probably true that complete restoration would be impossible, and that, in any case, Labor might, with advantage, bargain away some of its restrictive regulations in exchange for more permanent benefits. What is beyond doubt is that for every concession to the employing classes, Labor must demand its *quid pro quo*. Schemes of industrial reconstruction can be considered in the same light.

The very phrase "reconstruction," however, begs the question. It is not a renovation of the present social structure that is needed, but a new order with basically different ideals and values. Once more, Labor must not enter into any joint proposal for rebuilding the rotten fabric of capitalism. If capital chooses to set its house in order, Labor may watch the proceedings in a spirit of detached criticism. If capital approaches Labor and invites co-operation, bargains may be struck whereby Labor supports this or that item in the capitalists' program, and in return is granted powers which constitute a definite step forward on the road to that freedom in industry which is National Guilds.

In adopting an attitude to the State and any reconstruction proposals put forward by the Government, Labor will need very carefully to consider the dangers of increasing the authority and power of the national central executive. The seeds of collectivism have borne bitter fruit during this war. Power has been continuously added to the central organizations of the State till we have reached a condition of pure absolutism. Nor is this confined to the political world: the Government has assumed functions in industry which have given it enormous economic power, and the military machine which it now has at its command crowns the strength of an association always prone to assume the role of supreme sovereignty. Any extension of the State's economic powers, therefore, will be accompanied by a further lessening of the freedom of individuals and such social groups as Trade Unions. Let the Unions beware of alliances with the State, which are more dangerous even than those with employers, because the strength of the State exceeds that of any employer or group of employers.

All these are but various aspects of the fundamental question of Labor's ultimate aims and its methods of attaining those aims. Let Labor bear constantly in mind its unalterable hostility both to Capitalism and to the political organization which co-exists with Capitalism, and let all its activities be conditioned by that hostility. Thus and thus only can Labor hope to maintain unimpaired its existing economic weapons and in the end to reach the goal of industrial and political self-expression which we urge as the main object of its activities.

London, 20-4-'17.

Advertising Democracy

By MAX EASTMAN

THE greatest gain to the world from this war will be its advertising of the idea of democracy. To secure publicity for true and great ideas is the primary task of those who would liberate the world. And as a carrier of publicity at least, this war is a success.

It is not a war for democracy. It did not originate in a dispute about democracy, and it is unlikely to terminate in a democratic settlement. There is a bare possibility that a victory of the Allies will hasten the fall of the autocracies in Central Europe, but there is practical certainty that in trimming for such a victory the Allies will throw out most of the essence of their own democracy. We will Prussianize ourselves, and we will probably not democratize Prussia. That will remain, as before, the task of the libertarians within the Prussian Empire. But three-quarters of the world will say it is a war for democracy, will convince themselves that democracy is a thing worth fighting for. Some day, then, they may fight for it.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

A document better calculated to sweep along the sentiments of the people could hardly have been penned, than Woodrow Wilson's address to Congress demanding war. It contains less unction and more active heat than most of his eloquences. It seems profoundly confidential and sincere. It bridges the chasm between the actual occasion of war and the ideological mirage toward which the war will be fought, with so serene a confidence, that we must think the President himself is unconscious of its width.

The beginning of the speech is a *justification* of war as a defense of our own national rights. It is almost apologetic in its length and carefulness of explanation:

When I addressed the Congress on the twenty-sixth of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence.

But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable....

The German government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend.

The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be.

There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making. We will not choose the path of submission.

We have endured many violations of our rights, it seems, without being driven to war, but at last even our exaggerated patience is exhausted, and tho we still *make no declaration of war*, we are compelled to recognize that *war is being made on us*, and we must defend ourselves.

Just how the President passes from this statement of fact, which he so deliberately emphasizes, to his conclusion, in which America is presented to our dramatic admiration as donning her armor of knight-errantry and going with voluntary heroism into the arena, to battle for the cause of liberty thruout the world, and for political democracy, is a problem that mental integrity demands we should look into. And looking we find that the chief circumstance which enabled the President to accomplish this rhetorical sublimation of motive, was a historic accident—the occurrence a few days before of a revolution in Russia. One can hardly pretend that the President would not have recognized a state of war with Germany if Russia had remained under the Czar, and one can hardly believe that Providence timed that revolution in Russia with a special mind for this piece of eloquence, and so we are forced to conclude that a mere happy coincidence combined with a facile talent for idealistic emotion, enabled the President to pass so plausibly from the *defense of self-interest* which was his occasion and elaborated justification of war, to the *crusade for democracy* which is the

ideological form under which it will be fought.

DEMOCRACIES AT WAR

Of course President Wilson and the patriots whom he sweeps along are entitled to the opinion that if Germany *were* more democratic, she would not try to starve England by indiscriminate submarine warfare, and so the self-interested impulse to war would never have arisen in this country. Considering, however, the peculiar provocation of our ammunition trade with Germany's enemies, and considering the general character of human nature at war, we are warranted in regarding this proposition as not only academic but highly dubious. It will be remembered, by those who wish to remember it, that during the Napoleonic wars between England and France, the severe commercial neutrality of Denmark irritated England, and filled her commanders with dread of opposition from a Scandinavian alliance. So desperate was their determination to win war at any cost, that on September 2, 1807, the British fleet under Sir Arthur Wellesley bombarded the neutral port of Copenhagen, captured and took possession, like a highway robber, of the entire Danish fleet. I quote this comment upon that incident from Brodick and Fotheringham's Political History of England:

"The seizure of the Danish navy in time of so-called peace roused great indignation thruout most of Europe and in some degree strained the conscience of the British parliament itself. . . . It was defended, however, by the Marquis of Wellesley, as well as by Canning and other ministers, on the simple ground of military necessity. . . . Napoleon himself never ceased to denounce it as an international outrage of the highest enormity."

So much for democracies, the "conscience of parliaments," when nations are put to it in a war. Reports have it that the German people are almost united in supporting the submarine war; I find democratic Germans even here in New York who support it; I see no reason to believe that a revolutionary government in Germany would suspend it so long as war lasted. And war would last as long as the Allies clung to their present declared war-aims, whether Germany were imperial or republican. It would last until her fighting power was crushed. Therefore

I believe it is pertinent to ask the President these questions:

(1) Would you make peace with a popular provisional government in Germany, regardless of its attitude upon submarine war and our munition-trade with the Allies? If the war is about democracy, you would.

(2) Would you revoke, at least in the present instance, the suggestion contained in your inaugural address of last March that it should be the duty of each nation to see to it that "all influences proceeding from its citizens meant to encourage or assist revolution in other states should be sternly and effectually suppressed and prevented?" Would you give your public sanction to a Society of Friends of German Freedom, whose avowed object would be to promote revolution in that country, and spread in all the allied countries the news and understanding that such a revolution *really* is the object of the war? If the war is about democracy, you would.

(4) Will you state your terms of peace with Germany, making a settlement with the Reichstag and not with the Imperial Government the essential and only indispensable item in those terms?

In asking these questions, we are only asking whether the President means the end, or means the beginning of his speech. We are asking whether the war is about democracy, or about our national rights. We are demanding that if our country commits itself, as apparently it will, to the full purposes of the war on Germany, it take the ideal and only acceptable part of those purposes down out of the general air and locate it where it can be perceived and handled by a realistic intelligence.

I call for some *proof* that this is a war for democracy.

EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY

A man who was willing to lead a hundred million people into a planetary conflagration for the cause of human liberty would hardly demand in his very battle call that these people be tyrannically forced into that conflagration. If you can not raise in our population a volunteer army of one million men for this war, then the American democracy does not want this war; and to call it a democratic war, or a war for democracy, while you whip them to it, is an insult in their faces. My emotion when I read among all those fine words of free-

dom that little phrase *universal liability to service*, was as though someone had cried, "Come, boys, get on your chains, we're going to fight for liberty!"

And when a few mornings later I read this news-item in the New York *Sun*, describing so vividly the heroism and peculiar pecuniary bravery of this war for liberty, as outlined by the war department at that date, I felt as tho, however irritating it might be to the kings in Europe, a democratic crusade might prove of considerable cash value to the kings at home:

"Washington, April 9.—The correspondent of *The Evening Sun* is in position to state on high official authority that the war policy of the United States, for the first twelve months at least, will be to concentrate the principal efforts of the nation toward the task of supplying the Entente Powers with funds, food and fighting equipment.

"Immediately, it may be assumed, the navy will co-operate with the navies of the Entente Powers to the extent of taking over the patrol work *on this side of the Atlantic* and doing its bit toward combating the submarine peril *along the mid-Atlantic lanes* of commerce. But with the problem of the exact method of combating submarines still to be solved and with the German fleet locked up in Kiel Harbor there is not much prospect of spectacular naval engagements in the near future.

"The proposal of the Administration to extend an immediate credit loan to the Allies of \$3,000,000,000 will have the effect, if passed, of *stimulating the munitions manufactories* of this country to an unprecedented activity. As the principal need of the Allies, besides food, is war munitions and as it is the proposal of the Administration *to make the loan contingent upon its expenditure in this country* the result, officials point out, will be to make the United States a huge workshop turning out war supplies."

It is ungracious to harp upon these things just at a time when the nation is united in a ceremonial emotion of self-esteem. There is something so strident about this kind of

bad manners that they seem almost treasonable, and men have already been sent to jail since April 6th upon the theory that it is treason to tell an unpleasant truth about one's country. But we believe that our purpose in pointing to these things is too serious and too closely related to the historic ideals of our country to be so regarded. We wish to persuade those who love liberty and democracy enough to give their energy or their money or their lives for it, to withhold the gift from this war, and save it to use in the sad renewal of the real struggle for liberty that will come after it. We want them to resist the war-fever and the patriotic delirium, the sentimental vanity, the sentimental hatred, the solemn hypocries of idealists, resist the ceremonious installations of petty tyranny in every department of our lives, resist conscription if they have the courage, and at whatever cost to their social complaisance *save themselves* for a struggle of human liberty against oppression that will *be* what it says it is.

Meanwhile they can take courage from the fact that a war engendered fundamentally by commercial self-interest and the organic passions of nationalism, *has to justify itself* in our day by an appeal to the ideals of freedom and democracy—as tho those ideals were indeed royal. And they can watch with a very real, if somewhat ironic, satisfaction the great military advertising campaign of democracy. Russia *did* have her revolution, and the idea of a mighty war between democracy and autocracy has become plausible, has become in very literal fact "the talk of the world," and that is a portentous fact. Even in the Central Empires the tendency of the elect is to boast of the degree that they are democratic, rather than to defend their autocracy. A year more of such war, or the rumor of such a war, and we shall see the word *democratic* established in all languages and even in remote dialects of the earth with a savor like the word *excellent* itself. Few things that might happen would so secure and promote the progress of human freedom.—From the June Number of *The Masses*.



EDITORIAL

The Class Struggle Disguised

By MARY E. MARCY

SOME of us have been talking these days as tho there were now two great issues before the working class of the world—the class struggle *and* war. This is because we do not understand just what the present imperialistic war means. We imagine it to be something *outside* the class struggle, a great conflict that may interrupt the growth and development of the militant working class movement, which we may resume again when the war is over.

But this is not true. While this war is essentially a mighty struggle among the world's most powerful industrial and financial groups for world supremacy, it is necessary that the entire nations become involved; that the whole people imagine the struggle to be their own; that the press and all other social institutions subordinate their own aims to further the victory and the cause of the home capitalist group or international alliance of groups.

And so *their* war becomes "*our*" war and men are *forced* into the army and navy to establish freedom in the dark places, or to establish the rights of small nations and carry Democracy to the peoples who are compelled to work and to make war when they do not wish to do these things.

THE BARS LET DOWN

And here is where the bars are let down and the small gains we have for years fought and struggled to attain in the labor world are wiped out over night as a war measure and in the name of war efficiency. And the capitalist classes have involved you and have involved me and are forcing us to fight their great financial and economic wars of conquest, just as the Kaiser and the German capitalists are forcing millions of Germans to wage war in the interests of the German Junker, capitalist class.

And Samuel Gompers comes out with the

statement that the members of the A. F. of L. will not go out on strike but will remain faithfully on the job in order to do their share toward making the war a success. Laws are passed prohibiting Free Speech (in the name of that Democracy we are going to force on Germany). Members of the I. W. W. in Kansas City who refused to enlist are arrested and given long jail sentences, and socialists and pacifists are thrown into jail for speaking and lecturing against the war.

All reform Labor Legislation is stopped at the beginning of war and old laws beneficial to labor are abrogated. Here is an example of the way the legislation and agitation against Child Labor in England was affected by the war.

We are told that in May, 1916, 15,753 children had been formally exempted from school to go to work and that in 1915 probably 45,000 children between twelve and fifteen in excess of the usual number (450,000) left school for work with or without formal permission, while between 150,000 and 200,000 children of eleven and twelve are said to have gone into industry. Most of the younger children appear to be working on farms, but there is no possible way of estimating the actual number in munition works. That the health of munition workers, however, is not England's only problem is clear from Cecil Leeson's analysis of the reasons for the increase of juvenile delinquency during the war. "Had we set out with the deliberate intention of manufacturing juvenile delinquents," he said, "could we have done so in any more certain way?" Many schools were taken over for military purposes; about 300,000 little children five years old or under who had been in school were turned out by a change in school age limits.—*New Republic*.

People asked why the "children should not do their bit, too." Dr. S. Josephine Baker of the New York Bureau of Child Hygiene says that fifteen out of every one hundred children in New York City suffer from malnutrition in times of peace. What, we ask, will become of these while we are trying to force the blessings of American Democracy upon the Central Powers?

In Chicago alone several thousand high school boys have been forced to quit school and go to work on the farms. Freedom of speech, of the Press, the right to assemble are wiped out by one stroke.

Congress has bestowed upon President Wilson powers that make him one of the great dictators of the world. Almost—he may say what every citizen shall do, what he shall make, at what price such product shall be sold and what he must pay for what he buys. Congress along with the French Chamber and the British Parliament has become of just about as much importance in the war program as The Ladies' Aid Society of the First M. E. Church of Otter Creek.

In his article on "Labor, Lloyd George and the War," elsewhere in this number of the REVIEW, L. W., in writing of England since the war, says:

"Power has been continuously added to the central organization of the state till we have reached a condition of pure absolutism. Nor is this confined to the political world, the government has assumed functions in *industry* which have given it enormous *economic* power, and the military machine which it now has at its command crowns the strength of an association always prone to assume the role of supreme sovereignty. Any extension of the State's economic powers, therefore, will be accomplished by a further lessening of the freedom of individuals and such social groups as the unions."

We believe it is soon intended to make "Selective Conscription" in this country *industrial* as well as military conscription whereby a man may be put to work designated and at the pay named by the Government. And, the *New Republic* very aptly comments in a recent issue:

"The organization which we must now create to administer the vital supplies of the Alliance will persist after peace is established. It will control the resources of

the world except Central Europe. It will have become an economic as well as a military league of (the capitalists of; the insert is ours) nations * * * Economic association will precede political. The statutory machinery of the League will rest upon an economic basis. * * * A supernational government is being forced into existence."

Social institutions reflect and represent the interests of the ruling class—today of the capitalist class and so we are persuaded into hurrahing for and sacrificing for and fighting and dying for, the interests of the great American capitalists; for the purpose of carrying Democracy into Germany we are to forego that which our college professors have been accustomed to *call* American Democracy.

CLASS WAR

But this is the *class war*. We are asked to fight and to deny ourselves to strengthen the financial and industrial giants in America who have grown rich from the unpaid labor of the working class.

Every time we promise to forego a strike for improved conditions, or to work longer hours, to accept a cut in wages, or a new speeding up process, every time we acquiesce in war conditions and deprivations, every time we wage a capitalist war—we are strengthening the enemies who exploit us and riveting our own chains of wage slavery.

In England while young girls work in munition factories for \$2.00 a week; the factory owners have increased their profits 3,800 per cent. And the dividends coined out of the war by the American capitalist class have been still higher. We believe we are perfectly safe in saying that this class will be richer in *capital* even if the Central Powers win this war than if *there had been no war*. We know they will be stronger economically and strategically, so far as the class struggle is concerned.

In order to win *their* war all bars for the protection of labor are on the way to being let down; production is being systematized; waste is being eliminated, whole middle class groups wiped out, and democracy in a fair way to becoming more remote than ever. We defeated the southern aristocracy in the Civil War only to build up an oligarchy of finance and industry and speculation which is today operating at the Old Stand on a more colossal scale.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

A New Spirit

Here in America we are in the early flag-waving stage. In Europe they have got beyond all that. At least Socialists have. They are thinking about Democracy and peace terms. The Russian Revolution and the American war declaration brought on the change. Despotism Russia was a bitter handicap to French and English Socialists and Liberals. Liberated Russia seemed to put all the despotism on the inside of the steel ring. Then America joined the Entente Allies and all the world's great democracies were joined to crush Teutonic autocracy. The French Socialist hailed Wilson as a new saint. Making the world "safe for democracy" and wanting no good thing that might not be "shared by all," became flaming watchwords. For a time victory seemed sure. For who would distrust embattled democracy?

Modest Democracy

In the Prussian Diet a Socialist rose to demand why all the world hates Germans. There are many who would have paid for the chance to give an answer. But they were not present. All the answer the inquisitive person got was the fierce announcement that he was a traitor. But soon after this a committee of the Reichstag went to work on a revision of the Imperial Constitution. Scheidemann is the chairman, and his fellow-workers are nice, mild gentlemen. Thus far they have ventured to suggest that the Kaiser's appointments should be endorsed by the Premier or other minister. But there is as yet no hint of making ministers responsible to the Reichstag. Cromwell's Parlia-

ment of 1642 could give an excellent lesson to Bethmann-Holweg's Reichstag of 1917. But at least the Germans realize that the great show of democracy beyond the enemies' lines puts them at a disadvantage. So the new war-spirit is distinctly visible in Germany.

Russian Soldiers and Workingmen

In Russia there is the old revolutionary struggle. We know now in detail how the liberation was achieved. The Douma had next to nothing to do with it. The parliamentarians stayed inside with their windows carefully closed. The workingmen and soldiers elected representatives to a council. Our good Comrades Karenski and Scheickze were of them. This council assumed control. The soldiers took the old autocrats into custody, opened jails and made Russia free. Then the Parliamentarians set up a government. The council remained in session to keep an eye on things.

In all revolutions the working people do the fighting and then somebody else comes along and gets most of the benefit. The Russian workers seem bound to make an exception. That is why we have had all these tales of conflict between the Douma and the Council. Thus far the Council has the real power behind it.

To Fight or Not to Fight

The provisional government hastened to notify the Entente Allies that new Russia would carry out old Russia's war contract. This was not the soldiers and workingmen's idea of things. They are willing to die for free Russia—just as were the French revolu-

tionists. But they do not want to fight for Constantinople. Russia has resources enough for them. What they want is a chance to live in peace and develop their country. So they notified the government of their will, and what they said went.

Socialists as Catspaws So-called Socialists have done many low-down things during the last three years, but the lowest-down of all was what Scheidemann and his friends did at this juncture. The German government sent them in all haste to Sweden to fix up a peace with the victorious Russian workers. It even took tender care of Lenine and other Russian Socialists and saw to it that they landed safely in Russia—on condition that they would agitate for a separate peace. Russian working people are starving and weary of war. It must be easy to persuade them that all they need is peace for themselves.

But the German government and its Socialists had a surprise for them. The Russian Socialists and workmen want peace, but not for themselves only. They want it for all of us. So Scheidemann and his friends went back empty handed. Even Lenine has thus far not achieved any degree of success. We read that Russian generals have great difficulty in persuading German and Russian soldiers that they are enemies. Those men who have fought nearly three years are bitterly weary of the whole business. But Russian workers, as a whole, see, it appears, that a separate peace would merely prolong the war and the suffering. And they have a chance of imposing their fair terms of peace on all the combatants. What President Wilson saw as a beautiful dream, peace without annexations and without indemnities, they are making into a practical program. The workers of the world have a right to be proud of their Russian comrades.

Socialist Bureau Meeting As the REVIEW goes to press the International Socialist Bureau is slowly gathering at Stockholm. Its business is to draw up peace terms. Members already on the ground find it hard to agree. When the Germans get there the difficulties will be increased. At present the general idea seems to be the Wilsonian-Russian one of peace without annexations or indemnities. But Camille Huysmans explains that German contribu-

tions toward the rebuilding of Belgium and the devastated parts of France would not be considered indemnities. His general idea seems to be that people should pay for what they destroy in war. A beautiful idea.

America's Terrible Blunder In view of Europe's present state of mind our entry into the war appears in the light of a cosmic blunder. If America were busy looking after the welfare of her own people Russia's chances of forcing sane conditions of peace on the contestants would be bright. England and France would not dare to fight without Russia. Germany already knows herself beaten. Europe is weary of war and would welcome a way out. But America is now war-mad. And England with America at her back is willing to fight to a finish—at least, the English governing classes are. So by entering the war America really prolonged it.

Uncertainty of These Times Great things have happened in the last two months. Equally great ones may occur in the near future. This whole great war-world may come crashing down at any moment—and leave us blinking. A Socialist who journeyed all over Germany under official protection writes from Switzerland that the "morale" of German troops is kept up with difficulty. We know not how many strikes and riots there have been over there. Things may break at any time.

English Strike In the last week of March, 50,000 men struck on the Tyne. They were munition workers serving under regulations fixed by the government. A year ago, when they were toiling seven days a week, their pay was comparatively high. Since then the government has discovered that seven-day work does not pay. So the Sunday off has been reintroduced. In the meantime the cost of living went up 27 per cent. On August 1st the men complained. Their complaints were unnoticed. In March they struck. The Minister of Munitions promised to adjust their claim. They went back. It was understood that they would walk out again if the settlement was not satisfactory.

Conscription in Australia The Federal conscription law was defeated in Australia. Then the Laborites in favor of conscription left the party and combined

with all the various sorts of conservatives they have out there. The result is called the National party.

The first fruit of this alliance was a "National victory in New South Wales. Here the Laborites were in control. Their premier was Holman, an old labor union man. He was expelled from the party because of his stand on conscription.

Early in April he went into a general election at the head of the Nationals. On the first ballot the new party controlled 47 seats and the Labor party only 32. So Labor lost on the conscription issue.

In the Federal government Mr. William Morris Hughes is, of course, the leader of the National party. To attain this leadership he has had to go in with his old enemies, Joseph Cook, John Forrest and William Watt. He has, in the course of a few months, become an anti-labor leader. In the Senate, even with his coalition in good working order, he has lacked a majority.

On May 5th there was an election to the Federal Parliament. According to early returns the Nationalists elected 50 members of the House and the Laborites only 25. In the Senate the proportions are even worse: Hughes has 23 and the Laborites only 10.

There will now be another struggle over conscription. The Nationalists announced during the campaign that they would introduce compulsory service outside the country as a matter for legislation. No doubt they will attempt to put their program thru without going again to the people. It looks as if the voters had been fooled into accepting indirectly what they refused to take directly.

Swedish Socialists in Convention

Early in March the Social Democratic Party of Sweden met and drew up a statement

about its attitude toward the war. It bases itself on the statements of the international congresses. "The Socialist Party of Sweden," it says, "can agree neither with those who recognize the right of conquest nor with those who maintain that Socialists have no interest in the solution of national problems." In another passage there is a declaration against the Zimmerwald conference, for "it is in direct opposition to the conception of the international as it was developed by the various international congresses."

Children in War Time

It is the children who suffer worst. Both minds and bodies suffer. In all the warring countries elementary education is disorganized. In France alone 30,000 teachers are serving in the ranks. Most of their places are unfilled. Pupils are crowded together in immense classes and taught by inexperienced teachers. Many school buildings are turned into hospitals and factories. In England thousands of children under thirteen are at work on the land. Child-labor laws count not at all. What all this will mean to the next generation can easily be imagined.

In France there is a record of accelerated infant mortality. Paris reports 1,100 deaths a week as compared with 800 during peace times. And the extra 300 are, according to *l'Humanité*, largely children. Fathers are at the front; mothers are in the factories. Children have to look out for themselves. They are irregularly fed and live in cold rooms. Tuberculosis or pneumonia soon appear to take them out of their misery.

From Germany comes a record of juvenile criminality. Dr. Albert Hellwig, a police court judge, has written a book called *The War and Crime Among the Young*. I hope he sent a copy to the renowned Bernhardi.

A writer in the London *Daily Mail* summarizes the facts thus: "In Berlin in 1915 there were twice as many crimes among the young as in 1914. Munich reported that during the first three months of 1915 the number of young criminals equaled the total for 1914." Dr. Hellwig himself concludes: "From all these figures it is evident that crime among the young diminished in some places during the first few months of the war. But afterward the increase was all the greater, at least in the larger towns."

He is convinced that this outburst of crime was partly due to the campaign of hate. There was, he tells us, an effort on the part of educators to spread better, more civilized influences in the schools. This effort was cut off by a decree of the Prussian government: "No opportunities may be permitted for such endeavors, which are inspired by the feelings of universal brotherhood and international peace-piffle."

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

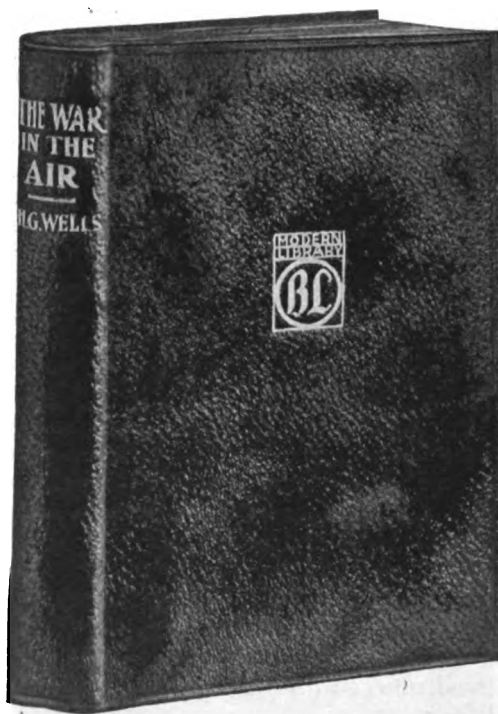
We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allow one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working

class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



The Modern Library of the World's Best Books. We have secured a worth-while bargain for the book-lovers who read the **Review**. A New York house has started the publication of a new series of the world's best books, in which preference is given to books that are too revolutionary to suit the average publisher or bookseller. They are hand bound in "Limp Croft Leather," making a beautiful and convenient volume for either the pocket or the library shelf. The titles thus far published are as follows:

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Anatole France.....	The Red Lily
De Maupassant.....	Mademoiselle Fifi
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We will mail these books to any **Review** reader for 70 cents each; five to one address for \$3.25; the set of twelve to one address for \$7.20. Ask for descriptive circular. Address **Charles H. Kerr & Company, 341 East Ohio Street, Chicago.**



NEWS AND VIEWS

May Day in Cleveland.—It is unnecessary to wise up REVIEW readers to the fact that there is no yellow streak in the Socialist Party of Cleveland, Ohio. Therefore, we are not surprised to find the following account of a May Day celebration in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Cleveland Socialists, protesting war in speech and printed message, yesterday splashed a streak of revolutionary red across the city.

May Day was the opportunity of Cleveland Socialists to preach international brotherhood and to register their determination not to be "cannon fodder."

Teuton and Slav, Finn and Lett joined with their American brethren late yesterday afternoon in the longest and most representative May Day parade the Socialists of the city have yet staged.

Swinging along to the inspiring air of the "Marseillaise," nearly 5,000 Socialists, men, women and children, marched thru the Public square and downtown streets at an hour when thousands of workers were pouring from offices and stores.

Side by side with the Stars and Stripes, red silken banners were carried at the head of the contingents. In the lapel of every coat was either a red carnation or a red tag.

There were three bands and scores of printed signs denouncing the war. "Who'll pay the war debt—H. C. L. The Rich—Like H—," "Thou shalt not kill—God," "War is Hell; who wants Hell," "If this is a popular war, why conscription?" "We refuse to fight our masters' war," "We demand conscription of wealth" and "Why shoot a man you never saw?" were characteristic messages.

At Bohemian hall last night the principal speakers were C. E. Ruthenberg and Alfred Wagenknecht.

Local Elkhart, Indiana, has a suite of club rooms and reading rooms open to the public, and the comrades are also running an up-to-date barber shop. Comrade Mallory, secretary of the Local, orders a bunch of sub-blanks and is enthusiastic over the prospects for carrying on propaganda among the factory and rail slaves.

Local Toledo, Ohio.—Increases their standing bundle order. There are a bunch of factory slaves over there who need the REVIEW and with the co-operation of one live Comrade in each factory, the literature agent will soon be boosting the bundle up again.

The I. W. W., Detroit, Mich.—Orders a fine bunch of books to add to their already well stocked library. Also an extra bundle of 100

May REVIEWS, as the boys sold 300 copies on May Day.

From a Nebraska Wobbly: "We are getting busy here, and I think that the REVIEW is the best all-around exponent of the principles of the class struggle that can be secured, tho I am personally all I. W. W.—Howell."

Four Per Cent and Safety

Chicago banks pay savings depositors three per cent; country banks, which are not so safe, pay four per cent. The banks make a profit by using this money. If you are depositing with them, you are helping your enemies.

But there is a way in which you can keep your money safe and still be helping the revolutionary movement instead of capitalism.

Our publishing house was established in 1886; it has been paying its bills regularly ever since. Our capital stock is \$42,000; our total debts less than \$5,000.

We can pay you four per cent on any sum, large or small, that you leave with us to be withdrawn on thirty days' notice. In most cases we shall not insist on the notice but will repay on demand, but we reserve the right, as savings banks do, to require notice when we pay interest. We also receive loans without interest, returnable on demand.

If you wish additional information before deciding, write us.

Charles H. Kerr & Company

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A Journal of Revolutionary Socialist Reconstruction

Here is a paper that is waging a war on two fronts,—a war against reactionary Capitalism and a war against reactionary Socialism.

It is alive, vigorous, uncompromising—it throbs with the revolutionary spirit—it dares to say what it thinks, aggressively and without fear of the consequence to itself.

We need this paper—YOU need it—it is a paper that the Socialist movement of America has needed these many years, and needs NOW more than ever.

"The New International" is revolutionary without being hysterical, sane without being conservative. Among its contributors are:

ARTURO GIOVANNITTI, LEON TROTZKY, JUSTUS EBERT, S. J. RUTGERS, J. C. ROVITCH, AUSTIN LEWIS, LUDWIG LORE, LOUIS C. FRAINA and others.

Its editorials are scholarly without being academic, and revolutionary without being verbose. The editorials are a fundamental Marxian interpretation of current events, and a call to action.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL

Published by the

Socialist Propaganda League of America

"The New International" is always on the firing line. It is of the fight, fighting. It has the proletarian "punch." It is vigorously and fearlessly fighting the reaction of war. It is organizing the conscientious objectors to war. It is preparing the working class for action!

The great task of the Socialist Propaganda League and its official organ is to organize the revolutionary minority in and out of the Socialist party into an active organization worthy of the revolutionary principles of Socialism.

Are you in the fight? Are you a red? Then subscribe to "The New International!" Get your friends to subscribe! It is YOUR Cause. It is YOUR Paper. And remember—your Cause and Paper Need You!

Enlist now in the Army of the Social Revolution!

EDITOR
LOUIS C. FRAINA

Every Two Weeks—5c a Copy; \$1.00 a Year

ADDRESS:
3246 Kingsbridge Avenue
New York City

Word from the Rock Island Reds: "Our May Day meeting was all to the good. Had a street parade and demonstration followed by a mass meeting at Turner Hall. Successful meetings were also pulled off at Davenport and Moline, where thousands of anti-war proclamations were distributed.

As an illustrated parade ours was 100 per cent efficient as a couple of comrades who are good with water colors and charcoal prepared the banners.

We have arranged for a monster anti-conscription mass meeting on May 15th and are putting out 10,000 posters that read as follows:
THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF DEMOCRACY

Is Stated in the Declaration of Independence
Thus:

"Governments Derive Their Just Powers from the Consent of the Governed."

The principle of Conscription is the absolute negation of this principle of Democracy.

When the people of the United States had opportunity to express themselves they voiced their opposition to war by casting their votes by the millions for Mr. Wilson because "he kept us out of war," and the implication that he would continue so to do.

For nearly three years we have observed the war in Europe. We have seen that it was caused by the commercial and financial rivalry and intrigues of the capitalist interests in the several countries involved.

Our entrance into the European war was instigated by the predatory capitalists in the United States who boast the enormous profit of seven billion dollars from the manufacture and sale of munitions and war supplies and from the exportation of American foodstuffs and other necessities.

We therefore proclaim our unalterable opposition to the war just declared by the Government of the United States.

We proclaim our unalterable opposition to all measures employed for the purpose of carrying on this war.

We proclaim our unalterable opposition to conscription.

We proclaim our unalterable opposition to registration for conscription.

We call upon all people who are opposed to conscription to join with us in our efforts to make such militaristic programs ineffective.

Ours is a struggle for Democracy—for the Industrial Democracy.

Down with war. Down with the insane social system that makes war inevitable. Long live peace. Long live the international solidarity of the workers of the world.

Signed: SOCIALIST PARTY OF ROCK ISLAND COUNTY.

BRANCH, ROCK ISLAND—Edgar Owens,
D. C. Hendrickson, W. O. Olson.
BRANCH, MOLINE—Victor Lindquist.

TOBACCO HABIT Conquer it
8 days, improve your health, prolong life, avoid stomach trouble, nervousness, foul breath, heart disease. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars. Get interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed free. E. J. WOODS, 242 S. Station E, New York, N. Y.

Who Gets \$200,000,000 Tire Profits

An amazing condition revealed in the tire business. Terrible waste shown by methods of selling automobile tires. How one tire man plans to cut the cost of tires to the consumer

Tire Chain Stores Will Cut Tire Cost

NOTE.—The following article outlines plans for a national chain of tire service stations and stores which, it is predicted, will greatly lower automobile upkeep costs by a unique cooperative plan which has been tested out and found successful. Output of splendid factory already secured, more to follow. The success of other chain stores and the tremendous growth of the automobile industry—consequently of the tire business—makes this one of the most attractive and interesting enterprises. We have made every effort to verify the statements made here and to the best of our knowledge the statements are accurate and the estimates conservative.

The famous Philadelphia Experimental Tire Service Store that proved to President Feist of the National Rubber Company the practical possibilities of tire chain stores. Located at the corner of North and Broad streets.



By M. E. PHILLIPS

Who gets the \$200,000,000.00 A YEAR TIRE PROFITS?

Do you know that the cost of producing a tire is possibly ONE-THIRD of the price you have to pay? That a small tire you pay \$15.00 for costs about \$5.00 to manufacture? That the tire costing about \$20.00 to build has to retail for about \$60.00?

Do you know that the tire manufacturer is satisfied to sell his tires for very little over the cost, and at only a fraction of the retail price?

Where does the balance go?

Who, then, gets this enormous "cut in" on the tire you buy?

DO YOU? Of course not.

Who, then?

Well, the JOBBER gets a BIG slice.

THE WHOLESALER gets another BIG slice.

The RETAILER gets HIS SHARE.

The rest goes into advertising, dealers' helps, adjustments, selling costs, etc.

Meanwhile YOU, Mr. Tire Buyer, pay the 100 per cent price and worry about the high price of upkeep of your motor car.

There is a chance for you to share both directly and indirectly in the enormous tire profits. This article outlines a plan which must appeal not only to the automobile



National Speedway tires are made by hand: The strips across this page and the next one show one section of the department employed in the making and perfecting of these wonderful tires. This picture, reproduced

owner but also to the *investor* who would like to get a chance to win a share of the *big profits* which the tire industry is *making every day* for its fortunate owners.

Study the **OPPORTUNITY** shown here. Read *every word* of this article, and when you have finished it *draw your own conclusions*.

It is a **BIG IDEA**, born in the fertile brain of a *genius of industry* who has already **PROVED** his quality by **SUCCESS**.

Will Cut Tire Costs

A clever tire man, a man with intimate knowledge of the tire industry, a man with breadth of vision and economic principles, has seen this enormous **WASTAGE** in the tire business and has evolved a **PLAN** that will revolutionize the tire selling business.

He argues that **TIRES COST THE CONSUMER TOO MUCH**.

He says there is no reason on earth why the tire buyer should have to pay this enormous burden of profits and selling costs. If tires can be made for **ONE-THIRD** of the present retail prices they can be sold **FOR LESS** than prices now charged for them and still pay legitimate profits, **LARGE PROFITS**, because of

the volume of business a company offering such savings is bound to achieve.

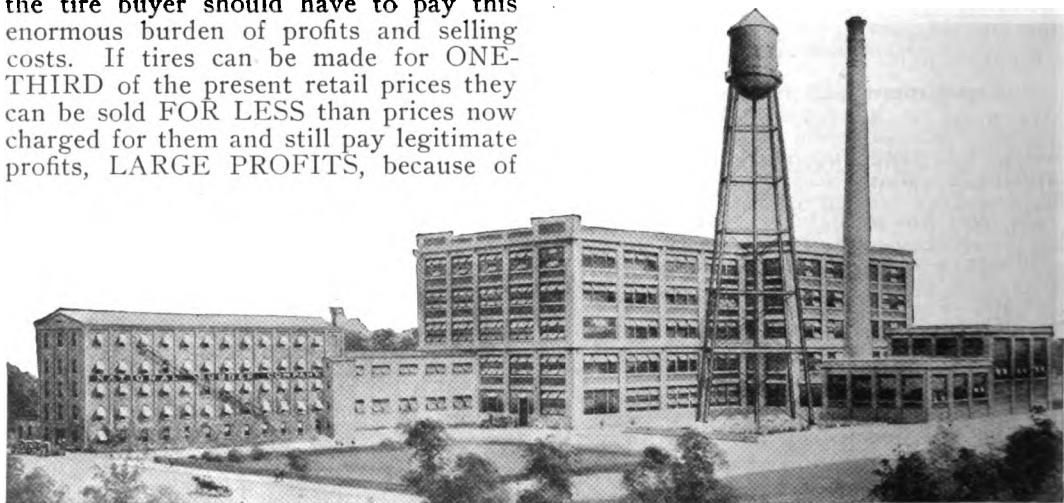
This far-sighted man is a **PRACTICAL TIRE MAN**. As a manufacturer he has **MADE GOOD**. He is a **PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN**, with all a practical man's dislike for waste. He has proved his genius for organization and big things.

This man is Mr. J. G. Feist, President of the National Rubber Company of New York.

Plans Chain of Stores

Mr. Feist's plan is to establish a chain of tire service and store stations from Maine to California, and Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The National Rubber Company of New York has been organized with strong men behind it and it has already secured the output of one entire factory as the nucleus of this chain store plan. More factories will be added as the chain extends and the need of more tires becomes evident.



The magnificent Pottstown, Pa., plant of the National Rubber Company, where National Speedway Redwall tires and National Red Tubes are made. Two floors are finished and occupied. This is a strictly modern steel, concrete and glass construction factory building of the highest type.



ment where National Speedway tires are built up by hand. In this department dozens of expert tire makers are employed. This photograph, shows the modern equipment of the splendid Pottstown plant.

The first factory whose product has been secured is the National Rubber Company of Pottstown, Pa., manufacturers of the famous National Speedway Tires and National Red Tubes.

The NATIONAL SPEEDWAY RED-WALL TIRES are so GOOD that they are sold under the strongest GUARANTEE to be had.

This company now has a capacity of 1,000 tires a day and is being enlarged to a much greater capacity. When the distribution exceeds the capacity of this plant, new plants will be started or bought in different sections of the country, or factory outputs contracted for in order to bring up the production to the necessary number of tires.

Mr. Feist proposes to sell tires at a MUCH LOWER PRICE than is now being charged for good tires elsewhere.

He plans to give SUPERIOR SERVICE to tire buyers.

He will give them a BETTER TIRE. He anticipates that in doing this his company will prove the greatest profit maker in the tire field.

Experimental Plant a Success

Mr. Feist is not building his company's future on imagination or theory. Before maturing his plans he opened in Philadelphia a station such as he proposes to establish elsewhere.

This is what his Philadelphia service station and store does:

It sells tires below the average price of high class tires of equal size and quality.

It delivers tires PUT ON YOUR CAR.

You phone in that you need a 34x4 tire and give your address. A mechanic picks up the required tire, puts it in the carrier of a motorcycle and speeds off to your address. On arrival he takes off your old tire and puts on the new one. No trouble, no mess.

If you want your old tire repaired he takes it back with him and it is delivered as soon as repairs are made.

You have saved time, labor, worry and money.

The success of this first service station PROVES what REASONABLE PRICES, HIGH QUALITY GOODS, EFFICIENT SERVICE will accomplish. Profits are large because of volume. The Philadelphia service station already has 11,000 CUSTOMERS. (Not tires, but CUSTOMERS.)

With this established PROOF of the value of this new departure service plan, Mr. Feist has organized a company to establish National Rubber Company SERVICE STATIONS and stores all over the country. His plan provides for opening 500 stores the first year, if possible, and more stores year by year as the company grows.

Offers Great Opportunities

The OPPORTUNITIES offered by this chain of tire service stores are self-evident.

CHAIN STORES of all kinds have been enormously successful. They have built up some of the greatest fortunes in the country. They have made their original investors enormously rich. And this in spite of the fact that most chain stores have dealt only in articles selling for a very small sum. HOW MUCH GREATER should be the profits of a chain of stores selling a product whose every SINGLE SALE equals the sale of HUNDREDS of the articles sold in most chain stores?

THE UNITED CIGAR STORES, selling cigars, cigarettes and tobacco, average LESS THAN 20 CENTS PER SALE. The National Rubber Company averages MORE THAN \$20 PER SALE, with proportionate profits.

The WOOLWORTH STORES sell 5 and 10 cent articles. Yet they have made many millions and the highest office building in the world was built out of these nickels and dimes.

The reasons for this uniform success are numerous.

In the first place a chain of stores reduces the operating cost—what is known as **OVERHEAD EXPENSE**—to the



J. G. FEIST

President of the National Rubber Co. of N. Y. and director and treasurer of the National Rubber Co. of Pottstown, Pa. Mr. Feist founded the great tire company and is one of the very successful men of the rubber industry.



JAMES A. MURRAY

President of the National Rubber Co. of Pottstown, Pa., and director of the National Rubber Co. of N. Y. One of the biggest and best known rubber men in the U. S. For 28 years with the Seamless Rubber Co. of New Haven, Conn., as officer and director.



THOMAS KEDWARD

Thomas Kedward of Philadelphia is the treasurer of the company. Mr. Kedward is president of the William Kedward Dye Co. and one of the prominent manufacturers of Pennsylvania.

The REGAL SHOE COMPANY, with its chain of hundreds of shoe stores, has made its owners rich. So have the Walk-Over Shoe Stores, the W. L. Douglas Shoe Stores. All chain stores.

The TRULY WARNER Hat Store chain has accumulated wealth for its owners.

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Stores, the Jewel Tea Stores, the Acme Tea Stores, all chain stores, have made millions.

The several chains of drug stores, of grocery stores, of cheap restaurants, have all made fortunes.



W. J. DUGAN

Director and mechanical engineer in charge of all buildings and construction work of the National Rubber Co. of N. Y. A brilliant, brainy, successful man.



F. H. DOGHERTY

Manager of the Boston branch of the National Rubber Company of N. Y. and for many years a representative of leading tire companies in the New England field.

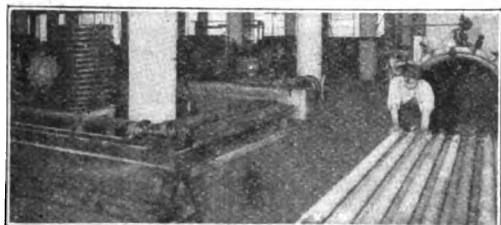
minimum.

Secondly, the purchasing power of the buyer who buys for hundreds of stores is so enormous that he can pretty nearly make his own price. He gets **ROCK BOTTOM** costs on everything. Woolworth can sell for 5 and 10 cents articles that often retail at from

25 to 50 cents because he buys outright entire factory productions. The manufacturer who sells his whole output to one man for cash eliminates all selling expenses, salesmen, advertising, collections, etc., and can sell for a quick turnover, and will yet make more profit in the end. That's how the

chain store buyer can buy at such a low figure that he can sell goods that retail generally for 25 cents for 5 and 10 cents.

If these chain stores, selling articles that retail for such a small price, can earn such fabulous dividends, what will a chain of tire service stores earn with the big



Tube-making department. Here are made the famous National Red tubes. The factory is producing about 1,000 tubes a day.

sales it will make; sales averaging \$20 apiece?

It isn't hard to foresee what the earnings of such a chain of stores can pay in say ten years from today. By that time the chain should extend to every city of any importance in the country. This may mean thousands of such stores, because there are in the United States 1,442 towns of 5,000 or more inhabitants and over 100 cities having a population of 55,000 or over. The small towns, say the towns under 10,000, would require only one such service station, while the larger towns would require a number of them.

Thousands of Chain Stores

To give you an idea of how many stores some of the big chains have, it is enough to mention the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, with over 1,500 retail stores; the United Cigar Stores, with over 1,000 retail stores; the Woolworth Company, with over 1,000 stores, etc.

The tremendous growth of the automobile industry—a growth that is gathering size and importance every day—makes this projected chain of tire service stores all the more important.

At the beginning of 1917 there were approximately THREE MILLION autos in use in the United States. According to the last census, figures show there were in 1910 (date of last census) 91,972,266 inhabitants in the U. S. It is calculated that there are now at least 110,000,000 people in the U. S. At this rate, there is one auto in the U. S. for every 40 people. In many of the states, the ratio is higher than one for every 16 people. This means that THERE IS A TREMENDOUS POSSIBILITY FOR MORE MACHINES.

According to the best informed automobile authorities, it is calculated that there will be

added at least 1,000,000 auto users during the year 1917, bringing up the total close on to *FOUR MILLION AUTOS in actual use in the U. S.* With such an *enormous* distribution of cars, and all the automobile factories of any account way behind in deliveries, an enormous supply of tires will be required to keep these autos running.

24,000,000 Tires Needed

Very moderate estimates place the number of tires required on each car at EIGHT PER YEAR. Each auto MUST HAVE FIVE TIRES, four on the wheels and one spare tire. It is an ultra conservative estimate, therefore, that places the required number of tires to meet the needs of 1917 at SIX PER CAR PER ANNUM. At this rate 4,000,000 automobiles will require 24,000,000 tires. This is truly AN AMAZING FIGURE for an industry that is only a little over a dozen years old.

The distribution of these cars is centered at present in certain sections. When the other sections have awakened to the advantages and uses of the automobile and its economy for travel and commercial purposes, it is more than likely that the distribution will be much more even.

It has been estimated by statisticians that there are *OVER TEN MILION men in the U. S.*



BOSTON BRANCH

This was the second branch store of the National Rubber Co. to be opened after the success of the experimental store in Philadelphia. It is doing a wonderful business in National Speedway tires. It is located at 557 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

who should be, and probably soon will be, auto owners. These are men who, because of their business, their financial conditions and their position, should become automobile owners.

There are upwards of seven million farmers in the U. S., and of these a large percentage will probably become owners of automobiles. Just now only about 7 per cent of the prosperous farmers own automobiles. The

farmer is today the RICH MAN of the U. S. He has been getting the biggest prices ever paid for crops, he has by scientific farming increased the yield of his acres, and he has been fortunate in getting big crops when the price was highest.

For these reasons, **THE FARMER IS UNUSUALLY PROSPEROUS** and he is putting some of his riches into the comforts and conveniences of an automobile.

With such prospects, with such a tremendous field to conquer, with the **SUCCESS** THAT has attended the **FIRST UNIT** of the National Rubber Company chain of service stores, it is not hard to visualize the **ENORMOUS POSSIBLE PROFITS** from this enterprise.

How Profits Pile Up

Even a casual consideration of the subject makes the figures run into such amazing columns of profits that the very thought is staggering.

The great earnings of chain stores of all kinds has been in the aggregate.

When you take 1,000 stores and pile their profits in one great heap, you have a formidable aggregate—an aggregate which doesn't have to be very large in the individual case to make up this magnificent total.

Let us take into consideration one unit and then see how it works out.

Firstly, we must remember that these service stores are operated at a minimum of expense. Being administered from the central office, whose costs of operation are spread over the whole chain, the local stores require only inexpensive help. The man who operates a store of his own expects to make **A GOOD LIVING** out of it for himself **AND A GOOD PROFIT** besides; he has to pay for everything on the high price of individual purchases. He has to have efficient help, has to advertise and, of course, he has fixed charges for rent, light, taxes, insurance, etc.

Chain Store Savings

The chain store hires only the necessary help, it eliminates the owner's living and profits. It buys in enormous quantities at prices that make the prices the individual store owner pays seem preposterous; it pays the minimum for taxes, for insurance and the advertising expense of operating is carried in bulk by the parent company, and this is divided pro rata so that each individual store pays only a small sum as its share of the advertising expense.

Tires are bought at actual contract price from the manufacturer, which is lower than the average price the jobber pays.

We then have **EXPENSES PARED DOWN TO THE BONE**, probably **HALF WHAT THEY WOULD BE UNDER ORDINARY CONDITIONS**. And we have the most attractive kind of a proposition to offer to the tire buyer—**THE BEST TIRE ON THE MARKET AT MUCH LESS** than he would have to pay elsewhere; **A SERVICE NO OTHER TIRE CONCERN GIVES** or can give. **GUARANTEED SATISFACTION**

backed up by a company operating a nationwide chain of stores.

With so much to offer and with such splendid profit-making advantages it is not hard to look into the future and see every store paying a big profit and the company earning dazzling dividends.

What may one store earn, you may ask?

Let us do a little figuring:

FIRSTLY, the **ENTIRE FACTORY SELLING EXPENSE** is **ELIMINATED**. The entire output of the factory being sold to one customer—the chain store.

The saving of the traveling expense and the salesman's salaries and commissions. The saving of advertising and promotion expense. The added office accounting and credit expense. All these are **SAVED** by the chain stores. In these items alone is found a selling cost of at least 30 per cent.

On top of that the **JOBBER'S DISCOUNT OF 40 PER CENT** IS **WIPED OUT**.

Because of the **TREMENDOUS OVER-HEAD** selling and distributing expense, the enormous discounts demanded by the jobber, the wholesaler and the retailer, if the manufacturing cost were **TOO HIGH** or even over his competitors, then the added charges as described here, increase out of proportion and the consumers' prices would be prohibitive.

Hence, in National Speedway Tires most of



In this department National Speedway tires are moulded. After the tires are completely built up they are encased in these moulds and cured for three hours by special process. Most tires are cured for only half to three-quarters of an hour. Three-hour curing gives them their great toughness and resistance.

the factory selling cost is put in the tire in **ADDED QUALITY AND QUANTITY**, and the usual trade discounts are divided with the consumer.

Profits of Chain Stores

We now come to the question of the profits of the chain stores—of each unit and of the chain in the aggregate.

After a careful scrutiny of costs of manufacturing, of operating the chain store—each unit—and figuring a retail price on the tires at a sensible reduction over average price of tires of equal size and quality, we find that there is still possible an average margin of \$5 per tire. This is "**AVERAGED**" because some of the tires will pay more profit while some will pay less, but the average has been shown to be about \$5 per tire sold.

This is evidently a CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE.

If each chain store sells ONLY 10 TIRES PER DAY, we have each store earning a profit of \$50 a day or \$50,000 a day profit for 1,000 stores.

\$50,000 profit per day for 365 days in the year—tire service stations are busier Sunday's and holidays than other days—FIGURES OUT THE ENORMOUS TOTAL OF \$18,250,000 A YEAR PROFITS.

You will realize that an estimate of only ten tires per day is very small. When you consider the tremendous advantages of dealing with National Rubber Company service stores, the high class of the product, the low price, the good service given in the way of



CHICAGO BRANCH

Chicago had the third branch store to be opened, and it is fast acquiring a splendid trade in National Speedway tires and tubes. The store is located on "Automobile Row," at 2112 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

instant special deliveries, placing the tire on the car and taking away the injured for repairs, it is not hard to understand why these stores should do an enormous business.

Ten tires per day is a very low estimate of the possibilities, but to be even more conservative, let us cut down this estimate by half. Let us suppose that the stores only AVERAGE FIVE TIRE SALES PER DAY. Let us see how this figures out.

FIVE TIRES A DAY, showing an average profit of \$25 per day per store, one thousand stores will, therefore, pay an estimated daily profit of \$25,000. For 365 days in the year THE ENORMOUS TOTAL WOULD BE \$9,126,000, and it would be a mighty poor store that couldn't sell five tires per day.

These figures are staggering when you analyze the accumulated profits of hundreds of stores all over the country, each contributing its quota of profits from many sources.

A Gold Mine of Profits

You will note that no estimate has been made of profits from sale of tubes and from

the repair department, which should also be profitable.

It will, of course, take time to build up such a large chain of service stations, but in a few years, with the growth of the chain and the enormous increase in the automobile industry and number of cars in use, THIS CHAIN OF TIRE SERVICE STATIONS SHOULD BECOME A VERITABLE GOLD MINE OF PROFITS FOR EVERY STOCKHOLDER WHO BECOMES INTERESTED IN THIS COMPANY NOW, when its shares can be acquired at a low initial price.

The National Rubber Company, of New York, is incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware, with a capitalization of \$5,000,000, divided into 500,000 shares of the par value of \$10 PER SHARE, ALL COMMON STOCK, SHARING EQUALLY IN PROFITS AND CARRYING FULL VOTING POWER.

THE STOCK IS FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

For the purpose of establishing the business on a right basis, the directors have set aside 100,000 SHARES OF THIS STOCK TO BE SOLD TO THE PUBLIC.

Their idea is that by obtaining a wide distribution for this stock they will enlist local interest in the local distributing and service stations of the National Rubber Company.

Underwriting Stock Offer

THIS UNDERWRITING SYNDICATE STOCK is offered in five different allotments.

The present allotment will be sold in lots of not less than TEN SHARES and not more than 100 shares at \$7.50 per share.

This allotment of 10,000 shares is the only stock of the UNDERWRITING allotment that will be sold at this low price.

It is desired—as nearly as possible—to place every share of this UNDERWRITING stock in the hands of owners, or prospective owners, of automobiles, who will become immediate patrons of the chain stores and who ARE ALSO OFFERED AN INDUCEMENT TO BECOME BOOSTERS FOR THE TIRE SERVICE STATIONS. THIS INDUCEMENT CONSISTS OF A CASH DISCOUNT OF 25 PER CENT UNDER THE STANDARD LIST PRICES FOR ALL TIRES SOLD BY THE NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY TO ITS SHAREHOLDERS.

An automobile owner, therefore, has a double interest in buying this stock.

The saving alone in tire bills for a year should pay for this ten shares if he buys at this price and he will have, besides the savings in tire costs, the dividends which the company declares.

IS THIS INVESTMENT WORTH WHILE, you may ask?

What This Means to Autoists

Let us study it over. \$75 invested in ten shares of this underwriting stock will save the automobile owner 25 per cent on his tires. If his bill for tires runs to \$200 a year, he will be saved, therefore, \$50. That means that the

stock will have paid him a big return on his investment or 50 per cent on the par value of the stock, which, computed on a stock's ability to earn 5 per cent, will make his **TEN SHARES REPRESENT AN INVESTMENT OF \$1,000** which cost originally only \$75.

Then if the company begins paying dividends, the stock should go to par and over if the dividends amount to more than 5 per cent.

When the company gets on a 10 per cent dividend basis, the stock he bought for \$75 should represent an investment of \$200. When it pays 50 per cent, it should have an **INVESTMENT VALUE OF \$1,000**.

So when the company is in a position to pay 50 per cent dividends, the stock should represent an investment to the automobile owner of about \$2,000, figured on the basis of dividends and savings it will give him on his tire purchases. And all from an original investment of \$75.

When the company reaches its full development and its 1,000 or more stores begin piling up big profits, such as we have already figured on, profits that mean exceptional dividends, **THIS ORIGINAL INVESTMENT WILL HAVE ACCUMULATED A PHENOMENAL VALUE.**

NO AUTOMOBILE OWNER CAN AFFORD TO OVERLOOK SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY.

A blind man could see the possibilities presented in this underwriting offer, an offer so liberal that the directors had to confine it to a small amount of stock.

An Exceptional Offer

The offer of the stock at \$7.50 per share (par \$10) is in itself a tremendous inducement, but when it is coupled with the offer of the company to extend a discount of 25 per cent on all tire and tube purchases made through the company it becomes so extremely attractive a proposition that **NONE CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE IT.**

The savings in tire costs should soon pay for the stock of those who accept this offer and should pay for the stock of those who buy at a higher price.

This, in itself, makes the proposition attractive. But when the future of this company is analyzed and the possibilities it offers are considered, the offer becomes immensely more attractive.

YOU NEED NOT NECESSARILY BE AN AUTOMOBILE OWNER today to accept this offer. Your stock in the National Rubber Company will entitle you to this 25 per cent discount on tires and tubes **JUST AS LONG AS YOU REMAIN A STOCKHOLDER.** Later, when you buy an auto, you'll be able to buy tires at this great saving.

You often hear it said that if you had a chance to invest with Ford, or Willys, of Overland fame; with Goodrich or Fisk or Firestone; with Westinghouse or Bell, or some of the others, whose companies have earned fabulous dividends, and made stockholders rich, you would today be **ON EASY STREET.**

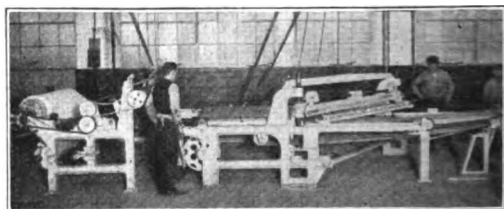
This is very true, but the pitiful truth is **YOU DID NOT HAVE THIS CHANCE. VERY FEW PEOPLE DID.** These companies were mostly close corporations with the stock held in the hands of a small group of men. These stocks were not offered to the public.

A Chance in a Million

BUT HERE IS A CHANCE. Here is a company offering **UNDERWRITING STOCK**, stock that can now be bought at the **ROCK BOTTOM PRICE**, that should in time become enormously remunerative. Stock in a company that promises to have tremendous growth.

Woolworth and Whalen and the others, who have made many millions out of chain stores, never gave the public a chance to come in on the organization. They have sold stock since, lots of it, to the general public, but it has been stock in the development proposition, stock that has been sold on the market **AT THE VALUE IT REPRESENTS NOW**, a value figured on the company's earning power.

LATER YOU MAY GET A CHANCE to buy National Rubber Company stock on the open market, but **YOU'LL PAY THE PRICE OF DEVELOPED STOCK.** If the company is earning 100 per cent on its capitalization,



Tire fabric cutting machine. This machine can cut the fabric for 1,000 tires a day, doing the work of 10 men.

you'll pay for it at that rate, which in that case would probably be \$2,000 for every \$100 par value, or \$200 a share for \$10 shares.

THIS IS THE PENALTY THAT SHORT SIGHTED PEOPLE PAY for not accepting opportunities that are offered them.

The poorhouse is **FULL OF SUCH PEOPLE, "THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS."**

They lacked the initiative and courage to back their belief with their money.

Those Who Have Courage

The others, those who are without fear, those who have courage to back their judgment with their money, they are those you watch spinning past you on the boulevard in luxurious limousines, whose homes line the fashionable streets.

MONEY MAKES MONEY, but it takes an exceptional opportunity to bring you big returns from small investments. You read, for instance, that \$500 invested in such-and-such stock has earned \$250,000; that \$500 invested in such other stock has paid \$200,000; that \$1,000 in other stock has paid \$200,000; that \$1,000 in Ford stock of the original company is now worth millions. **THAT IS ALL**

TRUE, gospel truth, BUT did YOU ever get a chance to invest in the original \$28,000 that started Ford on the highroad to his present millions? Did you get a chance to invest in the \$33,000 that John N. Willys has built up into the tens of millions of the Overland Company? Did you get a chance to invest in the \$33,000 house, or Bell Telephone, or Western Union or Wellsbach Mantles stock? Of course not. And very few people did, BECAUSE THESE STOCKS WERE RARELY OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC BEFORE DEVELOPMENT.

Fortunes From Tire Investments

Just as an instance of how even small investments have grown into REAL FORTUNES



Tire-Making Machines. A busy corner in this department. These four machines shown in the picture do the work of 40 men. This is the most modern tire-making machine built.

study the following table compiled from what are believed to be authoritative sources of information. This list shows how an investment of \$500 has grown when invested early in successful tire companies:

\$500 in Dunlop Tires is now worth and has returned.....	\$250,000.00
\$500 in B. F. Goodrich Tires has become worth	349,500.00
\$500 in Republic is now worth.....	60,000.00
\$500 in Fisk Tire & Rubber is now worth	60,000.00
\$500 in Diamond Rubber Co. is now worth	75,000.00

That the growth of tire companies has been phenomenal is proved by the fact that the Goodyear Company has already distributed 1,820 PER CENT IN STOCK DIVIDENDS among its stockholders in addition to 554 PER CENT CASH DIVIDENDS. Last fall the Firestone Tire Company declared a 1,000 per cent stock dividend to its stockholders in addition to its large regular cash dividends distributed since 1910, when the company was organized.

There's a Reason

This stock is offered for a reason.

It is offered by the UNDERWRITERS of this company to start it with a nucleus of interested tire buyers and boosters in every locality.

The directors set a MINIMUM OF TEN SHARES AND A MAXIMUM OF 100 SHARES on this offer. It would doubtless be more profitable to the company if every subscription for this stock was for \$75 (10 shares, par value \$100), because that would

mean that the greatest number of people possible would be holding this stock and boosting for the company.

Ten thousand holders of stock scattered throughout the country would mean a veritable army of boosters, helping build up the business IN WHICH EACH ONE HAS A SOLID, SUBSTANTIAL INTEREST.

Ten thousand boosters, working to popularize and make known the high quality of National SPEEDWAY RED-WALL TIRES and National Red Tubes—boosting this way because it is TO THEIR INTEREST to boost this way—would save the company tens of thousands of dollars per annum in advertising expense.

That's the principal REASON WHY THIS STOCK IS OFFERED TO YOU AND EVERYONE WHO BUYS TIRES OR EXPECTS TO BUY TIRES.

It is WORTH IT to the company to make you EVERY INDUCEMENT to buy this stock, AND IT IS CERTAINLY WORTH WHILE FOR YOU TO BUY IT.

Are You Waiting for a Miracle?

Every man hopes, some day, that by some wonderful miracle he will be lifted out of the life of drudging toil he leads into one of affluence, comfort and independence. It is our nature to live in this HOPE. But the day of miracles is past. Good fairies do not run around with bags of gold and drop them into the laps of the worthy.

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP YOURSELF TO FORTUNE. You've got to save to get a nucleus of money to invest where the opportunities for profit are large. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO INVEST YOUR SAVINGS, if you want them to pay big returns.

One of the world's greatest bankers has said that NO MAN WILL EVER GET RICH FROM THE SAVINGS OUT OF A SALARY OR WAGES. He must accumulate wealth by PUTTING THESE SAVINGS TO WORK, INVESTING THEM TO ADVANTAGE.

Of course, it takes COURAGE to invest money that you have worked hard for, that has been slowly and laboriously accumulated by privations and sacrifices. But IT IS THE COURAGEOUS WHO WIN THE EARTH.

DON'T INVEST ALL YOUR SAVINGS. That wouldn't be the wise course. Keep a reserve of your savings for eventualities, for sickness or loss of position or unexpected calls, BUT INVEST PART OF YOUR SAVINGS WHERE THEY CAN EARN YOU SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

Invest Future Savings

Or better still, HERE IS A PLAN BY WHICH YOU CAN ACQUIRE THIS STOCK WITHOUT TOUCHING YOUR SAVINGS.

BUY WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR OUT OF YOUR NEXT SAVINGS.

The directors have made it EASY FOR YOU TO GET THIS STOCK AND PAY FOR IT OUT OF YOUR FUTURE SAVINGS.



Rubber vault. In this vault are stored thousands and thousands of pounds of uncured rubber for tire and tube making. It is stored here just as it comes from the ships.

You can pay down \$15 ON EVERY TEN SHARES OF STOCK YOU WANT AND PAY THE BALANCE IN FOUR EQUAL PAYMENTS OF \$15 A MONTH for each 10 shares, making the total of \$75 for the ten shares, par value \$100.

This liberal plan makes it possible for you

to buy this stock and pay for it WITHOUT TOUCHING THAT PRECIOUS CASH RESERVE you have been accumulating in the bank so carefully.

BUT WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T OVERLOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY. The next offering of shares will be at a HIGHER PRICE.

Don't delay unless you want to pay the HIGHER PRICE.

Fill out the convenient coupon attached. Mail it with your first payment, which will RESERVE the stock you want at this LOW PRICE. Then you can take fifteen days to investigate, to make sure that all the facts are just exactly as represented to you. If you, for any reason whatever, are not satisfied, you can release your reservation and your money will be returned to you, but if you find out that you have invested wisely—as we are confident you will find out—then you can either pay the balance in full or you can take advantage of the easy method of paying for it a little each month. Either plan is equally satisfactory to the directors of the National Rubber Company of New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY OF THIS UNDERWRITERS' STOCK, YOU'VE GOT TO WRITE NOW, AT ONCE, OR YOU WILL LOSE YOUR CHANCE.

How to Buy National Rubber Co. of N. Y. Stock

10 shares (par value \$100)	
\$15 down, \$15 a month for 4 months....	\$ 75.00
15 shares (par value \$150)	
\$22.50 down \$22.50 a month for 4 months....	112.50
20 shares (par value \$200)	
\$30 down, \$30 a month for 4 months....	150.00
30 shares (par value \$300)	
\$45 down, \$45 a month for 4 months....	225.00
40 shares (par value \$400)	
\$60 down, \$60 a month for 4 months....	300.00
50 shares (par value \$500)	
\$75 down, \$75 a month for 4 months....	375.00
100 shares (par value \$1,000)	
\$150 down, \$150 a month for 4 months....	750.00

NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY OF (N. Y.) POTTSTOWN, PA.

Broad and North Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

2112 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

F. M

557 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Date....., 191....

The undersigned hereby subscribes for.....

shares of the Common Stock of the **NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY** of New York, full paid and non-assessable, and tenders herewith.....

to the order of **NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY** of New York for \$.....

at the rate of \$7.50 per share in ^{full—}part— Payment.

It is understood that in consideration of this subscription that as long as I remain a shareholder of record on the books of the Company I am to receive a Net Cash Discount of not less than Twenty-five Per Cent (25 per cent) from the Company's regular Printed Price List, on any goods listed therein which I may buy for my own use. I am to have 15 days from date in which to investigate all statements made by the Company.

Subscriber's Signature.....

(Address).....(Town and State).....

Price of these shares subject to advance without prior notice.

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

